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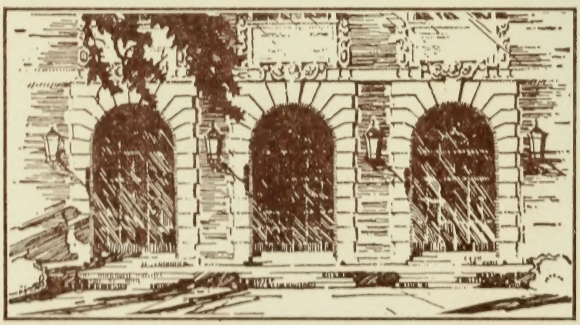

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THE

NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. IX.

MARCH TO AUGUST

1887.

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THE

NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 49.—MARCH, 1887.

TWO VIEWS OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

I.

THE TRUTH ABOUT TORY DEMOCRACY.

With a few exceptions, the opinion of Conservative Members of Parliament upon Lord Randolph Churchill's resignation and apology has been unanimous and uniform. The judgment passed has been pretty much that which would be passed by the undergraduates of a University upon a man in the Eight, who, having previously turned out two older men to make room for himself, resigned his oar the night before the race, upon the ground that the president would not change the stroke. To those who have not joined in this chorus of censure I impute none but good motives. Some of them I am able to call my friends; earnest and sincere politicians, who defend Lord Randolph because they believe his conduct to be right, and his principles true, I know them all to be. It is much to be regretted that a Conservative member should have thought fit, in his speech on the Address, to describe Mr. Chaplin's protest as "an outburst of splenetic malevolence," and to assert that those who ventured to criticise the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, did so because they either had not got any office, or thought they ought to have got a higher office. The description was perfectly unjustifiable; and the assertion must have been prompted by certain reminiscences of American politics. Mr. Chaplin's very powerful speech was certainly an attack upon Lord Randolph Churchill; and an attack upon an individual can hardly avoid personalities. But when Lord Randolph is using all his abilities, his name, his gift of speech, his marvellous energy, his private influence (which is great), to bend the Conservative Party in what many of us believe to be a wrong and dangerous direction, it becomes the duty of all of us to speak out, and to show our leaders and the public that there is still some Conservatism left in the Conservative Party, and that we have opinions and principles of our own, which our lost leader chose to ignore or defy, but which place us quite above the necessity of living by the larceny of Radical nostrums. Even

his opponents appreciate Mr. Chaplin's invariable urbanity; and those who know him ever so slightly are aware that he is quite incapable of acting from the sordid and petty motives attributed to him by Mr. Jennings. The truth is Lord Randolph and his followers claim a monopoly, not only of political wisdom, but of personal attack. We are expected to sit silent by, while Lord Salisbury is sneered at, and the threadbare fallacies of the Cobden Club substituted for the traditions of the Conservative Party; if anybody ventures to protest, he is at once denounced as a cogging, cozening knave, who has devised this slander against Lord Randolph, "to obtain some office." If we are going to have "bloody noses and cracked crowns, and pass them current too," let us have some of that Fair Trade, or Reciprocity, of which Mr. Jennings is so ardent an advocate. It really will not do for Lord Randolph Churchill to pose as a victim, to tell us that he has been cold-shouldered at the Carlton because he wrestled with the reactionary prejudices of its members, and generally to represent himself to the people as suffering for their sakes, when the world knows that everything he asked for was given to him, everything he commanded was done. A mere reference to the sacrifices of feeling—alas! even of principle—which the Conservative Party has made to please Lord Randolph, is sufficient to turn the tables upon him, and to show the comicality of his appearing as a martyr, persecuted for his opinions. That he has rendered splendid service to the Conservative Party, both on the platform and in the House of Commons, is never questioned. Nor can he complain that his reward has been slow or slight. We rewarded him by placing ourselves at his feet; elevating him, after twelve years of Parliamentary life, to the leadership of the House of Commons; for, indeed, at the bottom of the heart of each one of us, Carlyle's wish and prayer was then very strong. "Give me a leader; a true leader, not a false, sham leader; a true leader, that he may guide me on the true way, that I may be loyal to him, that I may swear fealty to him, and follow him, and feel that it is well with me!" All this loyalty, and fealty, and enthusiasm, (what a splendid instrument he held in his hand in the summer of 1886! a party, young, full of ideas, and yet docile,) Lord Randolph Churchill has thrown away, for the sake of half-a-million of money, to be spent on the coaling stations!

Just for a handful of silver he left us!

There is such a horrible *hiatus* between the premisses and the conclusion of this chapter in Lord Randolph's career, such an extravagant hardihood of paradox in the selection of the coaling stations as a reducible item in our expenditure, that, in order to escape the most torturing suspicions, one is forced to look

elsewhere for the real explanation of this resignation. The subject of our national defences, and, after the report of the Royal Commission, and Lord Carnarvon's letters to the *Times*, the fortification of our coaling stations and military ports, had almost passed out of the region of party controversy, and had become a question on which all informed men of all sides were so agreed and so hearty, that it was quite impossible that any statesman, who had not booked his passage to Anticyra, should resign upon that point. Lord Randolph has not gone to Anticyra, but only to Algiers; bearing which fact in mind, and reading his two speeches carefully over again, one is compelled to conclude that he had better reasons for resigning than the expenditure on our system of national defence. Of course he had; and here they are, in the tail of his letter to Lord Salisbury, where, woman-like, he had placed the sting of the correspondence. "The character of the domestic legislation which the Government contemplate, in my opinion falls sadly short of what Parliament and the country expect and require. The foreign policy which is being adopted appears to me at once dangerous and methodless, but I take my stand on expenditure and finance," &c. In another part of the same speech, he said: "I felt satisfied that if the foreign policy of this country was a peaceful foreign policy, the estimates were too high. I felt quite certain that our foreign policy at the present moment ought to be a peaceful foreign policy. Although I take that position on foreign policy, I do not mean that kind of peace which is the flattering phrase of a platform peroration; but I mean a genuine, effective, peaceful foreign policy, which should be marked by the absence of unnecessary initiative, by an indisposition to interfere too promptly in European affairs, and, Sir, in fact, a policy of that character which should approach more nearly to the domain of non-intervention." So that it appears Lord Randolph objected (i.) to the finance of Lord Salisbury's Government, as extravagant; (ii.) to its domestic policy, as inadequate; and (iii.) to its foreign policy, as meddlesome and methodless.

Grave, and surely sufficient, reasons these for not supporting any Administration; but if, as he told us, his resignation was not precipitate, but long premeditated, how came Lord Randolph to join a Cabinet so deeply tainted with a double dose of original sin? And if Lord Randolph sincerely believes these charges to lie at Lord Salisbury's door—and his belief is shared by some gentlemen—what separates him and them from the Gladstonian Radicals, and what unites them with the Conservative Party? These three points—finance, foreign policy, and domestic legislation—embrace the whole field of government; and if the first is wasteful, the

second dangerous, and the third inadequate, then I really fail to see why our Tory Democrats should not, as honest men, do all in their power to send Lord Salisbury and his colleagues packing, and to replace Mr. Gladstone in office. No doubt the Tory Democrats would reply that Mr. Gladstone is fifty times worse than Lord Salisbury, and that they are satisfied with neither. But my point —and it is a serious one—is this: If the two speeches delivered by Lord Randolph Churchill in the House of Commons at the beginning of the Session be the authoritative exposition of the principles of Tory Democracy, and those principles be accepted by those who call themselves Tory Democrats, then the partition which separates the Tory Democrat from the Gladstonian Radical is the merest wafer; while the wall which parts him, not only from the Conservative, but from the Liberal of Mr. Goschen's school, is not perhaps impassable, but only to be climbed over by the help of his god. I daresay I shall be told that I am insisting too much on Lord Randolph's words, and exaggerating the importance of a couple of speeches; that he has changed before, and will change again, when this little ebullition will be forgotten. Very likely; it is difficult for the ordinary man, whose mind moves somewhat slowly, to follow the volatile statesmen of these latter days. Plodding mortals have enough to do to interpret printed words, without trying to calculate the motions of celestial bodies. Retrenchment by reduction of armaments (invariably followed by votes of credit proposed in a panic); consequent isolation of England in Europe, and therefore peace-at-any-price foreign policy, called "absence of unnecessary initiative," or "non-intervention"; impossible and interminable catalogue of domestic measures for making one class happy at the expense of another; these are the well-known wares of the Radical Autolycus; these are the lean and flashy songs which he has been selling any time these twenty years to innocent serving-maids and gaping fly-catchers.

I have never been able to persuade myself that the Conservative Party could consolidate its fortunes in the country by a policy of plagiarism tempered by epigram. I have always believed that the Conservative Party would be very strong some day, provided always it remained really Conservative, and did not ape Radicalism. As Lord Salisbury said once at a Mansion House dinner, if the people want Radical articles they will go to the other shop for them, where they are sure of getting them. What I complain of is, that whenever Lord Randolph Churchill has the choice of two policies, a Conservative and a Radical policy, he invariably, as if by instinct, chooses the Radical policy. His speech on the coal and wine dues was an instance of this. Not having, perhaps, very much time to go into the facts, or to read the Annual Report of

the Metropolitan Board of Works very carefully, he simply adopted and reproduced the Treasury Minute of Mr. Leonard Courtney, and was rewarded by a cackle of commendation from all the Radical organs in the country. His attack upon the ground landlords, and his Bill for the enfranchisement of leaseholds, was another instance. What is called the enfranchisement of leaseholds is, so far as it has taken legislative shape, a proposal to force A to part with his property to B for less than its market value, because B wants it. Let us examine for a moment the lessons in finance and foreign policy which Lord Randolph wishes to teach the Tory Party.

Finance and foreign policy, as Lord Beaconsfield told us, depend upon one another; and Lord Randolph believes that a wise and prudent foreign policy, based upon the sublime principle of scuttle, and fortified by the saws of the Peace Society, would diminish our expenditure upon our army and navy. Very possibly it would: you can always diminish your expenditure upon gloves and boots by lopping off your hands and feet. Really, whilst the noble lord was speaking (and never, in point of style, did he address the House with more facility and felicity), I almost failed to recognize his familiar features under the shadow of the broad-brimmed hat which he had suddenly substituted for the more modish head-gear he usually affects. Then our foreign policy was described in the famous letter from Windsor, as "dangerous and methodless." With all due deference to Lord Randolph's information about continental affairs, Lord Salisbury has not the reputation of being a methodless meddler in Europe, and it is needless to say that European statesmen are better able to measure our Foreign Ministers than we are ourselves. Lord Palmerston was a meddler, and was hated accordingly, though he took good care to be feared as well. But Lord Salisbury is not a meddler; he has not a meddlesome reputation on the Continent, where he is universally liked and respected, even by those Powers to whom his policy is opposed, for the clearness of his ideas, and for the firmness, yet perfect courtesy of his despatches.

Let us turn to the subject of the coaling-stations, and our expenditure on fortifications. To remind us that we have thrown away millions on guns and forts that are now useless, is simply to state that war is a progressive and, therefore, an expensive science, for which we must pay, until we make up our minds that we will have no empire and no foreign policy. It is true that Lord Randolph Churchill offers to provide us with a system of national defence which has, at any rate, the merit of cheapness. England is to rely, not upon "the hysterical embraces of engineers," but upon her "undying historic memories," and "upon the patriotism

of a loyal and contented people." I am afraid I must borrow one of his lordship's periods, and say that this is not a policy, but "the flattering phrase of a platform peroration." I have no notion what Cæsar thinks about it; but, personally, if I saw the legions of Von Moltke approaching me, I should prefer an earthwork to an historic memory; and if I was told the French fleet was in the Thames, I should feel more comfort in the embraces of an engineer than in the patriotism of a contented but unarmed people.

But Lord Randolph Churchill assures us that the working-classes will not pay for fortifications, when the matter is expressed to them in terms of tea, tobacco, and beer. This seems to be a dishonouring and unworthy imputation to make, I will not say upon the patriotism—the word has become "soiled by all ignoble use,"—but upon the common-sense of working-men, who know perfectly well that the possession of accumulated wealth and an extended commerce entails upon us an expensive system of national defence. There may be some men of extreme, or rather confined, views, who are in favour of having no army and navy at all, imitating the United States, and retiring within the shores of our tight little island; but one would think there must be very few who are not alive to the folly of allowing our system of national defence, for the sake of a few millions a year, to fall below that of other nations. It would, of course, be mere presumption in me to pit my knowledge of the masses against that of Lord Randolph Churchill; and yet I feel sure that he has misjudged the masses on this question of expenditure. It is always a mistake to appeal to the sordid interests of a popular audience, as Mr. Gladstone found out in 1874. Before I got into the House of Commons, I had some four years' training as a candidate in some of the poorest and most populous parts of South London, in Rotherhithe and Bermondsey. I always found that the working-men, who treated me with the greatest friendliness and hospitality in their clubs and associations, were quite proud to bear their fair share of the burthens, entailed by the inheritance of a vast and vulnerable empire.

But what has become of our friends the Tory Democrats by this time? Like the girl in the popular Japanese game, they have been divested of their garments one by one, until they stand in all the simplicity of democratic nakedness. It was thought at first that Tory Democracy was Radicalism touched with Jingoism; but now that fig-leaf has been torn from them by the ruthless hand of their chief. What is the pedigree of Tory Democracy? It is confidently asserted, and currently believed in certain circles, that Tory Democracy is the kind of thing Lord Bolingbroke wrote about, and

Lord Beaconsfield practised—at least, this, I suppose, is the meaning of the assertions, so often heard, that the Tory Democrats are possessed of the true traditions of the Tory Party. It amused Lord Bolingbroke to point antitheses between the Court and Country party, and to round periods about a Patriot King relying upon the love and liberty of a contented people. He knew quite well that the people hadn't votes; and when he was in power, Mr. Secretary St. John showed his love for the liberty of the people by imprisoning poor Grub-street devils, who dared to write against his administration. No one, before or since, ever wrote the grand style like Bolingbroke; but Burke was quite right in saying that he was "a presumptuous and superficial writer." Most of his pamphlets are flimsy and unfinished; "the commonplace tautology of on old politician, living out of the world, and writing from newspapers," as Horace Walpole said, ill-naturedly, but truly. His *Patriot King* did an infinity of harm; it turned the head of George III., and is responsible for many of his most sinister assaults upon the Constitution. In 1761, Lord Bute came in on Purity and Prerogative; but Wilkes and the Whigs were too much for Purity and Prerogative. It was not till the rule of Lord North that the ideas of the *Patriot King* came to be worked out by the King's friends. Is this the chapter of history from which Lord Randolph Churchill draws the doctrines of Tory Democracy? As a rule, Tories who deal in dim history rather hurry over this period; if pressed, they will disown Lord North altogether; so eager are they to get to Mr. Pitt. Yes, Mr. Pitt is the true parent of Tory Democracy—hurrah for Pitt! He brought forward reform bills in the House of Commons; he proposed commercial treaties based upon free exchange; he sneered at Burke's denunciations of the French Revolution. Quite true; he did all these things. But then Mr. Pitt was a Whig by birth, by education, and by conviction. He was the son of the Minister who was called a Radical; he was brought up in Whiggery; he belonged to the Bowood set; he was Lord Shelburne's Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was not until the Portland Whigs had left Mr. Fox—the fact is very significant—and joined Mr. Pitt, that he, and they, became Conservatives, in the true sense of Anti-Jacobins. If our Tory Democrats go to the first half of Mr. Pitt's life for their authority, I answer that when Mr. Pitt brought forward reform bills, he was a Whig pure and simple. In the latter half of Mr. Pitt's career, our friends will not, if they are wise, look for inspiration.

But then there is Lord Beaconsfield. He, we are told, was a democrat; he educated his party into accepting household suffrage. Lord Beaconsfield always drew a very sound, if somewhat subtle, distinction between democratic rights and popular privileges, and

he opposed the extension of the household suffrage to the counties upon the express ground that it would destroy the variety of our Constitution, and lead to democratic uniformity. "So long as you have variety," he said, "you will never have democracy." Lord Beaconsfield boasted that he had educated his Party. Will Lord Randolph forgive me if I point out that when Mr. Disraeli undertook the education of the Conservative Party, he had been thirty-one years in Parliament, was over sixty years of age, had led the Party in the House of Commons for twenty years, and had been three times Chancellor of the Exchequer, and once Prime Minister? Even from his lips the phrase gave great offence; Lord Randolph has avoided it, and has "wrestled" with us, as a preparatory measure. I have tried very hard to understand Tory Democracy, for Lord Randolph's personality is what the French call seductive; and I have a real admiration for that spirited *insouciance* which carries him through everything. But so far as I can make out, Tory Democracy is compounded of all the old Radical commonplaces about non-intervention and retrenchment, which have brought such disaster upon the country and the Radical Party, that they are discarded by the more astute Radical leaders. These exploded Radical fallacies in the mouth of a Conservative Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer wear an air of paradox, which we are asked to accept as profound and original statesmanship. Lord Randolph Churchill is shrewd, rather than sagacious; his sight is clear, but contracted. He sees clearly that Gladstonian Radicalism has hitherto been very popular in this country, and he knows that, had it not been for the Home Rule infatuation, Mr. Gladstone would now be in power. It seems, therefore, to have occurred to Lord Randolph, that if he simply eliminated Home Rule, and labelled the residuum of Gladstonism "Tory Democracy," he would dish the Radicals, turn off all Tories who showed the slightest symptoms of Conservatism, and secure for his Party fixity of tenure in Downing Street. Will the Conservative Party swallow this concoction? I trust they will not "lick the sweet, which is their poison"; low, indeed, they must be sunk if they are content to live upon the broken victuals of the Cobden Club. I hope, for the sake of my own skin, that when Lord Randolph Churchill comes back to power he will be more magnanimous to those who dare to criticise him than was his exemplar Lord Bolingbroke. I assure him that I will turn Tory Democrat tomorrow, if he will show me that Tory Democracy is anything but Gladstonian Radicalism minus Home Rule. But until he deigns to show me that, poor and hungry as I am, I would rather starve, than be fed upon the baked meats of Hawarden Castle, even when peppered by his practised and liberal hand.

What so many Conservatives seem to lack is courage, the courage of their opinions, and a belief in the sovereign power of common-sense, which beats platform clap-trap in the long run. Many educated men have an abnormal horror of mobs; they are fascinated by some Cobbett-cobra, and allow themselves to be eaten up. "One of the chief misfortunes of honest people," observed Voltaire, "is that they are cowardly." Those political parties which gather in the well-disposed portion of the community, exclaims Emerson, "How infirm and ignoble! What white lips they have! Always on the defensive!" The revolutionary party —*le jacobinisme, c'est l'ennemi*—see this, and take advantage of our terror; but the well-disposed portion of the community is being gathered in every day, if we do not alienate them by Gladstonian programmes and Randolphian jests; if we only have the courage of our destiny. As a Conservative who was largely supported by Liberal Unionists at the last Election, I was naturally pained that Lord Randolph should have chosen to

> "Enjoy his dear wit, and gay rhetoric,
> That hath so well been taught her dazzling fence,"

at the expense of the Liberal Unionists. Lord Hartington is not in the least likely to be deflected by so much as a hair's breadth from his path by the gibes of a whole college of wit-crackers; but Lord Wolmer's irritability showed how the younger Unionists might resent the joke about the crutch. To say nothing of the ingratitude, the impolicy of the witticism was so obvious as to raise all manner of doubts as to the intention of the speaker. When Lord Randolph talks about making arrangements for preserving Unionist seats, does he know how many Tory seats were preserved by Liberal Unionist votes? If not, he must have been, for a Metropolitan member, curiously careless of the electoral map of London. Does he not remember that at Dudley, a typical and purely working-class constituency, in November 1885, the Conservative candidate was beaten by 1,166 votes; and that in July 1886, the same Conservative candidate beat a man who had sat for more than a quarter of a century by 1,930 votes?

Lord Randolph Churchill solemnly warned the Tory Party against "precarious Parliamentary alliances." It appears that all alliances, with Lord Randolph, are precarious; but I hope that our alliance with the Liberal Unionists is not precarious, but permanent. I trust that a strong Centre party may be formed of Moderate men of both sides. But then we must have the courage to apply reason to politics, to prefer experience to experiment, and to insist upon the observance of ordinary honesty in legislation as in life. We must accord Mr. Goschen, not churlish sufferance, but loyal and enthusiastic support; and

when we go to our constituencies, we must not assume that we are addressing fools and knaves. Nobody wants to go to war, or would vote for it, except in defence of British interests. Nobody encourages, or wishes to shield extravagance and jobbery; nobody thinks of undoing what has been done. There are no reactionaries in or out of the Cabinet, as Lord Randolph knows quite well, though there are Conservatives who distrust government by public meeting, and who, so far from being Tories of the pre-Reform era, are deeply tinctured with Radicalism; but the Radicalism of the Westminster Radicals, of Jeremy Bentham, of Stuart Mill, and of Herbert Spencer, which is the very antipodes of the Radicalism of Messrs. Gladstone, Harcourt, Morley, and Parnell. Lord Randolph Churchill will never recover his influence until he recognizes the fact that Gladstonian Radicalism is loathsome in all its forms to every healthy Conservative, and that if he insists on tacking Radical programmes on to a Conservative remnant, he will look as remarkable as Lord Peter, who insisted on sewing on to the coat his father left him whatever trimmings came up in fashion, lace, ribbons, fringe, embroidery, and points, and keeping on all together, till they amounted to a medley the most antic you can possibly conceive.

It is astonishing how very clever men can overlook facts which stare them in the face. It is not so many years since an unseemly letter from Lord Randolph Churchill to the chief of the Conservative Party found its way into a newspaper. At that time the provincial associations backed Lord Randolph against Lord Salisbury; but at that time Lord Salisbury was a mere name outside London. Since that day there has been growing up slowly—for confidence is a plant of slow growth—a deep and enthusiastic attachment among Conservatives for Lord Salisbury, founded on admiration for his great qualities, his patience, his courage, his lofty magnanimity, his far-seeing sagacity, tutored by experience; qualities which mark him out, not only as the great leader of a party, but as the trusted and beloved Minister of a nation. It is this fact which Lord Randolph Churchill seems, for the moment, to have forgotten.

ARTHUR A. BAUMANN.

II.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL APPEALS UNTO CÆSAR.

Lord Randolph Churchill has appealed to Cæsar: what verdict ought Cæsar to return? Should he be acquitted with acclamation, condemned to temporary or perpetual retirement, or "dismissed with a warning"? Which does he deserve? I propose briefly to present his case as it appears to one who has no reason to take sides for or against him, beyond the reason which should make every Conservative anxious to arrive at the truth in this matter, and to support that side on which the permanent interests of his party seem to lie.

Why has Lord Randolph Churchill appealed to Cæsar? Because his own people are hot against him; because they violently condemn his conduct; because they receive his explanations with derision, and are determined to make him feel the weight of their displeasure. At the hands of the Governors of the Provinces he cannot hope for justice. Festus and Felix, and all that crew, regard him as a vain babbler, who has made things generally uncomfortable for them, and who has created no small stir among the people. So mighty a transformation has passed over the minds of the Tory Party in the House of Commons, that it is now an unpopular thing to say a word on behalf of the man who, three months ago, was the most popular man in the three kingdoms. At Bradford, Members of Parliament came by scores from the highlands and islands of Scotland, from the downs of Devonshire, from the mountains of Wales, and even from the bogs of Ireland, to dance attendance on their deity, and to receive from him a shake of the hand, or a nod of recognition, and go away happy. Now there are but few so poor as to do him reverence. Such are the ways of politicians. If a man stumbles and falls, no hand is stretched out to help him; but the eager crowd presses on and tramples remorselessly on the prostrate body of him whom, but a moment before, they worshipped. Whence this rage? what evil hath he done? This is the last question these angry men stop to ask themselves. Yet, nevertheless, the nation will ask it, and will require an answer. It is not enough to say that he deserted his post in the hour of danger, and thereby damaged the cause

he was pledged to defend. Argument by metaphor seldom contains the whole truth, and general accusations may be met by general denials.

What is the precise, particular, positive evil he has inflicted on the Unionist Party by his resignation? Does the cause of the Union stand less firmly than before either in the House or the country? In the House, has it not been cemented by the adhesion of Mr. Goschen to the Conservative Government and by his presence on the Treasury bench? A Government must be always weakened by the loss of its most popular member, particularly when he is Leader of the House of Commons, and possesses the eloquence and ability of Lord Randolph Churchill; but apart from his withdrawing from a position which he considered he could no longer fill with honour to himself or advantage to the Party, what has he said or done that has lowered the reputation and authority of the Government in the country? Has the majority in favour of the Union lost a single vote in the House? Is the cause of the Union regarded with diminished enthusiasm by the people? If so, where is the proof? Among the champions of the Union Lord Randolph Churchill is still one of the most ardent, and to maintain it firm and fast he is still ready to devote all his talents and all his influence.

How, then, has he violated the cardinal principle of preserving the Union of the Unionist Party? By using such language in the House of Commons with regard to the Liberal Unionists, that the harmony existing between them and the Conservatives was rudely disturbed. But was it? I admit the language was injudicious. All language is so that is open to misunderstanding, and which is liable to be taken in a sense that it is not intended to bear. Many people have fumed and fretted themselves into the belief that the language employed was contemptuous and insulting to the Liberal Unionists. Have they read carefully what Lord Randolph Churchill really said? "I notice a little tendency of the party of the Union to attach too much importance to precarious Parliamentary alliances, which are as transient and uncertain as the shifting wind, and too little to the far more important question—how to keep the English people at the back of the party of the Union." Here it is evident that the thought of preserving the Union is uppermost in his mind, not for the moment, nor the present Parliament, where it is in no danger, but for the future, in the next appeal to the people. Then the cry of "Union for ever" will not win the day, unless the party of Union has recommended itself to the nation by "good government, efficient administration, and progressive legislation." The majority of the people are at present undoubtedly in favour of the maintenance of the Union,

but if the Government should be so intent upon waving the Flag of Union that it forgets to move on, both it and its flag may possibly be thrown into the ditch.

Surely Lord Randolph, in bidding the Government rely for its ultimate triumph over the party of Disunion, not upon an alliance which, as it exists between Liberals and Tories, between men on opposite sides of the House, must, in its very essence, be precarious, but upon the esteem and regard of the English people, which can only be secured by a policy which meets their wishes and satisfies their wants, rendered no ill service to the Government and aimed no blow at the stability of the Unionists. "When I was in the Government," he went on to say, "I made it my constant thought and desire to make things as easy as possible for the Liberal Unionists; but I frankly admit that I regarded them as a useful kind of crutch, and I looked forward to the time, and no distant time, when the Tory Party might walk alone, strong in its own strength and conscious of its own merits; and it is to the Tory Party, and solely to the Tory Party, that I looked for the maintenance of the Union."

Now there is nothing in this language in the least insulting to the Liberal Unionists, unless they were on the look-out for insults. It may be so construed by malevolence as to wound their self-importance, but it would be the height of puerility on their part if they allowed themselves to be turned from their purpose, or even shaken in their allegiance, by an expression which, taken at its worst, can only be irritating. For there is nothing in it to justify the assertion of a Conservative newspaper that "the Liberal Unionists are flouted, derided, and insulted, as if they were merely so much deck cargo of the Parliamentary vessel, to be thrown away in the first squall we come across." This is a very pretty metaphor, but the metaphor is not Lord Randolph Churchill's.

Lord Hartington, being a man of calm wisdom and fixed purpose, was not at all disturbed by the supposed insults; and if the Conservative Party and press had been equally wise and calm, they would have understood Lord Randolph as he did. But they first coloured the rag as red as possible, and then waved it in front of the bull, making the "insult," if insult there was, absolutely their own!

Comparisons have been made between Lord Randolph's language of the other day and his language at Dartford. But we are apt to forget that between the position he held at Dartford and the position he holds now there is a great gulf fixed: then he was Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons; now he is in a condition of greater freedom and less responsibility.

Language that would have been gravely significant had he been in office, loses much of its significance now that he is what he is. It is absurd to suppose that when a man has cast off official clothes he should be bound by official restraints. To enforce his warning Lord Randolph pointed to the Round Table Conference. That conference was called to see if by any means it might be possible to establish a *modus vivendi* between the Unionist and Separatist Liberals. Successful or not, it testifies in an unmistakable way to the desire for a reconciliation which exists on each side.

The Liberal Unionists are acted upon perpetually by two strong influences, a centrifugal influence which draws them away from the Conservatives, and a centripetal influence which draws them to the Gladstonites. There is no sign at present that they are likely to yield to these two influences, but it must be remembered that these are powerful and incessant, working both sensibly and insensibly, and he would be a bold man who ventured to build upon the assumption that the pressure would never overcome the resistance.

Another contingency might occur which would indeed place the Union in safety, but which would have a disastrous effect on the fortunes and future of the Tory Party, unless they follow Lord Randolph's counsel and save themselves by their works. If Home Rule were relegated to the dim and distant future, and the fissure in the Liberal Party were closed, and they again appealed to the country, not as the Party of Disunion, but as the Party of peace, retrenchment and reform, then, in spite of the glaring exposure of the absolute humbug of their pretensions into which they are betrayed by their own disgraceful incapacity, I question very much whether they would appeal in vain, unless the present Government have a clean record of useful legislation to show. They have a great opportunity, and the Queen's Speech shows that they are anxious to use it; but nevertheless Lord Randolph did not do amiss to turn their gaze for a moment from off the green benches of the House of Commons to the vast, eager crowds of their fellow-countrymen that are waiting to receive some benefit at their hands.

Not only is it necessary to pass salutary measures, but it is necessary for a Government to be self-reliant in order to attract the confidence of the people. It must show a thorough belief in its own capacity to govern, and must speak in no uncertain voice if it is to inspire trust and awaken enthusiasm. It must act in the spirit of Lord Chatham's celebrated declaration, and announce, without fear or misgiving, that "it alone can save this country, and no other can." The people took him at his word,

and he became the most powerful and successful Minister of his century. The Tory Party, then, must be strong in its own strength if it is to stand, and, while thankfully receiving the help and co-operation of the Liberal Unionists, it must never forget that the day may come when that help and co-operation may be, for one reason or another, withdrawn.

After Lord Randolph's resignation the Government did not take a strong line. The Macedonian cry for help they sent up did not flatter the self-respect of the thousands who had voted for the Conservatives at the last election. Though I was not one of the rank and file who were supposed to have murmured at the overtures made to Lord Hartington, yet, nevertheless, the hostile instinct of the rank and file was correct. The situation was not the same as it was in August. Then it was perfectly right to invite the Liberal Unionists to join in the formation of a Government. The splendid patriotism and rare unselfishness displayed by Lord Salisbury in his negotiations with them it were presumption to praise, and hopeless to imitate, for any but those who combine the most prodigious talents with the most exalted aims. He set an example which will be long remembered, but, I am afraid, seldom followed. The Liberal Unionists, however, decided it was most to the advantage of the Union for them to stand aloof and to adopt an attitude of watchful benevolence. To the victors belong the spoils, and therefore the offer to share them was fair and just; but that offer which in August was a recognition of the Unionist victory, was in December a confession of Conservative weakness. There was no reason to suppose that Lord Hartington would depart from the position he had taken up, or that a Coalition could be recommended by any fresh arguments of a sufficient urgency to make him view it in a different light. It was this pressing and almost pathetic appeal to the Liberal Unionist Party to merge with theirs that lowered the Tories in popular estimation. They seemed to say: "We are indeed the Government, but we cannot continue to govern unless you throw your shield over us and join your forces to ours." Whereas the word should have been "Close your ranks and stand fast." It was the clear perception of the feeling of the country on this point, that clear perception which is one of the main sources of his strength and value, that led Lord Randolph Churchill to address that word of warning to the Tory Party, as a parting and much-needed admonition. And this is made one of the main charges against him. It is quite a mistake to suppose that Lord Randolph viewed with dislike Mr. Goschen's acceptance of office. I believe he, in common with everyone else, rejoiced that Lord Salisbury was able to strengthen his Ministry by Mr. Goschen's large experience, clear judgment,

vigorous intellect, liberal views, and first-rate debating-power. Such a man must be an accession to any Government. So, indeed, would be Lord Hartington; but it is too obvious to need demonstration that Lord Hartington's position was altogether different from Mr. Goschen's, and many of those who were most eager for Mr. Goschen to join the Government were most averse to a coalition with the Liberal Unionists. Lord Salisbury is a great man, whose "Atlantean shoulders are fit to bear the weight of mightiest monarchies"; and the alleged weakness of the front bench in the House of Commons recent debates have abundantly proved to be a myth. Strong, therefore, in its leader and in its members, the present Ministry have only to "be just and fear not," to remain in office for five years.

But if they are not just, they have reason to fear the result of Lord Randolph Churchill's appeal to Cæsar. So far he has been treated not only without generosity, but with less than justice. The Party made a pretence of suspending its judgment until it had heard Lord Randolph's explanation. The Conservative press, itching to repay old slights, was not so forbearing. But since his explanation each vies with the other in their fierce zeal to tear him to pieces. Every point in it that tells for him is distorted, suppressed, or slurred over; every point that tells against him is reiterated, magnified, and pressed home with an unrelenting energy of passion. But, as Mr. Gladstone said, "his speech and effort will be much weighed and considered in the country"; and his detractors will find that that speech and effort which they pronounce so meaningless, so unsatisfactory, and, to use the words of one of them, "so puerile, unpatriotic, and whimsical," will produce a very different effect on minds that approach the question not only unclouded by prejudice and unwarped by jealousy, but with a friendly leaning towards the culprit. The main points and outlines of Lord Randolph's defence are already known. No one will assert it is entirely satisfactory, least of all his friends. But the flaws and cracks in it are precisely what constitute its merit. *Qui s'excuse s'accuse* is an old proverb that loses none of its truth by age but in politics we must add a corollary to it, that he who excuses himself accuses his colleagues. When a Minister resigns his office he presumably does so because he differs from his colleagues, and he cannot possibly prove himself in the right without proving them in the wrong. The stronger case he makes out for himself the worse will their case be, and *vice versâ*. Now, when Lord Randolph's critics say that his explanation explained nothing, do they mean there was nothing to explain? Not at all; they mean that he left things much as they were; that, rather than justify himself by exposing and weakening the Government, he, to

a certain extent, allowed judgment to go against him by default, and so they take advantage of his generosity and set upon him tooth and nail. But more remains behind, much more; and when the occult history of the last six months comes to be written, and the secrets of ministerial hearts are made known, Lord Randolph will stand justified before all men. If the idle chatter of the Lobbies were true, and he were wishful to raise himself on the ruins of the Government, regardless of his pledges to maintain the Union, from his place in the House of Commons he would be dealing powerful strokes at the Front Bench, and from a hundred platforms he would be launching his thunderbolts of war, instead of basking, as he is, in the orange-groves of Algeria, drinking in new life, and energy, and hope from the quickening beams of the sun of Africa.

But, halt and maimed as his explanation is by the limitations of honour and magnanimity, is it so very inadequate after all? He resigned, he tells us, upon retrenchment. That in itself is a good thing everyone will allow, and should be sought after fervently. The question is whether, under the circumstances, it were possible and advisable. The general expenditure must grow if it is to keep pace with the expansion of the nation. But we must carefully distinguish the general expenditure from the expenditure on the Services. Their growth is not as the national growth. It is true that their numbers have increased, but not in proportion to the expenditure, as, when the time comes, I shall be ready to prove. There is no reason why they should cost now any more per man than they did three or more years ago. But any such comparison is misleading, and misses the point at issue, which is not so much whether we are spending more or less, but whether we are getting full value for our money. Lord Randolph's contention is that we are not. The waste of which he complains is not of recent origin; it has grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength, till of late it has reached such proportions as to become an evil of immense magnitude. Our industries lie imprisoned under the heavy load of taxation which has to be raised in order to meet this enormous expenditure. The income-tax, which thirteen years ago Mr. Gladstone offered to abolish, is now in a time of peace maintained at a war level. An 8d. income-tax in the present state of trade is a serious burden, which ought, if possible, to be lightened. Lord Randolph quoted various remissions of taxation that might be made in several directions if the expenditure were reduced.

Cheeseparing is by no means the best economy, and it would be a policy altogether unworthy of a great and wealthy nation to set itself to save money regardless of all other considerations. If

Lord Randolph's speech is read with ordinary care, it will at once be seen that such is not his idea of "high State policy." He lays down the rules which should guide a Chancellor of the Exchequer in the following sentence: "I think the Chancellor of the Exchequer must reasonably satisfy himself on two points—first, that the demands put forward do not exceed the necessities of the year; and, in the second place, that the money voted by Parliament shall be expended in such a manner that the nation gets full value for it." Now, if a Chancellor is unable to satisfy himself on these two points, will anyone seriously maintain that he ought to continue responsible for the national finances? Opinions vary as to what are the necessities of the year, but all will agree with Lord Randolph that they depend largely upon the course and character of our foreign policy. Now our foreign policy ought to be a peaceful foreign policy. A peaceful foreign policy is one that preserves peace, and it is certain that when we are at peace our forces ought not to stand on a war footing. If war is imminent it is well to make preparations for war; but because our neighbours are baring their teeth at each other, that is no reason why we should show ours. People of Jingo tendencies do not sufficiently take account of the vast change that has come over the Continent, not only since the Crimean War, but within the last fifteen years. Opposed to the enormous standing armies of the Continental Powers, England with her small army is practically impotent. The improvement, too, in destructive weapons tells all against England, as when battles are fought and decided without the contending hosts ever coming to close quarters, the superior pluck and physique of the English soldier cannot so greatly, as once it could, influence the issue. Divided from Europe by an ocean barrier we do not covet an inch of European territory; we have only a contingent interest in European affairs, and, therefore, should not interfere, if we can help it, in European quarrels. We have enough to do in strengthening, consolidating, and protecting our Empire, and should "husband our resources" to that end. Let us interfere by all means when we can interfere to some purpose, but do not let us forget that the ascendancy of any Power in the councils of Europe depends in these days on the possession of big battalions and the willingness to use them, and we have neither the one nor the other. Many of us wish it were otherwise, but, however strong our wishes may be, we should be foolish indeed if we allowed them to close our eyes to facts.

Recognizing these facts, and seeing that they imposed upon us a peaceful foreign policy, Lord Randolph Churchill was naturally led to inquire if we could not have all we want, and at the same time spend less on our services. The result of his inquiries pointed

irresistibly to the conclusion that "a policy of retrenchment and economy was not only necessary but perfectly feasible," and, therefore he was bound, by the duty laid upon him as caretaker of the national purse, to ask that some reduction might be made in the estimates. Now, did he make an unreasonable or excessive request? I will let him speak for himself:—

"My own belief," he said, "is that where there is a will there is a way, and the accuracy and efficiency of that maxim may be proved by what took place in 1869, when the Government and Parliament of that day were under the impression that the naval and military expenditure had reached an abnormal level; and so strong was that impression, and so resolute the Government, that the estimates for 1870 for naval and military purposes, as compared with the estimates of 1868, showed a reduction of £4,000,000. I never expected, I never asked for, a reduction such as that. I never was so wild or foolish as to expect that any very large reduction could be immediately made. I avoided naming any figure. I left the amount entirely to the discretion and the judgment, and the superior knowledge of my right hon. friends, ... and it was only when I found that they were absolutely unable to make even *a commencement of an effort* to return to a more normal state of expenditure, that I was forced to offer my resignation to Lord Salisbury, because, viewing my pledges, it was impossible for me usefully to retain the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer in a Government in whose policy effective retrenchment found no prominent place."

Such, in brief, is the scope and limit of the explanation he allowed himself to offer, and who, viewing it impartially, can say it is entirely inadequate and unsatisfactory? He admits that he may have named a figure "casually in conversation," but he "carefully avoided" making any such figure a basis of a demand, and Mr. Gladstone, speaking from the fulness of his knowledge, considers that "the scale on which Lord Randolph proposed to apply his reductions was judicious and moderate."

Lord Randolph, in his letter to Lord Salisbury, says, "I am pledged up to the eyes to large reductions of expenditure." Why did he pledge himself so deeply and so confidently? Because he felt suspicion, amounting almost to conviction, that the money voted by Parliament was not properly spent, and that "if the House of Commons could be turned loose into our public departments on a voyage of discovery," vast economies might be made. These words are taken from the celebrated speech at Blackpool in 1884, surely a masterpiece of eloquence, and all should read it, to see for themselves how and why Lord Randolph pledged himself to large reductions of expenditure. Mr. Chaplin does not give the date of the interview with the representative of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, from which he quoted with such gusto, but it cannot have been at a date very remote from that of the Blackpool speech. Yet no inconsistency was at the time pointed out between the two, and, indeed, there was none. He would not object to spending money in order "to create an overwhelming navy, adequate to the defence of our coasts, colonies, and commerce," but he points out that "the highest naval authorities tell us that our navy against

a coalition of France and Russia, or France and Italy, would be absolutely impotent to protect our coasts, our commerce, and our colonies, and we have to consider whether it is worth while going on spending an enormous sum of money for a thing which we do not possess." Do not these two statements hang together perfectly? Is there anything incompatible in them? He says in effect, Either let us have an overwhelming navy, and spend money freely till we have made it so, or let us cut down the expenditure and be content with a moderate navy; but do not let us continue to spend money on a navy, which does not secure the objects for which the money is spent.

Again, he denies absolutely that he resigned on the question of the coaling stations. Without coal our ironclads would be as useless as "painted ships upon a painted ocean," and no man short of a lunatic, or an Irish Nationalist, would wish to leave our coaling stations defenceless and at the mercy of the enemy. All that Lord Randolph stipulates is that before voting money for earthworks and fortifications we should satisfy ourselves that the money will be spent on earthworks and fortifications, and that when they are constructed they will fulfil the purpose for which they were intended, and be a strong and sufficient protection for our coaling stations. The head and front, the corner-stone and foundation, of Lord Randolph's demand is that we should get full value for our money. He does not object to expenditure, but to waste.

Our national finance should be conducted on the same principles and the same methods as regulate the management of a great business. What does a man of business do when he has reason to suspect that he is being swindled? He thoroughly investigates every department of his business, and, pending the inquiry, turns off the tap as far as he can. Until the clerks are examined, the figures checked, the books verified, and he is completely satisfied that everything is as it should be, he practises the most rigid economy and jealously doles out every sixpence. Lord Randolph wishes to apply this system, the only safe and sound system, to the financial affairs of the nation. He has pledged himself to it over and over again, both before and since he became Chancellor of the Exchequer; and as he saw no good prospect of being able to redeem his pledges, should he be severely blamed for offering to lay down his office?

Have those who so bitterly censure Lord Randolph for leaving the Government at such a critical time ever asked themselves whether all the blame should rest on his shoulders? Might he not have been kept in the Government? Had Lord Salisbury "demurred to his suggestion that it was no use bringing the matter

either before him, as the First Lord of the Treasury, or before the Cabinet," is it quite inconceivable that some compromise might have been arrived at? or, if no arrangement had been possible, and he considered his pledges compelled him to abdicate the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, could no other post have been found for him? These are questions which occur to one on reading Lord Randolph's speeches and correspondence with Lord Salisbury, and, if we are to judge his case fairly, are not without importance.

Lord Randolph's quondam friends swear roundly that his resignation was due to caprice, a fit of temper, impatience of contradiction, unbounded ambition, or to any other paltry, injurious motive that comes into their heads. If they would only realise what it is Lord Randolph has given up, they would cease to make charges so grossly and palpably foolish, absurd, and contradictory, not only to each other, but to everything we know of human nature. The immensity of Lord Randolph's self-sacrifice is almost pathetic. But yesterday he was the second man in the State, the admired Leader of the House of Commons, the idol of the Tory Party, the acknowledged successor to the Premiership, reaping, in an abundant measure, the full rich harvest of the present, and having the hope and the promise of the future. Now, he has no voice in shaping the policy of the State, is but a private Member of the House, meeting, wherever he turns, the cold, resentful looks of his former votaries, the present yielding nought but thorns and thistles, and the future, though not without hope, being cloudy and dark.

Now, is it credible that any man in his senses would exchange the one position for the other, except upon the most urgent and binding obligations of honour, which forced him to give up all rather than break faith with the country? He might easily have evaded his pledges, but he has loyally redeemed them, and established his consistency in the sight of God and man. The truth is, Lord Randolph has not been inconsistent except in details. There has been a uniform steady purpose running through all his career, which he has never lost sight of or abandoned, though the pressure of the circumstances of the moment may have compelled him for a while to turn aside from it. Now, in 1887, he is pursued with execrations because he is absolutely true to the first public declaration of his of which there is any record.

In his Election Address of 1874 he says:

> While deprecating unnecessary interference in Continental affairs, I am of opinion that in cases where the honour of our country is implicated, the security of the nation can only be attained by a bold and uncompromising policy. To that end I should oppose

any large reduction of our naval and military establishments. *An economical policy might, however, be consistently pursued, and the efficiency of our forces by land and sea completely secured without the enormous charges now laid upon the country.*

These last words he might have repeated in his letter of resignation. At Blackpool he said: "The first and most vital interest of a nation is finance." To enforce this truth, to bring it home to the minds of the people, Lord Randolph chose to perform the most deliberate act of self-sacrifice in our modern annals, since Lord Palmerston, in 1851, resolutely permitted himself to be expelled from office by Lord John Russell on a question of personal responsibility. That expulsion was exulted over by Mr. Gladstone as the close of Lord Palmerston's career, and he did not hesitate to quote Rousseau for the purpose of branding the fallen Minister as "a man not without merit, though a great villain." If I am not mistaken, within two years Mr. Gladstone sat in the same Cabinet with, and in less than ten gladly accepted office under, this Minister "not without merit, though a great villain."

Lord Randolph need not be without hope, for if the people grasp the true ground of his resignation, and act upon it, his self-sacrifice will be a splendid public service. The nation will pay honour where honour is due. He will be again installed in office, and his enemies will be discomfited. They now say, and I have no doubt the wish is father to the thought, that the entry of Mr. Goschen into the Cabinet shuts the door for ever on Lord Randolph Churchill's return. If it did, it would be a most disastrous thing for the Party; but why should it? I believe Lord Randolph's views approach Mr. Goschen's more nearly than those of any other man in the Cabinet. There is no special antagonism between the two men, and no reason whatever to suppose that they would not, or could not, work together. There are, on the other hand, three excellent reasons why Lord Randolph should rejoin the Government as soon as possible: they are his eminent ability, his eminent services to the Party, and his eminent popularity in the country. His ability is clear, patent, unquestioned, and unquestionable. All who heard his last two speeches in the House of Commons could not but acknowledge, however much they differed from him, that from an artistic point of view they were of surpassing merit, and stirred in many a profound regret that the speaker was no longer standing opposite the box. Let anyone take up the published volume of Lord Randolph's speeches, and read it steadily right through. He will find it strangely fascinating reading, which is an unusual thing with the speeches of a bygone day. Though he does not attain to the high level of Mr. Bright's classic oratory, though he does not display the marvellous range and grasp of Mr. Gladstone's subtle intellect, though he does not exhibit the superb sarcasm

and lofty eloquence of Lord Salisbury's polished style, yet in vigour and variety of language he is inferior to none, and in freshness and originality of thought he is superior to all. The Tory Party would suffer greatly if it were to lose the assistance of such a man, more especially as, in the language of an unfriendly critic, "he possesses, in an eminent degree, a special kind of ability of inestimable value in democratic communities."

His services to the Tory Party are of a kind and a degree which cannot be measured by mere words. He it was who revived their drooping spirits after the overwhelming defeat of 1880, and inspired them with new life and hope; he it was who resisted Mr. Gladstone and all his works with such force and effect as seriously to weaken his Government; he it was who awoke the people to a sense of the fatuous folly of the Radical doctrines; he it was who gradually undermined Mr. Gladstone in the affections of the working men, and who made the Tories popular in the great towns. What other man in the Tory Party has shown such indefatigable energy in and out of the House? In the service of the Party he has never spared himself. He has spent laborious nights and days, sometimes even to the injury of his health, in his indefatigable efforts to bring back victory to the Tory banners. From one end of England to the other he has made the country ring with his denunciations of the Radicals, and has filled the hearts of the people with a new faith, a new hope. Always in the "worst extremes and on the perilous edge of battle," there he was to be found fighting, guiding, and encouraging. Who but he would have dared to attack the Radical stronghold of Birmingham? Who but he would have gone to Ireland to animate afresh the loyalty of Ulster and bid it be of good courage? And now, forsooth, that the Tories are again in office, they would hunt him out of the Party; now that they are reaping the fruits of his labours, they would cast him out of the vineyard; now that they are safely in port, they would throw the pilot overboard; now that they have entered into the promised land, they would, for one fault, exclude the Moses that led them through the wilderness. Such is political gratitude.

But Lord Randolph has appealed to Cæsar. The people have yet to speak. The people, I venture to say, will take his side. If this contest is to be transferred from the House of Commons to the constituencies, the people will rally to Lord Randolph as they did in 1884, when a similar attempt was made to crush him out. That attempt failed as this will fail. The paint and powder prejudices of stiff-stocked Conservatism are out of date. Cassandra voices may cry "Woe upon this foolish nation," and arm-chair politicians may prophesy evil to come, but let them stand up

before an audience of working men and talk to them as they talk at their own fireside, and see how long they will be listened to, or how many votes they will get. As Lord Beaconsfield said, "We must either revert to the aristocratic principle or we must advance to the democratic. Unless the Tories believe it is possible to restore the old principle of Government, or unless they have embraced a martyrdom of political insignificance, they must advance to the new." Lord Randolph has advanced to the new, and he clings to it passionately, as he has clung to it from the first moment of his political career. He appeals from the old Tories to the new. People call him a Radical, and then hold up their hands in horror because he does not act and talk in all things like an old-fashioned Conservative. He is no Radical; he is the truest and staunchest of Tories, and there is no fear of his becoming anything else. He fully appreciates the change that has come over our electorate, and sees that if Toryism is to stand, it must be progressive and aggressive, that it must recommend itself to the people, and can only do so by pursuing a popular policy. This is not popularity-hunting, but political insight.

A century ago the French noblesse stood out against reform, opposed any change, and refused to conciliate the people. Did they save either themselves or their country? On the contrary, did not their attitude precipitate the Revolution and add largely to its horrors? Their example should be our warning; and if we close our eyes and stop our ears to all the indications that tell us their fate may be ours, the worse it will be for us. Lord Randolph wishes to preserve our Crown and Constitution, and, therefore, he and those who think with him try to show that the friends of the Crown and Constitution are friends of the people also. This is the true Toryism.

The defenders of Lord Randolph fall in for their share of abuse, too. Even before we opened our lips we were told that we must be "Conservatives lacking either definite principle or political foresight." I leave the latter charge for time to answer. As for the former, it is for our constituents to judge. Those of us who profess and call ourselves Tory Democrats have never deviated a hair's breadth from the principles we hold. We trace the pedigree of those principles through Lord Randolph and Lord Beaconsfield back to Pitt and Bolingbroke. In another article, should the Editors give me permission, I propose to explain the principles of Tory Democracy as we understand them, and to demonstrate how they are built upon and arise out of the political system established, renewed or extended by each of these great men. Tory Democrats support Lord Randolph, not because they are loose and unsettled in their principles, but because they believe in them so

thoroughly, adhere to them so closely, that they wish to see them become the guiding principles of the entire Party; and because they know that Lord Randolph's presence in the Cabinet is the surest guarantee against any relapse into the old ways. So strongly do they feel that salvation for the Party is only to be found in the popular Toryism of which Lord Randolph is the prophet, that, in season and out of season, a numerous body within the Party intend to press and agitate for his restoration to office, and upon the heads of those who seek to exclude him the blame of any schism must rest. At present, by the exercise of tact, forbearance, and mutual concessions, all differences are perfectly susceptible of accommodation. But if the Government pursue a policy of Prescription trouble must follow, as Lord Randolph will not submit to being driven out of the Party without making a vigorous effort to convert it to his views. Then should we see repeated on the same scale, and with the same result, the quarrel between Burke and Fox, the old and new Whigs. Burke remained a voice crying in the wilderness—a glorious voice, indeed, but *vox et præterea nihil*—while Fox became the founder of the present Liberal Party. Fox was accused of inconsistency, of want of fixed principles, of everything that Lord Randolph is accused of to-day; but, like Lord Randolph, he was merely bent on purging and regenerating his party, and fitting it to a new order of things. Fox did not live to see the full triumph of his principles, but Lord Randolph will, I trust, be spared to finish the work he has begun, and that before the close of his career he may have gained the immortal honour that will belong to the man who confers upon his country the inestimable benefit of so blending the old order of things with the new, that nothing of good in either may be lessened or impaired, lost or destroyed.

Ernest W. Beckett.

THE EFFECTS OF CIVILIZATION UPON WOMEN.

"THERE is a growing tendency now-a-days for women to unsex themselves—that is, to crowd into occupations which have up to late years been occupied exclusively by men." "If women usurp occupations originally intended for the other sex, what about the men who are thrown out? for it is very certain there is not room for both."

This is the fallacious popular idea. What has really happened, is that through the changes of civilization men have usurped the occupation of women in eighteen great industries, and, as there is not room for both, it is the weaker sex who have been crowded out of occupation. From the earliest times until the introduction of machinery the work of the world was performed by females in the following manufactures :—

Food Industries.

1. Bakers.
2. Brewers.
3. Drysalters.
4. Butter-makers.
5. Cheese-makers.
6. Confectioners.
7. Jam and Pickle makers.

Clothing Industries.

8. Spinners.
9. Weavers.
10. Dyers.
11. Stocking-makers.
12. Lace-makers.
13. Embroiderers.

Miscellaneous Industries.

14. Sellers in Markets.
15. Perfumers.
16. Chandlers.
17. Soap manufacturers.
18. Midwives.

It is impossible to turn back the wheels of time, even if it were desirable to do so, but, by losing the monopoly of all the above-mentioned employments, the whole female sex have been deprived of the power of making money, with its consequent right of being a man's real "help-meet" and a truly invaluable co-operator in the stern battle of life. A woman in these days has less means of gaining a living if unmarried, and is a burden instead of a help to her husband should she have one. It is this sense of the falseness of their position—pushed out of their legitimate place and work in the world—which causes the sex to "shriek" and revolt against man.

The question is misunderstood; women have not become manly, but men have become effeminate. In consequence of all their time-immemorial employments having been gradually taken from them, women in this nineteenth century are absolutely driven to seek some outlet for their energies, or necessities, in new lines of work. The change has been so silent and unperceived that it is doubtful if it is generally known, and certainly was never planned purposely to injure women; rather the reverse, it was intended that they should be benefited thereby. While from the alterarations in our social system, all household and essentially women's trades are carried on by men, women have received as a substitute a few ill-paid clerkships, and precarious employments such as art-needlework or china-painting, which are now offered to them as their true vocation.

There is reason to think that the women of twenty years ago were cleverer than the present race. No fool could carry in her head the knowledge of at least some fourteen trades, any of which would fail unless accurately performed. Even to bake, to brew, to cook, spin, and iron (to do these ill was to gain the contempt of the world) required more brain-power than our so-called modern culture, comprising inferior music, worse water-colour painting, German and French never more than half-learned, and then forgotten. There were idle and stupid women then as now, but their failings were open to all, and brought them the scorn of their neighbours.

Many men who are otherwise intelligent prefer marrying a stupid woman if she is only pretty, thinking such an individual will be a submissive wife, or, believing himself to be in love with her, he is blind to her faults. All this might be a pure matter of taste, some people liking a rose tint, others preferring azure. But to the world the matter does not end there; a stupid, idle mother, invariably produces a child who resembles her, and the race degenerates. Without fail an able man has had an able mother, while with the male sex the reverse is the case: clever men rarely have clever sons.

Women as Spinners.

A hundred years ago in every rank women earned money; the ladies of county families as delineated in the pictures of social life drawn by Smollett and Fielding, used to supplement their incomes by sending blankets and hose to the local fairs, these things having been spun or knit by themselves and their maids during the long winter evenings. In the farming class, and among nearly all others, "homespun" was the universal wear. In this matter of spinning alone (looked upon by our forefathers and the ancient world as a woman's hereditary vocation), females of every rank

found a scope for their talent and industry, and the power of earning something. The legal term for an unmarried woman is still "spinster."

A hundred years ago a man would have rendered himself supremely ridiculous by meddling with the spindle and distaff. Now, while a female no longer spins, some lord of the creation, by becoming a "cotton-spinner" or a "wool-spinner," or following some other womanly industry, such as brewing, makes himself a man of fortune, and possibly is created a peer of the realm. Women's work is now done on a large scale to the advantage of the male capitalist, and possibly for the good of society, but still at the ruin of women-workers, and also, to a great extent, to the destruction of the happiness of domestic life. Women a hundred years ago were more respected, because they were absolutely indispensable in the social polity as producers of the articles of daily requirement. Some writers of the present day proclaim that it is a woman's sole, first duty to "charm." Now we have no reason to suppose that beauty and fine clothes had less power of glamoury then than now. But manly love in those days was supported by a warm dash of gratitude, possibly mingled with esteem. When the husband, the son, the lover, depended upon some beautiful one for the coat on his back, the hose on his feet, the beer he drank, and the bread, butter, and bacon he ate, doubtless he then admired the charms of his partner, but he respected still more female capacity from which he obtained money and the necessaries of his life.

Of course, machinery makes materials cheaper than in former times. A machine can produce as much cloth for sixpence as a woman used to get six shillings for making. Still, the argument remains, the woman got the money, and against the present lower price of materials the female-made "homespun" was not "shoddy"; it lasted for years, and therefore was cheaper in the end.

It is true that in the spinning industry many women and girls are still employed, but the position of a mill or factory-hand is not an enviable one. In old times all females spun before their own hearths with their children playing round them. Now, employment in this branch is utterly destructive to domestic life. The children of "women hands" in great workshops are farmed out, with disastrous results. The mortality amongst them is 70 per cent., and those who survive are but miserable specimens of humanity, mentally and physically. As these women earn from six to twelve shillings a week (hardly ever more), they sacrifice their offspring and their highest instincts at a very low figure. As to women going into these mills in preference to remaining

at home, they have to choose between earning something for themselves or dying of starvation; their husband's wages are insufficient to support them, and in many cases a male mill-hand refuses to maintain his women-kind, the sentiment being exceedingly common among the lower orders, "I aint a-going to give a woman half my victuals to cook the other half for me."

There are three millions of women earning wages in various trades and industries in England and Wales. It may be taken for granted that very, very few of these receive twenty shillings per week, for women, as a body, are compelled to accept starvation wages. In all trades where men and women work together, the latter ought to be encouraged to join Trade Unions. This is done in France. At present there are about fourteen Women's Trades' Unions in England, got up and worked by females; but the movement is yet in its infancy. Then, again, no married or other woman with an infant under two years of age should be admitted as a mill-hand, or carry on any employment away from her home. Nature has created infancy so helpless, that the care of a young child is quite work enough for one indvidual. In these days certain classes marry, especially mill-hands, trusting, not to what the man earns, but counting upon what the wife will contribute to the general purse. If such a rule has the effect of decreasing the population, or increasing it, it would be difficult to say. The child neglected from birth by its mother rarely grows up at all; or, if it lives, it becomes a bad citizen, being equally miserable and stunted in mind and body. But to turn to some of the other industries which time has drifted away from the female sex.

Women as Bakers.

It is doubtful if the world at large, or family life in particular, has benefited by the trade of baking having been taken out of the hands of women.

As far as is practicable, all households should return to the practice of making their own bread. It is the staff of life, it is the main food of children, and therefore cannot be had too pure and wholesome. Bakers' profits are out of all proportion to the price of flour; and, if this time-honoured custom were re-established, bread would be not only cheaper, but better. In the matter of bread-making, as Englishmen are but very rarely bakers, and women have given up the art, the trade has drifted into the hands of German bakers. Now bread-making is a time-immemorial woman's trade, and in these days, when females cannot get work, it would be well if this branch could by some organization be got back to them. In early English history the bakers were all women, and certain laws were passed concerning their misdemeanours, including the punishment of the cutty-stool.

Women as Brewers.

Also, if as a nation we must drink beer, let it be as wholesome as possible. Let our women brew the beer, and then our men would not be poisoned by the villainous compound sold by the publican. If brewing beer is worthy of a peerage, give a few coronets to the women who can produce the best home-brewed. In America spruce-beer, home-made, is largely consumed, while German households brew their white-beer. At the Health Exhibition a prize for the best beer was obtained by a lady.

Women as Lace-makers and Embroiderers.

That men should have taken to be lace-makers and embroiderers on a large scale is a great misfortune. As the poor man is demoralized by the public-house and bad beer, so are poor women by these wholesale manufacturers of cheap finery, who pander to a love of tawdry splendour, the bane of our national character. When women made their own lace and embroidered their own garments, the work of their hands lasted a lifetime, and was highly esteemed and, if disposed of, also highly paid for.

Women as Sellers in Markets.

It is also a great pity that women no longer sell in our markets. This is pre-eminently the want of the day. The producer and consumer are equally injured, while the middle-men make organized "rings," by which all the necessaries of life are rendered preposterously dear.

A woman still is often a producer, but she is always a consumer, though rarely is she a market-seller, the line of life in which money is made. It would be an excellent thing if there were free markets in the neighbourhood of all large railway stations. In these markets farm and dairy produce—especially milk and butter—should be retailed by women at a trifling advance upon the wholesale price. The woman producer, and the woman consumer, might then have fair play.

Women as Dairy-Farmers.

Now upon the subject of the milk and butter and cheese trade, women are and always have been good dairy-farmers. Butter and cheese making, and poultry-raising, is essentially woman's work, suitable to females from the highest to the lowest rank. It seems most deplorable that poultry-farming and dairy work is drifting, not only out of the hands of our women, but of our nation. Men cannot either make butter or raise poultry successfully. This work has gradually passed away from the hands of English women into those of the females of other lands. The neglect of the farming interest brings about this gigantic national evil.

The price of milk and butter, both in town and country, is

such that it is simply prohibited to the masses. When milk is fourpence per quart, and butter even a shilling per pound, they cannot be used in sufficient quantities to become the staple articles of diet for children. Now in this nineteenth century, almost all the little ones in towns, and even in the country, are greatly stinted of milk and butter, or virtually brought up without them, the result being an enormous infant mortality—added to which, life-long bad health, indigestion, &c. to those who survive. Forty per cent. of children die under five years of age. Milk is the food of babes, and they perish without the sustenance which nature has created for them, and which the stupidity of our social system prevents their obtaining. The sooner the Conservative Party, who, more or less, represent the landed interest, by personal influence, money, and work, raise the farming industry to its former importance, and by example and precept encourage women farmers, so much the better for the prosperity of our people, especially of our children.*

It ought never to be forgotten that the ideal existence of a wife and mother is an agricultural one. To this day the wife and children of even a farm-labourer, on fifteen shillings a week, are better off than the family of an artizan who earns two pounds weekly in a town. The labourer's family have a house to themselves, purer air, and better food, inclusive of home-made bread, and home-cured bacon, while their cottage-garden provides them with vegetables and fruit. Poverty is, or may be, shorn of many of its horrors in village life.

Women as Midwives.

One of the so-called reformations of the last seventy years is the indelicate and uncalled-for institution of male midwives. Men have put themselves where they are not wanted, and do a great deal of mischief. If there has been any advance of science in this branch of medical treatment, then properly-qualified women-doctors should attend upon their own sex. The human race is known to have come into the world for four thousand years without the assistance of male practitioners, and surely women are still quite able to carry on what is, and ever has been, a woman's work.

This custom of employing a man in such cases, only came in during the last seventy years. The Princess Charlotte of Wales was one of the first to employ a male-midwife. She died—possibly in consequence. To this day the poor who cannot pay for this doubtful luxury do not indulge in it, even in England, while the whole Eastern world, and the greater part of Europe, look upon a man attending a sick woman as indelicate to the last degree,

* Pharaoh of old required bricks without straw, but the nineteenth century demands of women the hopeless task of rearing children without milk.

and most women echo the sentiment. Let this line of life—midwifery—be left solely to qualified female doctors.

The Trade of Marriage.

The usual retort, when women complain of want of remunerative employment, is that they should not work, but find men to support them. As there are five hundred thousand more women than men in England, it is obviously impossible that every woman should have a husband. This state of things is as bad in Germany also. The preponderance of the women over the men is greatest in the professional and upper middle classes. Among the richer aristocracy of England, and the absolutely working people, the sexes are still equal in number, and women can still marry. But the sons of clergymen, officers, civil servants, lawyers, doctors, and some of the country gentry find the struggle for existence too great in this kingdom; they emigrate, or leave the country by joining the military or naval service. Their sisters all remain at home, unable to find husbands, and uneducated for work, even domestic work. These "superfluous women" most undoubtedly, as a body, perform the first duty of their sex—that of being charming; they are often handsome, are generally well-mannered, and well-dressed. They are "charmers," but there is no one to charm. They know very well that their chances of marriage are almost *nil*; therefore, should a solitary suitor with even a modest competency appear, they feel driven to accept the first man who asks them, whether they care for him or not, and most generally they do not. Their parents wish to get rid of them, so they marry without love. An evil arises out of this, more ghastly than can be described. The marriage of *convenance* is a recognized social institution abroad. In England, in this nineteenth century, the women of the upper middle classes adopt it without acknowledging it. However we may affect to deny it, there is a vast amount of married unhappiness in all classes. The fault is sometimes ascribed to the present degeneracy of women, and sometimes to the deterioration of the men. The fault really lies in our social system, which gives a woman neither work nor money, and obliges her to sell her herself before she has lost her only saleable commodities—youth and beauty. As there exists four "superfluous women" to one man, the female has no choice, while the lordly male has the greater number from whom to pick and choose. Therefore, in this century, many women have not only no chance of marrying at all, but no freedom of selection whatever.

Amongst foreigners, every girl, from the highest to the lowest, has some marriage portion, even if it is only furniture and house-linen. In England, among the working classes, too often a woman does not bring even a change of under-linen, and, in most classes,

she brings next to nothing. Primogeniture, of course, tends to the degradation of women, and, in these days, drives those of the upper classes into loveless marriages. With us, the eldest son may have five thousand a year; his sisters seldom more than two hundred each. It is true that the younger sons have only about the same amount as the daughters, but they are given work of some sort, and, more especially, are sent out of England. In moneyed families, the girls do not get an equal share; they are allowed only half what their brothers receive, as it is supposed that they will marry, and some man will provide for them. But there is no one to marry, the men of their class having left England.

The Americans leave all the family money to the girls, and tell the sons to go to work. Hence the influx of American heiresses who compete so successfully in the English Peerage marriage market, not because they are more charming, as some assert, but because they are richer. It has been said that there are only two positions in life to which it is desirable to be born—Czar of all the Russias and an American woman. Across the Atlantic the sexes are more equal in number, and the women are more useful, better educated, and richer; consequently, American women are more esteemed than their less fortunate British cousins.

Women as Bread-winners.

Though people with a light heart say that there is no necessity for women to labour, the fact remains that a vast number of them are obliged not only to support themselves, but to be the bread-winners of households. Nor must it be forgotten that there is an increasing number of men who expect women to support them, instead of their maintaining their wives. Among the upper classes men accomplish this by marrying heiresses, among some of the lower, by living on a wife's small earnings, which are generally spent in the public-house. In the old days, when so many trades were in the hands of the female sex, if a woman was compelled to be, as she often is now, a bread-winner for others, she was a specialist, she could do what men could not; therefore there was a large demand for her labour, and many fields for her energies. If necessity now compel her to work, there is nothing for her to do.

To suffer in anticipation, with an ever-haunting dread of the future, is a greater evil than present trouble. It is the knowledge of her helplessness against the changes and chances of fortune, which embitters the daily life of many thousands of women. While the husband lives—or is in work—there may be a small sufficiency. Should he die, or fail to get employment, then—after that, the deluge! To say that a woman has no power of looking ahead, is to deny her the common attribute of a human being.

She *does* foresee, and she *does* know that if she is left a widow, or even a deserted wife, by no energy, by no talent, by no industry can she, if of the working-class, unless she is exceptionally fortunate, earn more than about fifteen shillings a week; and, if gently born, heaven help her! Then, employment is next door to hopeless, or, if obtained, is very ill paid. Of course, such cases of ladies having sufficient genius or training to attain fortune by painting, the stage, or music, are so exceptional that they cannot be taken as precedents of ordinary existence.

Women as Mothers.

The charge is now brought against women that they are reluctant to be mothers. It would be well if there were more truth than there is in this accusation. The curse of the day is over-population. The whole crushing misery of the struggle for existence in these days falls most heavily upon women and children. In ordinary life, among the masses, the husband and father has his daily beer and tobacco, and generally a meat dinner, his amusements, his society in the public-house or music-hall, while his wife and little ones live on the unwholesome diet of bakers' bread and adulterated tea, and for the woman no amusement whatever is provided. Those who deny this to be a picture of our happy homes, had better become personally acquainted with working people.

For one thing, a child has at least the right to demand of its parents a healthy body. The large population of towns (especially London) live under conditions in which average health is impossible. A vast horde of the inhabitants of the metropolis (five millions—the population of a State, not of a city) have only one room for each family to live in. The rising generation pass the days of childhood in the fœtid atmosphere of an over-crowded chamber, and play in the streets, their horizon bounded on all sides by pawnbrokers' shops and gin-palaces. Never a sight of God's good world of trees and green fields, given to man in all ages and times. Proper food for these children is also impossible. Common sense demands that people should be told that they ought not to have children unless they can afford to do them justice. Many good persons have been taught that it is their duty to have a family whether they can maintain one or not, believing that Providence will specially interfere in their behalf. God has given men reason to provide against evils that may be remedied. This is simply a question of arithmetic, and under no circumstances can two and two make more than four. An artizan with two pounds a week cannot provide for himself, his wife, and six children in a proper manner. His rent will be about ten shillings per week, and the food per head ought to be ten shillings weekly. Starvation

or deficit is inevitable. The man must be fed—the woman and children starve. The professional man, whose income is £400 per annum, cannot maintain six children as he ought, when the education alone of each son costs £200 a year! The working man's wife sees her progeny fade and die for want of proper nourishment before her eyes. The wife of the middle class rears her children with infinite struggles, only to see her sons expatriated, scattered all over the world, and her daughters underpaid governesses, or living in a loveless marriage. In earlier states of society, old age received that support and assistance from children which it in past years had bestowed upon them.

Can it be wondered at, then, that any thinking human being should dread the idea of hanging a millstone round her neck in the shape of a family of children, both girls and boys, born to a slavery and misery which no honest efforts on her or their part can ever avert?

It is much easier to point out the miserable conditions under which the masses and classes (more especially women and children) are called to exist, than to find a remedy for them. The only one which seems to hold out any hope is a return to a simpler and more agricultural mode of life—and as much as possible to take the children from the over-crowded towns and cities and educate them as agriculturists, or, at least, to assist the rising generation to breathe purer air away from the dirt and vice of cities.

Women as Widows.

To subscribe to widow and orphans' funds, ought to be obligatory on all men who have to work for their living. This money should be collected by the State much in the way that the income-tax is now collected. It should be deducted from wages by all employers. Working and professional men should be saved from their own improvidence. If this were done there would not be so many women and children rendered miserable by being thrown on the rates, or obliged to support existence by their own ineffectual efforts.

Workhouses should not be lying-in hospitals, in which illegitimate children are born and educated at the expense of the ratepayer. This is State encouragement of vice. There would not be so many ruined women if the matter were not assisted by making the law-abiding virtuous pay for the law-breaking vicious. Each ill-begotten child costs the ratepayer £30 per annum to keep, and the orphan child of the ratepayer, if deprived of its natural protectors, is treated exactly the same as the offspring of the depraved. Neither should a respectable widow, who has fallen into poverty, receive the same treatment from the State as those females who have ignored the moral and legal obligations of their country.

It is exceedingly mean to leave children for other people to maintain. As there is no such system in America, the children are not born.

The Protection of Minors.

All minors, orphan girls and boys—high or low—should be wards in Chancery, either under State protection, or privately-appointed guardians, who should be responsible for them. These State-appointed guardians should be, in some cases, women. It is a preposterous thing that a boy or a girl of sixteen years of age should be left wholly uncared for. In early society the lord of the manor was the guardian of a child who had no other protector. The apprentice system, now much fallen into decay, was a very good one. It made some adult citizen responsible for the moral and bodily welfare of minors. Now, thousands—infants in the eyes of the law—lead immoral lives, &c. &c. The corruption of minors of both sexes should be regarded as a serious crime, and heavily punished.

Women as Voters.

On the Continent they give as a reason why a woman cannot have the same legal rights as a man, that she does not serve as a soldier. This argument is made to apply to England, but it does not hold good, as the majority of men, like the women, are only called upon to be civil members of the community. In our favoured land the masses of the two sexes are in this respect in the same position.

The following reason is advanced as an argument against giving duly-qualified women votes. If unmarried women of property obtained them, it would be but the thin end of the wedge. Then married women would demand to become electors; next, the female lodger would never rest quiet unrepresented; and lastly, the suffrage would fall into the hands of those whom it is easier to pity than to name. It is possible that if these outcasts obtained votes, it would tend to the increase of morality, for none could be more bitter against the horrors of this disgrace to civilization than those who know the secrets of that awful and vicious existence.

Keeping up Appearances.

A great deal of the misery of modern life comes from the tendency to keep up appearances, from trying to seem richer than we are, from aping some class; our social superiors and all classes in consequence live beyond their means. The professional man, in many cases the tradesman, thus leave no provision for their children, after having brought them up in habits of luxury. This pretence is in the nature of lie, or sham, and all honest people should scorn the dishonest appearance of this mode of life. It

comes out of the despicable love of money. We respect the rich and despise the poor. How Christians manage to reconcile this attitude of mind with their professed creed, it is difficult to say.

Bodily Weakness.

There is a vague feeling abroad that the ill-usage of women is justified because they are physically weak. This inequality of strength is probably due to human mis-management, for in the whole animal world the female is no weaker than the male, and in some cases is of larger frame. From childhood girls are foolishly dressed, take insufficient exercise, have their waists dragged in by stays, and their feet compressed in tight coverings. By the systematic ill-treatment of centuries, humanity has succeeded in producing a woman vastly inferior to what nature intended her to be. The lords of the creation are to blame in this matter. If they admired only sensible women and wise dress, they would soon get the fashions amended; but, as society stands, the young woman who is the most foolishly dressed, and gives herself most airs, is rewarded by the greatest amount of attention and admiration. Here, as elsewhere, the demand creates the supply; men seem to require fools, and they obtain them. How horrible is the condition of women in barbarous savage lands, made to work, to carry heavy burdens for a lazy master, subject to hideous torture. If she carry loads she must at least have physical strength, which is a blessing, as she is valued because strong and useful; and if she is tortured, so is the man if he falls into the hands of his enemies.

Political Women.

Another of the accusations against our sex is that the woman who speaks on a platform, and aspires to public life, loves notoriety, is full of vanity, and as shallow as she is unamiable. This is doubtless true in part; but is she one particle more senseless or vain than the platform man? We are all sick of over-talking, of Gladstonian words, and words, and the verbal shams which conceal despicable conduct by fine phrases. A woman must have a certain amount of sense to speak from a platform at all. It might be well if women speakers addressed audiences of women only. It is not the publicity which the world objects to, because women have been actors, singers, dancers since all time, but society does not care that women should be brought into notice as teachers and reformers.

Conclusion.

What is so called the Progress of Civilization in the last seventy years has been disastrous to the female sex. To some few women of the moneyed class these changes have given luxury and leisure which they misuse. On the whole women have suffered bitterly;

instead of robbing men of work, females have been despoiled of their time-immemorial trades, and of their monopoly in the labour market. Also, their influence in home life has decreased. The rearing of children has become difficult or impossible in almost all classes. The chances of happiness in marriage are lessened. And lastly, after having become less useful, and less loved, women are, in consequence, less respected than they have ever been in times past.

If women are really wronged by our existing social system, and if it is really bad for them, it must be equally injurious to men. The interests of men and women are identical; where one sex is injured, the other suffers.

It may be advisable to recall that Lord Beaconsfield voted on the woman's side in all questions which affected her interests, while Mr. Gladstone and his party have always treated her claims ungenerously.

The world has been wicked and miserable in all ages, but in no time could life have been worse for women and children. For women bear children for semi-starvation, over-education, and expatriation. They are grudged their daily food, and have to work for their living with every means of so doing barred to them; they are absurdly clothed, and rendered sick and miserable by custom. They see their sex degraded in the persons of thousands far below the animal world.

In the old Italian Republics, the Mayor and city magnates lived in the public palaces. In these huge buildings criminals were racked and tortured. The great civil officials found their groans and cries disturbed them. So they ordered that the prisoners should be still tortured, only at some distance from the public palaces, so that the delicate ears of the Councillors should not be shocked.

So it is with all women's questions: let the victims suffer—civilization only does not wish to be reminded that they do so, by their complaints.

A Woman.

THE CHURCH QUESTION IN SCOTLAND.

A YEAR has passed since Scotland was stirred to its centre by the threatenings of immediate Disestablishment, and the assertion that the Church of the Nation was not the People's Church, was met by an uprising of the people which made the great auctioneer of politics stay the uplifted hammer, and relegated "the subject of State religion, although more fully probed and unfolded in Scotland than elsewhere," to the end of a "long vista." That year has been far otherwise occupied than those imagined who hoped that Mr. Chamberlain's utterances heralded Mr. Gladstone's determination; it remains to be seen whether Mr. Morley has in his turn been entrusted with no higher *rôle* than that of pilot-balloon, or a fuller confidence has been vouchsafed to the Agnostic than to the Nonconformist colleague. The noise of ecclesiastical controversy has for the last few months faded away in the roar of the battle for the Union; but the great problem of the right relations of Church and State—always peculiarly fascinating to the Scottish mind—is with us still. Wales has no doubt been forced into unexpected prominence by the sudden development of the "policy of decomposition" against which Lord Beaconsfield warned the nation in 1880; and it would seem as if, in the light of last year's disillusions, Wales were now thought to be a more promising field of operations than Scotland. Yet it is certain that in Scotland there will be waged an important, perhaps the decisive battle, between the principle of National Religion and the fallacy of Religious Equality, and the conditions of the problem north of the Tweed are sufficiently interesting and sufficiently important in their bearings on the general question to invite the careful attention of Englishmen. The *minutiæ* of Scottish ecclesiastical contention, the occasional sacrifice of practical benefit to stickling for form, naturally repel the English mind, and his remarks at Edinburgh showed that even after devoting two or three months to mastering the terms and issues that affect Scottish ecclesiastical questions, Mr. Morley was but "a 'prentice hand" among them. But the main issue affects England as well as Scotland, and on the policy pursued towards the Scottish Church and people much more than purely Scottish interests are likely to turn.

The situation in Scotland is unique and it must raise the issue in a manner the most direct. For if you are to have a recognized National Church at all there can be no doubt as to the form it must assume. The mass of the population is overwhelmingly Presbyterian; and the Presbyterian churches established or non-established are based upon the same standards. The faith which is endowed, the form of Church government which is established, are ratified and reverenced by the great mass of the people, by a large majority of those without as well as by the whole body of those within the Established Church. Scotland is as essentially a Presbyterian as Spain is a Catholic country. In saying so, I do not for a moment forget that the Scottish Episcopal Church, with high traditions of its own, is also native to the soil, and can point to a past when it possessed the original allegiance of important districts of the country. But Scottish Episcopalians valuing national recognition of religion are ready to concede that, if maintained in Scotland, it must be according to the forms to which the vast majority of their countrymen adhere. The differences between the Established Church and the Presbyterians outside have been differences not of doctrine or church government, but of detail in administration or of principle in regard to the jarring claims of Church and State. It is remarkable that in their origin these differences have never denied the duty of co-operation and mutual support on the part of both Church and State. From the day when Milton wrote that "new Presbyter is but old priest writ large," to the hour when the disciple of Voltaire is hailed by evangelical ecclesiastics as their leader, the straitest sect of Scottish Presbyterians has rejected Establishment not from hostility to Establishment, but because Establishment was not sufficiently thorough. A "remnant" to this day contend that "the covenants, the covenants shall yet be Scotland's rejoicing." The voluntary idea, by which, as English speakers addressing Scottish audiences too often forget, Scotsmen understand precisely the opposite of what it conveys to the Southern mind, is not ancient, and was utterly abhorrent to the old Scottish Presbyterian conviction. The phrase "the voluntary system," is in England applied to education, and suggests good works on the part of the Church over and above her direct ministerial functions; it is associated with generous effort and benefits to the people, of which a purely secular system enforced by the State would deprive them. But the voluntary system in Scotland has generally nothing to do with education; it means the enforcing of Secularism on the State, and the depriving of the people of their most precious boon because a sect will not have it. This "Voluntaryism" has been developed in the cold shade of Secession, and history shows that it is a disease

which attacks the plant separated from the parent tree. An exact parallel to the process at present going on in the Free Church of Scotland, for example, is to be found in the annals of the Secession Church in the beginning of the century, and the symptoms of the encroaching complaint are political *liaisons* with subversive politicians, internal controversy and conflict, the alteration or the ignoring of the standards on which the Church was constituted, the excommunication or the mild boycotting of those who do not go with the majority of the hour, and ultimately disruption. Perhaps the figure most accurately illustrating the past history and present attitude of the purely voluntary Church of Scotland, is to be found in a lady of sharp features and mature age who has quarrelled with her lover in her youth, has in consequence foresworn matrimony on principle, and wages relentless war against the institution of marriage. And the Free Church may be likened to a younger damsel for whom the hope of reconciliation is not yet wholly gone, but who regards the offered olive branch with averted eyes; for pride and passion and new flirtations have mastered old affection, and cherished principles and the good of a reunited people are not strong enough to combat "the high disdain from sense of injured merit."

While such a process is always to be traced in the records of Scottish churches outside the Establishment, another line of thought and activity has always existed, and the principle of Church Establishment has found its most powerful advocates in those whose disinterestedness was guaranteed by their conscientious remaining outside the existing Church, as by law established. Uninviting as is the subject, in many of its details, a passing glance at Scottish Nonconformity is useful to a right understanding of the present position, while it shows that those who resist Disestablishment are not justly open to the charge of having no policy, but maintaining a state of affairs assuredly unsatisfactory, because those who cherish the same faith and Church government are by schisms rent asunder. In that history two currents have ever been in motion ; one that sets towards separation, and another that flows in the direction of reunion and reconstruction. In its origin, secession was never animated by convictions opposed to the old tenets of the Scottish National Church, of which Establishment was notoriously one. It was a temporary remedy to which good men were reluctantly forced by the tyranny of ecclesiastical majorities, by the scandal of " riding committees," and by failure, as they believed, on the part of the Established clergy to realise their high position. Its occasion was always the conflict that, in Scotland, ever attended the exercise of the right of Patronage, a spark that never failed to raise wider issues, and was generally followed

by some high-handed exercise of Church power which drove into opposition those whom forbearance would have conciliated. Thus the first seceders were careful to declare that their complaint was only against "a prevailing party" in the Church, and they solemnly appealed to the first "free, faithful, and reforming General Assembly of the Church of Scotland." "Our secession," wrote Erskine to the Marquis of Lothian, in 1746, "from the present Judicatories, goes purely and only upon this very ground, that we think they have in many particulars departed from the covenanted doctrine, discipline, and government of the Reformation Church of Scotland." It is noteworthy that in the case of the First Secession, as in that of the more famous disruption of 1843, the seceders were led by men whose prepossessions as well as their principles were strongly opposed to anything like political dissent. So far from being, as was alleged, mere "popular demagogues," the Erskines claimed kindred with one of the noblest of Scottish houses; their most active coadjutor, Mr. Moncrieff of Culfargie, was a landowner of position, as well as a zealous clergyman, and another had sacrificed to his convictions not merely his *status* as a minister of the National Church, but his succession to a valuable estate. Among their successors were men of character and calibre, far from proportionate to the size of the denomination they adorned. And small as that denomination was, unimportant as its quarrels may seem, there was early in the century rehearsed on that narrow stage, the great controversy that so stirred men's minds in the "Thirties," and looms in the future. Half a century of isolation had told on the Secession Church, the influence of revolutionary France had in many cases converted the pious Seceder into the political Dissenter; and, indeed, there was actual communication between some of the East Lothian Dissenters and the French Jacobins. In 1795 an agitation began for the promulgation of a new "Testimony" which should whittle away and abrogate the provisions of their standards, that bound the Seceders as closely as the Established Church itself to the principle of National Religion. The change was resisted by some of the leading Seceder divines, notably one of the greatest Church historians that Scotland has produced, Dr. McCrie, and, after some years of warm controversy, he and his friends were deposed from their sacred office, and deprived of their churches for no cause but maintaining the principles they had sworn to conserve in their ordination vows. Strange as it may seem, the majority invoked the very civil power they were denouncing to exclude them from their own pulpits, and once again oppression was practised in the name of liberty. In the form of a statement of their position, Dr. McCrie published a little treatise, which is a most valuable defence

of the general utility of Church Establishments. It is a fact as significant as strange, that in the first skirmish of the long campaign for National Religion, the flag should have been raised by men whose personal interests lay altogether the other way, and that the first-fruits of the new doctrines, destined to be summed up in the specious phrase "Religious Equality," were active intolerance, and violent aggression. The deposition of McCrie may well be put against the depositions of the Erskines and Gillespie, as showing that ecclesiastical tyranny is not the outcome of the Church's alliance with the State.

Although its origin was due to individual cases of hardship connected with the existing ecclesiastical arrangements, the Secession of last century owed its prolonged vitality, not to its controversial nature, but to causes essentially of a purely religious character. It supplied a felt want, caused by the low state of religious life in the National Church. In too many cases, especially in country districts, the parish minister was a reproach to his cloth, and the strictures that have been levelled against the hunting parson of the south, are applicable, with even more justice, to his contemporary, the farming minister of the north. Some of the raciest Scottish anecdotes bear witness to a state of affairs that afforded ample justification for widespread dissent. But with the growth of the nineteenth century circumstances changed; while dissent was becoming more political, the National Church had grown more zealous, and was addressing herself with renewed energy to her proper work. The political change of 1832 was followed by a storm that assailed the Churches alike of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The scanty revenues of the Northern Establishment offered little scope for an Appropriation clause, but the Whig Government of the day gave no friendly ear to the overwhelming case that Dr. Chalmers made out for aid to Church extension.

A historian of the United Presbyterian Church somewhat *naïvely* instances, as proof of the increased religious efficiency of the voluntary seceders after their union in 1820, along with the increase of their own churches, and their missionary efforts, "the more aggressive attitude assumed towards the Established Church." That aggression was met by renewed activity in Church extension, and by a campaign of argument under the leadership of Dr. Chalmers, that left the assailed clearly in possession of the popular sympathies as well as of the honours of the struggle. In the "voluntary controversy," as it was called, valuable assistance was rendered to the cause of the National Church by those seceders who had maintained their principles in their pristine purity, and a natural result was the reunion of a section of them with the Establishment. There can be little doubt

that had it not been for the law laid down by the Court of Session in the cases that led to the Disruption of 1843, the whole body of seceders retaining the Establishment principle would ultimately have rejoined the Church, and that the Church, secure in the affections of the vast majority of the Scottish people, would have held an impregnable position.

It is impossible to recall the sad story of 1843, without feeling that there was a woeful mistake somewhere. No party that contributed to the catastrophe is wholly free from blame. It is generally conceded that the majority of the Scottish Bench treated the thorny questions at stake too much in the spirit that is often aroused, even in the judicial mind, when a conflict of jurisdictions arises, and their decisions were pronounced against the opinions of a distinguished and substantial minority. It must also be admitted that the clerical leaders of the popular party displayed not a little of the temper which two centuries before had caused some of their predecessors to be described as "fiery ecclesiastics." Undoubtedly the violent language that was used prejudiced their cause, and many were disgusted by the manner in which names and expressions that ought never to be mentioned, save with awe and reserve, were made the common catch-words of current controversy. And elsewhere there was probably mingled with distinct views of Church policy, the strong desire of a powerful ecclesiastical party to recover the ascendency in Church Courts which they had held for so long, and had seen with chagrin for some years in the hands of their rivals.

But, perhaps, most melancholy of all was the cruel fate that made the Conservative Government of Sir Robert Peel directly responsible for the result. It was bad enough that the author of the Tamworth Manifesto should break up the great Conservative party, but the picture is painfully completed by the previous rending in twain of a national Church. It is the stranger and the sadder, because, if the accidental circumstances of the hour are cast aside, and the general principles advocated considered, the position taken up by Dr. Chalmers and the majority of the Church of Scotland is seen to be in much closer sympathy with Tory than with Whig constitutional doctrine. Chalmers and his colleagues were nothing if not Churchmen, and their theory of a Church acting in intimate alliance with, but not subservient to, the civil government, was the closest analogy that the circumstances of Scotland admitted to the idea that had once roused such enthusiasm in England when embodied in the cry of "Church and Queen." Indeed, in an old pamphlet written by a Tory High Churchman of Queen Anne's time, I have found the principles of the relations between Church and State stated in language which

read like an extract from the Free Church "claim of rights." But the conservatism of the Peel school was somewhat superficial, and though Mr. Gladstone was in office as the champion of Church and State, the form which the Scottish Establishment had assumed may have rendered any development that would reduce the binding obligation of the Treaty of Union not ungrateful. The esteemed nobleman who had the largest say in Scotch affairs, was most intimately acquainted with a part of the country where the "moderate" party was specially strong, and probably drew much of his information from one side, while he must naturally have been aggrieved and alienated, not only by unjust attacks, but also by the rejection of a well-meant effort at conciliation. Be these things as they may, the Conservative party has surely expiated in Scotland by this time their error or misfortune of forty-three years ago.

The catastrophe was not without its compensations. The magnificent heroism of those who sacrified their position and their livelihood at the call of conscience, totally uncertain of their future, was a splendid example, and an incident of which all Scotsmen must be proud; while those who remained behind addressed themselves with devotion to repair the rent and shaking fabric. The churches that were built, the funds that were raised, the energy with which a whole church organization was raised by the Free Church on the lines of that it had left, were worthy of all praise, and although in too many rural villages competing Churches stand side by side, it is possible that more was done in the way of useful Church extension than would have been accomplished by the National Church unstimulated by emulation. Indeed, the very duplication of Churches was the outcome of a high and honourable sentiment. The Free Church described herself as "the Church of Scotland Free"; she claimed to be the true inheritrix of the national tradition, and it was as such that she conceived it her duty, until she could again enjoy the privileges of Establishment, to do her best to serve the whole country according to the old territorial constitution. She was not, like the existing Dissenters, a mere voluntary society of casual Christians; her relation to those she had left was that of the King *de jure* to the King *de facto*, and in her devotion to the "white flag" of Scottish Presbyterianism, she did not abate a jot or tittle of the pride or the pretensions of a true legitimist. But there are signs that we have seen the full results of building churches by competition; a new principle is wanted to initiate a new departure, and a fresh and happier energy may some day be stimulated by a conjunction of forces, and a wise co-operation.

Impossible as it was to harmonize the views of those who waged

the struggle that ended in the disruption, the two sides were not so far apart as at the time they seemed. The most extreme language was used by both, but, although other points were raised in the conflict, its whole substantial and practical basis was afforded by the constant clashing of civil rights and ecclesiastical duty, that always arose under the Scottish law of patronage. To define the bounds of the temporal and the spiritual, the civil and the ecclesiastical, is always a delicate task, but apart from questions rising out of patronage, the separation of the jurisdictions had never been found difficult in Scotland. Apart from the Act of 1712, Scottish churchmen had been perfectly well satisfied with the old Statutes, and the experience of over a century. The claim of the Free Church was simply that the Church Courts were final in their own sphere; the claim was in words admitted by the Law Courts and it was only in defining what was the sphere of each that antagonism arose. In that definition, under the decisions immediately prior to 1843, the Law Courts did undoubtedly encroach upon what had been held to be matters of purely ecclesiastical concern. But the claim of the Church was well defined, and it was possible for the Legislature, by recognizing it, as it had done in less detail before, to obviate all likelihood of future antagonism. But for years there remained, in the reasoning on which the decisions standing on the records of the Courts were based, a theoretical objection, and in the existence of the law of patronage, bristling with occasions of complication, a practical obstacle to the reunion of the Free with the Established Church.

Starting, then, on its separate career in 1843, the position of the Free Church in Scotland was that claimed by Canning for England in Europe: it sought to "hold the balance between conflicting principles, staying the plague both ways." It was based on two great distinctive principles, "Spiritual independence," which differentiated it from the Establishment; the duty of "a national recognition and support of religion," which divided it from the United Presbyterians. If its founders had thought the latter principle, which they had so triumphantly vindicated a few years before, of little moment, they would have united with the existing dissenters: not to do so would have been schism. If the other principle be conceded to their successors, then to refuse a reconciliation with the Establishment is also to be guilty of schism. But we are not left to deduction. The language of the founders of the Free Church is as clear as it is possible for language to be. "Beware," said Dr. Chalmers, on the first occasion on which he had to define the position of his friends, "beware, we say, of compromising this your other principle . . . to be more plain let me be more particular. The Voluntaries mistake

us if they conceive us to be Voluntaries. . . . Though we quit the Establishment we go out on the Establishment principle, we quit a vitiated Establishment, but would rejoice in returning to a pure one. To express it otherwise, we are the advocates for a National recognition and support of Religion, and we are not Voluntaries." Nine years later, when the Free Church and the Original Seceders united, Dr. Candlish emphasized the grounds on which they did so thus: "To-night we stand out as uniting upon the ground of opposition to Erastianism on the one hand and Voluntaryism on the other. This is in substance, in short compass, the ground and foundation of our present union. . . . If we had not been opposed to Erastianism, if we had not been practically testifying against Erastianism, our brethren would not have been prepared to join with us; and if they had not been practically testifying against Voluntaryism, and that in circumstances of peculiar difficulty and trial, I venture to say we would not have been prepared to unite with them."

But, interesting as are the declarations of influential individuals, they are of little moment if contradicted by a written constitution. Now, the Free Church of Scotland has a written constitution remarkably full and precise. It consists of the old statutes and standards of the Established Church, supplemented by certain documents drawn up when the Free Church first had a separate existence. And it is remarkable that these purely Free Church documents are, if possible, even clearer than the others as to the Establishment principle. The old Confession of Faith, to which all the Presbyterian Churches adhere, though the Voluntary ones do so with a qualification, expressly declared that the civil magistrate "hath authority, and it is his duty, to take order" that (*inter alia*) "all the ordinances of God be duly settled, administered, and observed," and from that time forward the word "settle" had been constantly used in legal and ecclesiastical phraseology as the equivalent of the modern word "establish." A leading example was the "Revolution settlement," on which the Presbyterian Church as a national establishment was based. The claim of right presented by the Church of Scotland in 1842 was, of course, drawn up with special reference to the principle of "spiritual independence," then in the opinion of the majority endangered, but it is unambiguous as to the correlative principle. "Whereas," it runs in one passage, "this Church, highly valuing, as she has ever done, her connection on the terms contained in the statutes herein-before recited with the State, and her possession of the temporal benefits thereby secured to her for the advantage of the people, must, nevertheless, even at the risk and hazard of the loss of that connection, and of these public benefits

—deeply as she would deplore and deprecate such a result for herself and the nation, persevere in maintaining her liberties." And again: "And they protest . . . that it shall be free to the members of this Church, or their successors, at any time hereafter, when there shall be a prospect of obtaining justice, to claim the restitution of all such civil rights and privileges, and temporal benefits and endowments, as for the present they may be compelled to yield up." The claim ends with a solemn prayer to God, "that in His own good time, He would restore to them these benefits, the fruits of the struggles and sufferings of their fathers in times past in the same cause; and thereafter give them grace to employ them more effectually than hitherto they have done for the manifestation of His glory."

The Protest of 1843, which is the legal document embodying the Act of Disruption, is no less explicit. "And, finally," it runs, "while firmly asserting the right and duty of the civil magistrate to maintain and support an establishment of religion in accordance with God's word, and reserving to ourselves and our successors to strive by all lawful means, as opportunity shall, in God's good providence, be offered, to secure the performance of this duty agreeably to the Scriptures, and in implement of the Statutes of the kingdom of Scotland, and the obligations of the Treaty of Union, as understood by us and our ancestors, but acknowledging that we do not hold ourselves at liberty to retain the benefits of the Establishment while we cannot comply with the conditions now to be deemed thereto attached—we Protest."

Two other extracts emphasize, but do not make clearer, what is stated in these documents, which have been judicially tabled in the Law Courts as embodying the constitution of the Free Church. In the Act of Assembly, passed in 1846, which regulates the admission of ministers and office-bearers, it is declared that, "while the Church firmly maintains the same Scriptural principles as to the duties of nations and their rulers in reference to true religion and the Church of Christ, for which she has hitherto contended, she disclaims intolerant or persecuting principles." And in 1851, in view of the union with the original Seceders, which Dr. Candlish hailed in the words already quoted, the Free Church, thought proper to pass a long declaratory and historical Act defining her own position, in which this passage occurs: "Holding firmly to the last, as she holds still, and, through God's grace, will ever hold, that it is the duty of civil rulers to recognize the truth of God according to His word, and to promote and support the kingdom of Christ, without assuming any jurisdiction in it or any power over it; and deeply sensible, moreover, of the advantages resulting to the community at large, and especially to its most

destitute portions, from the public endowment of pastoral charges among them."

Such are the standards, and such was the spirit of the Free Church of Scotland for the first decade of her separate existence in regard to National Religion. For long it seemed as if "the opportunity" to which her founders looked forward could never be more than a "devout imagination," for the memories of strife were powerful, and it is easier to destroy and divide than to repair and restore. But those who watched the political development of the Disestablishment policy, and the potentialities of the situation in Scotland, were convinced that, if the Free Church held her hand from agitation, and applied herself to her proper work, the time would come when she could exercise an enormous influence on events, in conformity with the ideal she had consistently advocated. That time has come, but it finds the influence of the Free Church at a *minimum*, because those who control her policy in Church Courts have devoted their best energies to refining away her principles, have been content, in lieu of a high national mission, to adopt the line and accept the prejudices, jealousies, and aggressive nature of a sect, and have forfeited the position of arbiters to undertake the humble duty of pulling the chestnuts out of the fire for the voluntary fanatic and the Secularist agitator.

The conditions of the problem to-day are different in many respects from what they were in 1843. The Established Church has not only repaired the loss she suffered at that time, but has enormously increased her numbers. Before the Disruption, her communicants were estimated at 300,000, of whom a large proportion seceded. In 1873, according to a Parliamentary Return, they numbered 460,000, and in 1883, according to Church statistics, they were 543,969. They were estimated, in 1878, to exceed the combined membership of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches by over 103,000, and since that time the per-centage of increase in the Established Church has been much greater than in the others. In her case alone is the per-centage higher than that of the increase of population. Her general activity, the planting of churches endowed by voluntary effort, and the liberality of her members have kept pace with this increase. There has been a renewal of energy on her part as marked as that which signalized the earlier half of the century. It is conceded by fair-minded men without, as well as demonstrated by those within, that she is doing good work, and that, if she is to be cut down, it cannot be on the plea that she cumbers the ground.

The legal barriers which divided the Established and Free Churches have, to some extent, disappeared. The Abolition of

Patronage, passed by Lord Beaconsfield's Government in 1874, removed the great practical grievance out of which all the difficulties arose. It did more than this, for it was enacted that "the limits of the said Church are hereby declared to have the right to decide finally and conclusively upon the appointment, admission, and settlement in any church or parish of any person as minister thereof."

But there remained standing unaffected on the records of the Courts the general principles as to jurisdiction that had rendered the disruption inevitable, although in later cases judicial language had been more guarded. It was, therefore, not to be expected that the two Churches should at once run into each other's arms, although a great step had been made towards reconciliation. It was still less to be expected that those who had inveighed against patronage as a corruption of the Establishment should treat its removal as a grievance, and base on what they had themselves advocated a new agitation for Disestablishment. Yet so it was, and the disingenuousness of the pretext (which, however, served Mr. Gladstone's turn in the House of Commons) has had not a little to do with the repugnance with which laymen have viewed the clerical campaign against the Church. Unfortunately, the ecclesiastical leaders of the Free Church had been committed, by the negotiations for union with the United Presbyterians, which proved abortive owing to the resistance of a minority and the probability that, other things being equal, adherence to the Establishment principle might regulate the possession of the Church property in event of separation, and, especially four years ago, there was much strenuous piping to which the people were by no means inclined to dance. As far as the rousing of enthusiasm went, the ecclesiastical agitation proved a fiasco, and, for purposes of real business, other methods were adopted.

The Liberationist section of the Liberal party devoted their energies to securing the control of the caucuses, and the success of their manœuvres in this way, shown by a resolution passed by the Scottish Liberal Association at Perth in October 1885, coupled with the utterances of Mr. Chamberlain on his Scotch tour, and the monstrous measure introduced by Mr. Dick Peddie into the House of Commons in the Session of 1885, roused the friends of national religion to a sense of the imminent danger. Throughout the country Church Defence Associations were formed, distinguished members of the Liberal party came forward to join them, and the disruption of that party threatened to be antedated by six months. The advent of Mr. Gladstone to expound the ambiguous but alarming phrases of the Hawarden Manifesto was eagerly looked forward to, and in certain quarters fond hopes rose

high that the signal for the sack to commence was to be given. In the darkest hour of the "atrocity" agitation against the patriotic policy of Lord Beaconsfield, the Dissenting Ministers of Scotland had volunteered the assurance of their sympathy to Mr. Gladstone in his discredit; and the support then tendered had never faltered even when questions were raised in Church Courts as to Romanist appointments, or Mr. Bradlaugh's proceedings startled the public conscience.

The consideration had now been asked for, and in a memorial remarkable for its unbridled language 1,475 dissenting ministers had plainly told Mr. Gladstone that the Establishment was a "religious scandal" and a "political injustice," and its removal the first work to be taken in hand. Mr. Gladstone came, and addressed his constituents, it so happened, in the hall belonging to the Free Church, in which its General Assembly meets. The occasion was dramatic; the place had echoed to the resolutions in which for ten years hot-headed majorities moulded by astute ecclesiastics, and forgetful of their own principles, had demanded the downfall of the neighbour Church, and there sat there in eager expectancy those to whom the theme and the surroundings were alike familiar. He on whose words they hung had first won his spurs by placing the union of Church and State on grounds of loftiest principle, but was now the "ablest architect of ruin" that British politics have produced. Was the bolt aimed at the life of the National Church to be discharged from the refuge of those driven out in 1843, and by the hand of one who had voted against their own claim of right? Was the doom to be pronounced not only of the existing Establishment, but of any reconstruction giving effect to the convictions of 1843, and the Free Church, in the death-pang of her own principles, to be content to leave her sting in her rival's wound?

Mr. Gladstone spoke, and for half an hour no one could tell which way the balance would incline. The large audience hung upon his lips intent, but at last an audible sigh of relief burst forth, while the countenances of some of the listeners fell. The unity of the Liberal party was to take precedence of the relations of Church and State, and a question of the deepest principle was to be dealt with as one of mere partizan expediency. The Disestablishers were thrown over, and for a second time their artillery had missed fire.

The most remarkable feature of the struggle had been the manner in which members of other churches had joined in the defence. Of 670,000 signatures to petitions against Mr. Peddie's Bill, 150,000 were those of persons not belonging to the Established Church, and in the thick of the contest a number of representative

Free Church laymen presented a memorial to Lord Salisbury and Mr. Gladstone, deprecating the assault upon a church doing good work in the cause of religion, and advocating rather measures which would lead to reunion of the vast majority of Presbyterians in a National Church. The same feeling was vigorously expressed in the Highlands, where, strangely enough, the people in many districts belong almost *en masse* to the Free Church, and yet have always been strongly opposed to Disestablishment. Indeed, the anomaly of the Highlands with Ministers without congregations has been the most effective argument of the Liberation Society, and, if nothing wider could be done, should be remedied by a generous scheme of re-arrangement, the lines of which it ought not to be difficult to fix where the parties are so near in principle. The friendly feelings manifested, and the aid afforded, were reciprocated by many Established Churchmen, and thus, in the course of last winter, the policy of aggression came to be opposed not merely by a passive one of vigilant defence, but by an active one of reunion and reconstruction. The first essential condition of such a reunion was the removal of the remaining barriers (besides patronage) raised by the controversies prior to 1843, and it was for this purpose that Mr. Finlay, the member for the Inverness Burghs, introduced his Bill, declaring the Constitution of the Church of Scotland, which so nearly passed the House of Commons last spring, and was only thrown out by the votes of the Parnellites. This measure which, if passed in 1842, would undoubtedly have prevented the disruption, and dealt with every remaining difficulty, was hailed with deep satisfaction by many laymen of the Free Church who take no active part in Church controversies, and with enthusiasm by the "constitutional party" who speak the mind of the Highlands. It received a friendly welcome from the Established Church, and secured the approval of Lord Moncrieff, a Scotsman, a judge, and a Free Churchman, whose opinion carries more weight in such matters than that of anyone else. It was widely supported throughout the country, and its success in Parliament was as great as its friends could hope for on a first introduction. But it was bitterly opposed by the clerical leaders of Disestablishment, and its supporters were in a minority in the Free Church Assembly. That opposition was grounded on the fact that a "vast mass of material interests" had grown up since 1843, which its passing might damage in some inscrutable way, and the successors of those who so nobly sacrificed their "temporal benefits" forty years ago, appeared for the sake of "material interests" refusing the opportunity which their predecessors had prayed might "in God's good providence be offered." It is the old story of the vested

interest of Dissent in the corruptions of the Establishment, even when to remove these corruptions is to honour the principles on which conscientious dissent was orignally based. The answer of course, to the argument of material interests is that the Free Church is strong enough, if honest in adherence to her declared principles, to go into negotiations with the Established Church on equal terms, securing alike her interests and her honour. A reunion is so manifestly the interest of the Establishment and for the benefit of Scotland, that on no side should there be any idea of making others pass under the Caudine Forks.

The present position is an interesting one, full of many possibilities. The Established Church is strong in her own growth, the zeal of her clergy and the energy of her people. She is strong morally, for there is a widespread conviction that she has been unjustly and unscrupulously attacked, while she has shown much more Christian spirit than her adversaries in the way the attack has been received. If she has not turned her cheek to the smiter, she has, in the best sense, when her enemies raged,

Met their cannon with smiles, and their pikes with concessions.

So long ago as 1878 she made overtures towards union to the other Churches, and was referred by the Free Church to the claim of Right and Protest of 1843, in which, according to those who drew up the reply, "the principles are set forth on which alone the divided sections of Presbyterianism can ever be reunited." In 1886, having welcomed a measure giving substantial recognition to the principles set forth in these documents, she has again approached the Free Church, offered to consider everything except surrender of the principle of national religion, and holds out the oblive-branch still.

The United Presbyterian Church, as a body, continues to hold the doctrine declared when the Irish Church was assailed, that "all Civil Establishments of religion are contrary to the word of God, unjust and injurious to the cause of Christianity," and "regards with special satisfaction" assaults upon them. But a large number of her lay members are actuated by no feelings of hostility to the Establishment, and would be glad if their ministers would only leave it alone to do Christian work with the means at its command.

In the Free Church this feeling exists to a much greater extent, but there is also a respectable minority of the clergy, and a large body of the laity, who actively support such a reconciliation as the legislation proposed by Mr. Finlay would open the door for. They are proud of the past of their Church, and they do not mistake for progress the repudiation or the betrayal of the convictions of the Past. But the passive disgust with ecclesiastical aggression is far

wider in its range than is expressed.* To a modified degree, similar influences to those which prevent the honest inhabitant of an Irish village resisting the sway of the Local National League affect the expression of humble opinion in the Courts of the Free Church. There is a mild form of practical "boycotting" that, in a voluntary body, with considerable patronage, the official circles of which are fanatical adherents of a pronounced policy, seriously affects the prospects of those who will not take on the prevailing hue. For example, at last Free Church Assembly, a country member going out in the Disestablishment division by the "Constitutional" doorway said to the teller, "Don't vote." When asked "Why not, with your opinions?" the reply was, "If my name appeared in the Division List my chances of promotion would be gone." As vacancies occur in the ministry they are being filled up with thick-and-thin supporters of the dominant doctrines, and the average "young Levite" as he now leaves the Halls is a very different man from the contemporaries of Chalmers or Candlish.

The result is that many of the best men belonging to the Free Church are quietly leaving her communion, while, on the other hand, her Church organization instead of being a home for men of all parties is being gradually converted into an outpost of the New Radicalism. The dissatisfaction felt by many is intensified by the manner in which ministers of the Gospel of Peace lend their aid to the process of setting class against class. The appearance of ministers, and even of professors, on platforms where confiscation and plunder are preached, and open resistance to the law applauded, may or may not have a connection with a strenuous effort to seduce the Highlanders from their "constitutional" allegiance, but it shows that times and men are indeed changed since Dr. Chalmers declared: "If on the flag of your truly free and constitutional Church you are willing to inscribe that you are no voluntaries, then still more will there be an utter absence of sympathy on your part with the demagogue and agitator of the day, so that in golden letters may be seen and read of all men this other inscription, 'that you are no Anarchists.'" The Unity of the Empire, the safety of Protestantism in Ireland, and the binding obligation of the Eighth Commandment, alike yield to the inducements of action that makes for Disestablishment.

In the battle for National Religion last year, the assailants were

* It has, however, been expressed pretty freely. A memorial was addressed last spring to the Free Presbytery of Edinburgh by over 100 members, representing thirty congregations in that district, advocating conciliation rather than aggression, and a similar protest, signed by over 20,000 members and adherents, was presented to the last General Assembly.

repulsed, as in that for the Empire they were routed; but no more in the one case than the other can the defenders afford to put aside their armour. In the Church question, at least, the crisis is not past. The pledges of 1885, untrustworthy as some of them proved, have now flown off altogether; the propaganda, political and ecclesiastical, of the aggressors is assiduous, and their activity constant. But the idea of a better solution than separation and spoliation is gaining ground, and those who promote it appeal for the sympathy and support of all who value National Religion on either side of the Border. The first step is the removal of existing obstacles, the next should be taken by those in the Churches who have re-union at heart, and be directed to the consolidation of religious agencies at present running to waste, and their supply in other places where there is clamant need. The existing state of affairs is a scandal and a shame: three voluntary bodies, one of them crippled, not by its own self-sacrifice, but the envy of others, would be a scandal vastly greater, and a reconciliation on the old lines suited to the needs of the time is the result most consonant to the spirit of Scottish history. But while we would base the new departure on the traditions of the past, we advocate it out of no blind regard for them, but for the practical purposes of the present and the future, the maintenance of National Religion, the fullest and best assured supply of religious agencies, and the preservation of the old religious endowments for religious uses "for the advantage of the people."

A Free Church Layman.

Note.—The first Secession from the Scottish Establishment took place in 1733, when, under the leadership of Mr. Erskine and his colleagues, there was formed the Associate Presbytery, developing in 1744 into the Associate Synod. In 1747, a controversy as to whether the taking of the oath prescribed for burgesses accepting municipal office or exercising the elective franchise was consistent with their principles, divided the Secession into two bodies known respectively as Burghers and Antiburghers. In 1752, the deposition of Mr. Gillespie from his office as a parish minister, in consequence of his refusing to assist in the induction of a minister under a forced settlement, led to the second Secession and the formation of a separate body known as "the Relief." Both branches of the older Secession again sub-divided, the cause of controversy being the growth of the voluntary doctrine. In 1799, the body who accepted the burgess oath, divided into the Original (or Old Light) Burgher Presbytery (becoming a Synod in 1806) who rejected the new departure, and the Associate or New Light

Burgher Synod. The "Old Light" party, in 1839, re-united with the Church of Scotland, with the exception of a minority who in 1842 rejoined a similar section of the other branch. The "New Light" party, in 1820, on their part similarly united with the New Light party of the other branch. For the same difficulty divided the Anti-Burgher section in 1806. Those who accepted the new doctrines continued under the designation of the General Associate Synod (New Light Anti-Burghers) until 1820; while those who repudiated them formed the Constitutional Associate Presbytery (Old Light Anti-Burghers). In 1820, the union already referred to between the two "New Light" branches, resulting in the formation of the "United Secession Church," caused the secession of a minority of the New Light Anti-Burghers, known as the Synod of Protesters. In 1827 they united with the Constitutional Associate Presbytery, under the designation of the Original Secession Church, which, in 1842, absorbed the remnant of the Original Burghers, who had not rejoined the Establishment in 1839.

In 1847, the voluntary forces were still further consolidated by the union of the United Secession Church with the old Relief Synod, which had run a separate course from its birth in 1761, and the United Presbyterian Church was formed.

On the other hand, the disruption of 1843 had produced the largest non-established Church holding the establishment principle that Scotland had yet seen; and in 1852, a union was consummated between the Free Church and the Original Secession Church. A minority of the seceders refused to accede, and still maintain their separate existence. It may be added that, in 1876, a further union took place between the Free Church and the majority of the Reformed Presbyterian Church (or Cameronians) who had not seceded from the Establishment, but avoided entering it at the Revolution settlement in 1690.

In 1884, the United Presbyterian Church numbered 559 congregations, and 179,891 members. Its total income was £390,196. In 1885 its membership had increased to 121,146; its revenue decreased to £367,915. The Free Church, in 1884–5, possessed 1,100 churches, and a membership of 325,000. The total sums raised were £626,028: in 1885–6 they have decreased to £594,050. The Established Church, in addition to 1,306 parishes, supplied 377 preaching stations, and had, in 1885, 555,622 members, raising in voluntary contributions £376,723.

FREE REGISTRIES AND THE MARKETING OF LABOUR.

The obligation on the community collectively, and on its well-to-do members individually, to alleviate the unavoidable sufferings of the poor is generally recognized, and there have always been organizations to diminish the sufferings of those disabled by age, disease, or accident. But the attitude of the State, and of individuals, towards the able-bodied poor has varied considerably from time to time, in deference to the sentimental susceptibilities of the age.

The Vagrant Acts implied the premiss that the destitution of the able-bodied poor was *primâ facie* due to idleness or vice. The Poor Law Acts entitled the able-bodied poor, without regard to the causes of their destitution, to claim food and shelter as a right, on satisfying a rough labour test.

It is now contended that the present relation of the supply to the demand for labour makes inability to obtain employment a cause of destitution which ought to be ranked with other causes beyond the control of the sufferers. In other words, it is urged that the State should act on the general hypothesis that the destitution of the able-bodied poor is due to dearth of employment, and that, instead of applying a rough labour test, the State, through the workhouse authorities, should provide the desired relief in exchange for a variety of labour to be undertaken specially for the employment of needy applicants, rather than to satisfy local requirements. But such a change in the conditions attaching to casual relief would certainly prove impracticable. Apart from its possible enervating or pauperising effect on the whole labouring population, it would obviously involve the Sisyphean task of discovering a succession of remunerative occupations that should not compete with private enterprise. Still, it is hard for an industrious man who has habitually received wages that do not admit of any saving to be compelled to pick oakum or break stones as an alternative to begging or starvation, especially if his destitution is due to causes entirely beyond his control, such as the shifting of work

to other districts, or the substitution of machinery for hand-labour in his particular craft. But it would be impossible for the authorities at each workhouse to discriminate satisfactorily between able-bodied applicants for casual relief in order to allot a light task to the industrious poor and heavy work to the idle and dissolute. No one would propose to accept the unverified *ipse dixit* of each applicant as to his antecedents; a trained and experienced staff of investigating officers would have to be attached to each workhouse to verify the statements and references of each applicant; and however impartially the workhouse officials might conduct their investigations, their decisions would be habitually challenged, and attributed to capricious favouritism—in short, it would be impracticable for workhouse officials to vary, according to their opinion of the character or antecedents of applicants, the task assigned as a condition of casual relief.

I believe the most useful and practicable assistance that can be given to the industrious, reliable, able-bodied poor, is to provide local organizations through which their reliability and good character could be easily authenticated, and thus made available to them at a distance from home, thereby facilitating either their migration to localities where even a temporary unsatisfied demand for labour may be reported, or their emigration to countries where their permanent employment could be assured. I would submit that the scheme of affiliated free registries for the unemployed in country districts, which I suggested more than two years ago, and described in detail in letters to the *Times* of February 9th and May 8th, 1886, offers a simple machinery for providing these facilities.

In the course of riding-tours about England, I was much impressed by the numerous groups of respectable-looking men we met, hailing from long distances, tramping in search of work. It appears that unskilled labourers rely entirely on wayside gossip and the talk at public-houses for information as to available work. The waste of time and energy involved in this haphazard practice was brought under my notice by a request to assist a respectable local labourer, who had walked forty miles in a vain search for work, and then found employment that had been all the time available close to his home. This incident prompted me to start, in conjunction with three other local gentlemen, a Free Registry for the unemployed at Egham in Surrey. The experience of our Egham Registry during the first year of its existence was very encouraging, and in February 1886 a small committee was formed, under the chairmanship of the Right Hon. E. Stanhope, with a view to diffuse the idea of free registries in country districts, and to collect statistics which might furnish some general guide as

to their value and cost, and as to the expediency of their inter-affiliation, a step which would probably involve the engagement of offices, and of a permanent secretary who could give his whole time to the business.

The honorary secretaries of the committee, Mr. F. Gore Browne and Mr. H. E. Egerton, drew up a leaflet briefly describing the scheme, and giving some practical suggestions for the establishment of registries in country districts. A large number of copies of these leaflets were circulated through the country, and about twenty-five free registries were started in different villages, suburban districts, and small country towns, either after correspondence with the honorary secretaries, or at the direct instigation of members of the committee. The hon. secs. furnished the following forms :—

1. Leaflet describing the scheme.
2. Ruled sheets for entering applications for employment.
3. Notices to be sent to employers of labour informing them of the establishment of a registry.
4. Specimen advertisement for local newspaper.
5. Card of introduction to be given by the registrar to workmen when sent to apply for a vacant berth.
6. Slip inviting workmen who obtain employment through a registry to contribute a trifle towards its working expenses (such contribution, however, to be entirely optional).
7. Placards to advertise the registry.
8. Handbook of the Central Emigration Society, for which would be now substituted publications of the Government Emigrants' Information Office.

The above list of documents sufficiently illustrates, perhaps, the very simple machinery required for starting and working a free registry. In the words of the leaflet :—

> It is important first to get some local gentlemen to act as honorary supervisors. These should select some capable and energetic man to keep the register, and, as honorary supervisors, should superintend the general working of the registry, and assist the registrar with their counsel and advice.

But, in truth, if the hon. supervisors choose an energetic and competent registrar, their work will be almost nominal, and mainly confined to helping the registrar with occasional suggestions as to finding berths for his applicants. They would also use their influence with local employors to induce the latter to communicate with the registrar when they have any available vacancies.

It seems desirable to select as registrar an energetic tradesman, preferably in the hardware trade, as his business leads him to hear of likely work; he should be, if possible, a man of considerable business aptitudes. Any respectable shop or coffee-tavern, or

a non-political working-men's club will serve as a *locale* for a registry. The situation of the registry is far less important than the choice of an energetic man to act as registrar. An essential factor of success is that the registrar shall not interfere at all in the question of wages. He has simply to report offers of employment to those registered on his books, and to make known to employers the labour available. It is important also to keep the arrangements of the registry entirely free from any political bias. Following the example of the Egham Registry, it is recommended that the registries should be limited to lads and men who have resided for a definite period in their respective districts, and who are personally known or recommended to the registrar as of good character. The qualification of a term of residence in the parish is necessary to prevent the district from being swamped with tramps, and to render possible the verification of the antecedents of applicants. Also, this condition gives a reasonable preference to workmen already residing in the districts. It is contemplated ultimately to throw open the registries to women, or to establish, side by side with each registry for men, a registry for women. Either arrangement would necessitate the co-operation of some ladies as local honorary supervisors.

An efficient system of labour registries in country districts would counteract the tendency of the unemployed to drift into big towns, and should serve as an improved modern substitute for the old hiring-fairs.

The action of the London Committee has been hitherto confined to supplying forms, leaflets, &c. to those desirous of starting registries in country and suburban districts, the subsequent working expenses being defrayed by local subscriptions. A report of the hon. secretaries to the Committee compiled in October last, states that—"Particulars of the work actually done have been collected from eighteen of the registries. Two of these record that no use has been made of them; the remaining sixteen send lists which show that 1,061 men have applied and 674 have found work, including 325 reported through the Egham Registry. With the exception of Egham (19 months) and Staines (10 months) none of these registries had been open more than seven months," when this report was compiled.*

Until the registries are placed in habitual correspondence with

* Since the date of this Report Mr. F. Gore Browne (who, in conjunction with Mr. Egerton, had given unstinted time and trouble to promote the formation of registries) has been compelled to resign the hon. secretaryship, owing to pressure of private engagements. Mr. H. E. Egerton, the present acting Hon. Sec., will be happy to answer any communications or inquiries addressed to him at 11, Tite Street, Chelsea, concerning the formation or working of free registries in country and suburban districts.

a central office, it is, I think, doubtful whether sufficient regular statistics will be obtainable to admit of conclusive generalizations. I hesitate to draw general deductions from our experience at Egham, because the conditions there seem to have been peculiarly favourable for success. Our registrar, Mr. W. H. Gardener (who is the local sub-registrar of Births, Deaths, and Marriages, and, therefore, well acquainted with the district) proved to be specially well qualified for the work, and very eager to help his applicants. Also the idea was favourably received in the neighbourhood from the beginning, and private employers (including gentlemen, head-gardeners, &c.) and tradesmen applied to the registry when they had any berths available. An abstract of the registry is posted periodically to the principal employers of labour in the district, and published on the last Saturday in each month in the local newspaper, and affixed habitually on a notice-board outside the shop of the registrar. Each registered applicant for work is given a printed post-card addressed to the registrar, and is requested, if he obtains employment, to fill up the card, and post it. The last-published report of the Egham Registry, dated 1st October 1886, gave the following statistics of applications received, and employment obtained since the establishment of the registry in February 1885 :—

	1st Feb. to 30th Sept. 1885.		1st Oct. 1885 to 30th Sept. 1886.	
Trades.	Applications.	Employment obtained for.	Applications.	Employment obtained for.
Gardeners	19	10	36	34
Carpenters	42	36	67	59
General Labourers	52	46	118	99
Painters	61	53	50	49
Draughtsmen	1	1	—	—
Stonemasons	10	5	6	3
Bricklayers	23	15	42	35
Coachmen and Grooms	1	1	13	13
Plumbers	14	14	5	4
Gasfitters, Whitesmiths, &c.	—	—	11	11
Boys	—	—	26	18
	223	181	374	325

The total working expenses of the Egham Registry, including a small fee to the registrar, were £7 9s. 2d. for the period from 1st February to 1st October 1885, and £7 18s. 4d. for the twelve months from 1st October 1885 to 1st October 1886.

Since the publication of the above report 162 men and 18 lads have been entered on the registry, and employment was obtained for 99 men and 12 lads.

It has happened occasionally that the registrar has received applications for more men in particular trades than he had recorded on his books. It is precisely in such cases that a central office would be useful to pass on the demand to other districts.

Of course a registry cannot create any fresh employment, though to a certain limited extent the record of the numbers of respectable unemployed on its lists may evoke a little temporary employment through neighbourly sympathy. The special advantages of the scheme, however, are that it reduces to a minimum the weary groping and tramping for work, that it enables a workman to seek fresh employment in advance of the date when he is actually out of work, and that it authenticates his local good character to employers at a distance from his home. The registries ought, in course of time, to be associated with thrift, benefit, loan, and, perhaps, relief societies. A small sum was this year experimentally placed at the disposal of the Egham registrar, to be lent, at his discretion, to respectable workmen in exceptional distress, or who might require help in travelling to distant berths reported to the registrar.

For an exhaustive trial of the free registry scheme, even without any incidental development, it would seem that a central office in London is indispensable, to foster those registries which lack energetic local guidance, and to correspond with all the country registries and collate their statistics. Such an office would publish periodically, in one collective advertisement, an abstract of the total numbers wanting work in each trade, would enable the country registries to interchange surplus vacancies, and would advise them of any available employment in the Colonies, in accordance with the Colonial corollary to the scheme to which I shall presently advert. The central office should also have honorary provincial correspondents, who would, from time to time, visit the various registries, and stimulate them with hints and suggestions.

The Committee formed in February 1886 has only sought so far to promote tentatively the establishment of registries in suburban and country districts, where the fact of available work might be little known to scattered residents. It was thought doubtful whether an organization to afford easy communication between workmen and employers was needed in large cities, where there are houses of call associated with the Trades' Unions.* It was felt that it would be very unfortunate if a scheme destined to benefit the labouring population should indirectly injure societies

* By the way, it would seem that an industrial map of the country would be a very great boon to unemployed workmen—and might be well undertaken by a representative Committee of the Trades' Unions.

such as the Trades' Unions, formed to improve the condition of working-men. These societies induce thrift among their members by out-of-work and sick allowances, and seek by associative action to promote the due maintenance of wages in the face of excessive competition. Also they have a rough method of making known available work to their skilled artizans by means of houses of call. But no Union of unskilled workers exists, and if one could be organized it would probably soon fall to pieces. However, several registries have been independently started, in 1886, in populous districts.* A general conclusion as to their working can hardly be drawn until their several statistics are collated and compared; but I think it will be found that the registries are chiefly used by unskilled labourers, and that the numerous ties which attach artizans to their respective Unions will not be seriously affected by the possibility of some few getting work occasionally through the free registries. If a central office be established in London to correspond with the country registries, it is to be hoped that some of the able managers of Trades' Unions will lend their help in its organization and supervision.

One free registry, established last year in London as a part of the scheme of the Labour Aid Society, seems to be doing good work. This Society was founded in 1886 at the instance of the Rev. J. Munro (who had long given great attention to the condition of the suffering poor in London), and of Mr. James Branch, manufacturer, of Bethnal Green. It began by establishing at its central office, 241, Roman Road, Bow, E., under the superintendence of the Rev. J. Munro, "a bureau to bring men in search of employment into direct communication with employers." It does not seem to require residence within a limited area for a definite period as a qualification for entry on its lists. The Labour Aid Society also seeks to substitute the bare cost of the service given for the heavy charges of middle-men, "in those industries where their profits reduce the wages of the workmen to less than can support life with decency." It supplies sewing-machines on easy terms, and tools to approved destitute applicants, following in this, and in some other respects, the example set long ago by the Board of Guardians for the Relief of the Jewish Poor. It has attached to its central office large and airy rooms for sempstresses to work in. The *ad interim* report just issued, from which these particulars are taken, states that the Society verifies the references of all those who apply to be entered on its lists, and recommends only such

* A Registry has recently been opened at Kilburn, and a scheme of Registries for the parish of Marylebone is now under consideration. A Registry for the unemployed of both sexes is established at Paddington under the auspices of the local Committee of the Charity Organization Society.

applicants as it believes to be reliable. It solicits applications to the Superintendent of the Society for any kind of service needed. "Whitewashing, white-liming, carpet-beating, rough painting, odd jobs of any kind can be done efficiently by men only too eager to do them."

Of course, the main difficulty experienced by the Labour Aid Society is in finding employment for its applicants, and this difficulty would, no doubt, be felt more or less by all the registries, both rural and urban. However that might be, it is certain that their agency in sifting the residuum of labouring poor for whom no employment could be found in this country, would be invaluable in connection with any large scheme for the emigration or Colonial settlement of some of our surplus industrious able-bodied workmen and women. The London office of the country registries could be placed in correspondence (either directly, or through the Government Emigrants' Information Office) with registries of employers' requirements in our Colonies, working under honorary local supervision on similar lines to the country registries here. These, being chiefly resorted to by labourers accustomed to out-of-door work, would be able to provide the class of emigrants most likely to be in demand in the Colonies. The ideal would be, that certainty of work under responsible employers in the Colonies should be secured for the intending emigrants before they take their outward passage. To satisfy Colonial employers that only reliable workmen would be sent out to them, it would probably be necessary for a supplementary investigation of the references of intending emigrants to be made by the London central office, in addition to the usual scrutiny of antecedents by the local registrars. Industrial and agricultural enterprise in the Colonies would be stimulated by an assured supply of reliable labour, so that in practice the labour tariff in the Colonies would not be materially lowered, the emigrants being sent out only in response to mailed advices, confirmed by a cypher telegram, of a demand for their labour. Such a scheme would, of course, involve a large collection to defray all expenses till the emigrants reached the Colonial port of arrival. For the recovery of these expenses, I should suggest some such process as that contemplated by the Emigration Committee of the Charity Organization Society. The emigrant should sign in London an agreement to remit out of his future earnings to the Colonial registrar a sum representing the amount disbursed on his account. On landing, he would renew this contract at the office of the Colonial registrar, in a form binding according to Colonial law. A small sum would then be placed at his disposal for his immediate needs, and he should be furnished with a printed slip containing an abstract of the Colonial Masters and Servants

Act. The Colonial registrar should be remunerated by a percentage on the sums repaid to him by emigrants (an arrangement that would induce him to try to keep in touch with them); probably his commission would in some Colonies have to be supplemented by a small fixed salary.

Private associations will probably never be able to collect sufficient funds for a scheme of emigration on a scale large enough to relieve a congested labouring population, or to produce any serious impression on the home labour market. State aid will be indispensable in the financial arrangements of any such scheme. But I submit that such aid should be given in the shape of a capitation grant to a more or less self-supporting chartered philanthropic association, and should be withheld from any scheme that does not involve Colonial governmental responsibility for its success. The selection of suitable emigrants is a comparatively simple task; the success of any large scheme of emigration must mainly depend on the honesty, good faith, and wisdom of the Colonial arrangements. These factors can be best assured by securing the responsibility of the Colonial Government concerned, or of its nominees, for the remunerative employment and maintenance of the emigrants after they reach the port of arrival, and their subsequent settlement on the Colonial public lands. If I may presume to interpolate only two words into the remarks with which Lord Salisbury lately summed up the problem, I would say that "the direction of our efforts should be to (British) State-aided emigration, ending in (Colonial) State-directed colonization." Before the assistance of our Government is invoked for its part of the work, I think an attempt should be made to settle the Colonial side of the question. The first stage of the problem, therefore, seems to me to be to devise a scheme involving Colonial responsibility for success, and which would be probably acceptable to the Governments of those colonies having still good lands unsettled. The simplest plan would be for the government of such a colony, instead of selling its public lands, to clear and work them (in the first instance for its own account) with the labour of British emigrants, enlisted under approved conditions of service, embracing ultimate acquisition of the land by the labourers, when it becomes sufficiently cultivated to afford them maintenance, and a margin for payment of an annual purchasing rent, calculated on a scale to repay the Colonial Government for its previous outlay. A subvention from our Home Government would always be required as a grant in aid of the society that should undertake the transference of the emigrants from their British homes to their colonial destination.

But it is unlikely that any Colonial Government would be willing to bear the risk and responsibility involved in this scheme without

some financial help towards the maintenance and equipment of the new settlers, until the cultivated land yielded remunerative crops. It is to be hoped that the fund resulting from the appeal to found an Imperial Institute in commemoration of the Jubilee of Her Majesty's reign, will not all be spent in building a mere store-house of information, and in the endowment of a sample bazaar. If we found an Institute to stimulate the sale of colonial products, it seems reasonable that the scheme should include an arrangement to facilitate the emigration of our surplus workmen to those places the industrial activity of which will be promoted by the Institute. I have only space left to sketch a bare outline of such a scheme. Generally, I would suggest:—

1. That the Government Emigrants' Information Office—which at present merely collates and publishes such facts as are reported to it—and the Royal Colonial Institute in Northumberland Avenue, which includes amongst its members representative colonists from all parts of the world, should both be incorporated in the new Imperial Institute.

2. That the charter of the Imperial Institute should provide, *inter alia*, for the organization of an emigration committee, and of separate committees to take cognizance of all sociological and industrial facts affecting the conditions of life in each of our colonies and dependencies, and to report to the Emigration Committee facts and suggestions concerning its department.

3. That the Imperial Institute should negotiate with Colonial Governments having good public lands still unsettled for their colonization by British emigrants on the lines suggested above; all expenses after the emigrants reach the port of arrival, to be defrayed by the Colonial Governments in consideration of an advance to be made by our Home Government of a maximum sum without interest for a definite period, the amount to vary with the number of emigrants sent out. The necessary funds to pay such interest at three per cent., and also the cost of shipment of the emigrants to be provided from the funds of the Imperial Institute, supplemented perhaps *ad hoc* by a moderate Parliamentary grant.

In conclusion, I would express a hope that the proposal and discussion of practical remedial measures for the sufferings of the poor will be kept clear from even the semblance of political partizanship. It is hardly likely that a practicable solution to so complex a problem will be evolved from impromptu speeches in a random Parliamentary discussion raised on the spur of the moment. Probably a condensing-editor's report of correspondence, invited for a succession of specified dates to a widely-circulating newspaper, would elicit many more practical suggestions than would be made in hours of impromptu Parliamentary talk. The

proceedings in the House of Commons at the close of the debate of 17th February, though probably initiated from sympathy with existing distress, were at least open to the construction of being an attempt to score political Party capital. A proposal suggested at the fag end of a sitting, without notice, to consider then and there the distress amongst the working classes, did not certainly promise a very fruitful or useful discussion; and the decision of the House to end the three weeks' debate on the Address can hardly be seriously regarded, under such circumstances, as indicating any indifference to the subject of the Amendment then under consideration.

Sympathy with distress is not the monopoly of any political party. It may be described as an instinct of civilized human nature, and is degraded by being pressed into the service of Party devices.

NATHANIEL LOUIS COHEN.

PLATO AND THEOSOPHY.

We have heard so much lately of theosophical revelations, theosophical miracles, theosophical frauds, that the word Theosophy must suggest some meaning to everyone, whether a new means for the quick despatch of letters and cigarettes, a brand-new philosophy, or what it really is, a mode of thought that seeks a refuge in an age of crass materialism in a theory of mystic personal communion with the Deity. The earliest historic record of this phase is found in neo-platonism, we see it re-appear in Paracelsus and Jacob Böhme, in Swedenborg and, perhaps, in Schelling. But now we have the newest and strangest development of all—the Theosophical Society, which claims to combine all the past developments, and trace them back to an esoteric Indian philosophy, or, as they prefer to call it, science. For miracles and magic play a great part in this new doctrine, and its teachers call on us loudly to reject induction for belief, our Western science for Eastern miracles.

To back their claims they bring forward a roll of great names, who, they assure us, were at one with them, though they kept the secret carefully hidden from the vulgar herd. Buddha gives his name to the title of one of their books, Christ and St. Paul are claimed by them, while, throughout all their works, we frequently find the name of Plato cited with assurance as one of their number. Now it is a curious peculiarity of the human mind that it is apt to believe what is often repeated, and there is more philosophy than is commonly believed in the assurance of the captain in the *Hunting of the Snark*, "What I tell you three times is true."

It may, therefore, be worth while, before these statements are too often repeated, to consider what amount of proof can be brought forward for them, and for the present we would wish to ask what right Theosophists have to their indiscriminate use of Plato's name, until, so Madame Blavatsky assures us, "Plato disappears before Dgeminy and Veda-Vyasa, whom he literally copies."*

* *Isis Unveiled*, vol. i. p. 621.

We do not, however, wish to discuss merely in its old aspects the well-worn question, Was Greek philosophy based on that Oriental philosophy, which, though partially hidden to us by the veil of Sanskrit, is yet every year being more and more revealed; so that, as our knowledge of Eastern languages increases, we may in time be able to place the books of the East and West side by side, and determine whether the coincidences of resemblance are what is commonly called accidental, or due to the fact that the one owes its origin to the other? This question, which has already been ably discussed by Zeller and others, must be left to the Sanskrit scholars of the future to decide. But the claim of occult science is that it is not to be found in books, that it was hidden from the vulgar herd, and has been known through ages by a chosen few, and transmitted by them through various means, but never by books, to a few worthy disciples. It is this occult science of which fragments are given to us by Mr. Sinnett in the *Occult World* and *Esoteric Buddhism*, and of which we may find hints strewn here and there in Madame Blavatsky's ponderous and mystic work *Isis Unveiled*. Of this science it is claimed that portions were known to the philosophers of old, and we are told that its study will enable us to understand what has hitherto been dark in their teaching. To quote Mr. Sinnett's own words:—

> There is a school of philosophy still in existence of which modern philosophy has lost sight. Glimpses of it are discernible in the ancient philosophies with which all educated men are familiar, but these are hardly more intelligible than fragments of forgotten sculpture—less so, for we comprehend the human form, and can give imaginary limbs to a torso; but we can give no imaginary meaning to the hints coming down to us from Plato or Pythagoras, pointing to those who hold the clue to their significance, to the secret knowledge of the ancient world. Side lights, nevertheless, may enable us to decipher such language, and a very rich intellectual reward offers itself to persons who are willing to attempt the investigation.*

In *Esoteric Buddhism* he speaks even more plainly:—

> This reflection may suggest, in passing, a new view, having an intimate connection with our present subject, of the Platonic and Aristotelian method of reasoning. Plato's system, roughly described as reasoning from universals to particulars, is condemned by modern habits in favour of the later and exactly inverse system. But Plato was in fetters in attempting to defend his system. There is every reason to believe that his familiarity with esoteric science prompted his method, and that the usual restrictions under which he laboured as an initiated occultist, forbade him from saying as much as would really justify it. No one can study even so much science as this volume contains and then turn to Plato or even to any intelligent epitome of Plato's system of thought, without finding correspondences cropping up at every turn.†

In these two passages claims are made by the Theosophists which must of necessity subvert all our previously accepted notions of Greek philosophy; therefore it is important that all

* *Occult World*, p. 1.

† *Esoteric Buddhism*, p. 20.

who desire the truth should, before unhesitatingly accepting them, pause for a brief space to consider their justification. We are confronted with the initial question, Was Plato's philosophy incomplete?

The statement is one that the Theosophists will not find it easy to support. It is true that "the doctors disagree" about the meaning of some important points in his philosophy, but surely none would admit that Plato's dialogues supply mere hints of his teaching; nor could his philosophy have influenced all thought, both ancient and modern, if it supplied us only with fragments of forgotten sculpture, too insignificant to teach us how to complete the statue. Indeed, before we accept such important statements, for which our occult friends offer us no proof, may we not be pardoned for preferring to accept the authority of the best scholars of our own day, who do not find that they have hitherto devoted all their labour to mere shapeless, broken limbs? But that we may offer authority and proof combined, we will respectfully put aside for the present the learned men of our own day, and see what light is thrown on the matter by that greatest of all philosophers, next to the one we are now discussing, Aristotle—*Il maestro di color che sanno.*

In a well-known passage in the first book of the *Metaphysics*, he traces Plato's development, and shows how the earliest influences to which he was subjected were those of the Pythagoreans, the Herakleiteans, and Sokrates, and all that has been written since about Plato has always worked round to the conclusion that Aristotle has given us the right history of his development. The two great influences to which Plato was first subjected are those of Sokrates and Herakleitos, and throughout his life his teaching was coloured by Pythagorean views of mathematics, which enter so largely into the Platonic system. Moreover, Plato's conviction that there must be something besides the Herakleitean flux, if there is to be true Being at all, led him to seek for a principle of rest. This he found in the One of Parmenides, which he idealized, removing it from the conditions of time and space to the world of thought alone. Finally, in the *Timaeus*, the culminating point of the series of dialogues, the influence of one more philosopher becomes apparent. Anaxagoras held a theory in many respects similar to that of the Atomists, but, while they held that the movement and impact of the atoms depended on what is commonly called chance, Anaxagoras believed that there was a power of intelligence, or mind, νοῦς, which communicated the first motion to them, after which they continued to move according to a regular law. This νοῦς we find in the mythical creator of the *Timaeus*, in whom is symbolized the self-evolution of absolute thought. We

can thus trace in the development of Plato's philosophy the influence of five several systems. This we can see for ourselves ; we may take Aristotle's authority for it (for in *Met.* A he alludes to all of them as influencing Plato), or, if we prefer it, we may take it on trust from our modern critics. If, then, Plato had his philosophy from the East, which of his predecessors brought it thence? Was it the mysterious Pythagoras, who forms such a convenient peg to fasten the most wonderful stories on? because, as absolutely nothing is known about him, refutation is impossible. But, if so, why are parts of the Platonic theory, which certainly do not come from Pythagoras, supposed to be of Eastern origin? Or did all five seek the inspiration of occult science? We shall probably be told that they did, all, at least, except poor Sokrates, whose possession of a δαιμόνιον, that warned him at times from intended actions, proved him, as the author of *Isis* tells us, to be a medium, and, therefore, to be excluded from this mystic lore. Sokrates, therefore, walked in darkness ; perhaps some of us would be willing to share the darkness of the man who was so sure that no harm could happen to a good man either in life or in death. But if the other four were all initiated, how comes it that their theories were so utterly various, those of Herakleitos and Parmenides even absolutely contradictory? Surely this position is untenable, and we must admit that, if Plato's teaching is to any extent that of occult science, it is he himself who was an initiate, and, though building on the foundation of his predecessors, impressed on his philosophy the spirit of the occult teaching. Let us examine this position.

Broadly speaking, it is maintained by those who seek to prove the debt of Plato to Theosophy that the principles of his teaching were these, and that he must have obtained them from the teachers of occult science, whose chosen truths they were :—

1. That the cosmos came into being, and is ruled by law, man being the microcosmos of the macrocosmos.

2. That the object of evolution, the expression of this law, is the attainment of good in the triumph of spirit over matter.

3. That a state of being exists inconceivable by finite reason, and that this spiritual condition is, in truth, more real than that cognizable by the senses.

To this we may answer briefly that, though undoubtedly this was taught by Plato, it is taught also by every religion and philosophy worthy the name ; it breathes through every page of the New Testament, and is summed up entirely in the words, " The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal." Assuredly this, which is the very foundation of all real religion and philosophy, was not revealed to Plato in secret,

but it is the great truth common to all mankind, needing no revelation, Theosophic or Christian, but most clearly seen by those who, like Plato, could

> See the world as one vast plain,
> And one boundless reach of sky.

If we turn to some more particular points, it appears that the first real and important resemblance to be traced between Plato and occult science is that both maintain that each separate soul has lived before it entered its present life, and will live again in another form.

Mr. Sinnett says :—

> It is extravagant to imagine that, apart from the question of justice, the life beyond the grave should be exempt from the law of change, progress, and improvement, which every analogy of nature points to as probably running through all the varied existences of the universe.*

Elsewhere he describes the doctrine of Karma, which is the Theosophic expression for the manner in which the good and evil of this life are carried on to the next.

> Karma is a collective expression applied to that complicated group of affinities for good and evil generated by a human being during life, and the character of which inheres in the molecules of his fifth principle all through the interval which elapses between his death from one objective life and his birth into the next.

In the *Phaedo* Plato says †:—

> But then, O my friends, he said, if the soul is really immortal, what care should be taken of her, not only in respect of the portion of time which is called life, but of eternity! And the danger of neglecting her from this point of view does, indeed, appear to be awful. If death had only been the end of all, the wicked would have had a good bargain in dying, for they would have been happily quit not only of their body, but of their own evil together with their souls. But now, inasmuch as the soul is manifestly immortal, there is no release or salvation from evil except the attainment of the highest virtue and wisdom. For the soul, when on her progress to the world below, takes nothing with her but nurture and education; and these are said greatly to benefit or greatly to injure the departed, at the very beginning of his pilgrimage in the other world.‡

Here follows a myth which describes the conformation of the earth. We human beings dwell only in hollows thereof and not on the surface, as we imagine. But there is a real upper earth, which is under the heaven. There trees, flowers and fruits are fairer than here, the jewels are purer, the men are better and happier, and the gods really dwell among them. One of the deepest chasms of the earth is called by the poets Tartarus. There are four streams ever flowing in and out of this chasm, Oceanus, Acheron, Pyriphlegethon, and Cocytus. Now those souls who have lived neither well nor ill, pass into the river Acheron, and are purified of their evil deeds. And those that are

* *Esoteric Buddhism*, p. 30.

† p. 66.

‡ *Phaedo*, p. 107. Trans. by Jowett.

incurable are hurled into Tartarus and never come out. But those that have committed crimes which, though great, are not irremediable, endure the pains of Tartarus for a year, and then pass by either Cocytus or Pyriphlegethon to the Acherusian lake, and there they call on the forgiveness of those whom they have wronged. And if they obtain it, they come forth and cease from their troubles; but if not, they are carried back into Tartarus, and thence again into the rivers, until they obtain mercy. "Those, too, who have been pre-eminent for holiness of life are released from this earthly prison and go to their pure home, which is above, and dwell in the purer earth. And those who have duly purified themselves with philosophy, live henceforth altogether without the body, in mansions fairer far than these." It is curious that most of the many Platonic myths deal with the fate of the soul after death, and that they are nearly all utterly inconsistent with one another. Thus in the *Republic*, book x., occurs the charming story of the wanderings of Er, who, alone of all the souls, was not allowed to drink of the river Lethe, and thus retained his memory and reported, on his return to earth, all that he had seen. According to his story, when the souls of the dead arrived in Hades, they were allowed to choose the lot they desired for their next life, and in their choice they were determined by the remembrance of the previous life. Generally each soul chose the opposite of what it had had before. Odysseus chose that of a poor man, Agamemnon that of an eagle, because he hated human nature on account of his sufferings. Then when they had made their choice they had to cross over a hot sandy plain, and when they got to Lethe, impelled by thirst they drank so much, that they lost all memory of the past. "And those who were not saved by wisdom drank more than was necessary," says Plato, thus implying that some who drank less might retain vague impressions of a former life.

Different again is another account, given in the beginning of the *Phaedo*, where, speaking of the corporeal element which clogs and hinders the soul, Sokrates says:—

> And this corporeal element, my friend, is heavy and weighty and earthy, and is that element of sight by which such a soul is depressed and dragged down again into the visible world, because she is afraid of the invisible and of the world below—prowling about tombs and sepulchres, in the neighbourhood of which, as they tell us, are seen certain ghostly apparitions of souls which have not departed pure, but are cloyed with sight and, therefore, visible . . . and these must be the souls, not of the good, but of the evil, who are compelled to wander about such places in payment of the penalty of their former evil way of life; and they continue to wander until, through the craving after the corporeal which never leaves them, they are imprisoned finally in another body, and they may be supposed to have their prisons in the same natures which they have had in their former lives.*

* *Phaedo*, p. 81. Trans. by Jowett.

This may be fairly compared with *Esoteric Buddhism*:—

But if the person during his objective life absolutely develops no affinities for material existence, starts his soul at death with all its attractions tending one way in the direction of spirituality, and none at all drawing it back to objective life, it does not come back; it mounts into a condition of spirituality, corresponding to the intensity of the attractions or affinities in that direction, and the other thread of connection is cut off.*

If we examine all the Platonic myths, and try to extract their common meaning, we must come to this conclusion—that Plato believed that our souls have lived before they entered our present bodies, will live again elsewhere when these bodies die, but how or where, or what will be the condition of the soul's life, we cannot tell, and the general tendency of Plato's teaching is to show that he does not attach great value to endeavours to attain this knowledge; all he insists on is the conviction that the soul's fate must be determined by our lives here, but that "no evil can happen to a good man either in life or after death."

Wherefore I say, let a man be of good cheer about his soul, who has cast away the pleasures and ornaments of the body as hateful to him, and hurtful rather in their effects, and has followed after the pleasures of knowledge in this life; who has arrayed the soul in her own proper jewels, which are temperance and justice and courage and nobility and truth. Thus adorned, she is ready to go on her journey to the world below, when her hour comes.†

The value of the myths is didactic, one moral runs through all; but the difference in the allegorical colouring shows that they are employed merely when Plato desires to clothe his teaching in the form of a parable, and sometimes, as in the *Protagoras*, he makes one of his characters deliberately state his intention of speaking in a myth. Thus Protagoras says: "Shall I, as an elder, speak to you, as younger men, in an apologue or myth, or shall I argue the question?" and the company vote for the myth as likely to prove more interesting. It is important to remember what is the purpose of the myth in Plato, because it is apt to be misunderstood by superficial students, who believe, when it is brought in without some special words of introduction, that Plato is really giving his own opinion. Among such, we fear, must be reckoned Madame Blavatsky, though we should hardly have expected even her powers of interpretation to have discovered a connection between the winged men of Plato's Phaedrus (as she denominates the souls in the beautiful myth) and the French cave-men! ‡ Another point of resemblance, to which the Theosophists attach so much value that we dare not overlook it, is the story of Atlantis. Though itself of little importance, it has perhaps given rise to more con-

* *Esoteric Buddhism*, p. 135.
† *Phaedo*, p. 114.
‡ *Isis Unveiled*, vol. i. p. 2.

troversy than anything else in Plato, so that the attempt to locate the lost continent has found a place beside the endeavours to square the circle and find the *perpetuum mobile*.

Plato describes it thus in the *Timaeus* :—

Many great and wonderful deeds are recorded of your State in our histories. But one of them exceeds all the rest in greatness and valour. For these histories tell of a mighty power which was aggressing wantonly against the whole of Europe and Asia, and to which your city put an end. This power came forth out of the Atlantic Ocean, for in those days the Atlantic was navigable ; and there was an island situated in front of the straits which you call the pillars of Herakles ; the island was larger than Libya and Asia put together, and was the way to other islands, and from the islands you might pass to the whole of the opposite continent which surrounded the true ocean : for this sea which is within the Straits of Herakles is only a harbour, having a narrow entrance, but that other is a real sea, and the surrounding land may be most truly called a continent. Now in this island of Atlantis there was a great and wonderful empire, which had rule over the whole island and several others, as well as over parts of the continent, and, besides these, they subjected the parts of Libya within the columns of Herakles as far as Egypt, and of Europe as far as Tyrrhenia. The vast power which was thus gathered into one endeavoured to subdue at a blow our country and yours, and the whole of the land which is within the straits ; and then, Solon, your country shone forth, in the excellence of her virtue and strength, among all mankind ; for she was first in courage and military skill, and was the leader of the Hellenes. And when the rest fell off from her, being compelled to stand alone, after having undergone the very extremity of danger, she defeated and triumphed over the invaders, and preserved from slavery those who were not yet subjected, and freely liberated all the others who dwelt within the limits of Herakles. But afterwards there occurred violent earthquakes and floods ; and in a single day and night of misfortune all your warlike men in a body sank into the earth, and the island of Atlantis in like manner disappeared, and was sunk beneath the sea. And that is the reason why the sea in those parts is impassable and impenetrable, because there is such a quantity of shallow mud in the way ; and this was caused by the subsidence of the island.*

With this we must compare *Esoteric Buddhism*, p. 54 :—

The proper home of the fourth race, which directly preceded our own, was that continent of which some memory has been preserved even in exoteric literature—the lost Atlantis. But the great island, the destruction of which is spoken of by Plato, is really but the last remnant of the continent. "In the Eocene age," I am told, even in its very first part, the great cycle of the fourth race men, the Atlanteans, had already reached its highest point, and the great continent, the father of nearly all the present continents, showed the first symptoms of sinking—a process that occupied it down to 11,446 years ago, when its last island, that, translating its vernacular name, we may call Poseidonis, went down with a crash.

This is a very striking resemblance, and one for which it is difficult, out of the vast mass of literature written on the subject of Atlantis, to draw any satisfactory explanation. Martin, who, in his notes on the *Timæus*, has collected all existing evidence on the subject, sums up with some excellent arguments to show that Atlantis was simply Utopia *οὐ τόπος*. The war between the Athenians and Atlanteans was the war between Athens and Persia. All the circumstances of the case go to prove it—the additional fact that the Scholiast on Republic I. says that the *πέπλος* carried

* *Timaeus*, p. 25. Trans. by Jowett.

at the Panathenaea represented the war between Athens and Atlantis, while we know, on the authority of Proklus, that it represented the war between Athens and Persia, goes some way to strengthen this. That Plato had, directly or indirectly, got the Atlantean story from Egypt, and utilized it in his myth is more than probable; but nowhere else in his writings does any passage occur that would lead us to suppose the theory of world-cycles to be part of his own teaching. Surely, then, it would be absurd to lay much stress on this unimportant point, when there is so essential a difference between the purpose and objects of Theosophy and of Plato's teaching. The claim of Esoteric Science is that it supplies a link between physics and metaphysics; between the phenomenal world, where all is appearance, and the spiritual world, where all is thought; and the link consists in the fact that everything is material, though the word "material" is very differently used when applied to the soul and to the body. The soul is, in a subtle sense of the word, material,* and the adepts of Theosophy can project their souls from their bodies. "In this way," says Mr. Sinnett, "though no conceptions of the universe of man's destiny, or of Nature generally, are more spiritual than those of Occult Science that science is wholly free from the logical error of attributing material results to immaterial causes. The esoteric doctrine is thus really the missing link between materialism and spirituality."† Here a resemblance to Plato might be sought in the question of the relation between idea and particular; the idea is that which is spiritual and immaterial; the particular is visible and material. Plato is occupied with this question in many of his dialogues, notably the *Parmenides* and *Philebus*.

If Plato was initiated, if he knew that the soul of man was not wholly immaterial, why did he devote so much careful argument to this question? why gradually develop it throughout his dialogues, in the course of which a marked change of view is discernible? Would he not either have told the whole truth to his followers, or else have stated with unphilosophic bluntness, "I know, but I must not tell you"? Our answer is, Plato did not know. Throughout the whole of his philosophical career he constantly developed his views, and embodied them in his dialogues, and, from the care with which he proves each new step, we may infer that he was not merely making a selection of his knowledge, but stating all that had hitherto been revealed to him as truth.

Nor must we suppose that Plato believed the soul to be material, and yet kept back his opinion, for the whole of his teaching

* *Occult World*, p. 19.

† *Esoteric Buddhism*, p. 22.

goes to show that this was not his belief. There never lived philosopher who had a deeper hatred for materialism than Plato. Throughout the dialogues we meet with attacks on "those repellent and unpleasant people" who believed in nothing but what they could see and touch. Though his attacks were generally made on very gross materialism, there is little reason to suppose that he would have been any more tolerant of the finer materialism put forward by the Theosophists.

To Demokritos, whose theory that soul is matter, though made up of finer atoms than body, a doctrine which the eclectic Theosophists might, and do, claim as akin to their own,* Plato refers in the *Sophist*, where he speaks of the γιγαντομαχία between the corporealists and idealists :—

> Some of them are dragging all things down from heaven, and from the unseen, to earth, and seem determined to grasp in the hands rocks and oaks; of these they lay hold, and are obstinate in maintaining that the things only which can be touched or handled have being, because they define being and body as one; if anyone else says that what is not a body exists, they altogether despise him, and will hear of nothing but body.†

Now, the Theosophic theories of soul not merely tell us that it is fine matter, in fact, that everything is matter, but they give a most exact account of the constitution of man, which, they tell us, is divided into seven principles: body, vitality, astral body, animal soul, human soul, spiritual soul, spirit, all of more or less fine degrees of matter. Moreover, they tell us that souls proceed through a system of seven worlds, ever journeying round and round in successive states of spiritual progression. Plato knows of no such planetary chain, and, even if we were to take the myths for gospel, we should be puzzled in any endeavour to find a parallel in any one of them to this spiral course of the soul. Occult science believes in a double course of evolution; in Plato is no hint of evolution. The later theory of ideas gives us a system of natural kinds; separated, as Mill would express it, by no artificial barrier, but by a real impassable channel, there is no possible intercommunion between Plato's absolute ideas. The particulars in one natural kind can have no communion with those of another; they are formed in the likeness of an eternally existent type in nature, and this type is a thought of the universal mind. So far is Plato from the least conception of evolution that in the *Timaeus*, where he gives a mythical account of the origin of human beings and other animals in the world, he describes a process of involution where all are made first in the likeness of men that they may start fair in the race; those who sin and fall are born again in the likeness of women, and thus, through successive

* *Isis Unveiled*, vol. i. p. 250.

† *Sophist*, p. 246.

stages of degradation, till they become the lowest of animals. Mr. Sinnett, on the other hand, writes :—

> We have seen the one life, the spirit, animating matter in its lowest forms first, and evolving growth by slow degrees into higher forms, individualizing itself at last in man.*

The contrast is striking. Briefly, the main points of contrast are these :—

1. Esoteric science is a form of fine materialism ; it is essentially science, and develops into philosophy. Plato's was the most ideal philosophy that ever existed ; it was based on metaphysics, and disregarded natural science as of little importance to the higher interests of the human race.

2. Esoteric science tells us that man may gain absolute command over the forces of nature. "As God can create, man can create,"† says the author of *Isis* ; may, by means of Akasa, that wondrous fifth element that contains in itself an image of all that exists, use the forces of nature for his own purpose, and all but create matter.

Plato tells us that the idea is unattainable by man, only the divine intelligence can think it. Man can but think a feeble imitation of it, based on our knowledge of particular things. Man has no occult powers, his mission is, by philosophy, to attain nearer and nearer to the contemplation of the absolutely good and beautiful.

3. Esoteric science has the ethics of Buddhism, "the one real religion of the world," Mr. Sinnett tells us, "which has been really productive of blameless lives throughout its whole existence." Ascetic retirement from the world is a chief doctrine ; mysticism pervades the whole system.

Plato's ethics are those of Greece idealized ; he gives us the Greek love of beauty, together with the philosopher's desire to contemplate all that is great and noble. His philosopher should not withdraw from the world, but rather it is he who should govern, because he is best fitted to do so.

Here we would gladly stop, if it might be, and leave unopened that strange medley, *Isis Unveiled*. But then our task would be all but vain, since throughout the handbooks of Theosophy this work is perpetually being quoted as an authority. Colonel Olcott speaks of it in his book on Theosophy as "one of the most masterly reviews of ancient and modern science and theology ever written, a book which one of the best of our contemporaneous critics pronounces 'one of the most remarkable productions of the century.'" As the name of this excellent critic is not revealed to us, we need

* *Esoteric Buddhism*, p. 138.

† *Isis Unveiled*, vol. i. p. 62.

not, perhaps, feel any diffidence in differing from him; and yet we do not differ, nay, we heartily agree—it is indeed a most remarkable production, and we doubt whether it would be possible to find anywhere else, within the same dimensions, so large a mass of error and misquotation.

We have found here, especially in the preface to Vol. I., statement after statement purporting to be from Plato, but absolutely having no connection whatever with Platonic philosophy. According to this book, Plato borrowed from all other philosophers, Eastern and Western, those who lived after him as well as those who preceded him, with a truly metaphysical disregard of time and space.

Aristotle's doctrine of the four causes, directed by its author so skilfully *against* Plato, is here magnanimously set down to the score of Plato himself;* doctrines of Speusippos, Xenokrates, works of the Neo-Pythagoreans in the first centuries A.D., but, above all, the Neo-Platonic doctrines of the fourth and fifth centuries A.D., formed the sources of Plato's inspiration. As a rule, the author gives us no references, merely prefixing some startling statement with "Plato says," or, "We find throughout in Plato"; but we have been fortunate enough to find two or three references which we have examined. The first is to Plato, *Timaeus Soerius*, p. 97. There is no work of Plato's bearing this title, but there is a *Timaeus Lokrus*, to which the paging corresponds. This is a late Pythagorean abstract of the *Timaeus*. It does not even profess to be by Plato, and no student of Greek could read two lines of the unmistakable Doric and for an instant be tempted to assign it to that most consummate master of flowing Attic. And when we have found the passage in *Timaeus Lokrus*, p. 98, it does not run as Madame Blavatsky puts it, but omits all the mystical meaning she attributes to the dodecahedron.† In this respect, at least, Madame Blavatsky may, according to her own interpretation, be called a great scholar, for she assures us that Plato is never read by great scholars, except superficially.‡ All our endeavours have failed to make anything of the reference to *Timaeus*, vol. ii. p. 563.§ Elsewhere is given an etymological reference to the *Kratylus*, which was a collection of absurd etymologies, never meant to be seriously taken. But even the quotation it is impossible to verify, for the reference is to *Kratylus*, p. 79, and the *Kratylus* paging is from 383 to 440.

In another place, we read that Plato called Æther the world-soul.‖ Students of Plato will not expect us to do more than give

* *Isis Unveiled*, vol. i. p. 393.
† *Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 55.
‡ *Isis*, vol. i. p. 308.
§ *Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 131.
‖ *Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 129.

a flat denial to this statement. Some such doctrine was held after Plato's time by the Stoics, who were materialists, but never by Plato. Perhaps here again we find him borrowing from his successors. It is really worth while tracking the references in *Isis* for the amusement of the result. On p. 16 Madame Blavatsky refers to the *Euthyphro** as a proof that Plato was in the habit of predicting the future, and complained that he could not get a hearing. The passage is easily found, as it is at the beginning of the dialogue, but we do not even find the words put in the mouth of Sokrates, whom we are accustomed to see confounded with Plato; rather it is Euthyphro the sooth-sayer, one of the characters of the dialogue who makes the remark. Alas! poor Plato! could he have foreseen the bitter mockery of fate, that he who has introduced into his dialogues so many characters merely for the sake of refuting and demolishing them—must find himself identified with them all!

Another puzzling reference is to the works of J. Burges, p. 207 note.† This looks so accurate that we are tempted to refer to it for the misinterpretation of the Orphic line that Madame Blavatsky complains of. We then find that the translation is by *G.* Burges, that it is in six volumes, and that not one of them contains on p. 207 the quotation she gives.

In the preface to Vol. I.‡, there is an elaborate account of the mysteries attributed to Plato. In vain we ask this time for a reference; we must take it on trust we suppose, *but* it does not sound like Plato. We would, however, commend to the notice of all Plato students the reference to *Parmenides* 141E,§ cited as a proof that "those philosophers never conceived of the one as an animate nature." Readers of the *Timaeus* will enjoy Madame Blavatsky's most original interpretation of the difficult passage which tells how the Creator in creating the world-soul joined the two parts together in the form of a χ, thus forming the circles of the Same and the Other. "If we fancy a man with arms and legs naturally extended at the same angle, by backing him against the circle that symbolizes his prior shape as a spirit, he would have the very figure described by Plato, the X cross within the circle."‖ Comment is surely needless here, and we abstain.

Space forbids us to tell of the account of the soul,¶ given by Aristotle in *De Generatione et Corruptione* (one of the physical treatises). Of many strange etymologies, though, we cannot pass over that of νοῦς, which comes from the Egyptian *Nout* = one only one. This suggests to our minds another interpretation of the word, for

* *Isis*, vol. ii. p. 16.
† *Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 8.
‡ p. xiv.
§ p. xviii.
‖ *Isis*, vol. ii. p. 469.
¶ *Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 319.

which the Hermetic Society is responsible. There we were shown the mystic connection between νοῦς and Noah!

But strange as Madame Blavatsky's notes and references are, she does here and there afford us a hint as to the sources whence she obtained this strange medley. On p. 7 we read, "Even Plato and Philo Judaeus have been accused by many a commentator of absurd inconsistencies."* Why this strange coupling of Plato, who lived in the fourth century B.C., with the Alexandrian Jew who flourished in the first century A.D.? Elsewhere "The philosophy of Plato, we are assured by Porphyry of the Neo-Platonic school, was taught and illustrated by the Mysteries."† It is superfluous, in face of all the extant evidence concerning the teaching of the Academy, which was of a severely dialectical character, to trouble to refute this statement, but we wish to call attention to the source whence it is derived. It is true that Plato often alludes to the mysteries in his dialogues, and a favourite distinction of his is between the initiated, *i.e.* the idealists, and the uninitiated, *i.e.* the materialists; but he explains his position clearly enough in the *Phaedo*, where he makes Sokrates say:

> For many, as they say in the Mysteries, are the thyrsus-bearers, but few are the mystics, meaning, as I understand, the true philosophers—in the number of whom, during my whole life, I have been seeking, according to my ability, to find a place.

But Sokrates was not initiated—at least so one passage in *Isis* assures us, while another asserts that he was put to death for revealing the mysteries. Of all the curious passages which refer to Sokrates, we select for the benefit of our readers one that could not well be surpassed.

> The accusations of atheism, the introduction of foreign deities, and corruption of the Athenian youth, which were made against Sokrates, afforded ample justification for Plato to conceal the arcane preaching of his doctrines. Doubtless the peculiar diction or "jargon" of the Alchemists was employed for a like purpose. The dungeon, the rack, and the fagot were employed without scruple by Christians of every shade, the Roman Catholics especially, against all who taught even natural science contrary to the theories entertained by the Church. Pope Gregory the Great even inhibited the grammatical use of Latin as heathenish. The offence of Sokrates consisted in unfolding to his disciples the arcane doctrine concerning the gods, which was taught in the mysteries, and was a capital crime. *He also was charged by Aristophanes with introducing the new god Dinos into the republic as the Demiurgos or artificer and the lord of the solar universe.* The Heliocentric system was also a doctrine of the Mysteries, and hence when Aristarchus the Pythagorean taught it openly, Cleanthes declared that the Greeks ought to have called him to account and condemned him for blasphemy against the gods.‡

This curious paragraph, which ought to afford much assistance to the next commentator of Aristophanes's *Clouds*, and which, we may add, throws an interesting light on the real offence of Galileo, is not by Madame Blavatsky. It is printed in quotation marks,

* *Isis*, vol. i. p. 7. † *Ibid.*, vol. i. p. xii.
‡ *Ibid.*, vol. i. p. xii.

and when we eagerly look to the end, to learn the author, we find the venerable name of Plutarch. We ought, indeed, to be grateful to the author of *Isis* for enabling us to read Plutarch's criticisms on Christianity. Such occult lore is allowed to but few mortals. Surely we may be pardoned the reflection that if the Mahatmas really had a hand in the compilation, we cannot say much for their editorial powers; and we would advise them, on a future occasion, to have their references supplied by a Western hand.

Still, without dealing any further with the many falsified statements, we are in a position to say that nearly all that in these volumes is set down to Plato is based on Neo-Platonism. Now Neo-Platonism, which originated in Alexandria about 250 A.D., attempted confessedly to construct a universal philosophy out of Eastern and Western materials. It is true the Neo-Platonists adopted much of Plato's teaching, but inasmuch as they disregarded the dialectic process on which Plato lays so much stress, and sought direct inspiration unaided by the light of reason, they were no true followers of Plato. Rather they utilized such portions as they pleased of his writings, notably his myths, and mingled them with Stoic doctrines and the Eastern teaching which in the second and third centuries A.D. met the Western at Alexandria.

They occupied themselves with Pythagoras as well as with Plato, and wrote lives of that philosopher which increased in circumstantial detail in direct proportion to the number of years that had elapsed since the death of Pythagoras. At this time, too, were written most of the Pythagorean fragments, whence, according to the author of *Isis*, Plato borrowed so much of his philosophy.

The Neo-Platonists wrote large masses of commentary on Plato, the chief feature of which was the attempt to give a mythical meaning, not only to the myths, but also to the actual body of the dialogues, and even the arid dialectic of the *Parmenides* would call forth such a comment as the following:—

> Theologists at one time considered this communion of the gods in divinities coordinate with each other; and then they called it the marriage of Jupiter and Juno, of Heaven and Earth, of Saturn and Rhea: but at another time they considered it as subsisting between subordinate and superior divinities; and then they called it the marriage of Jupiter and Ceres: but at another time, on the contrary, they beheld it as subsisting between superior and subordinate divinities, and then they called it the marriage of Jupiter and Proserpine.*

and so on.

Surely we need make no further appeal to our readers to believe that there is not a single fact or reference in the two volumes

* Th. Taylor's *Eleusinian and Bacchic Mysteries*, p. 182.

of *Isis Unveiled*, that they may venture to take on trust. Is it not time that we refused to give a serious hearing to a confused mass of quotations drawn from sources with which the author proves herself absolutely unacquainted? May we not ask for a little more accuracy and scholarship before we are called on to throw to the winds all our old beliefs or philosophies in favour of this wonderful new religion or philosophy, or science, whichever it prefers to call itself? And, finally, may we not call on the Theosophists themselves to regard the beautiful Indian maxim culled by us from the pages of *Isis* itself?

"One must study to know, know to understand, understand to judge."

ALICE ZIMMERN.

CELTS AND TEUTONS IN IRELAND.

THOSE who have read Green's *Making of England* will recollect how he traces the gradual progress of the Saxon conquest; how, up to the end of the sixth century, the Saxon invaders dispossessed the Britons, who, on being defeated, drew back; how, after that date, the conquered were left, and remained mingled with the conquerors; and how, at the beginning of the ninth century, Britain, as a nation, had passed away—four detached peoples of the old British race remaining subject to the Saxon invaders under Egbert, first King of England.

We know how the Danes and Normans, Teutonic races of kin to the Saxons, followed in due course; how, of the four detached peoples, the Cornish and Cumbrian Britons have been absorbed, the Welsh and Scotch Highlanders alone retaining their language —an evidence that the fusion of the Celtic and Teutonic peoples in Great Britain, though in progress for more than fourteen centuries, is not yet completed. Besides these principal sources of our population, other smaller streams of immigrants have contributed, and continue to contribute, to the modern English race: one has only to notice the names over shop windows in our great towns, to estimate from what various origins our children will draw their blood. But while the English people is thus mingled in blood, the political and social structure of the nation remains purely Teutonic; to quote Green: "The firm English groundwork which had been laid by the character of the conquest has never been disturbed; gathered gradually in, tribe by tribe, fugitive by fugitive, mere outer elements were quietly absorbed into a people whose social and political form was already fixed." This process of absorption, though never entirely interrupted, and only occasionally checked, has been different in different parts of our islands; this has especially been the case in Ireland, where it is less advanced than in England or Scotland. I would propose, in what follows, to point out some incidents in Irish history illustrating it, believing that race antagonisms underlie some of the questions of the day. The inhabitants of Ireland before the end of the eighth century were practically a Celtic people; there are more or less distinct

records of several invasions, the latest being that of the Scoti or Milesians, according to some writers a Teutonic tribe; but they had become absorbed and assimilated by the more numerous Celts, though retaining dominion over them. The Teutonic immigration, which has never since ceased, began at the end of the eighth century, when Northmen first appeared on the coasts of Ireland, shortly after followed by Danes.

Danish settlements were formed at the principal seaports, and for a time the whole island was held in subjection by them; this was brought to an end by their defeat at the battle of Clontarf in 1014, when the native Irish recovered their independence. Some of the Danish settlements retained a separate political existence until the Anglo-Norman invasion, after which they became absorbed by the Anglo-Irish of the Pale.

After the war which closed the Danish dominion, we hear of many Danes being held in bondage, their descendants becoming merged in the race of their conquerors; for we are told of a mixed race known as foreign Irish, the result of intermarriages between Irish and Danes.

In 1169 Norman invaders first set foot in Ireland, followed shortly by Henry II., who, in 1171, received the submission of Roderick O'Connor, King of Ireland. Henry introduced the feudal system, organized a government on the English model, set up the Royal Courts of Bench, Plea, and Exchequer; but decreeing that the English law should only be for his English subjects, not interfering with the natives, who continued to use Brehon law.

The principal chieftans made their submission to the King of England, but, though they and their successors repudiated it from time to time as suited their convenience, no one after Roderick O'Connor assumed the title of Ard-Righ, or head king of Ireland.

Henry II. made large grants of lands to his followers, and in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the whole island was parcelled out among a few individuals, who, nominally vassals of the Crown, were, in fact, independent princes.

For a time it appeared as if Ireland might have become gradually subjected to the feudal system; but the weakness of the English Government, and the dissensions of the Barons, led to the decay which was hastened by the invasion of Edward Bruce in 1315. The necessities of the feudatories of the Crown led them to employ Irish gallow-glasses, as less costly than English soldiers; they adopted the Irish system of "coigne and livery," *i.e.*, quartering their followers on the country. Intercourse with the Irish led to alliances and intermarriage, and to the adoption of the Irish language and customs; it was in vain that numerous statutes were passed to restrain the degeneracy of the Anglo-Irish, who,

according to the well-known phrase, became "ipsis Hibernis Hiberniores."

In the conquest of England by the Saxons, the Britons were driven off from the eastern half of England, and remained subject, but distinct, in the western, and between them a mixed race. The case was different in Ireland: the invaders occupied the flat country, the original inhabitants retired into the mountains and bogs, keeping their tribal organization unbroken; the districts occupied by each race being intermixed, owing to the geographical configuration of the country; besides which, the districts occupied by the English were, with some few exceptions, sparsely populated by colonists; they had never been altogether abandoned by their original inhabitants, who, in many instances, resumed possession of them as the English power decayed, large numbers of the colonists returning to England.

This state of things reached its height towards the end of the fifteenth century, when the English pale was confined to the neighbourhood of Dublin, tribute being paid by the English government to purchase peace in adjoining counties, the walled towns obtaining protection by the payment of an annual cess to the chieftains of neighbouring septs. The termination of the Wars of the Roses enabled the English Government to give greater attention to Irish affairs, and to recover lost ground.

A state of warfare, with few intervals of peace, continued to the end of the reign of Elizabeth, when the power of the Irish was completely broken. There were times when the authority of Government was confined to the neighbourhood of Dublin, but, on the whole, the English pale was extending and growing in prosperity.

Henry VIII. adopted a policy of conciliation towards the Irish chieftains, hoping by "sober ways, politic drifts, and amiable persuasions" to draw them to appreciate English laws and manners; and at a Parliament, in which they sat by the side of English lords, a bill was passed conferring on Henry and his successors the title of King instead of Lord of Ireland. In this Parliament Ormonde acted as interpreter, translating the proceedings into Irish, to the "great contentation of those lords who could not understand English."

In 1586, Parliament was attended by peers of both races, and Irish chiefs returned to the House of Commons were "persuaded to adopt English dress for the occasion." It was in this period that schemes of "plantations" were first entertained: the Irish districts of Leix and Offaly were made into King's and Queen's Counties, and planted with English colonists; the suppression of Desmond's rebellion was followed by a proposal to "plant"

Munster; English adventurers received grants of land, on the undertaking to plant them with English farmers and artificers; but these projects were uniformly failures, settlers did not come over in sufficient numbers, many returned to England, the "undertakers" did not keep to their engagements, and took Irishmen as tenants; the poor remainder of the old population which had survived the desolation of the preceding wars, and the famine which followed them, gradually entered again into possession of the soil.

Until the end of the sixteenth century the Reformation had little effect on the affairs of Ireland: the English lords and Irish chieftains accepted, without scruple, from Henry VIII., the confiscated property of the monasteries; Parliament accepted and confirmed the Act of Supremacy. At the accession of Mary and of Elizabeth those who filled State offices took their religion from the Crown; some of the bishops were equally complaisant; the mass of the people remained unaffected by the change. Towards the end of the reign of Elizabeth circumstances forced the Government to associate politics with religion, and from henceforth what had been a war of races became a war of religions; legislation was directed, not against the "Irishman," but against the "Papist."

James I. was determined to abolish the Brehon law, royal commissioners were appointed to carry this out; in all the shires formally recognized, provision was made for the judges going circuit; and by a judgment of the King's Bench, it was decided that land was only descendible according to the limitations of English law.

By the attainder of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, six counties in Ulster were held to be escheated to the Crown, and an opportunity was given for a great plantation of English and Scotch settlers. Care was taken to avoid the mistakes made in former plantations; the Irish gentry and their followers were removed into the "lean lands," others were transplanted into Munster, and some were induced to enlist in foreign armies; the "fat lands," about a fifth, being divided between new settlers from England and Scotland: the King's object being to introduce a thoroughly Protestant and anti-Irish element, which should dominate Roman Catholics and natives. A Commission, appointed not long after, reported the scheme to be successful; nevertheless it was never carried out entirely—it was found necessary to employ the natives as labourers, and others were taken as tenants by the planters.

In other parts of the country, where no rebellion gave a pretext for confiscation, a Commission was appointed to inquire into defective titles, the occupation of lands for 300 years being held to be

no bar against grants made by the Plantagenet kings. Many thousands of acres were, under one pretext or another, held to be vested in the Crown, and available for plantation; the general result of this policy being to flood the country with English and Scotch adventurers. In 1641 a general attempt was made to expel the settlers, and large numbers of them were massacred. This was shortly followed by the civil war consequent on the contest between the King and Parliament; the whole of Ireland being overrun by four armies, each hostile to the others. This was terminated by Cromwell's invasion and conquest, the country being in a most deplorable condition; a third of the population had perished, or been driven into exile, and the land was utterly desolate. Cromwell declared the whole of Ireland to be forfeit, and held it liable for the pay of his soldiers, and for war loans raised from adventurers. Parliament passed an ordinance for the settling of Ireland. The landowners of Ulster, Leinster, and Munster were banished to Connaught and Clare, which were parcelled out among them. The land of the three provinces was divided by lot among the soldiers and adventurers, who were put in possession of it; but this plantation, like the preceding ones, was a failure—it was necessary to allow labourers and artificers to remain, the soldiers intermarried with the natives, and, forty years after the conquest, numbers of their children could not speak English.

At the Restoration a general scheme of settlement of the land was adopted, based on the recognition of the new owners; in some special cases only, the former possessors recovered their lands.

James II.'s Irish Parliament passed an Act reinstating the original possessors; this was reversed at his overthrow, and the Restoration settlement confirmed, except as regarded those who had sided with James II., who had to part with some of their lands for the benefit of William's generals.

This closed the era of confiscation and systematic colonization.

The fortune of war and religious proscription reduced the amount of land in the hands of Roman Catholics, who were generally of Celtic or Anglo-Norman descent, to less than one-seventh. Many took service in foreign armies, it being estimated that 450,000 Irishmen died in the service of France between 1691 and 1745; but if France gained at the expense of Ireland the military services of her sons, Ireland obtained at the expense of France a valuable addition to her population in a share of the great Huguenot emigration. In one respect the French refugees may have had an unfortunate influence on Irish politics; for it is most probable that their experiences, if not their counsels, contributed to the passing of the penal laws, which Hallam describes as "perhaps not less severe and sanguinary than those which oppressed

the Protestants in France ; but in their administration what a contrast between the government of George II. and Louis XV., between the gentleness of an English Court of King's Bench and the ferocity of the parliaments of Aix and Toulouse."

The failure of the penal laws to effect their object tended to cause a complete fusion between the Celts and the descendants of the first English settlers ; but to separate them from those of the more recent immigration. Not that the separation was complete, for it was estimated in 1738 that a thousand Roman Catholic families, chiefly of the upper and middle classes, had become Protestants ; while, on the other hand, intermarriage and other causes have continued, from the days of Cromwell up to the present, to cause Protestants of English descent to become Roman Catholics.

The Legislative Union has had an indirect effect on the fusion of the races : as the penal laws tended to keep them apart, so the removal of religious disabilities by the Imperial Parliament has helped to bring them together ; closer contact, the decay of the Celtic language,* and, above all, national education, all conducing to this end.

It has been observed that there is in all countries a tendency for subject races to absorb and supplant those above them : this is noticeable all through Irish history, but the process has been interfered with by the constant immigration of Englishmen ; a force which is at work in our own day ; each decennial census since 1841 showing a slightly larger proportion of the inhabitants of Ireland to have been born in Great Britain, the proportion in 1881 being 1·77 per cent. The emigration from Ireland has operated in the same direction of a gradual strengthening of the Teutonic element in the population ; that following the wars of the seventeenth century was principally Celtic ; in the eighteenth century there was a considerable Teutonic emigration from Ulster ; the great emigration which set in after the famine of 1845–6–7 has been of a mixed character ; but, on the whole, the Celts have been the greatest losers, the census showing that during the twenty years 1861–81 the number of emigrants was at the following rate per 1,000 in the different provinces, Munster 18·2, Ulster 12·7, Connaught 12·2, Leinster 10·2 ; Munster and Connaught being the most Celtic provinces, Ulster the least so.

The recent extension of the franchise affords a means, through the names on the register of voters, of ascertaining at least approximately the proportion of races in our population ; a single name is not reliable as a proof of origin, but when a conclusion, drawn

* The census returns show the number of those who spoke Irish only, to have been in 1861, 163,275 ; 1871, 103,562 ; 1881, 64,167.

from a large number of names, is confirmed by history, it may be accepted as sound.

This can be done more easily in some counties than others, the Co. Wexford affording special facilities for this purpose; its population being only slightly mixed by recent immigration (the census of 1881 showing that 93·47 of its inhabitants were natives), and its history being marked by distinct epochs; so the result of an examination of the names of the register of voters is given with a sketch of its history.

The MacMurroughs, Kings of Leinster, had their seat at Ferns, in its centre. There were Danish settlements at Wexford in the south-east, and near New Ross in the south-west. The first Norman invaders of Ireland landed in the south of the county, the whole of which was nominally divided among them, but only the southern baronies (the Irish barony is the same as the English hundred) were colonized by them; this being done more thoroughly than in the greater part of Ireland outside the plantation of Ulster. At the decline of the English power in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the MacMurroughs regained their dominion. In the sixteenth century proprietors of Irish blood acquired English titles to their lands in the northern baronies; in the seventeenth century James I.'s lawyers found defects in these titles, and 66,800 acres were declared to be vested in the King; over one-fourth of the "fat lands" was planted with English settlers, the remainder being left with their original occupiers. At the Cromwellian settlement this county was amongst those given as an additional security for the pay of the soldiers of the Commonwealth.

The result of an examination of the register of voters is in accordance with what might be expected from this historical sketch.

Teutonic names predominate in the southern baronies, to the extent of over 84 per cent. in Forth and Bargy; Celtic names being in excess in other parts, but nowhere do they exceed Teutonic names by more than a little over 35 per cent. There is an exception to this Celtic majority in the neighbourhood of Gorey, where the descendants of James I.'s planters contribute to a Teutonic majority of over 11 per cent.

The total number of voters on the register of 1885 was 19,348, of whom 9,681 bore Teutonic, and 9,667 Celtic names.

The end of the seventeenth century found the Celts and the descendants of the first English settlers, with few exceptions, at the bottom of the social scale; since then they have been steadily rising. Their advance was at first slow, being retarded by the action of the Penal Laws; since the removal of religious disabilities, and the extension of education, it has been rapid, as shown by the figures of the census. But this brings them under Teutonic influence in

another form than was contemplated by Green, when in the *Making of England* he says, "the outer elements of the English people were absorbed with a people whose *social* and *political* form was already fixed"; education brings them under the influence of English thought, conveyed through the thousand channels of the written English tongue.

Recent political changes have placed political power in the hands of the masses, of whom twenty-five per cent. voted as "illiterate" at recent elections. Being the ignorant depositaries of the traditions of past conflicts and of inextinguished hatreds, they have given ready credence to demagogues, who trade on their ignorance and their prejudices. It suits the purposes of their leaders to disclaim an intention of separation of Ireland from England; but the title of "Nationalist" alone connects them inseparably with the aspirations of the rebels of 1798, with James II.'s Irish Parliament, with the national and ultramontane factions of the confederates of Kilkenny, with the rising of 1641, and with the many futile attempts to expel the English from Ireland. This cause has been repeatedly defeated, and each century of connection between Ireland and England makes their separation the more impossible—as impossible as that an individual Irishman should, by a process of vivisection, drain out the proportion of Teutonic blood which assuredly runs in his veins, however Celtic his patronymic may be.

The history of the past makes it conclusive to every educated Irishman that the only hope for the future of his race lies in its fusion in the great mixed race making up the English people, bringing with it equal fellowship and full participation in all its glorious heritage.

Appendix.

The Celtic names which occur most frequently in the County Wexford are, Murphy, Kavanagh, Kinsella, Keogh, O'Brien, O'Connor, Nolan, and Byrne.

Murphy is the Anglicised form of MacMurrough, the old regal family of Leinster. On the death of Dermot MacMurrough, the last acknowledged King of Leinster, his rights, by English law, passed to his only surviving legitimate child, Eva, wife of Richard de Clare, Earl of Pembroke, known as Strongbow. The legitimate male line was continued in the descendants of Dermot's brother Morrogh, who continue to hold lands in North Wexford. This name is by far the most numerous in the county, and is found in every part of it.

Kavanagh, Cavanagh.—Descendants of Donell Cavanagh, illegitimate son of Dermot MacMurrough. According to Irish custom, he and his descendants were successively elected to

the regal dignity, the powers of which they in some measure enjoyed until 1550, when the title of MacMurrough was formally surrendered to the Crown.

Kinsella, Kinsellah, Kinselah.—Descendants of an illegitimate brother of Dermot MacMurrough. This family is distinct from that which gave the name of Hy Kinsella to South Wexford, where the name is now rare.

Keough, Keogh, Kehoe.—The chiefs of this sept were hereditary bards of the Kings of Leinster.

O'Brien, Brien, Brian, Bryan, O'Bryan.—Descendants of a Wexford family of MacBrien, not connected with the royal clan of Munster.

O'Connor, Connors, Connor.—Descendants of the Sept of O'Connor Faley, whose territories were in the modern counties of King's and Queen's Counties, and Kildare, not connected with the royal clan of Connaught.

Nolan, Nowlan.—A Carlow sept, whose chiefs acted as King's Marshals at the inauguration of the Kings of Leinster.

Byrne.—The great Wicklow sept, who with the O'Tooles in old days frequently ravaged the Pale up to the walls of Dublin.

After Murphy, the name of Doyle occurs most frequently in the County Wexford, and is found in every part of it. There is some question as to the origin of this name; some deriving it from O'Doyle, a Carlow family of Celtic origin. It is, however, highly probable that the Wexford Doyles are of Danish descent, and that their name is a corruption of Dubhgall, *i.e.* the black stranger, the name given by the Irish to Danes. Joyce, in his *Origin of Irish Names of Places*, derives Baldoyle from Baile Dubh Ghoill, *i.e.* the town of the black Gall, or Dane.

Redmond, Sinnott, Furlong, and Roche, are the names which occur most frequently among the descendants of the English invaders of the twelfth century.

The planters in the seventeenth century would appear to have been principally English; Welsh names, however, being not uncommon among their descendants. Scotch names are comparatively rare in the county, and are probably of recent introduction.

COURTOWN.

INDIA AND THIBET.

When drawing an outline in these pages, some while ago, of the relations between China and her vassal states,* I took occasion to note that the outbreak of a quarrel between Nepaul and Thibet had drawn fresh attention, in India, to the Himalayan frontier, and had revived the desire to open up intercourse across it which had inspired Warren Hastings' policy, but which had practically lapsed with his withdrawal from the scene. That desire found expression, a few months later, in the despatch of Mr. Macaulay to the Thibetan frontier; in a subsequent visit by him to Peking; and in the preparation of a Mission which has been temporarily defeated, but which will be surely renewed under more favourable auspices. The interval seems opportune for reviewing the story of our previous intercourse, and of the negotiations which have been temporarily suspended.

There may not, at a first glance, seem any necessary connection between the constitution of Thibet and the problem of commercial intercourse with its inhabitants. That constitution is, however, so peculiar, that some perception of it is essential if we would realise the position. The great reform in Thibetan Buddhism out of which it has been developed is, of course, familiar to students of Eastern literature; but a few words of recapitulation will not be out of place, to clear the ground for the general reader.

Not only had the Buddhism practised in Thibet become strongly tainted, in the fourteenth century, with the heresies that had corrupted its purity in India; but "both the people and their native sovereigns were dominated by an hereditary priesthood, who had engrafted on the Buddhist doctrine of monasticism and celibacy a supplementary religious code, in which Brahminical ideas were distinctly apparent."† To rectify these abuses, and advocate a return to the earlier and purer doctrines of the faith, there arose, about the beginning of the fifteenth century, a young priest named Tsung Kaba, who, issuing from an obscure monastery on the confines of China and Thibet, witnessed during his lifetime the complete overthrow of the influence of the Ssakia priesthood, and

* "China and her Tributaries," *The National Review*, July 1884.

† *Illustrations of the Lamaist system in Thibet.* By W. F. Mayers.

the substitution of his own doctrines for those hitherto in vogue. So great, indeed, was his success that he was able, at his death, to bequeath his influence to his two principal disciples—called respectively the Dalai Lama and Panshen Lama—whose successors have come to be hierarchs of Thibet; and not only so, but the belief has come to prevail that the soul of Tsung Kaba himself passed into the former, "and that the imperishable spirits of both are born and reborn again into the world in perpetual succession."* Hence the well-known fact that, as soon as either dies, search is made to discover the child into whose body the spirit has passed; and that child becomes Dalai or Panshen Lama, keeping up the continuity of the succession. It is necessary to keep in mind these well-known features of the Thibetan creed, in order to explain the origin of the dual government which has been founded on the religious conception.

The revolution out of which that Government was finally elaborated, occurred in 1746. Native sovereigns, owing fealty to China, had still held a more or less nominal sway over Thibet up to that time; but a revolt which broke out in the middle of the eighteenth century led to their complete abolition, and to the placing of the entire government in the hands of the Dalai Lama, under the supreme control of two Chinese Residents (called Amban), who became in reality Regents of Thibet. It was, perhaps, natural that to the senior of the two hierarchs should fall the greater share of influence under the new arrangement; but neither was the other ignored; for, while to the Dalai Lama was allotted the temporal power, to the Panshen Lama was confided the maintenance of the purity of religion. And so, while the former resides in the capital, Lhassa, in the province of U, the latter dwells at the monastery of Teshu Lumbo, near Shigatze, in the province of Tsang.

Such then were the conditions which Warren Hastings found existing when he first endeavoured, in 1774, to open up intercourse with Thibet; and we may go on now to review the story of that pioneer mission, as Mr. Markham† has told it in his introduction to the journal of its enterprising chief.

* I have relied on Mr. Mayers' interesting paper in sketching this account of the remarkable dual papacy which governs Thibet. A highly-wrought description of Tsung Kaba's birth and noviciate, and of the tree which grew from his hair, will be found in the Abbé Huc's sparkling pages—he and M. Gabet having stayed some months at the monastery founded on the spot. Huc seems rather to confuse the attributes of the Panshen Lama with those of an official called Nomen Khan, whom he speaks of as "Spiritual Emperor." But this is one of the mistakes he makes when trying to define a system of polity he failed to clearly fathom during his short stay in the country.

† *Narrative of the Mission of Bogle to Thibet, &c.*, with Introduction by Clements R Markham. London, 1876.

The Himalayan States, in the last century, were far from being so peaceful as at the present day. About the year 1770, especially, they seem to have been in a general turmoil. The Goorkhas, under Prithi Narayan, had just conquered Nepaul; while the little State of Sikhim, crushed between that country and Bhootan, was worried alternately by both. The immediate origin of the episode with which we are now concerned was an invasion of Kooch Behar, in 1772, by a Bhootanese chief named Deb Judhur. The Rajah appealed to Calcutta for help, and Hastings despatched a small force under Captain Jones, which drove the Bhootanese back to their hills and forced them to sue for peace. The Teshu Lama hereupon wrote a letter of intercession on their behalf, which gave an opening for further negotiations. The misconduct of the Deb was admitted; "but I now," wrote the Lama, "take upon myself to be his mediator, and to represent to you that he is dependent on the Dalai Lama who rules this country," and who would be annoyed if the campaign against him were pressed. With far-sighted statesmanship, Hastings at once acquiesced; and, having thus gratified the Lama, proceeded to follow up the step he had gained. He came to terms with the Deb, and despatched a young civil servant named Bogle, accompanied only by Dr. Hamilton and one Purungir Gosain, to visit the Teshu Lama and open up commercial relations, if possible, with Thibet. Bogle set out in 1774, travelling by way of Kooch Behar to Tassisudon, the capital of Bhootan; concluded a satisfactory agreement with the Deb; and pursued his journey into Thibet by way of Parijong, in the autumn of the same year. It was, as we have seen, to the Teshu Lama that he was accredited; but news of his approach was, of course, communicated by the latter to Lhassa, the political capital of the country. The Dalai Lama was at the time a child, and the government in the hands of a regent, who seems to have assumed an attitude unfriendly to the mission—so much so that the Teshu Lama wrote, in deference to his wish, desiring that it would return to India. Bogle, however, persisting in his object, the Teshu Lama wrote again to Lhassa, representing that the English had stayed hostilities against Bhootan at his request; and the Regent then consented to his reception, but refused to allow him to come to Lhassa, and neglected to answer his letters, though he received his servants and accepted some trifling presents. The Teshu Lama, however, who was staying at the time at Desheripgay, on the north of the Tsanpo, received him in a most friendly manner, and took him back to Teshu Lumbo, where quarters were given him in the monastery and every consideration was shown him. A very cordial personal friendship, in fact, sprang up between Bogle and his host; so much so that something nearer

akin to grief than to regret seems to have been felt at parting, and hopes were expressed on both sides of meeting again.* No great political progress was, however, made, owing to the jealousy of the Regent, whom Bogle seems to have thought under the influence of the Chinese Residents, but of whom the Teshu Lama said that he was narrow-minded, and that more could probably be done in a year or two, when the Dalai Lama would assume the reins of power. "You know," he said, in bidding Bogle good-bye, "what difficulty I had about your coming into the country, and how I had to struggle with the jealousy of Gesub Rimboché and the people at Lhassa. Even now they are uneasy at my having kept you so long. I am in hopes my letter to the Lama will have a good effect in removing this jealousy, and I expect in a year or two that the government of the country will be in the Dalai Lama's hands, when I will inform the Governor, and he may then send an Englishman to me and to the Dalai Lama." Communications had, however, he added, better pass through native hands in the meantime.

Bogle returned to India in 1775, and was about to set out on a fresh mission to Thibet in 1777, when news came that the Teshu Lama had been summoned to Peking. It was hoped that even this diversion might turn out advantageously, as it was arranged that Bogle should meet his friend at the Chinese capital, and return with him possibly to Lhassa; but a double calamity came to defeat that purpose. The Lama died at Peking† in November 1780, and Bogle died at Calcutta in April 1781.

The check was regrettable, but Hastings was not easily discouraged. News reached Calcutta in 1782 that the infant reembodiment of the Teshu Lama had been discovered; and he thereon despatched Captain Turner to congratulate the new Lama, and renew the previous friendly intercourse. Following Bogle's route across Bhootan, Turner reached Teshu Lumbo in September 1783. He found the late Lama's brother acting as regent, and experienced from him a very friendly reception. He was allowed an interview with the infant Lama, who impressed him

* "Teshu Lama repeated his concern at my departure, the satisfaction he had received in being informed of the customs of Europe, and concluded with many wishes for my prosperity, and that he would not fail to pray to heaven on my behalf. He spoke all this in a manner and with a look very different from the studied and formal compliments of Hindustan. I never could resign myself to taking a last leave of anybody; and what from the Lama's pleasant and amiable character, what from the many favours and civilities he had shown me, I could not help being particularly affected. He observed it, and, in order to cheer me, mentioned his hope of seeing me again. He threw a handkerchief about my neck, put his hand upon my head, and I retired."—*Bogle's Journal.*

† The Lama seems to have been accompanied to Peking by Purungir Gosain, who stayed for a time afterwards at Teshu Lumbo with the Regent, and was eventually dismissed with most friendly messages.

by an intelligence and dignity of bearing which almost seem to confirm the assurance of the Thibetans that he could understand everything, though he could not yet speak ! * and returned to India at the end of the year.

This was, however, destined to be the last chapter of the volume which Hastings had so cleverly opened. His career as Governor of India closed in 1785, and with his departure the whole scheme of border policy which he had inaugurated collapsed. Boiling over still, apparently, with the turbulence which had impelled them to the conquest of Nepaul, the Goorkhas determined, in 1792, to proceed to an invasion of Thibet. The excuse was some question of debased currency; the real motive, apparently, a desire to possess themselves of riches stored in Teshu Lumbo, about which their imagination had been fired by the tales of a refugee monk. The Goorkha army, 18,000 strong, marched from Khatmandu to Teshu Lumbo with extraordinary rapidity, and took and sacked the palace without meeting any resistance. The Regent fled to Lhassa with the young Lama, and despatched urgent entreaties for help to Peking. The Chinese sent an envoy to demand restitution, and, on receipt of a defiant reply, despatched an army of 70,000 men under General Sun Fo to punish the invaders. The General seems to have acted with remarkable energy. He defeated the Goorkha army in a pitched battle, overtook and defeated them again at the entrance to the passes, and followed them into Nepaul. The fugitives rallied twenty miles from their capital, but Sun Fo gained another decisive victory, which closed the campaign, in September of the same year.† The Nepaulese had to restore their plunder, and to promise to send an embassy with tribute to Peking every five years.

British policy, throughout the entire episode, seems to have been pitiably weak. We might, as Mr. Markham suggests,‡ have endeavoured to control the Goorkhas at the outset, thus earning the gratitude of Thibet and obviating the Chinese expedition which entailed the subsequent isolation. But Lord Cornwallis did nothing. To an appeal from the Nepaulese for help, he replied that we were too much interested in commerce with the Chinese to oppose them; but offered mediation, and made a similar pro-

* *An Account of an Embassy to the Court of the Teshu Lama in Thibet.* By Captain Samuel Turner.

† It is curious to note that the Chinese general had with him leathern artillery, which, although it only stood some half-dozen rounds and then burst, served him admirably in the mountains from its portability. During this last battle it is reported that he fired his guns into his own army from the rear, to drive them against the Nepaulese! His losses, both on this occasion and throughout the whole march through the snowy range, were fearful, but his numbers carried him through.

‡ *Narrative of Bogle's Mission*, Introduction, &c., *ut supra*.

posal in reply to a letter from the Dalai Lama acquainting him with the Chinese victory. He did actually send Colonel Kirkpatrick to Khatmandu with this object, but the Chinese general had already settled matters his own way; he had closed the passes into Thibet against natives of India, and closed they have remained to the present day. The opportunity was missed. "We had lost all the fruits of Hastings' policy, together with the friendship of the Lamas; we had excited the jealous suspicion of the Chinese, and the scorn of the Nepaulese."

And here the matter practically rested, till the occurrence, in 1884, of a fresh quarrel between Nepaul and Thibet called fresh attention to the subject. For nearly 100 years the prohibition imposed by the Chinese general had been maintained; and the Himalayas continued to be a social as well as a geographical barrier between India and Thibet. Intercourse of some sort was kept up, through the medium of the Himalayan States. Some Indian goods found their way into Thibet, and some Thibetan products filtered through into India; but the difficulties of transport and the weight of transit charges prevented any considerable trade, while the prejudices of the Lamas combined to direct that actually existing through Nepaul, instead of allowing it to pass along the shorter route through Sikhim. So rigidly was the exclusion enforced that it was thought a triumph of enterprise when certain Pundits,* trained by the Indian Geographical Department, succeeded in crossing the frontier under the guise of merchants, and obtaining some knowledge of the great Forbidden Land. Cooper's plucky attempts † to make his way across the frontier, both from China and Assam, and Prejevalsky's later experiments from the north, are familiar to us all. But to all these attempts the Yellow-robed followers of Tsung Kaba, who appear to have inherited the full influence of their Red-capped predecessors,‡ have opposed a successful resistance. And the Chinese, holding Thibet by a

* General Walker, late Surveyor-General of India, has recently done justice to the achievements of these gentlemen, in a paper entitled "Four Years' Journeyings through Great Thibet, &c.," read before the Royal Geographical Society in December 1884.

† *Travels of a Pioneer of Commerce in Pigtail and Petticoats.* By T. T. Cooper.

‡ The temptation is irresistible to quote, here, the exquisite bit of satire in which Bogle summarises the great Tsong-kaban reformation:—"It may be necessary to state that there are two sects of clergy in Thibet distinguished by, and classed under, the names of Yellow Caps and Red Caps. . . . In times of old there were violent disputes between them, in which the Yellow Caps got the victory, as well by the assistance of the Tartars as by their superior sanctity. But as I adhere to the tenets of this sect, and have acquired my knowledge of religion from its votaries, I will not here say much upon the subject lest it should be thought spiteful. I may be allowed, however, just to mention two things which must convince every unprejudiced person of the wicked lives and false doctrines of the Red Caps. In the first place many of the clergy marry; and in the next they persist, in opposition to religion and common sense, in wearing red caps."

loose tie, and caring chiefly for peace, have acquiesced in (if they did not inspire) a policy that was far from shocking their own instincts.

The time was, however, at hand when the selfishness and greed of these sectarians were to furnish a weapon against their own ascendancy. There is held every New Year, in Lhassa, a kind of carnival, during which the Ministers of State practically resign their duties into the hands of the great Lamaseries.* In 1884, the monks of the Debang Monastery, which seems one of the largest in the capital, took advantage of the opportunity to plunder certain Nepaulese traders to the extent, it was said, of half-a-million sterling. The Nepaulese Government demanded full restitution, which the Thibetans refused. Nepaul prepared for war; and the mediation of the Chinese Residents barely succeeded in effecting a compromise. About the same time, and with the idea possibly of closing the whole southern frontier under stress of Nepaulese threats, the Thibetans also stopped trade through Sikhim to Darjeeling; and the Government of Bengal thereupon deputed Mr. Colman Macaulay to visit the frontier and ascertain the real position of affairs.

It will serve to elucidate the position if we stay here, for a moment, to examine the position of Sikhim as a sort of disjunctive conjunction between India and Thibet, and the circumstances which have brought it into prominence in the recent negotiations.

There appear to be three principal passes into the section of Thibet which, driven down like a wedge between Sikhim and Bhootan, offers the readiest access from India to the interior. The southernmost (the Jeylep) lies nearest to Darjeeling; the Parijong, on the east, was traversed by Bogle on his way from Bhootan. It was part of Mr. Macaulay's mission to ascertain the possibility of making a road up the Lachen Valley to a third pass, called Kongralama, on the west; and it was here, seemingly, that he met the Governor of Kombajong, into whose district this third route gives outlet. It may be added that all three roads appear to concentrate on Gyantze, whence they again diverge—north-westward to Shigatze, the city of the Teshu Lama, and north-eastward to Lhassa, the capital city of Thibet.

* Huc confirms this abdication of the Executive Power. On the third day (he says) of the New Year, innumerable bands of Lamas from all the neighbouring monasteries rush into Lhassa, where they stay six days, the ostensible object being to visit the celebrated Morou Monastery. "Pendant ce temps les tribunaux sont fermés, le cours ordinaire de la justice est suspendu, les ministres et les fonctionaires publics perdent en quelque sorte leur autorité, et toute la puissance du Gouvernement est abandonnée à cette armée formidable de religieux bouddhistes." The result is great disorder, and occasional rioting and fighting.—*Souvenirs d'un Voyage dans le Thibet et la Tartarie*, Huc, vol. ii. cap. viii.

Wedged in between Nepaul on the one side, and Bhootan on the other, Sikhim sits astride the best road and the most natural line of communication between Darjeeling and Lhassa. Like its neighbours, its policy has always been closely dependent on that of Thibet. The Rajah, indeed, resides during six months of the year in Thibetan territory, passing only the remaining six in his own capital, Tumloong. Like its neighbours, also, Sikhim claimed authority, in days gone by, over a considerable tract of the fertile Himalayan slopes; but, like them, has been pushed back, and punished by successive confiscations for the raids which its subjects were wont to perpetrate on adjacent British territory. Darjeeling itself, with all the (then jungle-covered) hills now occupied by the great tea-gardens which contribute yearly increasing subsidies to the Indian crop, was once Sikhimese territory; though it had long passed under British administration when the ill-advised arrest, in 1850, of two Englishmen (Drs. Campbell and Hooker) who had ventured on an expedition into the mountains, led to the confiscation of the rental that had been so far paid. Even that lesson, however, and the withholding of 23,000 rupees which had been paid in annual compensation for some previously annexed territory, failed to restrain the marauding habits of the people; and a fresh expedition became necessary, eleven years later, which placed our relations with Sikhim on the present footing. That expedition, commanded by Colonel Gawler, and accompanied by Mr. Ashley Eden as special envoy, occupied Tumloong, and imposed a Treaty whose most important provisions were permission to English subjects to circulate freely through Sikhim, the encouragement of trade with India, reduction of the exorbitant transit dues which had been previously exacted on merchandize passing between India and Thibet, and the construction, to facilitate that trade, of the very road whose obstruction at the Jeylep Pass gave occasion for Mr. Macaulay's visit.

Once only, it would seem, since Hastings' day, had any meeting occurred between British and Thibetan officials, and that only incidentally, on the threshold of Thibet. The Rajah of Sikhim having taken occasion, in 1873, to visit the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, at Darjeeling, Mr. Edgar was deputed in the autumn to return the visit. The Rajah was then staying in Thibet, and Mr. Edgar offered to follow him thither; but the Governor of Parijong, who met him on the frontier, pleaded the Chinese interdict against intercourse. The impression left, however, on Mr. Edgar's mind—as with those who preceded and followed him—seems to have been that the Thibetans themselves were far from being indisposed to friendly intercourse; but the Governor, of

course, was bound by his instructions. The Rajah, who came into Sikhim to meet Mr. Edgar, concurred with his ministers in saying that the key of the situation was at Peking. Let a declaration be obtained from Peking that the obstacles now put in the way of intercourse were unauthorized, and the hands of our well-wishers would be strengthened to break down the barrier!

Like his predecessor, Mr. Macaulay experienced a friendly greeting; but he, equally with Mr. Edgar, encountered the *non-possumus* of political tradition. The Teshu Lama had died just before his visit, and nothing seemed more natural to the Thibetans than that Bogle's successor should ask about the re-embodiment of Bogle's friend; but not even these amenities could lessen the force of the interdict. The Regent sent a cordial reply to the letter which Mr. Macaulay despatched to him, and wrote to the Viceroy in equally friendly terms; but the solution of the frontier question was alleged to lie, now as formerly, at Peking. And to Peking, accordingly, it was resolved to turn. An effort should be made to take up the threads again where Warren Hastings had dropped them, and Mr. Macaulay was entrusted with the conduct of the negociations.

Fortunately for his chances of success, the ground was somewhat prepared on the Chinese as well as on the Thibetan side. The growing desire to penetrate Thibet, and open up intercourse with its people, had found an echo in the British Legation at Peking; and Sir Thomas Wade had taken the precaution, in negociating the Chefoo Convention of 1876, to append the following clause:—

Her Majesty's Government, having it in contemplation to send a mission of exploration next year by way of Peking through Kansuh and Kokonor or by way of Szechuen, to Thibet and thence to India, the Tsungli Yamen, having due regard to the circumstances, will, when the time arrives, issue the necessary passports, and will address letters to the High Provincial Authorities and to the Residents in Thibet. If the mission should not be sent by these routes, but should be proceeding across the Indian frontier to Thibet, the Tsungli Yamen, on receipt of a communication to that effect from the British Minister, will write to the Chinese Resident in Thibet; and the Resident, with due regard to the circumstances, will send officers to take due care of the mission, and passports for the mission will be issued by the Tsungli Yamen, that its passage be not obstructed.*

No step having yet been taken to make this clause available, it might perhaps have been held, in literal strictness, to have lapsed; but the delay in ratifying the Convention, caused by difficulties about the opium agreement, had no doubt something to do with the neglect; besides, we were on excellent terms with China, and had every reason to anticipate that our overtures would be well received. The ratification, therefore, of the Convention in the summer of 1885 having removed the last hitch in its validity,

* Special Clause attached to the Chefoo Convention of 1876.

and it having no doubt been ascertained by private inquiry that the way before him was fairly clear, Mr. Macaulay was sent to Peking in the autumn of that year, to obtain the sanction of the Chinese Government to the prosecution of the enterprise. An inkling of his purpose had, however, filtered through the Passes, and there had been time for the voice of Lhassa conservatism to make itself heard at the imperial capital. Mr. Macaulay found the Grand Secretary, Li Hung-chang, who had acted as plenipotentiary in negotiating the Convention, well disposed to forward his views; but the ministers of the Tsung-li Yamên were inclined to raise difficulties. A report had, they said, been received from the Chinese Resident at Lhassa, alleging that the Thibetan people were hostile to the project, and begging that the exclusion might be maintained: of what use would it be to issue passports in face of such opposition? The excuse is such a stereotyped one, where Chinese officials wish "not to do it," that a suspicion might have been justified as to the precise origin of the demurrer. The fact was, however, as we shall see hereafter, that the Senior Chinese Resident had been persuaded to play this card in the interest of the Lama faction; though neither the Chinese Government, presumably, nor Mr. Macaulay himself was aware at the time of the precise influences at work. The latter was able, however, from his experience, to urge a counter-statement that may have sufficed to give a hint of the position. While representations were being made from Lhassa to Peking that the Thibetans were hostile, the Thibetans had declared to him that it was China which was obstructive, and had shown him, at the frontier, a Chinese placard prohibiting intercourse! The Ministers at once denied responsibility for this device, and vindicated their own good faith by promising to give the passports sought, and to write to Lhassa that "the Mission was sent to establish relations of amity, to promote commercial intercourse between India and Thibet, and to be the bearer of messages of friendship and respect to the Dalai Lama, in all of which objects it had the concurrence and support of the Imperial Government."* The Resident was also instructed to issue proclamations at the frontier and elsewhere, to remove any suspicion that the Emperor was unfavourable to the entry of British subjects into Thibet. Everything appeared satisfactorily settled. It was resolved to defer the Mission till May, in order to allow ample time for communication with Lhassa; but every preparation was made to start at the time named.

The Lamas were not yet, however, at the end of their resources, and we were to have one more lesson in the frequency of slips between the cup and the lip. The *personnel* of the Embassy had

* Correspondence of the *Standard*, February 1886.

assembled at Darjeeling, and the intended presents been collected; everything was in readiness for a start, but there was unaccountable delay. Favourable reports were telegraphed from Darjeeling about its probable reception, but still it did not move; and then simultaneously, from Calcutta and from Peking, came rumours of a hitch. The Chinese, while expressing all good wishes for success, feared lest the constitution of the Mission should excite opposition; while from India came reports of terror among the Thibetans, and contemplated hostility.

Subsequent information, which has filtered through from both ends of the long line—across the Himalayas on the one side, and through China on the other—enable us to form a tolerably just estimate of what actually occurred. The report that negociations for the purpose of opening up relations between India and Thibet were being seriously revived gave rise, naturally, to much discussion in a capital where questions of foreign intercourse were usually narrowed to relations with the Suzerain Power or squabbles with Nepaul. It appears, so far as can be gathered from the means of information at our disposal, that the bulk of the laity, and a considerable number even of the Lamas, were in favour of the proposal; but a powerful section of the latter class—a section largely interested in trade, from which they succeed, at present, in extracting a maximum of profit*—were opposed to a change which threatened their monopoly; and the influence of the Lamas in the ecclesiastical centre of Buddhism is, it may be conceived, predominant. They resorted, as we have seen, to the stereotyped plan of causing it to be represented at Peking that the general feeling in Thibet was hostile to the project. The report seems to have been so contrary to fact, that the Junior Resident is said to have resigned rather than endorse it; but it had influence at Peking while uncontradicted, and genuine apprehension was felt there lest trouble should arise. Nor were we ourselves without blame. The organization of the Mission was too pretentious. It was to comprise, besides Mr. Macaulay, who of course held the position of Envoy, Mr. Paul (who had accompanied him to the frontier in the beginning of 1885) as Secretary; Colonel Tanner, Surveyor; Dr. Oldham, Geologist; Dr. Cunningham, Naturalist; Dr. Leahy, Medical Officer; Mr. Warry, of the Chinese Consular Service, as Interpreter; Baboo Srutt Chundra Dass, who had already distinguished himself in Thibetan exploration; Captain Elwes, and Captain Gwatkin commanding the escort—which was to consist

* Huc confirms the recent testimony from Darjeeling, as to the avarice and usury of the Lamas. "Les Lamas, mis d'abord en possession de la majeure partie du numéraire par les dons volontaires des fidèles, centuplent ensuite leur fortune par des procédés usuraires dont la friponnerie Chinoise est elle même scandalisée."—*Souvenirs &c.*

of some three hundred persons. And the climax was assuredly reached when the Under-Secretary for India, in his place in Parliament, while admitting that the object of the Mission was "to confer with the Chinese Commissioners and the Lhassa Government as to the resumption of commercial relations between India and Thibet," could add that, "looking to the delicate nature of the Mission, it had not been thought advisable to add a special commercial representative." Here was a Mission having an avowedly commercial object, about to start with apparently every other but a commercial representative—a mission to an ignorant and superstitious people, to whom the aspect of a theodolite would be more terrifying than a mountain howitzer, composed entirely of scientific men, and accompanied by an escort whose numbers would give it the appearance of an armed reconnaissance rather than a peaceful embassy. It was not so that Bogle opened his approaches; nor can we be surprised if the actual size of the party were exaggerated, and its purpose distorted.

Still, the Lamas seem, as a matter of fact, to have had so little confidence in the success of their machinations, that they sent an emissary to meet Mr. Macaulay at the frontier, to try and effect a compromise by inducing him to halt at Gyantze*—an important trade centre half-way to Lhassa—and enter there upon the negociations contemplated. So that, faultily constituted as it was, the Mission had apparently a fair chance of succeeding if it had persevered. But it never got so far. It never even started. In face of rumours from Lhassa and warnings from Peking, the Chinese and English Governments seem to have both taken alarm. News came suddenly that it was countermanded. The escort was recalled, the *personnel* dispersed, the presents were scattered, and the Lamas left masters of the situation. And not only so, but the withdrawal was consecrated in a Convention,† signed at Peking last July, in the following terms:—

Inasmuch as inquiry into the circumstances by the Chinese Government has shown the existence of many obstacles to the Mission to Thibet provided for in the separate article of the Chefoo Agreement, England consents to countermand the Mission forthwith. With regard to the desire of the British Government to consider arrangements for frontier trade between India and Thibet, it will be the duty of the Chinese Government, after careful inquiry into the circumstances, to adopt measures to exhort and encourage the people with a view to the promotion and development of trade. Should it be practicable, the Chinese Government shall then proceed carefully to consider trade regulations; but if insuperable obstacles should be found to exist, the British Government will not press the matter unduly.

This clause has been criticised as an unnecessary abandonment

* Darjeeling Correspondence of the *Times*.

† Art. IV. of Convention relating to Burmah and Thibet, signed at Peking by Mr. O'Conor (under authority of Lord Rosebery) on 24th July 1886.

of the vantage ground provided by the Chefoo Agreement; and the event has seemed to justify the critics. Even admitting, it is urged, that there was good reason for not pressing the Mission, an explanatory despatch would surely have sufficed, without this formal renunciation. Still, it must be remembered that the main purpose of the Convention was to settle the question of British supremacy in Burmah, and we were doubtless unwilling to insist on any matter of secondary importance. It must be remembered, too, that there is here recognized, for the first time, a formal purpose of opening up relations between India and Thibet, and that we have reason to believe the Chinese Government sincere in their avowed purpose to forward that design. So that, even if there be room to question the formula employed, the countervailing advantages are material. But if it can be argued that this apparent retreat was really a diplomatic victory, at Peking, the case was otherwise on the Thibetan frontier. Encouraged by their success, the Lamas ventured to enter Sikhim, and erect forts across the very road we had so anxiously fostered. By the Treaty of 1861, Sikhim was virtually drawn under British protection; and it is not surprising to learn that our prestige throughout the Himalayan region has suffered by our retreat before Thibetan opposition, and the subsequent violation of Sikhimese territory. The Rajah is, of course, powerless to expel the intruders, and the duty devolves upon us of accomplishing that task. It would not, probably, involve any great military effort; but forceful measures would hardly conduce to the end we have in view, and it is certain that all peaceful means will be exhausted before such an alternative is faced.

There the matter at present stands. The vantage ground of the Chefoo Convention has been exchanged for the somewhat curiously worded agreement signed, last July, at Peking; the Thibetan passes have been closed rather more tightly than before; and the work must be commenced afresh. Fortunately for the prospect of doing this successfully, China is at present animated by the best disposition towards us, and is herself willing that more light should be let into the dark corners of Central Asia where her own statesmen, even, see imperfectly, and where she is every year finding herself in closer contact with the aggressive power of Russia. Whether enlightened by surer private intelligence of her own, or convinced by what we have been able to communicate, she seems to understand that she has been deceived as to the feeling of the Thibetan people, and to be willing to support a fresh endeavour on our part to reknit the broken skein. The suggestion has been made—and is reported to have Chinese assent, if not to have originated in Peking itself—that the encroachment on Sikhim should

be made the ground of a mission to the Dalai Lama, recalling the circumstances of Bogle's mission in 1774, leading up to the point at which that mission was broken off, and endeavouring to advance from that standpoint towards the attainment of our present purpose.

Of the commercial results which may be anticipated from open intercourse, we have fair data on which to prophesy; for a certain amount of trade has, despite all hindrance, been steadily kept up. The route favoured by the Lamas is, as we have seen, through Nepaul*; but a small and growing trade has also been fostered, since the Treaty of 1861 opened the passes of Sikhim. The Darjeeling correspondent of the *Times*, whose telegrams have so well described the movements and motive of the Mission, waxes enthusiastic when this portion of the subject is approached. "Everywhere," he exclaims,

we hear complaints of the stagnation of trade. Here is a large market waiting, if we only insist on admission. The Thibetans prize broadcloth above all things; they have begun to learn the use of piece goods, and a demand to which there is hardly any limit is springing up for them. Knives and hardware of all kinds are eagerly sought; they are large consumers of tobacco and indigo; and even with the existing restrictions on trade, the staples are gradually increasing. As regards tea,† the question is not

* A great trade between India and Thibet is said to have been carried on by this route, before the Goorkha conquest of Nepaul in 1769; but was almost annihilated by the heavy exactions then imposed, and by subsequent untoward events.

† The following extract from an interesting article which appeared subsequently in the same paper, may serve to throw light on this subject, and to explain one cause of Lama hostility:—"There is, it must be admitted, one great obstacle in the way of a compromise with China which shall open Thibet to the British trader, and that is the 'brick-tea' monopoly. This strange monopoly is at the bottom of Chinese prejudice and Thibetan hostility, and, when understood, goes far to account for both. The Thibetan has one passion in life—tea. To obtain a sufficiency of this is the great end and aim of his existence. The tea he consumes is not the familiar leaf with which the European markets are supplied; it is a peculiar fermented preparation, highly exhilarating and slightly intoxicating, and is only made in the western part of the province of Sz-chuan. The plant which furnishes it grows on the banks of the Ya-ho. The leaves are gathered when they are about an inch long, moistened with spittle, and rolled into little balls the size of a tea-cup, and then allowed to ferment. As soon as fermentation has set in they are firmly pressed into moulds shaped like a brick and dried over a charcoal fire. Thus prepared, the commodity is ready for the Thibetan market. In China the sale of this brick-tea is a strict Government monopoly; and as the quantity exported every year is something like eight million pounds, an enormous revenue is derived from Yat-tsow merchants to whom it is farmed. In Thibet, again, the retail trade is, by law, in the hands of the Lamas, or priests; the Thibetan is, therefore, entirely at their mercy, and is made to pay through the nose for his favourate beverage. When ready for market the tea is packed in small boxes containing about twenty pounds, and carried on men's backs two hundred miles to Ta-tsian-loo. Thence, again, it has to go to Bathang, a sixty days' journey, on yaks, and is finally sold in Thibet at prices ranging from 4s. per pound for the best quality, to 1s. 6d. English money for inferior varieties. As matters are now, and with the existing restrictions on trade along the Thibetan frontier, there is no competition, and no possibility of competition. The Chinese Government, the Yat-tsow merchants, and the Lamas share between

clear; but it is an instructive fact that within 100 miles of Darjeeling is a people which drinks tea morning, noon, and night, which uses practically no other beverage, and yet obtains its supply from districts of China, 1,200 miles away.

With respect to the return trade, the chief articles would be gold, musk, live-stock, and, above all, wool and woollen goods. The quantity of sheep's wool and of the fine wool of the shawl-goat available is prodigious; and it is now almost worthless from the absence of demand. Doubtless other articles of trade would appear as commerce developed. The richest part of Thibet is practically within a stone's throw, and the inhabitants, who are from the highest to the lowest keen traders, are debarred from intercourse with India through sheer ignorance and the tenacity of tradition.

Mr. Macaulay was able, even in the present condition of the roads, to march with a large suite from Kongralama. On the other hand, Shigatz is full thirty days' journey from Khatmandoo, in Nepaul. Yet it will hardly be believed that the greater part of the trade between India and Thibet goes through Nepaul. It is a tedious journey, and duties are levied on goods both on entering and leaving Nepaul. No trade thus handicapped could flourish. We have a railway at Darjeeling. There is then a fortnight's journey at the outside, and no duties are levied in Sikhim. Yet we can do nothing; while the sturdy little Nepaulese and Cashmerees have traders all over Thibet. Even Russian products and fabrics are working into the market, for Russia has a Consul at Urga; but no British subject is allowed to cross the frontier.

It is a little remarkable that a great power like British India should have consented to sit, for so many years, under the sentence of exclusion. It may be, however, that we waited instinctively until the pear was thoroughly ripe. Darjeeling, which is the natural *entrepôt* for Indo-Thibetan trade, has been annexed; Sikhim has been brought under British influence, and thrown open to transit; a railway from Calcutta enables goods to be laid down at the entrance to the Himalayas. Only the artificial barriers erected in 1792 prevent intercourse which the people appear ready to welcome. The maintenance of the obstruction has been attributed to China, and it is too consistent with the former attitude of Chinese statesmen to leave room for doubt that the hostility of the Lamas was in sympathy, formerly, with the prejudices of the Suzerain Power. A great change has, however, come over the councils of Peking; and it is clear, as we have already seen, that we do not, even in Thibet, lack powerful friends; for we have encountered nothing but friendliness and goodwill at Teshu Lumbo, while the hostility seems to emanate from Lhassa, the centre of monasticism of a more worldly order. The moment too is propitious, in every sense; for the rapacious conduct of the Lamas in the matter of the Nepaulese traders has placed them in disfavour at Peking; and, whatever may have been the attitude of

them a very profitable monoply. But the Assam tea-planters calculate that, were they allowed facilities for trading such as are now sought, they could lay down the brick-tea at Sudiya, on the Brahmapootra River, at four to six annas per pound, with a good profit to themselves; and as the journey to Bathang, if a fairly good road were made, would only occupy twenty days—as against sixty the other way—they would knock the Chinese out of the market altogether. This is perfectly well understood both at Peking and in Lhassa; and under the circumstances the objection entertained in both quarters to English traders and travellers is quite intelligible."

Chinese statesmen in the past, there seems no reason to doubt that we can rely on their co-operation at present.

It seems, however, equally clear that this altered bearing has not yet been impressed on the Resident at Lhassa, and that a change of incumbency is badly wanted there to "suit the newer day." Reference has been already made to the relations between Thibet and Bhootan; and it may be instructive to quote, here, from a recent memorial* by Mr. Sê-leng-o regarding certain occurrences in the latter state, which throws a remarkable light on his attitude towards the Indian Government. The following is, in the fewest possible words, the drift of his report.

Some time, apparently, in 1885, two Bhootanese Penlos or district governors rebelled against their Rajah, with the alleged purpose of offering the country to the English, and got so far the upper hand that they beleaguered the Prince, and drove certain of his partizans to take refuge in Thibet. He (the Resident) sent Chinese and Thibetan officials and troops to restore order; and the rebels melted away at their approach. One of the Penlos committed suicide, and the other submitted. The notable features of the case are that the Penlos are stated to have relied on English help; that one of the strategic movements of the Chinese commander was to cut off their retreat into India; and that, after general harmony had been restored, "the ruler, head-men, and others . . . declared with one voice that, from that time forward, they were all ready to lay aside their previous enmities, and to join heart and strength with Thibet in resisting the English." Obviously the Resident thinks he has attained, here, the highest political triumph; but his tone of jubilant hostility to England will seem, to an English reader, in singular antagonism to the avowedly friendly sentiments of his Government. A remarkable point, also, is the occurrence of an avowedly pro-English movement in Bhootan, at the very time the question of intercourse was being revived in Thibet. It looks very much as though the Penlos represented a pro-intercourse party, which had the upper hand in Bhootan, but was incontinently extinguished by the Chinese Resident at Lhassa, and the Lama faction. It is clear that the voice of China, as (supposed to be) expressed by the Resident, is a determining influence in Thibet; and it is equally clear that Mr. Sê-leng-o belongs to the old, old school.

It is, of course, difficult to gauge the precise feeling of the Thibetan people; but what we hear from Darjeeling agrees fairly

* Vide *Peking Gazette*, 6th October, 1886.—It is noteworthy that the report was not published in the printed edition of the Gazette, but appeared only in the manuscript copy which has a very partial circulation. A full translation will be found in the *North China Herald* of the 1st December.

with what we glean from other sources. Huc declares that they are quite free from the exclusive notions which have characterised Chinese policy*; and that his own expulsion was the work of the Chinese Resident, in opposition to the will of the Thibetan Regent; and though Huc's opinions must not always be accepted without reserve, it is inconceivable that he can have lied so outrageously as must be the case if his elaborate account of the Regent's personal bearing, and of the circumstances attending his departure, be discredited. The chances are that there are differences of opinion in Thibet as well as elsewhere; and it would be little surprising if there were two parties where power is so curiously divided.

There seems, however, reason to believe that even the Dalai Lama is disposed to welcome our overtures. Everything tends to confirm the impression that opposition is confined to the Lamas of Lhassa, who find a willing ally in the Chinese Resident, and who refuse at present to allow merchants to pass the frontier without passports, and make it a condition of granting these that the trader should either pay them a large portion of his profits, or should trade with money borrowed from them at enormous percentage.† To overcome this partial opposition should, with the help China seems now willing to yield, not be insuperably difficult. We have blundered a little, as is not unusual with us, at the outset; but we have made some progress, notwithstanding. We have obtained an assurance of Chinese support, and we have raised the question in an acute form in Thibet. We shall probably succeed better at the next attempt, by help of the information we have gathered.

It is interesting, in the meantime, to trace back the story to Bogle's early mission, and to realise the curious constitution of the country we desire to approach. The circumstances of his adventure, and of Turner's subsequent journey; of the Nepaulese invasion of Thibet, and of the Chinese intervention which resulted in the closure of the passes; of our endeavour, in 1861, to open up a commercial route through Sikhim; and of the aggravated obstruction which impelled us, two years ago, to a fresh effort to make that route valid: these are the leading incidents in the story which has been briefly sketched. Three Europeans only—Huc, Gabet, and Manning—have succeeded in reaching Lhassa during

* "Les Thibetains ne professent pas à l'égard des autres peuples, ces principes d'exclusion qui font le charactère distinctif de la nation chinoise; tout le monde est admis à Lha-sa; chacun peut aller et venir, se livrer au commerce et à l'industrie, sans que personne s'avise d'apporter la moindre entrave à sa liberté. . . . Il est probable que les Anglais ne seraient pas plus repoussés que les autres des frontières du Thibet, si leur marche envahissante dans l'Indoustan n'avait inspiré une légitime terreur au Talé Lama." *Souvenirs, &c.*, Huc, vol. ii. cap. vi.

† Darjeeling Correspondence of the *Times*.

the present century.* This bare allusion only is possible to the latter's remarkable journey; and we have been obliged to content ourselves with the briefest notes from Huc's racy narrative. Natives of India have succeeded from time to time in crossing the frontier; notably the Pundit Nain Singh, who is now living in retirement on lands granted to him by the Government in reward for his services, and Baboo Srutt Chundra Dass, who succeeded in penetrating Lhassa itself, and who was to have been associated with the abandoned mission. But against Europeans—with the exception of the three just named—whether approaching from the Indian or the Chinese side, the frontiers have remained sealed. Blakiston tried to reverse the Abbé Huc's route, after the last China War; but failed to reach even the frontier. Cooper, also, tried to make his way through Szechuen; but was turned back by the Lamas from Bathang, and found it equally impossible to effect an entrance from Assam. Everything had, seemingly, been made smooth for Mr. Macaulay's recent attempt; but the moral resistance of Lamadom defeated him on the south, as more practical measures had, six months earlier, closed the Keria mountains against Prejevalsky on the north. There is, however, an ominous tottering of old walls among the hitherto exclusive nations of the East. The hermit kingdom of Korea has opened its doors; and Thibet cannot expect much longer to escape its fate. The current year may well see the Chinese General's seals removed, and a British Envoy enter the Rome of Buddhism.

* Vide *Narrative of Bogle's Mission*, &c., and of *Manning's Journey to Lhassa* Manning not only reached Lhassa alone (except for a Chinese servant and a native moonshee) and unaided, but had an interview (in 1812) with the Dalai Lama, then a child of seven.

R. S. Gundry.

ROSSETTI IN PROSE AND VERSE.*

THE most objective author is certain, somewhere or other throughout his writings, to afford at least a glimpse of self-portraiture to the reader—some illuminative "aside" which, whether as from the writer himself or uttered by some fictitious personage, is all-revealing. In a sense, certain poets are independent of biographies, which in some instances merely serve the purpose of anecdotal narratives. Shelley, Byron, Alfred de Musset, Leopardi, Omar Khayyam, Horace—in a lesser degree Keats, Heine, and Victor Hugo—stand revealed to us in their own writings. And pre-eminently to this order of poets does Rossetti belong. Not one of his biographers will lead us so deeply into his secret as he does himself. What any appreciative friend or critic may say of this writer's nature and temperament, we are fairly sure to find already plainly manifest in his own words. Herein lies one of the most attractive characteristics of the poetry of the author of *The House of Life*. In it we are brought face to face with a fascinating personality, a man who is not of the common order, a visionary yet no mere dreamer, a man born out of due time, and yet on the fore-front of one of the chief intellectual movements of latter days; an observer with exceptional capacities for action; a recluse, yet "a force of central fire descending consciously and unconsciously on many altars." His weaknesses, his shortcomings, as a poet, are as emphatic revelations as are his powers and excellences. Natures that run to excess are the richest.

While the poetry of Rossetti everywhere more or less strikingly reveals the man behind it, here and there we come across lines peculiarly suggestive. One such utterance is to be found among the hitherto unpublished matter brought together in the collected works. The prose sketch for a poem to be called "The Orchard Pit" commences thus: "Men tell me that sleep has many dreams; but all my life I have dreamt one dream alone." This is as directly personal a statement as if it had occurred in an autobiography. Veritably, all his life Rossetti dreamt one dream. He was from the days of his boyhood onward haunted by the vision of Beauty;

* *The Collected Works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti.* Edited, with preface and notes, by William Michael Rossetti. In two volumes. (Ellis and Scrutton, New Bond St.)

the love of Beauty became a passion ; this passion became his very being.

> This is that Lady Beauty, in whose praise
> Thy voice and hand spake still—long known to thee
> By flying hair and fluttering hem,—the beat
> Following her daily of thy heart and feet,
> How passionately and irretrievably,
> In what fond flight, how many ways and days!

And like all lovers—those lovers, above all, who in the words of Mérimée, *se passionnent pour la passion*—he became a slave to this tyrant Love, this wonderful abstract Beauty, and in his enthralling, and even bewildering bondage, he again and again gropes vainly towards the living sunshine of reality, at times even losing himself in phantasmal obscurities. It is not that he can be accused of vagueness, mere nebulosity. Even when most subject to the poetic *mania*, his lines vibrate with the passionate emotion which inspires them ; but his inspiration is not unfrequently so remote from those emotional resources which affect the generality of mankind that he seems to have hearkened at the portals of some house of dreams, rather than to the more urgent whispers of the world of reality. And yet no greater injustice can be done—alike to the man and to the poet—than to say that he was a dreamer only. His was a nature too keenly susceptible to the urgency of life to surrender itself in brooding inaction. He dreamt one dream—he lived one dream—he worked with the pen of the poet and the brush of the painter towards the realisation of one dream ; but, more than most men, life was to him a thing of ceaseless wonder and absorbing attraction. He had pre-eminently that wonder-faculty which is a characteristic of great poets. An eminent critic has written of him that where his true importance in the history of literature lies is in the fact that (or with Coleridge) Rossetti is the chief exponent of that renascence of wonder—the renascence of the temper of wonder, mystery, and awe—which is the most thrilling and momentous thing in the history of latter-day civilization. But more than thirty years before Mr. Theodore Watts wrote to this effect, Rossetti himself had written of "that indefinable sense of rest and wonder which, when childhood is once gone, poetry alone can recall." To those minds, indeed, to whom Rossetti appeals most, just because of his exponency of this temper of wonder and mystery, he must take rank as one of the greatest English poets since Coleridge and Keats. With both the latter he had sympathies arising from sources deeper than appreciative admiration simply : he was at one with them in their power, their instinctive faculty rather, of looking at the qualities and apparent unrealities of life through the purely poetic atmosphere. Those possessed by the mania of

poetry look forth upon the world through a transmuting mist: an indefinable glamour glorifies their vision. But with this supremely poetic temper, with this mystic glamour, Rossetti had certain faults of so radical a nature that no inconsiderable portion of his poetry suffered irremediably. The greatest colourist of modern times, he at one period of his artistic career found his colour-sense intoxicated, or, perhaps, he believed with Blake that "exuberance is beauty": and so in verse we find him at times revelling in an extravagant luxuriousness of diction calculated to cloy rather than to gratify. His verse became overloaded with gorgeous images, with ingenious combinations, with mere resonances. He delighted in the roll of a line, in the rhythmic strength of a decasyllabic verse, in the sonorous music of polysyllabic words, with an intensity of enjoyment which occasionally blinded him to the fact that the line had no essential relevancy, the verse nought save sound, the words more sonority than suitability. He regarded Lord Tennyson as the greatest artist in verse in modern times, but he failed to see that one reason of this was the Laureate's simplicity of diction, his instinctive as well as cultivated preference for Saxon over Anglo-Latin words. There are poems of his, particularly certain sonnets, which contain lines almost in mongrel English: one sonnet, for example, commences with "Like multiform circumfluence manifold."

Again, through having—in his own words—long mentally cartooned a poem before committing it to paper, and through much brooding upon it, he frequently made his meaning obscure to his readers when to him it was as manifest as daylight. Partly from this, partly from an occasionally exaggerated æsthetic sense, he imprisoned the spirit of poetry in a network of words; and this defect becomes most noticeable when he is dealing with facts of nature. It is a relief, after reading such poetic phraseology as

> The embowered throstle's urgent wood-notes soar,

to turn to the unlaboured and impulsive strain of the Scottish singer—

> The mavis sings fu blithely
> On ilka leafy bough;

or to the English poet's—

> Hark! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
> Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
> Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
> That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
> Lest you should think he never could recapture
> The first fine careless rapture.

This inability to approach nature as a lover is in curious contradistinction to Rossetti's instinctive faculty for the apprehension of the beautiful. Scattered throughout his poetry there are many

most exquisite descriptions, but these are scenic glimpses described by the painter rather than the poet. It is, of course, difficult to realise this when we come across some beautiful lines here and there in a poem; fascinating, haunting, suggestive lines, such as those, for instance, to be found in *Rose Mary*. But whenever we discover Rossetti making a direct transcript or study from nature, for its own sake, we are almost certain to discern the difference between the purely literary method and that of the nature-lover. Take, for example, the fine sonnet on Spring. The octave is admirable, and might have been written by Mr. Burroughs or Mr. Jefferies in so far as vivid portrayal of nature is concerned; but let us read the sestet—

> Chill are the gusts to which the pastures cower,
> And chill the current where the young reeds stand
> As green and close as the young wheat on land:
> Yet here the cuckoo and the cuckoo-flower
> Plight to the heart spring's perfect imminent hour
> Whose breath shall soothe you like your dear one's hand.

In the second tercet the poet lapses from nature into literary effect; can we imagine Wordsworth or Burns, Keats or Shelley or Chaucer having written these lines? Even the simplicity of form and diction incidental to the ballad did not restrain Rossetti from passing in a single line from energetic and vivid directness to a remote and subtle conception entirely foreign to his artistic aim. In the stirring ballad of "The White Ship"—the personal record, it must be borne in mind, of Berold, a butcher of Rouen—we encounter at least one extraordinary incongruity—

> The king was 'ware
> Of a little boy with golden hair,
> As bright as the golden poppy is
> *That the beach breeds for the surf to kiss.*

It is certainly not the Rouen butcher who speaks in this italicised line: but Rossetti, and Rossetti not at his best.

But if Rossetti has not magically interpreted external nature, if the literary instinct in him occasionally too markedly dominates the purely poetic, there is one point wherein he excels any contemporary writer. In the domain of the supernatural he is the sole worthy inheritor of Coleridge. This note of what is known as supernaturalism—this note of the mysterious, of the weird—is of modern emphasis; it is the sign of the projection of the soul, stifled with the conventionalities and growing materialism of civilization, into the region of romance. The romantic spirit is the wind that unfolds the loveliest efflorescence of the human mind. The *great* poets are of necessity romanticists, for they are as Æolian harps to the breath of Poetry, which is

sublimated romance. Lesser men are writers of poems, of verse. A man is not an artist because he paints pictures, a poet because he writes poems; the maker, the inventor, the seer, he and he only is the poet, the artist. A wider gulf divides Pope and Keats than separates the pure Saxon and the pure Celt. And it is because Rossetti is the foremost figure in the latest renascence of romanticism that he ranks so high, that he is placed by many on a pedestal which to the majority of people, perhaps, seems a blasphemous usurpation of the high places of the popular gods. This wind of romance blew through every day of his life, whether in his hand he held the brush or the pen—

> To him bringing
> Shapes from the invisible world, unearthly singing
> From out the middle air.

But it was the vital essence of romance which permeated his nature, and no merely skin-deep or spurious romantic sentimentalism. I do not think that Rossetti (whose love for Keats equalled if it did not exceed that which he felt for Shakespeare and Coleridge) at all agreed with his favourite poet that—

> They shall be accounted poet-kings
> Who simply tell the most heart-easing things.

And he certainly used to indulge in kindly mockery of Keats' boyish and immature outcry—

> O for an age so sheltered from annoy,
> That I may never know how change the moons,
> Or hear the voice of busy common-sense.

In a word, Rossetti—so it invariably seemed to the present writer, at any rate—had too robust an intellect to imagine that science and poetry were fundamentally antagonistic. As an artist—in the narrow and common sense of the word—he was, however, at the opposite pole to that of Science: a fact which he at once admitted and approved. No poet was ever more anti-scientific than himself, but he had that deeper vision which recognized, even while it perhaps did not sympathise with, the greatness of the idea of unity underlying all things. With Keats, he would have preferred the world not to have known the woof and texture of the rainbow, so that when the wondrous bow appeared in the heavens it might be with all the mystery and awe of ancient days; yet, withal, he would not have it relegated to "the dull catalogue of common things." The woof, the texture, might be explicable; the beauty, even the mystery of it, might be different in effect from that produced of old; but, nevertheless, mysterious and beautiful it must ever remain. Some accounts of Rossetti have represented the poet-painter as a morbid

dreamer, a curse to himself and a burden to his friends; a hater of the common interests of mankind, a selfish devotee at the shrine of abstract Beauty, an enemy to the widening of man's intellectual horizon. Others, who knew him intimately, and saw him continuously through several years of his least propitious period—can only say that they found him none of these things. In sweetness of temper, in graciousness of manner, in healthy and energetic, if not very comprehensive sympathy with the little things of life, in ready interest in everything intellectual, in quick willingness to see the humorous aspect of things, in urgent sympathy with and desire to share vicariously the troubles of his friends, in deep and broad insight into the fundamental principles and subtlest beauties of art and poetry—in one and all of these they found him the opposite of what he has sometimes been portrayed. Of course, it is not to be denied that he dwelt in the shadow of a great melancholy; that on occasions, when suffering from nervous prostration, and other effects of insomnia, he spoke, and even acted, like a man bereft of absolute moral control, and that a certain morbid sensitiveness created difficulties not always easy of explanation; but these were the incidental, and not the prevailing, aspects of his later life. The profound sadness which cast its gloom over him did not make itself perpetually evident. Melancholy, moreover, is the invariable shadow of high genius. Again, much of this extreme despondency was due to purely physical causes; insomnia, unwitting excess in the use of chloral, the habits of a recluse, all conduced towards emphasising and perpetuating the inborn and poetic sentiment of melancholy. This was evident in the rapid transition whereby he would frequently pass from a mood of dire despondency into one of alert interest, his eyes glistening with keen appreciation, his mouth twitching sensitively. Friends would arrive some afternoon (it would not "heighten the effect" to say "some dull," or "gloomy," or "wintry" afternoon, for to summer and winter, gloomy and bright days, Rossetti was—save in so far as these interfered with or assisted him in the prosecution of his painting—mostly indifferent) and find him in the depths of fathomless despair. By dinner-time he would be in shallower seas of despondency; an hour or so later he would be on the high-tide of conversational cheerfulness; and between the hours of ten and three—when he was at his best—many a jest and hearty laugh, keen criticism and pungent remark, recondite reminiscence and poetic quotation, would make the lurking blue devils depart altogether from the studio—to await their victim when, in the sleepless morning-hours, he should be alone once more with his sufferings and unquiet thoughts. Even in the last year of his life, when his resolute and

dominant nature had become emasculated through the use of chloral, he would, not infrequently—by an imperious effort of the will—rally from a very hell of despairful despondency. In the fire-lit studio—from the walls of which gleamed fitfully the strange brooding eyes of some of those mystically beautiful women to whom he gave the names of Mnemosyne, Astarte Syriaca, Cassandra, Pandora, Proserpine: in the large gloomy bed-chamber, with its heavy hangings and haunting shadows, in the panelled sitting-room at Birchington, with the sea-wind moaning and shrieking round the house—in each, the present writer has seen Rossetti struggle like a drowning mariner with an overwhelming tide of deepest dejection, struggle manfully, and triumph. Again, though he was no poet of nature, Nature at times had for him, too, her message, her solace.

One day, not very long before his death, we stood together on the cliff at Birchington, looking seaward. The sky was a cloudless blue, and the emulation and exultation of at least a score of larks was something wonderful to listen to; the sweet scents of early spring everywhere prevailed, blent with the odour of the sea-wrack from below; the sea, of purple-shaded azure, was beautiful beyond words. At first I thought Rossetti was as heedless of his environment as he was in general;* but in reply to some remark of mine he replied: "It *is* beautiful—the world, and life itself. I am glad I have lived; I am glad I yet shall live." Insensibly thereafter his dejection lifted from off his spirit, and for the rest of that day and evening he was almost his old self again. Yet the shadow of death was even then upon him, and a weakness nigh intolerable. Those who knew him well have ever been convinced that his genius (which up to the end grew more intense and dominant, instead of diminishing) would have produced poems and pictures—poems more especially—equal to, if not surpassing, his highest published achievements. I always think of him as having died young.

Der Aberglaube ist die Poesie des Lebens, said Goethe; and if we translate this "over-belief," this "superstition," into "supernatural," we proclaim a fundamental truth. At the base of the highest imaginative poetry lies what we call the supernatural element. Among the poets of the Victorian era, there is none who has touched a higher note of imaginative supernaturalism than

* The previous evening, Miss Christina Rossetti—who was staying with her brother—drew my attention to a subdued but very beautiful sunset. While we were gazing at it, Rossetti, having overheard what was said, walked feebly to the window and looked out upon the dove-tones and pale amethyst of the west. He looked long and earnestly, and then turned away indifferently with the remark that he could not see what it was we admired so much. He projected his moods upon nature; nature did not induce them in him.

Rossetti. It is this quality which raises to its supreme level of imagination *The King's Tragedy*, a poem surcharged with the supernatural, as a thunder-cloud with electricity.

More than any poet of our generation, Rossetti carried personification to excess. This particularity affords the most striking index to his spiritual nature, but it is often a source of weakness. Instances will crowd upon all students of his poems:—Memory, Death, Sleep, Oblivion, Youth, Love's Hour, Dead Hours, Vain Virtues, Lost Days, and so forth.

> Nay, why
> Name the dead hours? I mind them well;
> Their ghosts in many darkened doorways dwell
> With desolate eyes to know them by.
> * * * *
> Here doth memory sit * * *
> While hopes and aims, long lost with her,
> Stand round her image side by side.
> * * * *
> One flame-winged brought a white-winged harp-player;
> Then said my lady: "Thou art Passion of Love,
> And this Love's worship."
> * * * *
> Song, whose hair
> Blew like a flame, and blossomed like a wreath.
> * * * *
> There the dreams are multitudes:
> Some that will not wait for sleep
> Deep within the August woods.
> * * * *
> Then, too, let all hopes of mine,
> All vain hopes by night and day,
> Slowly at thy summoning sign
> Rise up pallid and obey.

In the two bulky volumes recently published by Messrs. Ellis and Scrutton—comprising in all more than a thousand pages—we have, to all intents, the complete life-work of Rossetti in literature. With his great and steadily-growing fame and influence as a painter we have here nothing to do; but I may quote the emphatic opinion of an eminent critic: "These moral qualities, guiding an artistic temperament as exquisite as was ever bestowed on man, made him what he was, the greatest inventor of abstract beauty, both in form and colour, perhaps that the world has ever seen." No one, admiring the genius of this writer, but will desire to possess these two volumes, which Mr. William Michael Rossetti has ably edited and prefaced with an interesting introduction. Poems, translations, prose pieces, critical papers, and various highly-interesting memoranda—all are here. It is not an easy task for a brother to write critically and judicially of a brother, and no small credit is due to Mr. W. M. Rossetti for his prefatory remarks, at once impartial and adequate,

reserved and appreciative. The additions which go to make these two volumes the "complete works" are variously valuable and are all interesting, though no one of them seems to the present writer so pre-eminently fine as to add materially to Rossetti's reputation.

Before referring with some detail to the more important of these additions to what the author himself published in his two books of poetry, it will be as well to note the interesting and useful arrangement of the contents. In the first volume come the principal poems, in chronological sequence, beginning with "Dante at Verona," "A Last Confession," and "The Bride's Prelude," and ending with "Rose Mary" and "The King's Tragedy"; then succeeds *The House of Life*, in Rossetti's own arrangement, that marvellous series of a hundred sonnets, unlike anything else in our literature; then come the Miscellaneous Poems, nearly four-score in number, also chronologically arranged, commencing with "My Sister's Sleep" and "The Blessed Damozel," and closing with "The Last Three from Trafalgar," and "Czar Alexander the Second"; thereafter follow the well-known Sonnets on Pictures, including that supreme example on Giorgione's "Venetian Pastoral," and fourteen sonnets and verses written by Rossetti for paintings and drawings of his own, a number of short poems in Italian, and a dozen or more versicles and fragments. From page 383 the volume is occupied with the stories "Hand and Soul" and "Saint Agnes of Intercession," and with six more or less finished prose schemes for projected poems; with five short critical papers; with various "Sentences and Notes"; and with Mr. W. M. Rossetti's editorial comments. The second volume comprises all that was published in the book entitled *Dante and His Circle*, including the unequalled translation of the *Vita Nuova*; various translations from the Italian and French, among which nothing surpasses in beauty the already familiar rendering of François Villon's "Ballad of Dead Ladies," but also among which is the long and important translation of Hartmann Von Auë's *Der Arme Heinrich*, now for the first time published; and a number of fragmentary papers dealing with art and artists.

Hand and Soul is already familiar to most students of Rossetti. This beautiful prose fantasy or prose-poem appeared first in that exceedingly scarce magazine *The Germ*; it was afterwards reprinted in *The Fortnightly Review*, and finally had a limited private circulation in pamphlet form. Rossetti valued it highly, regarding it as as important an imaginative achievement as any of his poems, with a few super-excellent exceptions. It was written at white heat between the hours of 2 A.M. and 7, one winter night (or morning) in December 1849, that is, when the author was only in his twenty-first year. It bears the evidence of this fervid emotional

impulse in its absolutely sustained impressiveness, and its exquisite diction seems to have gained rather than to have lost by the breathless haste of the young visionary. But fine and nobly suggestive as *Hand and Soul* is, it is surpassed by the strange tale *Saint Agnes of Intercession*, to which so many readers will turn with vivid interest. The latter is more concrete, and thus more surely captivates the imaginative sympathy of the reader. Although a fragment in the sense that it is unfinished, it is not difficult to forecast the conclusion it would have reached had the author been enabled to complete it. Mr. William Rossetti thinks that it must have been begun before *Hand and Soul*, and worked upon at intervals. When making a transcript of it in 1870, Rossetti gave it its present title, but he does not seem, then or later, to have added much to the original reading. As it stands, the tale constitutes less than half of the projected whole. It is inferior to *Hand and Soul* in imperative spiritual significance, nor in style has it the same subtlety and curious beauty as the mystic record of Chiaro dell' Erma, but it is not less characteristically or ably written, and has—to use an expressive term—more *grip*. Apart from its literary, it has something of an autobiographical value—in the opening passages, at any rate.

The story is of a young artist upon whom is strangely forced the conviction of ante-natal existence. Four hundred years ago he and the girl whom he loves as Buccio Angiolieri and Blanzifiore dall' Ambra, lived and suffered! Henceforward his life is as a dream. The tale ends abruptly, but we have a clue to the intended *finale* in an etching by Millais made in or about 1850, an etching which would have appeared in *The Germ* had that magazine not come to an untimely end. As Angiolieri painted his beloved Blanzifiore (as "Saint Agnes") during her mortal illness, so—in this etching—we see the hero of the story painting the portrait of his betrothed when upon her is the shadow of imminent death. It cannot, of course, be claimed that the central idea of this story is original: in its evolution it is entirely so. Both it and *Hand and Soul* owed something in point of style to Charles Wells's *Stories after Nature*. Wells had always a great attraction for Rossetti, and I have often wondered why the latter never painted a picture founded on some passage in these practically unknown tales. "The Maid of Provence" was, I think, his favourite, and there are at least two scenes therein especially calculated to fascinate the poet-painter's imagination—one where the disguised heroine holds the torch for her own slaying; another as outlined in the following eminently Keatsian sentence, "as a wizard sitteth at a moonlight casement by a magic torch, knitting a vexed brow, and sweating at discovery of some webbed problem of enchantment."

"The Orchard Pit" is nominally the prose-projection of a long poem; it is, in fact, a complete and impressive prose-poem. It is short, yet not only is it entitled to rank among the positive creative efforts of its author, but has, it may prove, a permanent impressiveness superior to either *St. Agnes* or *Hand and Soul*. "The Doom of the Sirens," a finished outline-sketch for a lyrical tragedy, is of no literary value; but "The Cup of Water" and "Michael Scott's Wooing," contain the living germs of poetry, and we realise how much we have lost from the non-fruition of these schemes. Of the literary papers—all more or less *pièces d'occasion*—the longest is the collective one on Blake; the most literary, those on Dr. Gordon Hake's poems; the most biographically interesting, that on "The Stealthy School of Criticism." The last is a reprint of Rossetti's reply in *The Athenæum* (1871) to the criticism on him by Mr. Robert Buchanan; its republication, at this date, seems to me a mistake. No man has ever made a franker admission of having been in the wrong, than has Mr. Buchanan—in whose latest volume, it may be added, there is a paper upon Rossetti full of the warmest appreciation and of generous praise. No sane critic, no reasonable reader of his poems, would now discern anything in the poetry of Rossetti calculated to support the charge of sensuality. Sensuous in the best sense Rossetti as a poet is; so in art are Titian and Tintoretto and Turner; so in poetry are Shakespeare and Milton. However, the honourableness of the word "sensuous" is likely to remain as enigmatic to our countrymen in general as the idea of republican fraternity. It would have been more dignified, and more politic, to have omitted from the Collected Works this wrathful and not very potent diatribe against the wanton but powerful attack of one who has long since laid down the lance and made loyal obeisance.

Among the "Sentences and Notes," "picked out *passim* from my brother's note-book"—ranging from 1866 till towards the close of Rossetti's life—are various interesting and suggestive *dicta*; sometimes more interesting and suggestive than strictly original. This of poetry is good—"Poetry should seem to the hearer to have been always present to his thought, but never before heard"; and of great interest is this note concerning colours. "Thinking in what order I love colours, found the following:—

"1. Pure light warm green. 2. Deep gold-colour. 3. Certain tints of grey. 4. Shadowy, or steel-blue. 5. Brown, with crimson tinge. 6. Scarlet."

To Volume II., that containing all Rossetti's admirable work in translation, the main addition, as already stated, is *Henry the Leper*—the English version of the Suabian miracle-play *Der Arme*

Heinrich. It was while still in his teens that he translated (besides Burger's *Lenore*, and a portion of the *Nibelungenlied*; neither, unfortunately, extant), Hartmann Von Auë's famous poem; so that those who might be inclined to think he had followed the lead of Longfellow, who re-adapted the original in his *Golden Legend*, will find that Rossetti had the start of the American poet by four or five years.

It is needless, at this late date, to emphasize the beauty and value of Rossetti's translations. None has surpassed him as an interpreter of Dante and the early Italian poets. In his versions not a breath of the volatile spirit of poetry escapes; and for exquisite subtlety and ingenuity, there is nothing to excel his rendering of Villon's "Dead Ladies." At times, when as a poet greatly superior to the writer whom he sought to interpret, he does the fortunate singer too much honour.

Concerning the poetical additions to the first volume a few words must be said. Several of these miscellaneous poems have "already appeared in some outlying form"; of some others it must be admitted that they do not tend to add to the author's reputation; while, again, there are a few which no lover of Rossetti's poetry would willingly lose. The longest of these new poems is "A Trip to Belgium and France,"—in decasyllabic blank-verse as inefficiently as that of "A Last Confession" is worthily sustained. It is a traveller's diary in verse, somewhat in the manner of a wearied Wordsworth. There are one or two noteworthy lines, some good descriptive passages, occasional bathos, and a fair amount of execrable prose such as the passage beginning (p. 228), "Now, very likely he who did the job."

Among the several beautiful short pieces,* mention should be made of "During Music," lines which Shelley might have written; "Near Brussels;" and the haunting melancholy "Autumn Song"—

> Know'st thou not at the fall of the leaf
> How the heart feels a languid grief
> Laid on it for a covering,
> And how sleep seems a goodly thing
> In autumn at the fall of the leaf?
>
> And how the swift beat of the brain
> Falters because it is in vain,
> In autumn at the fall of the leaf
> Knowest thou not? And how the chief
> Of joys seems—not to suffer pain?

* One of these may now be quoted with exceptional propriety. Since this article was written, Mr. Philip Bourke Marston—a well-known poet and Rossetti's most ardent disciple—died suddenly, though after prolonged ill-health, at the early age of thirty-six. As many will know, Mr. Marston was afflicted from childhood with blindness.

Know'st thou not at the fall of the leaf
How the soul feels like a dried sheaf
Bound up at length for harvesting,
And how death seems a comely thing
In autumn at the fall of the leaf?

For the rest, they are neither potent to add to, nor to detract from, any estimate of the value of Rossetti's work in poetry.

When all is said for and against the poetry of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, there remains this substantial basis for a permanent fame; he has written the *House of Life*, one of the three great sonnet-sequences in our language; *The Blessed Damozel*, the most spiritual, most imaginative, most exquisitely beautiful sustained-lyric of our time; and *The King's Tragedy*, a poem of imaginative force and sheer poetic power, in itself sufficient to ensure for its author a lasting reputation. No one can read the last-named—for it is of the universal order of poetry—without realising the high position of Rossetti as a poet.

Of Rossetti, may be aptly quoted that fine phrase in *Cain*: "Sorrow seems half of his immortality." And much as we may welcome the poets of the joy and the beauty of the world, it is not questionable that sorrow has been a motive influence of incalculable value in the literature of all countries. But in Rossetti there is no mere wailing of grief. His is that serious sorrow, almost indefinite when hidden behind the laughter of children and the first beauty of spring, sternly grand when visible in the presence of death and in the winter of our fair hopes. In his noblest poems, in the words of Mr. Walter Pater, "one seems to hear a really new kind of poetic utterance, with effects which have

Rossetti had for him a sincere regard: and in the collected works appears the following sonnet, which has hitherto been printed only in a critical biography of the older poet. The names of Mr. Marston's three books of poetry are *Song-Tide*, *All-in-All*, and *Wind Voices*.

To Philip Bourke Marston,

Inciting me to poetic work.

Sweet poet, thou of whom these years that roll
Must one day, yet, the burdened birthright learn
And by the darkness of thine eyes discern
How piercing was the sight within thy soul,
Gifted, apart, thou goest to the great goal,
A cloud-bound, radiant spirit, strong to earn,
Light-reft, that prize for which fond myriads yearn
Vainly, light-blest—the seer's aureole.

And doth thine ear, divinely dowered to catch
All spheral sounds, in thy song blent so well,
Still hearken for my voice's slumbering spell
With wistful love? ah! let the muse now snatch
My wreath for thy young brows, and bend to watch
Thy veiled, transfiguring sense's miracle.

nothing else like them; as there is nothing else, for instance, like the narrative of Jacob's Dream, or Blake's design of the Singing of the Morning Stars, or Addison's Nineteenth Psalm."

The treasure of our English poetry suffered irremediable loss in that comparatively early death, think of Rossetti as we will. Howsoever this may be, we may well adventure the saying of him that which Shelley wrote of Keats—

He wakes, or sleeps, with the enduring dead.

WILLIAM SHARP.

THE METROPOLITAN COAL AND WINE DUES.

The question of the continuation of the coal and wine dues within the Metropolitan area has evoked a vast amount of controversy, but not more than its great importance demands. It will not be denied that it is one which, while more or less seriously affecting the masses of the people, involves considerations likewise deeply affecting the incidence of taxation of the metropolis. The publicity recently given to the nature and extent of these dues renders anything like a description of them unnecessary; nor is it requisite, in this instance, to say anything with regard to the continuance or discontinuance of the wine dues, because they yield so trifling an amount, comparatively, that controversy about them is quite a minor point. But it may be briefly pointed out, with regard to the present incidence and applicability of the coal dues, that previously to 1861 the area over which they were collected varied from time to time, but that in that year it was made co-extensive with the City and Metropolitan Police Districts, and so remains. The levy yields, in round numbers, between £450,000 and £460,000, which is divided between the Corporation of the City and the Metropolitan Board of Works, the former body receiving 4d. a ton and the latter 9d. of the 13d. which is the full assessment. This would give about £316,500 per annum to the Board of Works, and about £140,000 to the City Authority. These are facts about which there is nothing controversial, and the question of the expenditure or application of the dues will be dealt with later on.

Now, discussing the point which naturally first arises as to the wisdom and expediency of the dues, the preponderating weight of argument certainly lies upon the side of their continuance. Leaving out of consideration for the moment the larger point as to the expediency, in certain circumstances, of indirect taxation —which, however, has a peculiar interest just now to the heavily-taxed Metropolitan rate-payer—and dealing with the opinion that the impost bears with special hardship upon the poorer classes, and that they would benefit by its abolition, how does the matter actually stand? It certainly seems capable of demonstration that the contrary view would represent the real state of the case. To what degree has it been proved that they labour under any special hard-

ship from the tax? Taking the most favourable view of the case, as presented by the opponents of the dues, all that can be said is that if persistent reiteration of an allegation, in the absence of proof, would carry conviction to the public mind, all London should long ago have been converted to an adequate conception of the iniquities of the impost. But the public mind is more practical; and hence it refuses to accept as a fact that which is merely an hypothesis. To say that the price of coal as charged to the smaller consumer is any indication of the injustice of the dues, is absurd. It may sound very well from the public platform, but when examined by practice it falls completely to the ground. Whatever the theory of the matter may be, practically it has been found that where coal is retailed by the hundredweight there is no difference in the price charged, whether it be vended within or without the taxable area. Besides this, what is more important still, as bearing upon this point, is that the price of coal in the London market has ranged as high as 45s. per ton, and as low as 14s. per ton, which certainly proves to demonstration that there are other guiding influences more cogent than the dues leviable within the Metropolitan area, which are responsible for and regulate the prices charged. The further allegation that the dues keep from the consumer coal of the value of 3s. and 4s. per ton at the pit's mouth is equally plausible on the face of it, but the actual fact is that such coal is totally unfit for domestic purposes; that there would be no demand for it, and that, therefore, the poor would not benefit from its introduction, but might possibly suffer if such an inferior fuel were placed unrestrainedly in the hands of unscrupulous traders. Moreover, those who have adduced these statements appear to have lost sight of the fact that the tax is not collected on the value of coal at the pit's mouth, but is levied on the price, plus the cost of freight, obtainable in the London market. Dealing with the allegation that an abolition of the dues is desirable, as calculated to benefit the working classes, it certainly seems clear, no matter from what standpoint the question is regarded, that no such result would ensue. If, by any system of supervision or regulation the coal trade between the retailer and the consumer could be controlled so as to ensure that the benefit of the removal of the dues should be directly transmitted to the purchaser in a reduction of price, of course there would be something to be said in favour of the contention that he would benefit. But such a provision is out of the question. The matter is one which must be left to the prevailing spirit and tendency of commercial transactions, which, it is to be feared, would be rather in the direction of benefiting those who intervene between the actual producer and consumer, than the consumer himself. Indeed,

it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that a "ring" of coal-owners and middle-men would be the first result of the abolition of the dues for the purpose of appropriating the additional profits thus made available. That the consumer of small quantities would derive the benefit is, to say the least, questionable.

But accepting for a moment the hypothesis that they would do so, what, after all, would be the relief afforded them? Looking at the very small quantities of coal that the working man individually uses, it is almost impossible that the removal of the tax could make any appreciable difference to him. The decreased cost of a farthing or more per week on the price of the coal used by the smaller consumer sinks into insignificance beside the contemplation of diminished sources of labour, more especially at the present period of depression of trade and industry. It has also to be remembered that the sums of money levied and leviable in respect of coal dues have been expended, and are intended to be expended —for Parliament has so willed it—in effecting public works of improvement; or, in other words, in providing thousands of families with the ways and means of daily subsistence. For the removal of the dues will inevitably lead, if not to a complete cessation of the large schemes of metropolitan improvement, which have provided so much labour in the past, at least to a curtailment of labour in those directions; a curtailment which can ill be brooked at this moment of want of work, and which no small relief in the direction of cheaper fuel can counterbalance.

Nor does this consideration exhaust all that may be said in respect to the benefits of the working classes dependent upon the retention of these dues. The question of improved intercommunication for the inhabitants of the populous working-class districts north and south of the Thames below London Bridge is not unimportant, because there can be no doubt that such direct access would mean the saving both of time and money to thousands of working-men who are obliged to use the circuitous routes of intercommunication which now exist. Therefore, if humanitarian views are to be the guiding principle in this matter, as appears to be the case with many, by all means let a broad view of the probable results predominate, and not the narrow and direct consequences of the removal of the tax alone be taken into consideration.

Passing from this aspect of the question, and considering, next, whether the tax is really necessary and beneficial, what is the state of the case? Prominently displayed is this incontrovertible circumstance that the Metropolitan Board of Works, acting under the initiative, in many cases, and at all times with the sanction of Parliament, has, from time to time, undertaken and performed, for the benefit not merely of the London ratepayer and those in

the suburban divisions, but for all whose business or pleasure calls them to the capital, certain great works of public utility, the cost of which works has been spread over sixty years. Obligations have thus been incurred, by and with the consent of Parliament, which must be met, and the fulfilment of which it is the duty of Parliament rather to assist than to retard. The Board and the City Corporation have, from time to time, carried out works of unquestionable public utility, such as the main drainage of London, the Embankment of the Thames, the construction of the Holborn Viaduct, the formation of other main thoroughfares, the widening of the approaches to, and reconstruction of, London Bridge, the purchase of the site of the General Post Office, to say nothing of the provision of open spaces, freeing of bridges, and other works. Many of these works were carried out prior to 1855, when the Metropolitan Board was formed as the central body for correcting the defects and neglects of existing bodies, and for satisfying the daily increasing desire for greater conveniences and for the adornment of the metropolis. The great sewage works undertaken have resulted in increased health, and the same may be said of the exercise of the powers subsequently acquired by the Board of creating parks, pleasure and recreation grounds, and open spaces. One of the largest duties thus thrust upon the Board by Parliament was the construction of the Embankment on the north-east side of the Thames from Westminster to Blackfriars. This colossal enterprise, which will endure for centuries after the ostentatious and fidgety municipal reformers of this time have disappeared and been forgotten, was carried out at a cost of two millions sterling; and Queen Victoria Street, in continuation of the Embankment into the City, cost another million and more. All these works were promoted by the Government, and placed upon the shoulders of the Metropolitan Board to carry out, and have been carried out, it will be generally admitted, efficiently and well.

The facts connected with the freeing of the various bridges need not be entered into. It is sufficient to state that there is hardly a bridge within the metropolis that has not been constructed, partly constructed, or freed from toll through the instrumentality of these dues. Much more might be written under this head, in substantiation of the assertion that the dues have, in the past, been beneficially administered to the common good of the entire population. As to the necessity of their continuation there should be little hesitation. Leaving out of consideration the cost of past improvements, and regarding solely the question of future policy in that respect, the abolition of the dues would raise two alternatives: the practical suspension of all further schemes for promoting

the increased health, adornment and general improvement of the metropolis, or the necessity of increasing direct taxation. There are continued demands for a progressive policy on the part of the Metropolitan Board. Only recently the Board has been called upon by the Home Office, to effect a thorough purification of the metropolitan sewage before it passes into the Thames—a work upon which the Board is now entering, and which will entail an expenditure of three quarters of a million, and an annual expenditure of about £120,000. The Board is also desirous of forming a subway under the river at Blackwall—a work of obvious importance to the working classes as well as to trade and traffic, and involving an expenditure of a million and a quarter at least. This subway is a crying necessity. It is intended for the purpose of providing direct communication between two parts of the metropolis, identical in population and pursuits, but which are now, for the want of communication, as effectually divided as if they were many miles apart. Manufacturers and traders have to send many miles out of their way, in conducting their business, through circuitous thoroughfares, entailing great loss of time, and involving considerable expense. In fact, an amount of loss, expense, and inconvenience is felt by all sections of the community, altogether incommensurate with any immediate gain that would result to them from an abolition of the coal dues. The tendency of Parliament, in fact, seems more and more to concentrate in the direction of heaping further responsibilities upon the Metropolitan Board of Works, and there is something simply incongruous in the present state of affairs.

The proposal to delegate to the Board the control and maintenance of certain additional London parks, with Westminster Bridge and Chelsea Embankment, and a few other places thrown in, means the transfer to the shoulders of the Metropolitan Board of Works of another heavy responsibility—a transfer of debt, also of heavy annual expenditure from the national to the local exchequer, which are sure to involve increased rates. Nothing is heard, when these duties and charges are transferred to the Metropolitan Board, of its so-called indirect representative character; this insinuation is only made when the Board asks for a continuance of the coal duties. As a matter of fact, the Board is no more indirectly representative than the Ministry of the day which is selected from the members of the dominant party, the mayor of a town, the aldermen of a corporate body, the chairman of a Parliamentary Committee, or of a Royal Commission, or any other man who is chosen, after having served, as it were, an apprenticeship in a certain line in public life or municipal government, and who takes his share in the executive management of the

affairs. To place 100 men in a room, ignorant of London Government, whose sole qualifications were that they could make long political speeches, or spend a few hundreds of pounds in contesting a seat for the central body, would be to change the present practical way of conducting business into a state of chaos, and would increase the rates and place the administration of affairs practically in the hands of a few highly-paid officials.

But although, as has been said, nothing is heard, when executive duties are thrust upon the Metropolitan Board by Parliament, of the imperfect or indirect representative character of that body, yet when, for the purpose of carrying out these duties they seek for a continuance of a useful and non-oppressive impost which forms part of their revenue, and which, in some form or other, has existed for centuries, what is considered to be the defective constitution of the Board—a constitution not of their own making but provided by Imperial Parliament, is the reason assigned for refusing to the Board the aid it seeks.

With regard to the first alternative, the suspension of further important schemes of metropolitan reform and improvement, it is clear that the obligations already thrust on the Board by Parliament, and the important sanitary and other works still being pressed by Parliament for execution, must lead to further expenditure, and further taxation, unless the dues are renewed. The next question that arises, therefore, is, first, whether the tax is in itself one of a beneficial or non-injurious kind compared with other taxes; and, secondly, what other tax is it practicable to substitute for the coal dues if they are allowed to cease? Upon the first point there can be no doubt, in the opinion of all persons fully conversant with the peculiar characteristics of the dues, that the tax is one of the best that exist in the metropolis, because it is cheaply collected, because the people are accustomed to it from long usage, it having been levied over 200 years, and because it falls more directly on a man's means than any other tax that can be levied. There is more equality in it than in any other with which the public are familiar; for the poor man with his small fire, and the wealthy one with his twenty or thirty fires, are equally and fairly assessed by it, paying according to their means. But, after all, the answer to this question turns upon broad general principles of taxation. The whole question of taxation in the metropolis appears to be out of joint. Up to 1855 there was no central body to conduct matters of general improvement in the metropolis, and, unlike many corporations in the country, which have land, dues and tolls from which to make improvements, the whole burden of taxation in the metropolis for these, as well as other purposes, fell practically, though not theoretically, on the

occupation of houses. A much fairer method would be, in the imposition of any tax, to have recourse to the ability of persons to pay.

There is no doubt that the statement advanced is most true, that with the additional taxation of the School Board and Metropolitan Asylums Board the metropolis has in many districts nearly reached its limit in the matter of direct taxation, and that the extension of the principle further would become oppressive. It is said that the metropolis is rich enough to pay for its own improvements; but there is not a capital in the world, nor one practical government, that will throw wholly on the occupiers of houses in the district selected for a metropolis the sole expenditure for the maintenance of parks, main thoroughfares, and bridges, which are works intended for the benefit of all who use the capital as the centre of government and commerce. Levies in aid are made from the Imperial Exchequer, and rightly so.

And this leads to the second point: "What other tax is it practicable to substitute for the coal dues?" To largely increase the rates as now levied by law is out of the question. No; if the Legislature should decide, either in this or any future session, to do away with the coal dues, it should give the over-burdened ratepayer the duties on carriages and the dog-tax within the metropolitan area, and should place a further tax on property. Proprietors, whatever interest they may enjoy in any property, should pay in proportion to that interest, and it should be made unlawful to cast the sole and entire burden on the occupier, the practice obtaining in respect of the present property-tax being extended and made more stringent. You would then take each description of property *seriatim*, and could catch every interest, whether it were of the occupier, of the mortgagee, or of the person who had a beneficial lease, until you reached the ground rent, each party paying in proportion to the property and interest which he may have in any estate. Coupled with this provision of means whereby the Metropolitan Board should be empowered to raise funds for discharging its present and future obligations, it should be laid down that the full amount which the Board should be empowered to levy in the £ should be clearly defined by Parliament. It must be clear that the Legislature must either stop all metropolitan improvements, and throw out of employment thousands of individuals, or permit the coal and wine dues to be continued, or grant the proceeds of the taxes alluded to in aid of general local taxation. Any other course would engender great discontent upon the part of the ratepayers, and would paralyse the central municipal body, let it be called what it might, and the useful objects for which it was constituted would be defeated.

Taking into account the vast importance of this question, and the necessity of its being carefully and deliberately settled, it is to be sincerely hoped that the practically unanimous voice of the four millions of people of London, expressed through their representatives in Parliament, will have due weight with the county members when the matter comes on for settlement; and that, recognizing that the question is not on all fours with that of the improvement of provincial towns, where the necessity for such gigantic expenditure as is requisite in London does not frequently arise, they will permit the Bill of the Metropolitan Board for a continuation of the coal dues to pass a second reading, and to be referred to a Select Committee where questions of detail may be considered.

ROBERT G. WEBSTER.

POLITICS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

If we seriously ask ourselves what is the broad impression produced by the debate on the Address, which, prolonged to the end of January, was continued during two-thirds of the past month, we shall surely be forced to reply that it is a feeling of profound distrust of an Assembly that could spend so much time in erratic and purposeless talk. The ordinary explanation of all this futile rhetoric is that the Home Rule Members for Ireland are determined to render government impossible by discrediting our Parliamentary institutions. But a very little reflection suffices to show us that this explanation is far from fully accounting for the scandal. It is perfectly true that the followers of Mr. Parnell contributed their usual volume of irrelevant utterance to the debate, and that, in doing so, their main object was to obstruct the progress of legislation. At the same time, the Opposition proper made no small contribution to the sum total of the fruitless controversy; and this, not so much from any deliberate determination to obstruct legislation as from an instinctive desire to oppose and embarrass the Government. Neither can it be said that the Government's own supporters abstained from swelling the discussion. Some fault has been found with them in certain quarters on this account. But it should be borne in mind—and the observation applies as much to the ordinary members of the Opposition as it does to the Conservatives—that representatives of the people are now sent to Parliament chiefly in order that they may display their talent for talking. Were this not so, how could we account for the fact that what is called a good candidate for a modern constituency is almost invariably one who commands popularity by voluble promptness of speech and boundless resources of language? Is it not natural, therefore, that the electors who chose him precisely because he could make long speeches, should expect him to confer distinction on the constituency he represents by an occasional, if not indeed by a frequent, manifestation of his special abilities? The Debate on the Address affords him the coveted opportunity; and however much he may weary the House or afflict the general public, and however small the space the report of his speech may occupy in the London papers, his observa-

tions are set forth in full in the local journal of the Division for which he sits. Thus it is an instinct of self-preservation and self-advancement that prompts so many Members of Parliament to omit no opportunity of being heard within its walls. In point of fact, they continue their electoral tactics when within the House, and they waste its time in order that they may make sure of being returned to it afresh.

But though each particular constituency may be gratified by the growing notoriety obtained by its own representative, the impression produced on the country generally, by these repeated exhibitions of random and useless oratory, must necessarily be to gravely lower in its estimation the Assembly which is made their victim. The evil will not be an unqualified one, should it at last arouse the nation to a due sense of the disproportionate authority exercised by the Second Chamber, and induce it to listen to those who have for some time been contending that it is our political machinery, rather than those who work it, to which the chief blame attaches for our present condition. Meanwhile, not really apprehending the nature of the mischief, the House of Commons is engaged in curtailing its own liberty of debate. We are far from saying that the New Rules of Procedure proposed by the Government, and substantially supported by many members of the Opposition, are not timely and necessary. But those who imagine they will provide a cure for the loquacity of Parliament and the growing weakness of the Executive, are destined to bitter disappointment. We can hope, however, that the discussion of the new Rules will not long stop the way to the introduction of Measures contemplated by the Cabinet for the better government of Ireland. Many reproaches, not all of them unfounded, have been addressed to the Cabinet, for the imperfect and perfunctory employment of the powers it already possesses for the repression of disorder, for the punishment of dishonesty, and for the vindication of the law. At the same time, all impartial people will acknowledge there is much truth in the plea advanced by the Prime Minister at the meeting of the Conservative Party held at the Foreign Office on the 21st of February, that without the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, enjoyed by the Gladstone Administration, the Proclamation of the National League would probably have been attended with fresh legal embarrassments, rather than with any results satisfactory to the lovers of order. Nor must we expect that even the most stringent and continuous application of the powers possessed by the Executive, whether old or new, will speedily, or even soon, restore Ireland to a condition of normal legality. The consciences of the Irish people have been demoralized by the land legislation of the British Parliament. They

have been taught by the Legislature that they ought to enjoy a special exemption from the payment of debts and the execution of contracts, and it will be some time before these mischievous doctrines are eradicated from the Irish breast.

We cannot pass from the consideration of domestic affairs without paying a tribute of admiration to the First Lord of the Treasury, for the dignified and thoroughly competent manner in which he has discharged his duties as Leader of the House of Commons. On no occasion has he proved unequal to his position; thus confirming our faith in the opinion we have frequently expressed, that for the judicious and effective conduct of public business, not showy qualities, but substantial virtues, are the most indispensable characteristics. It is also gratifying to note the growing enthusiasm which is entertained in the Conservative ranks for the solid abilities and the robust political attitude that distinguish Mr. Goschen. At the same time the Chancellor of the Exchequer is making himself every day more and more at home in his new position. Nor is there the smallest sign of any falling off in the faithful support extended to the Government by Lord Hartington and his followers. The Conference of the Round Table still continues; but, beyond a certain general impression, for whose correctness we cannot vouch, that Mr. Chamberlain is, for personal reasons, anxious to see the rent in the Liberal Party closed, there is no reason to suppose that any material progress has been made in these private negotiations.

Europe has been kept in a constant state of suspense during the past month, waiting to ascertain the result of the General Election in Germany. Prince Bismarck has achieved a decided and striking electoral triumph, nor can there be any doubt that the new Reichstag will pass the Army Bill in its integrity. But will that assure to Europe the blessings of peace? It would be rash to answer the question in the affirmative. But if any weight is to be attached to the words pronounced by Prince Bismarck and Count Moltke in the late Reichstag, we ought surely to be able to comfort ourselves with the reflection that the menace of war is diminished, if only by being postponed. The Imperial Chancellor affirmed, in the plainest and most direct language, that Germany would never assume the offensive against France without some stronger provocation than the fact that France is growing too powerful. When he uttered these words his quarrel was not with France, but with the Opposition in the German Parliament, whom he reproached with refusing to the Crown the resources indispensable for the safety of the Fatherland.

The verdict of the German people has practically rescinded the

Resolution of the late Reichstag, and now that the Crown is certain to obtain the increased forces and the renewed powers it originally demanded, the Imperial Government would seem no longer to have any justification for threatening Europe with the imminence of war. Indeed, might we not go further, and affirm that it is now the bounden duty of Prince Bismarck, or better still, perhaps, of the German Emperor, to pacify and appease the public mind by a declaration that shall encourage both the German and the French people to return, without further anxiety, to the pursuit of their ordinary avocations? It must be confessed that, during the present year, the French people have displayed an amount of self-control that is greatly to their credit. Had they replied to the opinion so freely expressed concerning them by Prince Bismarck with ebullitions of similar candour, France and Germany would at this moment be at war.

If, therefore, the war panic subsides in Germany, it will certainly find no fresh fuel in France. At the same time, so long as the two nations go on arming against each other no serious person will believe in the indefinite maintenance of peace. It is not this person, nor that, it is neither Prince Bismarck nor General Boulanger, who can justly be reproached with playing the part of firebrand. It is the situation that is at fault; and for that situation we honestly confess we see no present remedy.

The enigma whether we shall have Peace or War must, moreover, remain unsolved so long as the position of affairs in the East of Europe retains its present indefinite and uncertain character. Negotiations between the Bulgarian Envoy, M. Vulkovitch, and M. Zankoff, and even between the Porte and M. Zankoff, have been broken off; the object of the latter having evidently been either to break down all resistance on the part of the Bulgarians, or to leave them to confront the perils involved in the prolongation of a provisional state of affairs. It is highly characteristic of Russian diplomacy that M. Zankoff has never been nominated, nor even officially recognized, as the agent and spokesman of the Czar; though he has been allowed to assume a tone he would never have dreamt of adopting but for the notorious fact that he was in the employment, and has been acting on the inspiration of, the Government of St. Petersburg. Could the affairs of Bulgaria be severed from the general affairs of Europe, it might be immaterial whether the Bulgarian Question be closed or remain open. But, affecting, as they do, the whole policy of Russia, they are intimately connected with the relations of Germany and France, and indeed with the relation of all the Great Powers towards each other. It is a matter of absolute indifference to the Czar how much Bulgaria suffers by being deprived of a Princely Ruler; but it is all im-

portant to him that Russia should not be involved in war on account of Bulgaria, until the designs of Germany have been more clearly ascertained. Germany must necessarily desire to weaken France. It is of supreme importance to Russia that France should not be weakened. Whatever may be the outward evidences of friendship between the Rulers of Germany and Russia, the policy of the two countries is fundamentally and inevitably hostile; and the world at large is beginning to recognize a fact which has long been potent to shrewd observers. The armaments of Austria-Hungary are closely connected with this circumstance; for against whom can they be directed save against the Power that aspires to sway the destinies of the Balkan Peninsula, and to make of it a line of march to Constantinople? The Alliance between Germany and Austria remains absolutely unimpaired; and the precautions taken at Vienna against Russia have received the express sanction, and probably are owing to the positive suggestion, of Prince Bismarck. In a word, if we brush aside all minor issues, we see clearly that the broad issue is this: France and Russia, without having entered into any formal pact, are practically allied for the purpose of holding Germany and Austria in check; and Germany and Austria are avowedly allied in order to keep France and Russia in check.

Such being the case, it is interesting to know the disposition of the other Powers. There has been a Cabinet Crisis in Italy of long duration, and, at the moment at which we write, it has not been brought to an end; Signor Depretis having encountered more than the usual difficulties in striving to effect one of those parliamentary combinations for which he is so famous. All it behoves us to note in this place, in connection with the Crisis, is that there is every reason to believe no arrangement will be made that removes Count Robilant from the direction of Foreign Affairs. He is a *persona grata* at Vienna, therefore at Berlin; and it is felt that the understanding between Italy and the German Powers is more secure in his keeping than in that of any other Italian statesman. We shall hardly be wrong in believing that if ever the natural antagonism between France and Russia on the one hand, and Germany and Austria on the other, leads to a conflict between them, the forces of Italy would be thrown into the scale in favour of the German Powers. If we add that it is almost inconceivable, in such an event, that Turkey and the Bulgarians would not both be found fighting on the same side, we shall perceive that, formidable as the joint armies of France and Russia might be, they would still be over-matched by the combination at Prince Bismarck's disposal. The stubborn and gallant manner in which the Italian troops held their ground at Massowah against

the Abyssinians shows that the Army of the King of Italy would be no mean factor in any great European War.

We have left England, it will be seen, completely out of the calculation. But could England remain absolutely isolated from such a conflict? It would require consummate statesmanship to induce Germany, Austria, Italy, and Turkey, to fight for our interests, we ourselves holding aloof. Yet, no doubt, that is the course many persons would recommend, and all would aim at. Nevertheless, the tenacity with which the Government of Lord Salisbury maintains our hold on Egypt, with the practically unanimous approval of the nation, shows that the English people have an instinct that, while the affairs of Europe, both in the West and in the East, are so unsettled, it will not do to allow ourselves to be dislodged from any coign of vantage.

February 26th.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[N.B.—The appearance of a letter in the *National Review* in no way implies approval of the opinions expressed by the writer. This portion of the *Review* is reserved for remarks that Correspondents may desire to make upon papers which have been published in the *National Review*, or for letters upon such other subjects as the Editors may think deserving of discussion.]

A Policy for Ireland.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

Will you allow me to say a few words on a letter, so headed, in your last number?

The writer advocates education of such a character as is preferred by Irish parents. If he means that such private schools may be set up as would be popular, it is so now. But perhaps he means that the State should provide such. If so, he must consider that it is the clergy and not the parents who decide such questions. Any parents who send their sons to the purely secular education of L. C. D. do so against the orders of the clergy.

He must view Romanism as a political system, rather than as a religious one like that of the Church, Presbyterians, Methodists, or others. A Romish University teaches that the Pope may depose monarchs, and release subjects from their allegiance. If the writer would understand the principles of Romanism, I would recommend to him the writings not of Protestants, but of a strict Romanist, Dr. Charles O'Conor, Librarian at Stowe to the Duke of Buckingham. He had there the best private collection of books and MS. connected with Ireland. Now let us see what he says of the conduct of the Romish clergy, when Charles II. was restored in 1660. After the rebellion of 1641, and Cromwell's settling his soldiers in Ireland, the Romish gentry were anxious to prove that they had been loyal to Charles I., and that to punish them for resisting Cromwell and the Parliament would be unjust. The Duke of Ormond was their friend and advocate with the King. Those, on the contrary, who already possessed, or wished for, their lands, represented them as rebels against England itself, and not merely against the Parliamentary Party. In order to assure the King of their loyalty, a Remonstrance was drawn up to the following effect: "We confess and declare that, notwithstanding any power, or pretension of the Pope or See of Rome, or any sentence or declaration of what kind or quality whatever, given, or to be given, by the Pope, his predecessors or successors, or by any authority, *spiritual* or *temporal*, proceed-

ing or derived from him, or his See, against Your Majesty, or royal authority, we will still acknowledge, and perform to the uttermost of our abilities, our faithful loyalty and true allegiance to Your Majesty. And we openly disclaim and renounce all foreign power, be it either papal or princely, *spiritual* or temporal, inasmuch as it may seem able, or shall pretend, to discharge or absolve us from this obligation, or shall any way give us leave or licence to raise tumults, bear arms, or offer any violence to Your Majesty's person or Government, being all of us ready, not only to discover all treason which shall come to our hearing, but also to lose our lives in defence of Your Majesty," &c. This, to prevent objections from the Ultramontane party, was taken chiefly from a printed declaration, presented to Parliament in 1640, and a former one, addressed to Sir T. Fairfax by seven English Catholic peers and twenty-seven Catholic esquires. This Remonstrance being signed at Lord Clanrickard's house in London by such as were there, was presented to the King, having ninety-seven names of the most respectable Catholics of Ireland. The bigoted party objected that no Catholic nobleman would have signed this Remonstrance if his piety had not been taken by surprise.

To this the Irish nobility and gentry replied that they signed the Remonstrance uninfluenced by any other consideration than by the unmerited obloquy which the conduct and maxims of some bishops caused to their religion, and the dangerous influence which such maxims had over the uninformed population of Ireland. The bishops objected to sign after the laity, on pretence that they ought to have been allowed to sign first. Then they refused until they should be able to meet in council, then illegal. Ormond got the King to allow them to meet for the purpose. The Remonstrance was so freely signed by the leading Catholics about Wexford, that efficacious remedies were required lest their example should be followed by the whole Kingdom. The gentry who signed were threatened with excommunication—they were seduced, it was said, by false brethren of the second order of the clergy—*wolves in sheep's clothing*, who must be excluded from the fold, lest they should proceed further to infect the flock. The Nuncio at Brussels went so far as to give to the second order the nickname of Valesian Hereticks, in hopes of detaching them from Walsh (Valesius), and he summoned them to appear before him, as such, in Flanders, and to be sent into exile to Spain and Italy, where they should be tried by the Inquisition. He added that the Remonstrance contained damnable doctrines, which were condemned by two successive Pontiffs, Paul V. and Innocent X., when King James proposed his oath in 1606. He declared, in a letter to the Rev. Bondaventure, alias Flan Mac Bruodin, dated Brussels, October 2, 1663, that this infamous heretical Remonstrance will injure the Church more than any former persecution—"quam quæois anteacta Hæreticorum

persecutio"—; and exhorted the Irish to martyrdom, rather than, by signing such a damnable document, to apostatize. See O'Conor, *Historical Addresses*, Part II., p. 143–161.

This is Romish doctrine still. It has never been renounced. If ever Rome should have taken hands with England it was then, in 1660. All the estates of the Catholic laity were at stake. The Cromwellian settlers, and all others who held or signed for forfeited estates, wished to prove all the Catholics rebels. Ormond wanted them to save themselves by this Remonstrance. But the Popish bishops and upper clergy, and all who looked to Rome for promotion, would not allow it. *They* had no estates to lose, the lords had; but the lords might starve, while the Pope reigned and the clergy could be rewarded with bishoprics.

This is the system which would be inculcated in an endowed University. It cannot be England's wisdom to endow any such. Of course, if Romanists will set up such themselves, and allow their sons to learn its disloyal principles, neither we nor England can prevent it. But to help it would be as suicidal an act as England could possibly commit.

Your obedient Servant,

CHARLES CROSTHWAITE,
Canon and V. G. of Kildare.

A March-to-Moscow Enterprise.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,

It is with a feeling of amazement that I have read Colonel Malleson's article on the "Rivalry of England and Russia" in your February issue. There must be some serious mistake about it. By an unfortunate error he appears to have sent you an article written eight or ten years ago. It cannot possibly have been written in the year 1887, because my estimate of Colonel Malleson's capacity as a writer on the Russo-Indian Question, often expressed, and never adversely, refuses to associate his name with an extraordinary fallacy, based upon the dead facts of a vanished past, gone, never to return. A general insurrection in the Caucasus is as utterly impossible as a rising among the Welsh. As well might Russia invoke the aid of the Crofters, as of 75 per cent. of the peoples he imagines would welcome an English invading force; as well might the bugle-blast of a French general landing at Dover summon to his aid the ancient Britons, the Saxons, and the Danes. That we could land a force I will concede, but that we could penetrate even to Tiflis is, I consider, impossible. Colonel Malleson says that the "60,000 Circassians" would rush from "the northern and north-western slopes of the Caucasus" to help us. Where are they? All told, men, women, and children, the Circas-

sians number only 25,000 souls. Then would come the Abkazians, "numbering 120,000, ready for a well-planned revolt." All told, men, women, and children, the Abkazians number only 52,000 souls. Here, therefore, at a stroke, the 180,000 Circassian and Abkazian warriors dwindle to 15,000, even if we reckon one in every five of the united total of 77,000 Circassians and Abkazians as fighting men. This is the outside possible estimate; but it is a well-known fact that the remnants of these two tribes have been so carefully weeded that I question whether even a thousand or two would join us; at any rate, instead of 180,000 cavalry, we should be greeted only by a mere riff-raff of a few thousand poor tribesmen. These two tribes have always been regarded as the backbone of a revolt on the Black Sea side. That backbone is gone; so that the English would start from the coast unaided. It would be only when they approached Tiflis that they would come in contact with the Ossetes—his next factor of support—which he numbers at 65,000, in reality 110,000, which would only afford a total of 22,000 fighting men; the majority, however, Christians, and opposed to the Turks, and who, moreover, are on excellent terms with the Russians. Finally, he specifies the Tchetchentzes, on the Caspian coast, who would aid us when we had traversed Transcaucasia. He reckons them at 120,000; as a matter of fact the Tchetchentzes, Lezghians and other East Caucasian tribesmen, all told, number 150,000; and could not give more than 30,000 fighting men. Altogether, therefore, the projected reliance on the "900,000 mountaineers of the Caucasus" is a reliance on thin air. If the pacified dregs of all the tribes I have cited helped us, the general total, including boys and old men, would be only 67,000 males, of whom one third would be Christians—a total Russia could outmatch with loyal natives without any difficulty.

Next, Colonel Malleson refers to the Georgians, "850,000 and secretly hostile"; but he does not specify the aid they would give us. Being Christians, and hating the Turks, they certainly would not welcome an Anglo-Turkish force. Curiously, last night I was visited by a Georgian gentleman, just arrived from the Caucasus, with a letter of introduction from a Tiflis friend. He was very frank as to the grievances of his countrymen, but ridiculed the idea of their rising against the Russians on our behalf. As regards the "572,000 Armenians" (in reality 750,000) they would certainly be loyal, as they hate the Turks, and have been long favoured by Russia, in return for which they are rapidly Russifying themselves. Colonel Malleson does not say if he thinks they would help. He is equally reticent as to the Tartars. With regard to the Russians, who are swarming to the Caucasus and settling down there, he omits to mention that there are 1,500,000 dwelling north and south of the range. They, alone, without the aid of the army, could tackle that imaginary force of "900,000 mountaineers,"

which, I have shown, could only put 67,000 males in the field, of whom but a few thousand would really fight.

Now out of the 5,750,000 people of the Caucasus 1,500,000 are Russians, and 750,000 Armenians; making 2,250,000, or, with 90,000 Germans, Greeks, and Jews, nearly one-half, perfectly loyal. The 1,000,000 Georgians, who are Christians and would not join a Mussulman revolt, raise this to 3,340,000. Then come, on the Caspian side, 1,550,000 Tartars, quite pacified, without aspirations, and whom even Colonel Malleson does not dare to describe as allies. Add 110,000 Christian Ossetes, and we get a total of 5,000,000 out of 5,750,000 either loyal or utterly unreliable as allies in the event of a war. Hence, the "rising" he would invoke in the Caucasus is a myth.

If the army of the Caucasus be estimated at 150,000 troops, is it conceivable any English force could conquer that region, in face of the facts I have given? But restrict the operation to a march of 560 miles to Baku, on the Caspian—what force could arrive there, after guarding the communications through Tiflis, and confront the hundreds of thousands of men Russia could pour down the Volga if she chose? With her 800 steamers on the Volga, and the 100 on the Caspian, with her barge capacity on the Volga of 3,000,000 tons, and her 1,500 sailing vessels on the Caspian, Russia's power of concentrating an immense army on any point of the Caspian is so patent that I confess I cannot believe that ever Colonel Malleson imagined it possible to cut the Russian communications in that sea. What could our penny steamers, taken in sections to Baku, and put together there, do against such a marine? No; whatever way one soberly looks at it, Colonel Malleson's proposal to seize and hold the Caucasus is a "March-to-Moscow" enterprise. Feasible, perhaps, during the Crimean War, it is utterly impracticable to-day; and so far from being vulnerable, the Caucasus is the most invulnerable part of Russia. Even if it were not so, its temporary loss, which would not carry with it the loss of the Caspian, would leave unaffected the Volga-Krasnovdsk-Merv line of communications, and would be no more felt by Russia proper than the temporary loss of New Zealand would be felt by Great Britain. Such a blow as he plans, therefore, is a blow that England cannot possibly strike under any conceivable circumstances, and all she can really do is to rear such a barrier in Afghanistan as shall stem any rush of Muscovites. Opinions may differ as to how this is to be done, but if the actual position of Russia in the Caucasus in 1887 be carefully studied, there can be no difference of opinion that the plan put forth by Colonel Malleson for an offensive movement there, to call away the Russian hordes from Herat and Candahar and cleave their communications in the Caucasus and Caspian, is quite outside the power of this country. If the facts I have given in support of this view be deemed inconclusive I would refer your readers to my threepenny pamphlet for the masses,

on the subject, *Russia's Power of Attacking India* (London: W. H. Allen & Co.), in which I have illustrated the later Russian plans by some maps that show how imminent the danger is, and how hard the conflict will be between Russia and England in the East. All the more reason, therefore, that there should be no illusions as to what we *can* do against Russia in the event of war. If we can do nothing in the Caucasus, it is obvious we must increase our efforts for bearing the brunt of the Russian attack in the Indo-Afghan region and the Persian Gulf.

I remain, Gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

Plumstead Common, Kent, CHARLES MARVIN.
Feb. 10, 1887.

The Tripartite Division of Tithes.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,

Lord Bramwell, in a letter to the *Times* of yesterday, treats the tithe rent-charge (so called) as a debt due from the landlord, which he is bound to pay.

Considering Lord Bramwell's position, this will probably be taken as a statement of what the law is, and as convicting of error my letter in the *National Review* for the current month.

Lord Bramwell can, however, hardly have meant his letter to be a statement of the law. Section 67, 6 & 7 William IV. c. 71, says that "Nothing herein contained shall be taken to render any person whomsoever personally liable to the payment of any such rent-charge."

In Griffinhoofe *v.* Daubuz, 4 Ell. & Bl. 230, it was decided that the landlord is not personally liable. At page 235 Lord Campbell, C. J., says "No personal liability on the part of the defendant (the landlord) is created by the Act," and "There is nothing in the Statute requiring the landlord to pay; on the contrary that is carefully guarded against."

The judgments of Coleridge, J., and Wightman, J., are to the same effect, and Erle, J., had left the Court. This judgment was affirmed in the Exchequer Chamber (25 L. J.—N. S.—Q. B. 237 & 5 Ell. & Bl. 746), and the personal liability of the landlord was not even alleged as the case was presented there. Lord Bramwell, then at the bar, argued against the landlord, and the first words of his reply appear to have been "in the popular sense," and the echo of these words will best guide your readers in the interpretation of his Lordship's letter.

I remain, Gentlemen,

Your Faithful Servant,

Lincolns Inn, R. W. WINTLE.
16th Feb. 1887.

Volunteers and the Capitation Grant.

To the Editors of "The National Review."

Gentlemen,

I shall be glad if you can find space for a few remarks upon this subject. Just now, when the armies of Europe are organized on such a scale that the Germans are about to add 41,000 men to their peace establishment, it is certainly a proper time to look most carefully to our means of defence, and it is well that the Government have this particular subject under consideration.

It should be borne in mind, that whatever may be the efficiency of the Volunteer force as at present organized, or the proper place for troops of this nature in case of war, from the professional soldier's point of view, the actual position the Volunteers would occupy in case of invasion would be the fighting line, from the simple reason that there would not be troops enough of any other description to make up the necessary complement to meet an enemy of such proportions as would certainly be brought against us were an invasion attempted. The sooner this fact is acknowledged and recognized the better for the safety of the country. In the present state of public feeling, it is out of the question to think of increasing the Regular Army, or even the Militia, to any appreciable extent, and still more so to talk of compulsory service; the practical problem, therefore, remains—how to make the best of what we have, viz. the Volunteer force.

No doubt the Committee presided over by Lord Harris has given the matter careful consideration, but I very much fear that the evidence laid before this Committee was rather calculated to mislead than to guide to a right conclusion. What may have been said by the few witnesses the Committee called, of course, I do not know, but, without doubt, the chief evidence they have had to consider was supplied by the very elaborate accounts that were called for from every battalion of Volunteers, showing the expenditure for the last five years, and, in some particular cases—the cost of ranges, &c.—back from the commencement of the Volunteer movement. It is these returns which I venture to say were misleading.

I have before me the official form on which these accounts were sent in, and from it it is evident that certain items of expenditure which are allowed to be included are, nevertheless, considered illegitimate, while others are looked upon as only partly so; this assumption is really begging the whole question.

Again, the return shows the expenditure, not the debts incurred. Now, it is clear that the expenditure, that is the money paid, was in every instance governed, not by the requirements, but by the amount received, and there is nothing to show what may be the debts to bankers or army contractors.

Lastly, there seems to have been an idea in the mind of the official who drew up the form, that whatever has been necessary has been expended, and that to make up the amount where the Government allowance fell short, subscriptions have been forthcoming, and that what is now asked is—that the officers and others may be relieved of the necessity of continuing these subscriptions. This is a mistake. The fact is, that with the present grant, and the subscriptions, and all the credit that has been obtained, it has been found, in many instances, insufficient to properly maintain the present standard of efficiency, and for want of funds much has been left undone that ought to have been done.

Some Volunteers are now saying, that with an increase of capitation grant, further requirement for efficiency may be made with impunity; others are much alarmed at this idea, fearing lest a further demand on the men's time may prove disastrous. To some extent both these contentions are right.

It is not absolutely necessary to make a further call on the men's time, and yet to vastly improve the efficiency of the force. Probably the amount of drill gone through, to conform with the regulations as they at present stand, is a good deal more than was ever done by the American soldiers who fought so splendidly in the Civil War.

Let me make a few practical suggestions. It would be best if the terms for the Capitation grant of 30s. remained as they are, but for an increased grant, ask for more efficiency; that is to say, do not add to the number of drills required from the individual volunteer, but to the drills, as at present demanded, add better discipline, complete equipment, more mobility, and better marksmanship.

Better discipline can be obtained in one way only; that is by embodiment of battalions in camp. Let the Camp's grant be made 3s. per day instead of 2s., and do not limit the number of days to six, nor make it essential that the minimum of three clear days should be consecutive.

Complete equipment.—Give an extra 5s. Capitation grant to the battalion that is completely equipped and turns out for inspection in marching order with great-coats, valises, water-bottles, &c. just as a regular regiment.

Mobility.—It may be thought that it is little Volunteers themselves can do towards this desirable end; if so, this is a mistake. It would be trespassing too much on your space to describe at length what can be done. But I can state, as a fact, that it would be quite possible for every Volunteer battalion to possess its own Volunteer regimental transport.

The experiment has, in one instance, been tried and proved successful, and a complete scheme was laid before the War Office more than eighteen months ago.

Let the Capitation grant and forage allowance proposed in that scheme be given, and in all probability it would not be long before it became quite general for Volunteers to possess regimental transport throughout the force.

Marksmanship.—Some men have no ability in this direction. Do not exclude them; there must always be a large percentage of men wanted for other duties than firing at the enemy; there is the baggage to see to, the cooking to do, the wounded to be attended to. Let the men who cannot reach a certain standard be set apart for such duties, and give for them the same amount of capitation as at present; but for those who can get into the second class at target practice, give an extra 2s. 6d., for the first class men 5s., and for marksmen 10s.

Were these propositions acceded to, the utmost expense it would entail upon the country would probably not exceed £150,000 per annum, and I venture to say that not a single item in the estimates would be better spent. It would most likely be the means of saving millions at some future date, and, of still more importance, of preventing disaster.

May I add that for ten years I have been treasurer of the battalion to which I have the honour to belong, and that I have had more than twenty years practical experience of volunteering. Apologising for writing so long a letter,

I am, Gentlemen,
Yours faithfully,
T. Sturmy Cave.
Major and Hon. Lt.-Col. 1st Vol. Batt.
Hampshire Regiment.

P.S.—Since writing the above the Report of Lord Harris's Committee has been published. I am the more convinced that the accounts have been misleading. The suggestions of the Committee are, for the most part, good so far as they go, but the extra money will not be found sufficient. The important subjects of *better discipline* and *mobility* are not touched at all. It is to be hoped that the Government will see their way to dealing with these matters.

Constitutional Club, February 1887.

"Locksley Hall."

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

As an admirer of Lord Tennyson's poetry, I cannot help taking exception to Mr. Dyneley's notice of the continuation to "Locksley Hall," which appeared in your January number.

There is very much in Mr. Gladstone's paper on the same subject with which I, for one, find it impossible to agree; and the exclusively

political standpoint from which he regards the questions raised by the poem, makes his criticism rather barren and unsatisfying; but his estimate of its literary merit will, I venture to assert, find many more supporters than Mr. Dyneley's.

In the first place Mr. Gladstone has seen, what your critic seems to have lost sight of, that "Locksley Hall, Sixty Years After," is an essentially dramatic poem.

No English poet, not a professed dramatist, has excelled Tennyson in his power of writing such poems; poems in which the poet is completely merged in his creations; and the result of his excellence in this respect has been that critics have been constantly finding expressions of his own opinions in what are really the utterances of his characters.

Nothing is more remarkable in "Sixty Years After," than the manner in which the identity of the old man with the boy of the earlier poem has been preserved. He speaks just as one would expect such a boy to speak when years had cooled his passions, and experience had damped his hopes.

As a boy he had been fascinated by the marvellous advances in industrial science which marked the beginning of the present century, and his imagination had been deluded, in consequence, with the idea that the perfectibility of man was not a far-off dream, but a tangible something which might almost be realised in his own lifetime. Looking back, after sixty years, he finds that it was only a dream after all; that the scientific discoveries which enchanted and amazed his youth, have brought evil as well as good in their train; and that reforms often do little more than discover fresh work for the reformer. Both poems, too, are the utterances of a man labouring under strong emotion, and not the sober pronouncements of a calm observer.

But even taking the poem as seriously as Mr. Dyneley, we are prepared to maintain that it does not bear out his statement that the poet has gone over from the best Liberalism to the worst Conservatism. The same enthusiasm for human improvement, by human effort, is present in the later, as in the earlier work, with only such limitations as dramatic propriety obviously required. Compare these lines from the two poems:—

> Not in vain the distance beacons, forward, forward, let us range;
> Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

And—

> Forward then, but still remember, how the course of time will swerve,
> Crook, and turn upon itself, in many a backward streaming curve.

In both, surely, there is the same eagerness to reach an ideal; the spirit is unchanged; but the old man has learned what the boy failed to perceive, that "the mill of the gods grinds slowly," and that what we can do to further the improvement of the world is but little, and is largely dependent on the co-operation of forces above and beyond ourselves.

I have already allowed this letter to run to a greater length than I intended; but there is one further point in Mr. Dyneley's essay which I must notice before I conclude. He asserts that a great poet must enjoy a detachment from the controversies of his age, such that although he sees and appreciates them, they do not affect and trouble him as they do other men. In a sense, no doubt, this will be true, because his greater insight into the eternal verities will enable him to appreciate more justly than others the place of these controversies in that great order by which all creation is slowly moving to the "far-off divine event"; and taking "Sixty Years After" as an expression of Tennyson's own views, it would seem to indicate that he has attained to this serenity in a high degree. He looks upon the world with a sigh of regret for its evil, but with no despair of its good. But your critic seems to mean more than this: he seems to mean that the great poet will show his greatness not by infusing the universal spirit into temporary and local questions, but by confining his attention to that universal spirit. He instances several poets as having exemplified this detachment, and among them Shakespeare. Shakespeare was too great a dramatist to make his characters talk Elizabethan politics; but so far is he from being detached from his time, that from a careful study of his works alone it would be possible to get a very fair idea of the questions which most interested the England of Elizabeth. Apologizing for writing at such length,

I am,

Your obedient Servant,

Constitutional Club,
11th January 1887.

H. P. Tregarthen.

"Last Day" on the Dee.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

In the *National Review*, Mr. Gathorne-Hardy says that, as the catching of one salmon is essentially the same as the tussle with any other, there is no need to describe individual achievements with the angle. The honourable gentleman's proposition cannot be unreservedly assented to. In the first place, it is palpably incompatible with the facts of sporting literature. In that department of life, as in every other, the supply is a response to the demand; and that all writers on angling invariably tell how they hooked and landed a big fish is clear proof that all readers about angling like to be discoursed to in that manner. In the second place, it stands to reason that the essential similarity of all fishing exploits is the very thing that conditions the general interest in the records of them. Yes: that stands to the sweet reasonableness

of analogy. Just think how very few people would read novels were it not that it is the same "old, old story" that all romance-writers have to tell! If everybody's love affairs were entirely different from everybody else's, nobody would care to read about anybody's. It is manifestly the same with angling: the similarity of circumstance is what establishes among sportsmen the community of zeal.

Therefore I am sure that even Mr. Gathorne-Hardy will be glad to hear about the last day of the season on the Aberdeenshire Dee. It was very dull with mist clouds, and mild with a south-west zephyr. The river was not very high, for there had been no big spate since August; but it looked just in the very order likely to permit a successful finish off for the year.

"It 'll no' dae, laddie,—nae use at a'."

Thus spake the saturnine gillie, as I asked him what he thought of my rod, which I had just put up. It was a rod I am very proud of: a trouting one of three pieces from the workshop of celebrated M'Cubbin. I had never met a trout so big or so strong as to conquer it. Therefore I had thought to try it against the denizens of the Dee: explaining which to the gillie, who meant well, I wended my way into the middle of the river by a devious path of stepping-stones.

The third cast was fruitful. Through the black of the rushing deep there appeared a momentary and ghostly gleam, and "Jock Scott" was fast in a heavy fish. The rise had been as gentle as that of a yellow trout when it does not suspect the fly a fraud. Sometimes you will see a salmon leaping a yard into the air, or skimming two or three yards over the surface of the stream. That is not the way he takes a fly. There is no vulgar display in that process: all right-minded salmon come leisurely to the scratch, and get hooked in a gentleman-like manner.

What a stubborn disposition a twenty-pounder exercises just after the preliminary canter!

My salmon went straight to the bottom.

"There ye are, noo,—jist as I tell 't ye!" The reproach came in vindictive tones from the shore. It was the gillie, vexedly contemplating my twelve-foot one-handed rod bent into a resolute semi-circle.

Affairs were certainly in a critical posture. The row of stones along which I had stepped into mid-water had a very deep pool immediately below them; and beyond them, in front of the big boulder on which I was standing, the rush was very strong. For a few minutes my salmon sulked in the silent depths. Then he moved calmly but firmly out into the roaring rapids, and the tightening line whirred like the dull boom of a telegraph wire at work.

After a quarter of an hour thus, it became plain that my quarry had made up his mind to tire me out. Probably he saw that in the circumstances of having to manage him I could not get back to

the bank, for the road thereto was perilous ; and also that I could move neither up nor down, nor further out. That was a despicable policy. I resolved to visit it with defeat. I would show the fish that the resources of civilization were not limited by the area of the boulder on which I was standing. Tire me out, indeed ! Would he ?

Having rolled in the line so that only six yards were out, and holding the rod perpendicularly in my left hand so that I could have the right free to steer with, I slid, right shoulder first, into the rapids. My scheme was to swim three or four yards nearer the opposite bank, and then downwards, to have my enemy from the rear.

Alas ! it soon became evident that Sir H. Davy spoke stern truth when he said that hereditary subjection to the chase has implanted into the salmonkind an instinct of warlike tactics.

No sooner did I find myself comfortably immersed than the wretch was off like mad. He tore down the stream at a terrible pace : at a pace so riotous that, doubtful whether the line was strong enough to allow me to be hauled as if by a steam-tug behind him, I let the reel go, and it whirled with a shriek that would have caused the Banshee to despair.

Then my lot in life became lamentable. I was quite prepared to have my head under water on the evening of that day, for the festival of Halloween had to be observed ; but I had not counted upon such dire practice as this.

Deprived of the sustaining help of the pull on the line, I sank and rolled aimlessly far under the surface. My knees suffered many a hard rub ; for Father Dee reposes upon a hard and rocky couch.

By-and-bye all my line was out. Things mended a bit. The continued rush of the frantic fish assisted me once more to the upper air, and I regained my feet.

My woes were only beginning. We were now a quarter of a mile from the pool we started at, and had suddenly come round a bend in the river to another pool. The first thing that met my gaze on re-appearing above the surface was sufficient to strike terror into the boldest heart. It was the gillie of Lord ——, who was also himself hard by : a wild weird Highlandman with a red pug nose, a raging eye, and a mop of black tangled hair ; gutterally roaring across to me to be informed for " whaat ta tevil she 'll pe taein' there " : a terrible tyke. Distance did not lend enchantment to the view of him ; but it lent a wholesome sense of immunity to me. In sorrow rather than in anger, I rejoined to his railing accusations :

" My Lord, why does the heathen rage ? "

His Lordship smiled ; but it was clear that the tyke felt insulted.

" Rage ! Ye tamned impident teevil. Ca' me a heathen, tae, wha 's an elder o' the kirk ! I 'll——"

The rasping syllables ceased ; but the wrathful eyes became alert with a scheme of action. The salmon had resumed his journey down-

wards. I was following. The tyke reeled up, laid down his rod, and proceeded to accompany us along the bank. It seemed obvious that my original enemy had got an ally, and that the tyke meant to wreak his affront upon me when I should go ashore. I resolved to be in no hurry. I could conscientiously say that it was not altogether my blame that I had left the water where I had permission to fish, and had got into that of Lord ——.

At the mouth of the pool—by-the-way, Mr. Gathorne-Hardy, you are wrong in calling the end of a pool its tail—there was a nice big boulder. I stepped upon it, struck an attitude, and with a defiant wave of my disengaged hand addressed the tyke and his noble master:

> "Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
> From its firm base as soon as I!"

The tyke was awestruck. Turning to his companion,—

"My loard," said he, "he maun be the daftie that escapit frae the Asylum this moarnin'!"

It was obvious that my bold foreign policy was prospering. Ere long, however, I flew from my firm base; for while I was trying to conjure from memory another histrionic speech the salmon careered again, and I had to follow by compulsion.

The new rush was the last. After it the fish became amenable to reason, and scramblingly I led him to the bank. At that moment my own gillie appeared with the gaff he had run to his cottage for when I hooked the salmon. I felt safe at last.

Four hours afterwards the fish was delivered at the palace of my highly valued friend the Bishop of ——, eighty miles away. My explanation of things was satisfactory to Lord ——. The tyke was not altogether appeased; but, stepping into the trap that was waiting to take me to the railway station, I handed him over to my own gillie, with instructions to destroy the heathen if his raging did not abate.

Gentlemen,

I am, your obedient Servant,

W. E. H.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Editors of The National Review, care of Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., 13 Waterloo Place, London. S.W.

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THE
NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 50.—APRIL, 1887.

ENGLAND'S UNREADINESS FOR WAR.

The crisis through which European civilization is now passing may be said to be one of preparation for war, and if we Englishmen are less moved by it than other nations, that is only because we think ourselves to be farther removed than any of them from the seat or seats of present and prospective danger; certainly not because we are especially prepared to defend our moral and material interests. Perhaps it would be more exact to say that we do not think about the danger to ourselves at all. Vague ideas may float through our brains, ideas that there may be some danger after all; we are a little uneasy, as a man with great responsibilities feels, during his sleep, that something is weighing upon his mind, but on the whole there is a general rejection of the subject as a topic of serious thought: such thought as is needed to decide on matters of immediate interest and importance,—say—the means for pacifying the Irish, or the choice of a son's profession. Everybody who reads his newspapers—and who does not?—must be aware that never since 1815 were the preparations for a continental war so immense or so little disguised. We all know that the Eastern question threatens to demand a solution at any moment by force of arms, that the Central Asian barriers of supposed trackless wastes have been swept away by the breath of the steam-engine; that for practical purposes, we now touch France on one side and Russia on the other in Asia, and that the most elementary principles of self-interest cause some other nations to desire that the standing jealousies of England and Russia should be brought to a head, in order that we may be forced to take an active part in quelling the ambition of a Power dreaded by all. In our heart of hearts we feel that, shrink back as we may, events will be too strong for us, and action become necessary for our salvation; yet with true Saxon sluggishness we postpone the study of the problems involved, and, with a sort of superstitious fatalism, conceal from ourselves alone, of all men,

the condition of unreadiness in which we exist. We have not quite arrived at the baseness of saying that we will pay a ransom rather than fight; but there is something very like an inclination to risk the payment of a huge sum hereafter rather than give the attention and provide the comparatively small sums which are required now. It is not the object of this article to show how seriously our unreadiness affects the question of peace or war, both in East and West, but rather to invite attention to the fact that we are in such a condition of unreadiness as to oblige other nations to exclude our help or hindrance from their calculations. The effect is one of extreme gravity, but it is not for the moment under consideration.

There are, however, certain points which touch on policy, but must be settled eventually on military principles. One of them is that there can be no successful defence unless the defending nation or army is prepared to assume the offensive at the right moment. This principle is true in tactics without controversy; true in strategy, by the general consent of all the greatest soldiers of modern times; so true, that France, hardly recovered from her weakness and humiliation, is already basing her ideas of future policy upon it. Considerations of space forbid the development and proof of this statement. Suffice it to say that it is the one maxim which neither time nor all the changes in arms has ever shaken. It is not necessary to contest the maxim of our volunteers, "Defence not Defiance." All we mean is that neither England nor any other country was ever successfully defended by sitting down to await the attack of an enemy. There may be short periods when an army may be forced to stand on the defensive for a while, but the circumstances must be peculiar. The Peninsular war would never have been a credit to England if Wellington had always remained in the lines of Torres Vedras. It was not by sitting down in fortified positions that Frederick held out during the terrible struggle of the Seven Years' War, but by making his army move rapidly from place to place and defeating one enemy after another by strong offensive blows. The ill-success of the Armada was due to the boldness of English attacks. Austria and Turkey fell before attacking forces in our generation; and it is now well known that if France had been ready to attack first in 1870, the war might have turned out to her advantage. When Napoleon I. prepared to invade England, he was not deterred by our defensive preparations, but by Nelson's vigorous offensive actions against his fleet; and all his great campaigns were illustrations of the superiority of a bold offensive over plans of defence, however skilfully laid. The proposition ought to carry conviction on the face of it, for who is there that would ever dream of success

Po.
turned in ca...

in any kind of fight if he were not as well prepared to give blows as to parry them.

The application to us of the principle that attack beats down defence is simply this. If to-morrow we were forced to take part in a war—say with France or Russia, or any other country, we should inevitably lose if we abandoned to the enemy all power of initiation; and, carried a little farther, if England were invaded, the only possible hope of success would be gone if we shut up our troops, whether regulars or volunteers, in defensive works. There never was, and is not now, any successful way of making war except by seeking the enemy's army and beating it in the field. When we boast of our motto, "Defence not Defiance," we should be generally regarded as hopelessly imbecile, unless defence were held to include counter strokes against an enemy's armies in the field, and even against vulnerable points in his own territories. In a vague and general way, the principle is recognized by the idea that we might act offensively with the fleet against an enemy's trade, and so, no doubt, we ought to do; but the task would be vastly more difficult than it used to be, and even complete success in such warfare did not obviate the necessity for action on land against French armies in Canada or Germany during the Seven Years' War, and in the Peninsula during the Napoleonic era. It was the invasion of the Crimea that sapped the life-blood of Russia thirty years' ago, and if we were at war with one of those Powers or any other, in 1887, a similar policy, differently applied, would inevitably have to be followed.

Let us suppose for one moment that we were at war with Russia, and Russia is only chosen because the English people are more familiar with the idea than with that of any other war. We have two vulnerable points in our armour; our sea-trade, which might be damaged by cruisers of doubtful position. Call them regular cruisers or privateers, it matters not. Our fleet would have plenty to do in hunting them. More will be said of this presently. The other weak point is the Indian frontier, and there cannot be a moment's doubt that Russia would at once begin to accumulate troops in Central Asia, and build up by degrees a large army there, which would threaten the frontier from more than one direction, while her emissaries would try to create disaffection in India. The Indian army would have to guard the frontier; but is it conceivable that the home army would sit at ease and strike no stroke elsewhere? No one in his senses can admit the possibility of England sitting down tamely to wait while the opposing army in Central Asia was growing. It would be too humiliating and alienate from us all sympathy in India and all belief in our prowess throughout the world. Common sense

dictates, furthermore, that England should make just those attempts which suit best her naval and military strength, and avoid such actions as would display her weak side. To carry out this principle, she should show her power of sending expeditions by sea, and once landed, they should be based upon the sea. There are Englishmen who will say that we should not make war at all. With that question, or with the possibility of keeping out of it by any means except being formidable, we have nothing to do at present. In this paper it is supposed that war is a possibility, and there is no hope of making a successful war on any other terms than being ready to act aggressively as well as defensively. This must be considered as a military axiom against which no soldier will argue who has been trained in any modern school of thought. We have then to face the possibility of sending far away from these shores some such agressive force as we used to do when the nation was about one-third as populous as at present, and we might further have to reinforce the Indian army. For such purposes, at least two perfectly organized and mobile army corps are necessary, and to that extent measures are now being taken, with the full approval of all men of sense in the Empire. The two corps would require something like 80,000 men, and they should have behind them, to supply casualties and reinforcements, at least another 30,000 at first. We will, therefore, put the total force at 110,000 of all services, and we have lately been told by the Secretary of State, that the two corps and a cavalry division would have 192 guns, requiring, with ammunition columns, forty-six batteries of horse and field artillery. The first remarkable fact with regard to them is that, under the arrangements which now exist, we have exactly this force of artillery available, and to produce it we have had to turn some horse into field batteries. We proclaim to the world that we have just enough horse and field artillery for two army corps, with a cavalry division, and not a single battery more to act in defence of the country and ward off attempts at invasion from any quarter.

The word "invasion" will raise an incredulous smile on many faces, but only because the idea has become unfamiliar. There is an unreasoning and unreasonable belief that invasion is impossible, or at least highly improbable, because, though an army might land, it would never be able to return to its own country. There is a very simple answer to this latter proposition, namely, that it would not want to return till its work had been accomplished, London taken and peace made. But let us examine for a moment the effect which modern changes have had upon the possibilities of invasion, and what it means to be unprepared on land. The two greatest modern developments have been steam and the telegraph.

On the whole their action would be clearly in favour of the nation which has the intention to invade. When Napoleon I. prepared to invade England, though it is doubtful whether he ever intended to put the design in execution, he was obliged by the necessity of the case to assemble a large army on the other side of the channel, and to accumulate a huge flotilla for the transport of the troops. Thus every notice was given to the English. He was also immensely inferior at sea, British men-of-war patrolled the Channel, and the very name of Nelson weighed on the spirits of the French fleet, which was, besides, unfit to challenge an action because of the inexperience of its sailors. The modern French fleets are of excellent quality, and, though very decidedly inferior in strength to the English, might be made superior at a given time and place, to any force which could be accumulated by us to meet attack. The telegraph brings the remotest points within speaking distance, and such is the certainty of steam that ships from American, Asiatic and Mediterranean waters might be counted upon to assemble, say off Cherbourg, within a few hours of the time named. Exactly the same facility would be given to transports of all kinds. There would be no necessity to make a demonstration by assembling a large force anywhere. The units of which an invading army was to be composed might come from Tonquin, Cochin China, Algeria, and all round the coasts of France; there need be no sign of preparation anywhere on a large scale, and any warning telegram might be stopped, though no such telegrams would be likely to be sent. The fixed idea which possesses us that the natural enemy of France is Germany would lead us to suppose that any preparations which were being made were directed against the Teuton, not the Briton. It is not too much to say that a declaration of war might be presented to-day, and the next morning a strong French fleet and flotilla with troops might be off our southern or western coasts. An invasion would probably take place at several points at once in order to distract attention, the point of concentration being fixed at some point not far from London. The use of the telegraph would count against us, because nothing is easier than to stop information which would travel over a single line of wire. The late snowstorm showed us that London may be left for days without news from the Continent even by the derangement of our home lines, and one of the obvious preliminaries would be the destruction of our submarine cables. Thus England would be thrown into complete darkness as to what was going on throughout the whole world, and our insular position turned against us. Here is an interesting war game presented for the study of the Admiralty and War Office. Perhaps the newly-created Naval Intelligence Department may take it into consideration, and say what could be done under such circumstances. Other nations have had their

Intelligence Departments hard at work for many years, and no one can be simple enough to suppose that such schemes have not been worked out, if only as an intellectual exercise.

It is clear that, unless some astonishing flaw can be pointed out in the above suggestions, the strategical effect of steam and telegraphy is all in favour of the assailant, and would be equally in our favour if we were the invaders. How would the tactical part of invasion be effected? On this head we are not without an actual example, very much to the point. The tactical power of steam in the presence of an enemy was illustrated in 1882. An invading force was landed at Alexandria in front of the Egyptian army. Various demonstrations were made, and reinforcements poured in. One day the Guards were marching through the streets of Alexandria, on the next they were at Ismailia on the Suez Canal, and the day after that, they might have been at Suez or back at Alexandria. No land army can meet such tactics as these so long as the initiative is in the hands of the Power acting from a sea base: a flotilla might begin to land near Portsmouth, and transfer itself completely to the mouth of the Thames by next morning. It may be laid down as an incontestable principle that short of girdling the whole sea-coast of a country with impassable obstacles of one sort or another—which is absurd—there is absolutely no possibility of preventing an invading force from finding a convenient spot on which to disembark. And it would be equally impossible to prevent a landing; for, here again, modern developments are all in favour of the invader. The long-range and enormous shell-power of ships' guns would enable men-of-war to cover completely the landing of troops, which would be effected with much more ease and rapidity than of old by the use of steam-launches towing the lines of boats in which the troops would be. We have shown the impossibility of a land force following the movements of a fleet; but if it were on the right spot, at the right time, the concentrated fire from the guns of a fleet would make any position untenable unless months had been spent in erecting strong works. Thus, then, the conclusion is irresistible that the modern developments of steam, electricity, and heavy artillery are all in favour of the Power which attacks by sea—in favour of Great Britain as an aggressive Power, provided that we could possibly hold our tongues about schemes of attack; against her if on the defensive.

The following may be laid down as proved facts, understood of all who have carefully studied the subject:—

First. The moral effect of being the assailant, and the intellectual advantages of seizing the initiative, cause all modern strategists to base their plans on attack rather than defence, even though the policy of the nation be non-aggressive. Example, Germany at the present moment.

Second. There is no frontier so open to attack as a sea-coast, because of its great length, and the impossibility of guarding its whole extent or even a considerable part of it. It possesses, however, the advantage that the mass of troops which can be landed is limited by the number of ships which can be used for the transport of troops. For short voyages a great number of men may be packed on one ship. A French army embarked for the invasion of England would probably carry three or four times as many troops as our expedition to Egypt in 1882 in the same number of ships.

Third. Modern developments such as steam, telegraphy, and heavy naval artillery are all in favour of the invading army, both strategically and tactically.

Fourth. England as a Power which has no land communication with the Continent is favoured by her position as long as she maintains an overwhelmingly strong fleet in British waters, but in case of war she would have to expect a complete cessation of telegraphic communication with the outer world. It would be impossible to protect submarine telegraphs everywhere, and our communication with the rest of the world, and with our fleet in foreign waters, would become slow and embarrassed after, if not before, a declaration of war.

Fifth. The result of all these facts in combination is that a maritime nation with a fairly strong fleet, such as France, might count with absolute certainty on throwing a fully-organized and equipped army of 100,000 men, to begin with, on these shores, especially if there had not previously been a state of war. Of course, the invasion would be rendered still easier if any considerable portion of the British fleet were engaged in operations at a distance.

Sixth. We are, therefore, shut up with the certainty that invasion could not be prevented, and that the task of disposing of an invading army must eventually rest on the shoulders of the land forces at home.

There are some other important facts on which we have not touched, because they, though all telling in the same direction, would have somewhat marred the simplicity of the main truths. One of them is that the great cost of modern ships reduces of necessity the number of men-of-war available, which renders blockade of an enemy's ports much more difficult. Since steam has become common there has not been a single effectual blockade, unless we call the assembly of all the fleets of Europe before a petty port in Greece, while no war existed, a blockade. Night and speed will defeat any blockaders, and the aggressive action of torpedo-boats would make life on board blockading-ships by no means void of hourly anxiety. The old maxims of naval warfare are not applica-

ble to modern fleets. Upon their heads be it if the Admiralty have not worked out new principles. Another important point is, "What will be the general result of great battles between ironclads?" We do not know; nobody knows; but the probability seems to be that many ships would be sunk and few captured. In fact, the victor might easily come out of the action far weaker than he entered it, and so crippled as to be of little use at sea till after refitment. If so, it is very serious, unless we quickly supplement the coaling-stations by building docks capable of receiving ironclads in several new positions abroad. Criticism is a weary task when there is so much to be criticized, but Lord Brassey's authority may be quoted for the statement that if a naval action took place in the Indian waters there is no dock where an ironclad could be repaired nearer than Malta, which is about four thousand miles from Bombay. Vessels in those tropical oceans soon lose speed from the growth of life, vegetable or animal, on their hulls, and should be docked and cleaned occasionally. No means for the purpose exist, and this is one of the curious pieces of carelessness permitted by a nation which places blind confidence in its naval power.

So far we have shown that if England were drawn into war she could not play a merely defensive part. Attack she must at points which have, no doubt, received the attention of the War Office and Admiralty. And, while she was attacking, her home islands would be more exposed to invasion than they have ever been. We have now to ask what preparations are being made to repel a force which cannot be prevented from landing, and drive it into the sea or take it prisoner. Are we, in short, prepared to make sure that a force, once landed, will never go home again to its own country? Supposing the strength of the various forces to remain much as they are, there would be something like 200,000 Regulars and Militia, which would probably have been embodied, at least, when the two army corps were despatched, and there would be some 200,000 Volunteers. Four hundred thousand men form a respectable force for resistance to invasion. The Volunteers have been put at a higher figure than the War Office dares to estimate them, but there can be little doubt that what would be lost in one way would be gained in another. It is a splendid army on paper, but, as at present organized, it unfortunately lacks almost all the necessaries required for an army manœuvring in the field.

The first remarkable fact is the total absence of trained field artillery. The late reductions have so astounded soldiers that they may be excused for asking if the Government have not been playing a colossal practical joke on the country. Mr. Stanhope explained in his Memorandum that there was not enough field artillery to supply the needs of two army corps, and that even that small

force could not be put in the field without changing certain batteries of horse artillery into field batteries. The language of the Memorandum was fairly clear, or at least its figures were, but many excellent people, finding that the horse artillery was to be reduced because its proportion to field batteries was not that required, imagined that Mr. Stanhope found the proportion of field guns, including horse artillery, above that required. Nothing could be farther from the truth, and to make the subject plain a few figures are required, which shall be taken out of the official Memorandum, so that there may be no mistake in the matter.

Of regular artillery there are now :—

Horse artillery, 8 batteries.
Field artillery, 38 ,,

If all these batteries were fully armed and equipped with six guns per battery, as they were a little while ago, the force would represent 276 guns, which is a number already less than we had last year. But the further step has been taken of counting some of these batteries — fourteen — as not batteries at all for war purposes, but only ammunition columns, so as to get over the obvious necessity of forming such ammunition-columns out of nothing now existing in the service. The Artillery has been laid on a procrustean bed, and we have the following arrangement of its *disjecta membra*. Mr. Stanhope says, in the Memorandum :—

"In the event of war, the demands upon the Royal Artillery, according to the new scheme of mobilization, would be as follows :

For horse and field artillery, to furnish artillery for two army corps, a cavalry division, and their line of communication.

8 batteries of horse artillery of 6 guns each.
24 ,, field ,,
14 ammunition-columns formed from field batteries.

The total number of batteries required being 46, and the total number of guns 192."

Both these statements are taken from the very words of the Memorandum, and it is plain that the batteries required for the two army corps and the cavalry division exactly use up all that exist ; but by a stroke of the pen no less than 84 guns, not far short of the amount required for an army corps, are simply abolished for war purposes. It hardly requires technical knowledge to tell us that, while infantry can be quickly created from any English sources, and a fair cavalry from the horsey classes with some labour in a year or so, the combination of knowledge of horses and skill in the management and use of guns, carriages, and ammunition, together with good shooting, is not to be found existing, nor to be produced, except by time and labour. We have always been short of field artillery, in proportion to the other

arms, and the first reduction was bad enough, but it has been reserved for this generation to say deliberately that outside the small field army intended for active service abroad and at home, there shall be masses of infantry, and even garrison gunners; but no field artillery at all for something like four hundred thousand men. England's unreadiness for war was never more cynically proclaimed. It would be far better to do away at once with a great part of the extra infantry, for then we should not be in a fool's paradise. Half a million of men, and not field artillery enough for a hundred thousand. Some guns, for the most part not field guns at all, but guns of position, are being distributed to volunteers, because they happen to be in existence and useless for any other purpose, but neither the guns nor the men who will work them can be called field artillery. The organization will be of a perfectly different character, and much more allied to siege-trains than to the rapid marching and manœuvring batteries which alone can fairly be called field artillery. In this generation no such fatal step has been taken towards inefficiency, and we can only suppose that the intention is to call attention by a bold stroke of policy to the need which exists for a large measure putting the proportions of the three arms on something like a proper footing.

An equal weakness is to be found in the Engineer Corps, but the danger is not so great. If the country were in danger, the services of many civil engineers, the pick of Great Britain, would without question be available, and they would acquire very rapidly the special knowledge required for military purposes. There is no body of men which can be said to be prepared for the duties of field artillery.

Supposing, then, as we have done, the case of invasion, it would have to be met with an incoherent mass of regular infantry, militia, and volunteers, with not a field gun amongst them. From want of manœuvring power, these troops would inevitably take up a defensive position somewhere, and try to defend London. It is difficult to find anything in the annals of war to illustrate such conditions as these, but the latter episodes of the Franco-German war bear some faint resemblance to what might be expected. The French armies assembled by Gambetta's energy were much more numerous than the troops opposed to them. They contained a sprinkling of regular officers and non-commissioned officers, and a considerable number of regular soldiers. They were chiefly volunteers, and full of patriotism, and they were fairly well supplied with field-guns, though trained artillerymen were rather scarce. Coming down in great force upon Orleans, they forced the Bavarian corps to retire, and, for a moment, it seemed that there was danger to the Prussian investment of Paris. But it was found impossible to manœuvre

the army in the field so as to attack the besiegers of the capital, and the French General, with his army, sat down in a defensive position about Orleans. It had the advantage of a considerable number of ship's guns, and there were high hopes of stopping the progress of Prince Frederick Charles. Vain delusion. The well-regulated machine under the Red Prince's command came up, did not like the big naval shells at all, but soon threw four hundred field guns into line. The French army absolutely melted away, and would have become a miserable mob had not retreat been ordered. It was driven back for several days, and when, later on, the half-trained forces of Bourbaki and Chanzy attempted to take the offensive against German forces, inferior in number but complete and well-trained, Bourbaki was driven into Switzerland and interned; Chanzy, completely beaten before Le Mans, had to abandon camps and vast stores of arms and provisions. From that moment French resistance was at end, because the improvised armies had learnt their absolute helplessness in front of a trained professional force. And the nightmare of the French soldier was always the German artillery, which seemed to him numerous as the sands of the sea. His constant complaint was against the treachery of those who had allowed France to be unready, and the hopelessness of any good thing coming out of government by parties. In short, he was completely demoralized, and in the whole of France there was no more resistance. Since then the proportion of field artillery has been increased in all continental armies.

For a time, the collapse of French unprofessional armies caused serious thought and serious measures in England, but the effect wore out by degrees, and now, with a combination of two military Powers against us quite possible, we are making a great reduction in the arm which, more than any other, requires long and careful training, which is almost valueless if untrained, but, when in full condition for work, is the one thing needed to give confidence to an infantry young in war. Yet, perhaps this step was needed to show with clearness the working and general effect of the Procrustean system which always treats the Budget as an iron frame to which even the safety of the country must conform. The two army corps are excellent, if, indeed, we are to have them; but it is, perhaps, not rash to assert that the framers of the scheme never dreamt that 84 guns would be sacrificed in order to provide ammunition columns without paying for them.

The chronic unreadiness of England for war has been fairly stated by the Memorandum wherein Mr. Stanhope tells Parliament and the country that the necessities of the Budget, which means the desire of parties for popularity, has sometimes brought the reserves of ammunition and stores to a dangerous condition of reduction. This, he says, should not be done in the future, and

the same excellent advice applied to the number and proportions of the different arms. The mobilization scheme of ten or twelve years ago was, from the beginning, a mere paper organization, but flattered the country for a while into the belief that it had eight army corps, which by some unknown means could be put in the field against an enemy. Not one of the corps could have been used on the other side of our frontiers—the seas. We are now going on the opposite principle and showing in another way how and where the shoe pinches. It is now said that only two properly equipped army corps can be placed in the field for an expenditure of seventeen millions. Perhaps this time the crude statement of the case and the knowledge that, after the two corps, there remains a mass of men recruited to bear arms but not organized, may strike the mind of the average Englishman, and he may exclaim, "This is not business!"

The same feeling may perhaps arise when he comes to understand that not one of the fortresses is ready for an attack, not even Gibraltar and Malta according to modern ideas of coast defences. Details need not be given here. Suffice it to say, that the common talk in the Mediterranean garrisons is their comical unreadiness to stand a siege. And this very year France, it seems, is to carry out great naval manœuvres almost under the shadow of The Rock, one of them having for its object to prove whether a fleet of torpedo-boats could close the gates of the great inland sea against the advance of an ironclad squadron: in other words, whether a French torpedo-fleet could prevent the return of English ships to English waters, by establishing a practical blockade of the Mediterranean. It is of no use attempting to hide our heads in the sand; the plans of every fortress, the position of every gun, the amount of ammunition, coals, and stored provisions are carefully ascertained from time to time by foreign Intelligence Departments, are tabulated and lie docketed in their own proper niches ready for use when wanted. Only the English people are ignorant of their own affairs, and satisfied to remain ignorant. Lord Randolph Churchill said the other day that he would not have denied the money for coaling stations if he could have believed that the works would be armed and manned, but that when he looked at the fortifications which were built with the grant obtained by Lord Palmerston he found that they were useless for want of guns. What is wanted is a definite military policy, no hand-to-mouth living any more, but a resolute determination to work steadily towards a definite end. Whatever be the force which England can recruit, it should be an organized force to its last man, otherwise it is not force but mere feebleness. It is true that the English army and English needs are not like those of continental nations, but there are some

principles which must remain the same whatever be the national peculiarities.

According to the systems which prevail on the Continent, and are much more economical than ours, every detail is prepared in peace, and the War Offices which have worked at perfecting the organization have no more to do with the action of mobilizing an army than a watchmaker has when he has completed a chronometer. A turn or two of the key, and the watch goes with its marvellous regularity and certainty. The whole vast military system of Germany, for instance, is always wound up, and needs no more than the pressure of a spring to set it in motion. There is no period when the War Office is so disengaged from all work and worry. The mobilization of a couple of millions of soldiers is effected without friction, and with harmony and celerity. If we ask an English official why our system is not equally simple, he will say one of two things, perhaps both, one after another: "We have not conscription," or "Where is the money to come from?" Conscription has nothing whatever to do with it. The submission to the law held by other nations to be almost a law of nature—namely, that every man owes personal service if his country is in danger, and he is able-bodied—does, indeed, produce numbers of soldiers, but makes organization more difficult, because it is easier to deal with a small standing army than with an armed nation. There are many English officers capable of laying down the lines of a system by which all the forces of the country, regulars, militia, and volunteers, could be mobilized for their own appointed work as quickly as the German army. There is no secret about it, nor any special English difficulty, provided the War Office will consent to relax its control of every detail throughout the army, and cease its extraordinary habit of dancing the regiments about the world as a sort of merry-go-round, till the whole service is rendered giddy, and deprived of every atom of initiative—the very faculty which is, above all, necessary in modern war. If, in a great factory, the workmen pouring in at the gate never knew from day to day what work they were to do, or how they were to be distributed, their daily redistribution would be rather confusing, and employ an extraordinary number of managers and overseers. Yet this is the English system, and the army of overseers plies its task at the War Office. If the smallest English expedition has to be despatched at short notice, nothing is ready. The immense War Office staff is at its wits' end. Mistakes and blunders are abundant, the fuss and excitement prodigious; and all because the simple principles which are, of necessity, followed in every other considerable organization, are conspicuous by their absence at the War Office. There is room enough for the work of

a genuine reformer, and if Lord Randolph Churchill would devote himself and his undoubted abilities to the sweeping away of the venerable rubbish which chokes the military machine, instead of suggesting the stoppage of one practical bit of work, the fortification of the coaling stations, he would find a task worthy of a strong man, and deserve, if he did not gain, the gratitude of his country.

It is impossible that so cumbrous an organization should not be expensive, but the important point to-day is, that it is inefficient. "Military administration" cost last year more than a quarter of a million, and the result was what we have just shown. "Military education" cost over a hundred and eighty thousand pounds, and a series of criticisms from the highest quarter has lately proclaimed that, whatever else it may be, the army is not militarily educated; "Manufacture and repair of stores" over three millions, yet where are the guns for ships and field artillery, and where the magazine rifles? The army estimates were over seventeen millions, exclusive of the Indian Budget, and we cannot yet pretend to mobilize two army corps. A labour of mountains, and what a ridiculous mouse to come out of it! A few short weeks, or months at the best, and the soil of Europe will be trodden by the feet of many millions of armed men. Then a panic will surely arise in these islands, there will be lavish expenditure and frantic attempts to make up for lost time. The people will begin to find out that, under one name or another, fully five hundred thousand men bear arms in this country, either as regulars, with their reserves, militia, or volunteers. Yet we calmly accept the fact that we cannot put two army corps into the field; and there will be a prodigious cackling if this summer we can mobilize, in a state for active service, one army corps of, say, thirty thousand men. The proportion of field guns for the armed men we possess, and could use as a field army, would be, at the least, six hundred at home, that is, at the rate of three per thousand. Speaking roughly, for general purposes there are less than five hundred for the United Kingdom and the rest of the Greater British and Indian world all put together.

The fortification and arming of the coaling stations is of supreme, perhaps vital, importance. The marvellous part of the business is, that we should have gone on contentedly for so many years, smooth-tongued orators proclaiming the triumphs of trade and the greatness of our commerce, but never warning the people that trade and commerce rest on credit, credit on the confidence that a nation is able to hold its own in the world, and that the whole fabric of confidence would collapse like a pricked bladder with the loss of the first of those stations, without which our steam navy would be reduced to impotence. And is the marvel much less when

the offices are prepared to mount on the new works the obsolete guns, which must soon be replaced by better ordnance in ships and fortresses visited by the British newspaper correspondent ?

There is always the excuse that we have only to keep out of war to be safe. That is exactly what every weak nation tries to do, with what final success we learn in history. It certainly seems very odd that we should ever again be fighting for the Empire and our standing among the nations. But that is because most people live in absolute ignorance of what is going on outside this halcyon nest of ours on the stormy waters of world-politics. It would be interesting to ascertain how many Englishmen are aware that, at least twice in the life of the child that can hardly walk, English men-of-war have nursed the ships of other Great Powers with set purpose to fire upon them if they executed the task supposed to be entrusted to them ; and that within a still shorter period a naval Power, little inferior to our own, has been on the point of landing on a certain shore men who would have been instantly attacked by British forces. Peace has hung on a thread several times within the last five years, and those who knew what passing events meant, have looked the dread presence of war in the face closer than France and Germany are watching it now. If, after the bombardment of Alexandria, the fleet had been challenged by a foreign Power it could have fought one short action, and must then have come home to obtain powder for its guns, and could only have received a fresh supply at the expense of other armaments. We are now, very late in the day, providing ourselves with long breech-loading guns, and have to make and buy new powder for them. Do the gentlemen who share the views of Lord Randolph Churchill propose that we should have the guns without the powder as before, or neither guns nor powder ? If the latter is the favourite idea with them, we may as well do without the ships, too, for they will certainly be of no use. The same, or similar, recklessness was displayed with regard to torpedo-boats—absolutely necessary as they are—and fast cruisers for the protection of trade routes. There have been moments when our want of common precaution in these matters has been as culpable in its temptations to our neighbours as leaving gold scattered on a floor which is to be swept by a needy servant. The close risks of war mentioned above were the natural results of our carelessness. We were deliberately leading others into temptation, and no man can say what we may have laid up for ourselves in the future by the irritation which our combined weakness and haughtiness have caused.

All Englishmen believe in the navy, and it is not difficult to stir up a popular enthusiasm about the fleet and its needs. But the army is for some reason not so attractive, though it fights ten

times for once that the ships are engaged. The Duke of Wellington was not of so popular a type as Nelson, but the feeling probably arises from the instinct that we cannot match the great armies of other Powers without conscription, while we can easily be first on the seas. It is true that we neither have, nor need, the vast armies which every other great Power counts by millions of soldiers, but it is equally true that we have a greater extent of territory to defend than any of them, more wealth to excite international cupidity, and that our far-reaching trade presents so vast and sensitive a surface that no war can occur between great Powers without bringing some British interests into danger, and threatening the national prosperity and the wages of the working-classes. All Europe knows this, and knows also that we are virtually unprepared to defend our interests. The staff departments of foreign war offices have counted our soldiers and guns, and the result is that the Chancelleries of Europe are lost in astonishment at our almost insolent negligence. England's want of strength for an immediate war forms the common subject of talk, and has become so widely known that it is difficult for an English traveller to escape hearing some reference to it in the daily talk of society, the bourse, or even the *table d'hôte*. It cannot be supposed that such a condition of affairs is conducive to our interests or to peace.

The moral of all that has here been discussed is not difficult to find. It is that the opportunity should be taken now, while there is a respite from war, to place the whole forces of the Empire on a comprehensive and business-like footing. As the Memorandum states clearly enough, there are certain proportions of arms and services which are generally agreed upon throughout the civilised world. The forces of the Empire should be regarded from this point of view, and corrections made wherever necessary, always bearing in mind the points on which our necessities differ from those of continental nations. For instance, they fortify their frontiers; we cannot fortify the whole of ours, but we can at least work out careful schemes for the defence of such ports as might be bombarded or captured and laid under contribution by an enemy's fleet. But we must not rest satisfied with theoretical schemes. Whatever is required for defence must be provided, even though the money may have to be borrowed, or, what is the same thing, even if there be for a time a cessation of paying off debt. The same is to be said with regard to the stations abroad, which are necessary for the navy. Wherever there are works, guns are necessary and must be provided, otherwise the works are useless.

It is clear that two different but not necessarily conflicting systems of recruiting are needed for the Empire. India requires a long-service army, and there would be no difficulty in finding

the men for that purpose. England and the Mediterranean stations could manage to do with even shorter service than at present, if once the army in India were made independent. A return to the old constitutional force would then be possible at home, with localized corps, short service, and large reserves, which would thus be easily mobilized when needed, and for the most part join the corps which had trained them as soldiers. We are beginning to organize two army corps on definite principles, but we should go on with the same task, bringing all the scattered units by degrees into a harmonious whole, and placing in the hands of the commanders those powers and duties of administration which they must practise in peace if they would be perfect in war. Local attachments should be cultivated, and units, large or small, should have more to do than at present with the regulation of their own affairs. In short, if the army is to be trained for service in the field, where administration becomes necessary, there should be such decentralization in peace as will give opportunities for officers to practice administration.

Finally, through the whole service, a tone should be established of preparation for war. An army which is always treated as a peace force runs a risk of having no heart for warlike studies and exercises. Why should an officer spend his time in preparing himself for a state of war which he is told will never occur in his time? Fortunately, there is something in the race which refuses to be softened and deprived of warlike ardour, otherwise the perpetual assertions that English soldiers will never have to face an equal enemy, a foeman worthy of their steel, must inevitably have taken the heart out of them long ago. The heart both of officers and men, beats as high as ever, in spite of all the talk of their uselessness, and the presumed improbability that the British army will ever again see a well-fought field. All ranks are as good as they were at any time in history; but they cannot perform impossibilities. Give them proper organization and weapons, and the various military necessaries, among which the supply of horses is not the least difficult to obtain, and the army, small or large, will do its duty with the same honesty of purpose and self-devotion as of old; but let no man expect them to make bricks without straw, or behave as a gallant army if they are only men with muskets and nothing else. The same principles apply to the militia and volunteers. We may depend upon it that they will be just what the country makes them and expects them to remain. The force of public opinion, shown practically by taking trouble or neglecting the forces, will surely act upon them and produce whatever tone and habits are desired.

MADAME DE MAINTENON.

Under the title of "The Most Influential Woman in French History," Dr. Döllinger lately delivered an address before the Royal Scientific Academy of Munich on Madame de Maintenon, which is so full of interest, as well from its authorship as its contents, that English readers may like to know something of his method of dealing with so critical a period of French—and indeed of European—history. For during the last thirty years of the life of Louis XIV., from the time of her marriage with him, the influence of Madame de Maintenon was a dominant factor in the civil, and still more in the ecclesiastical, policy of the reign. Dr. Döllinger naturally begins by noticing the curious fact, which had before attracted attention, of the prominent part female influence has all along played in the destinies of France, so as in some sense to reduce the Salic law to a dead letter. Madame de Girardin, *e.g.*, observes that "ambition is the whole life of Frenchwomen, and the attainment of influence the one subject of their dreams." It shows itself even in domestic life, where they generally manage to rule. A higher authority, Napoleon Bonaparte, had observed long before—when he came to Paris in 1795, after the downfall of the old Bourbon Court, which had been the special theatre of their domination—that "here only women are at the helm; a woman must be six months in Paris to know her power." They owe that position to their skill alike in noble and ignoble arts, and their readiness to be content with the reality of power without its outward trappings.

The long line of French Queens who ruled as widows and regents opens with Blanche of Castile, mother of Louis IX., who displayed her marvellous energy in the conduct of a seven years' war with the great vassals of the kingdom, though she afterwards tarnished her fair fame by helping to introduce the Inquisition into France. In that most turbulent and desperate crisis of national history, when the kingdom seemed to be falling to pieces under the feeble sway of Charles VI., two women—as different as light and darkness—are again prominent on the scene; on the one hand

the Queen, Isabella of Bavaria, a shameless wife and unnatural mother, who would have robbed her own son of his succession to the throne; and on the other hand the Maid of Orleans, the deliverer of her country. From the death of Louis XI. female influence was constantly on the increase, and we may designate the century from 1483 to 1590—with the exception of Louis XII.'s reign—as the era of the ascendency of women and favourites. The kings were either nobodies or were under the thumb of their wives or mistresses; during the youth of Charles VIII. his elder sister, Anne of Beaujou, governed, who seemed to have inherited the political sagacity of her father. But the influence of Louise of Savoy over her son, Francis I., was disastrous to the best interests of France. Under her, it was said, "the women"—the King's favourites—"made everything, even the generals," and the bishops. The next king, Henry II., was completely in the hands of a widow much older than himself, Diana of Poitiers. And thus we are brought to the Italian and Machiavellian policy of Catherine de Medici and Mary, wife of Henry IV. and mother of Louis XIII. From both of them, as well as from the Regent Anne and her foreign favourite, Mazarin, France had to learn to its cost the dangers and disasters of female supremacy. It ended in anarchy, and treasonable compact with Spain, but served meanwhile to aggrandize the absolutism of the Crown. And under the baneful influence of Anne and Cardinal Mazarin, Louis XIV. grew up in ignorance, pride, self-importance, and the habitual dependence on female guidance which marked his character and conduct through life. It has been said, with much truth, that when, after the death of Mazarin, he took the reins into his own hands, the modified despotism carried on by Richelieu and Mazarin was converted into a brutal tyranny, masked, for the time, by the glitter of military and intellectual glory, but which, a century later, provoked the terrible collapse of the whole *ancien régime*.

It was a noted characteristic of Louis XIV.'s reign that a change of royal mistresses was a political event. But we need not linger here over the career of the Duchesse de la Vallière, Madame de Montespan, and the rest of the long series of his famous or insignificant favourites. Our present concern is with the last and most powerful of all of them, Madame de Maintenon, who still—more than a century and a half after her death—lives in the historical results of her influence: though there is scarcely one of her sex whose character, both in life and in death, has been so variously, and often so unfairly, handled, as well in her own country as by foreign critics. Dr. Döllinger's object was not to write an *Apologia*, but to clear up these uncertainties, and present, as far as possible, an impartial picture of her life and work.

Three main sources of these erroneous judgments may be named. First, there is the elaborate publication which appeared soon after her death, by La Beaumelle, a bold and unscrupulous fabulist, who had no hesitation about fabricating, mutilating, and interpolating the letters he ascribed to her. This was suspected before, but has been demonstrated since 1866, through the publication of the originals by La Vallée. La Beaumelle's aim was to represent her as a cold and calculating schemer, while he also sought to cast suspicion on the purity of her earlier life. These spurious or falsified letters have been widely quoted, and even in our own day are constantly used in the great work of the Count de Noailles: the fictitious presentation of her character has not, therefore, yet disappeared from history. And meanwhile the accidental coincidence in time of the exposure of La Beaumelle's forgeries with the composition of a number of forged letters of Marie Antoinette suggested at Paris a hypercritical suspicion of the genuineness of the letters edited by La Vallée, which has been shown to be groundless. Next to La Beaumelle the Count of Saint Simon must be reckoned as a chief author of these misjudgments. He knew little of Madame de Maintenon personally, but detested her, as well because she had thrust herself into a position at Court which degraded the King in the eyes of Europe, as because he saw in her the patroness and educator of the legitimated princes, whom he abhorred. And, with these feelings, he lent a ready ear to the idle gossip current at Versailles among valets and chambermaids, about a woman sure, in her position, to make many enemies. How worthless such testimony was has been shown by Chéruel and Ranke. We may add, thirdly, the witness who naturally found most credence in Germany, the land of her birth, viz. Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, wife of the King's younger brother, whose offences against herself she chose to attribute to Madame de Maintenon. Hence she depicts her supposed enemy as a murderess, a procuress, and everything that is infamous, and the cause of all the evils that came upon France; but she offers no proof of an indictment which is directly in the teeth of all trustworthy historical evidence, and finds no support even in St. Simon's adverse and unreliable representations. Dr. Döllinger examines, in detail, the origin and value of the verdict thus pronounced, and makes it plain, as well from the character and circumstances of the Duchess as from the contradictory nature both of her statements and her acts, that her testimony is absolutely worthless. And now we may proceed to the proper subject of this sketch.

Agrippa d'Aubigné, Madame de Maintenon's grandfather, was among the most distinguished Frenchmen of his day, a cham-

pion of the Reformed cause with sword and pen, and a friend and comrade-in-arms of Henry IV. His son was little worthy of him, and, after a course of poverty and crime, emigrated to America with his wife and infant daughter, Frances, who was born in prison. After his death, mother and child returned to France, where the latter was for a time brought up by a Protestant aunt, but was afterwards sent to a convent school, and, after some resistance, at the age of twelve, consented to embrace Catholicism. After her mother's death, when only fifteen, she married the comedian, Paul Scarron, in order to avoid the necessity of becoming a nun; but the marriage was a mere formality, and she lived with her husband as his secretary and pupil rather than as his wife. To him she owed the education which enabled her, after his death, to take her place in the learned society of Paris, and this led to her being selected as the instructress of the children Madame de Montespan had borne to the King, and her introduction into the Court circle when these children were publicly acknowledged by him in 1673. But Louis did not at first take much notice of her, while the jealous dislike of Madame de Montespan became so manifest, that but for the advice of her confessor, the Abbé Gobelin, she would have resigned her post. It was only by degrees that Louis discovered, as Madame de Sévigné expresses it, "an entirely new country" opened to him in her society, where he might enjoy the pleasures of friendship without passionate excitement.* Through his favour she obtained the landed property from which her name of Maintenon is derived, and the office of Maid of Honour to the Dauphiness. She had already, in 1675, at the suggestion of her confessor, exerted her influence with the King to remind him of the sinfulness of his doubly adulterous connexion with Madame de Montespan, not with any *arrière pensée* for her own personal interests, for the much-wronged Queen was younger than herself, and she did, in fact, succeed in bringing about a reconciliation between husband and wife. From 1680 her influence and celebrity was at its height, and she was called "the soul of the Court."

In July 1683 the Queen died; and early next year the King was privately married by night to Madame de Maintenon by Archbishop de Harlay, in presence of Père la Chaise and two attached servants; he was then forty-eight and his bride fifty-two. There has indeed been as much controversy about the fact as about the marriage of George IV. with Mrs. Fitzherbert; but the letters addressed by the Bishop of Chartres, who was in the secrets both of Madame de Maintenon and the King, leave no

* Voltaire says that "his tormented soul required the sedative of her reasonable, intellectual conversation."

room for doubt about it. She took this step with no ambitious aims, and with no design of their union being made public, in accordance with the counsels of her spiritual guides—backed up, according to a tradition preserved at St. Cyr, by the authority of two or three bishops and of the Pope himself—who assured her that it was her duty and her mission to accept this position as a means of permanently influencing the King for the good of his own soul and of the Church and nation. The situation was a trying and very peculiar one, but it is difficult to say that, under all the circumstances, they were wrong. From that time till the King's death, thirty years afterwards, her hold on his affections and his judgment remained unbroken.

In his personal deportment Louis XIV. was affable, gracious, and condescending; but for him to reign meant to rule, and to rule the souls as well as the bodies of his subjects. His royal dignity was of supreme importance; in him was concentrated the greatness of the nation and the State, according to his favourite saying, *l'État, c'est moi*. And his religious beliefs were indissolubly bound up with this extravagant estimate of his own unique majesty. France, as the principal and most eminent European kingdom, "the eldest daughter of the Church," stood at the head of Christendom; it was the duty of the King of France—who was therefore styled "Most Christian" and "Eldest Son of the Church"—to be the champion of the Catholic Faith, the sworn foe and exterminator of every heresy. And the more widely his dominion was extended, the better could he discharge that office. Hence the wars he waged became wars of religion; and when Louis said that his pleasantest occupation was to aggrandize France, this pleasure was to him elevated and sanctified by the conviction that every enlargement of his kingdom was also a fresh gain for the Church. Even when compelled to resign some of his conquests in the treaty of Ryswick, he got a clause inserted by which three thousand Protestant congregations were deprived of their religious liberty. An overweening, not to say insolent, pride was his leading characteristic. He was proud even of the wretchedly defective education in spite of which he had made himself master, had educated his own ministers, and had raised France to the hegemony of Europe; proud of the fascination he exercised over all classes of his subjects, in spite of the heavy burdens he imposed upon them; proud of his victories both in diplomacy and in war, by which he was constantly extending the borders of France. And this arrogance was fed by the incessant homage and flattery of all classes, with the clergy and bishops at their head, including the nobility, so refractory at the time of the Fronde, who now appeared to consider it their highest privilege to

cringe as courtiers in the ante-chamber of Versailles. And thus his egotism was the logical and inevitable outgrowth of his solitary absolutism; he was intoxicated by the mephitic atmosphere of a corrupt and corrupting Court. And yet there was another side of his character. As was observed just now, and as Boileau testifies, he was gentle and forbearing in his domestic circle; and his wife declared, in 1707, when misfortunes were thickening around him, that there were thousands less willing than he was to be told of their faults—that is by herself. For few men would have ventured on such a task; he could not endure the society of men of real independence of character and thought. Although constantly suffering from gout and other bodily infirmities, he never relaxed his energy; "the man was frequently ill, but the King seemed to be always in robust health." He firmly believed, like our Stuart kings, in his royal power of healing, and laid his hands on hundreds who came to Versailles for that purpose every time he received Communion. He not only never distrusted his own judgment, but he sincerely admired the wisdom and success of his policy, and attributed failure to "those adverse chances from which the greatest are not exempt." He could not, indeed, during the later part of his reign, be ignorant of the suffering and poverty which his wars, his passion for building, and his general extravagance had brought upon his people; but he had learnt from Richelieu's Testament—which was then held in high esteem at Court—that a certain amount of poverty is useful for repressing popular insolence. But it was with him a fixed principle—which his Jesuit confessor Le Tellier got the Sorbonne to affirm as a theological verity—that the King is the real owner of all corporate or individual property, ecclesiastical or civil, in the country, as he is also the absolute master of all individuals or corporations. Hence his contemptuous ignoring from the first of all Parliamentary rights;* hence, again, his habitual assumption that no promises or compacts can bind the will of the Sovereign, so that he became notorious both in France and in Europe as a ruler whose word could not be trusted. For to his mind absolute monarchy was not one form of government out of many, but the only one in accordance with the will of God. No Tory apologist under the Stuarts of "the right divine of kings to govern wrong" ever maintained that doctrine more uncompromisingly than Louis XIV. Madame de Maintenon assures us that he earnestly desired to see

* On hearing, when a boy of seventeen, that the Parliament was resisting his edicts, he rode from Vincennes to Paris, entered the Palace of Justice, booted and spurred and brandishing his riding-whip, and dispersed the assembly, ordering them henceforth to confine themselves strictly to their judicial functions. And he was obeyed.

his people well-off and comfortable; but, if so, he was, at all events, content to let the wish remain an unfruitful one.

We have seen already that we can only accept with much reserve the assertions of St. Simon or the Duchess of Orleans about her, but they have preserved some traits which are unmistakable. And there is unfortunately, as La Bruyère observes, a great dearth of reliable contemporary evidence, for the rigid censorship of the press was fatal alike to history and biography in France, while the testimony of refugees is neither impartial nor based on adequate knowledge. The Abbé Choisy has little to tell us beyond the fact of the midnight marriage; the Duke of Berwick and Torcy, who might have told much, say nothing; and La Fare, who was one of the Orleans clique, says only what is false on the subject in his Memoirs. Not so the instructive Memoirs of Languet de Gergy, afterwards Bishop of Soissons and Archbishop of Sens, who obtained through Madame de Maintenon's favour the post of Almoner to the Duchess of Burgundy, and was her intimate friend and for a time her confessor. His testimony is of inestimable value, for he not only speaks as an eye-witness and one intimately acquainted with her, but he had access also to records written by herself or concerning her which are now lost. The reports of the Venetian and German ambassadors are also valuable. Foscarini, in 1683, speaks in high terms of her conduct and repute, and considers her influence with the King to be most beneficial. Girolamo Venier, in 1688, and Pietro Venier, seven years later, dwell especially on her using her influence in the interests of peace. Erizzo, in 1699, calls her a woman of remarkable mental gifts and very holy life, who made excellent use of her powers. The German ambassador Spanheim speaks less favourably, but apart from her share in the persecution of Protestants has little to find fault with; and he holds her marriage with the King to be unquestionable, as also does Count Sinzendorf in his report to the Emperor in 1701. The latter is no less emphatic as to her secluded and unassuming manner of life. But he had derived from the Duchess of Orleans the erroneous notion that she aimed at making herself Queen. On the whole, it may safely be affirmed that she is most favourably judged by those of her contemporaries who knew her best, as among women by Madame de Sévigné, Madame de Miramion, who was reputed a saint, Madame de Dangeau—whose "angelic" virtues even St. Simon extols—the Abbess of Fontevrand, and the Queen of England. Nor can we doubt the sincerity of the warm expressions found in letters addressed to her by the Marshal of Villars and by Fenelon. No woman in history has been more loved or more hated; but the hatred sprang from envy, for her position, as Madame de Sévigné justly says, was unique.

The Memoirs of Louis, revised with her assistance, and her own letters afford a transparent revelation of their inmost thoughts and aims. Her letters are a model of composition, and, with all their differences of tone and subject, stand next in French literature to those of her friend Madame de Sévigné. The style is clear, concise, refined, often epigrammatic, combining feminine delicacy with masculine vigour. If she seems occasionally to write in a somewhat cold and calculating spirit—*e.g.* to her brother—that must be attributed to the lower moral standard of her correspondent. As a rule, her letters have the unmistakable ring of genuine warmth, sincerity, and unselfish care for others; they are the mirror of a noble and distinguished soul, rising above the level of her age. She had from childhood a lively, sensitive, generous, affectionate nature; so keenly did she feel the parting from her beloved instructress, when she left her convent school, that she prayed for death. Her early piety had developed into a conscientious self-knowledge which gave her a quite exceptional power of self-control; naturally impatient, during forty years' intercourse with the King she never betrayed any signs of it. And here too we see the secret of her skill in educating: she had acquired a force of sympathy which enabled her "to become all things to all men," a child with children, and thus to win and guide them. Fenelon rightly observes that the King was ruled by personal impressions rather than by fixed principles, and the mingled affection and admiration she inspired in him grew with growing years. He knew that she cared not for herself, but for him, for his health, happiness, and spiritual welfare; and she appeared to him, with her conscientious piety, to be sent as his guardian angel. Moreover, the hours he spent with her were the pleasantest in the day; with everyone else he was on his guard; in her society alone he felt perfect confidence and repose. For the first time in his life he could hear, from one whose devotion to himself and soundness of judgment were above suspicion, the simple, undisguised truth. And above all, he now for the first time learnt something of the quiet enjoyment of home-life, apart from the irksome routine of Court flatteries and etiquette. The Duchess of Orleans declares that no beautiful mistress was ever so idolized as this elderly wife, who "dominated all his thoughts and feelings." Certainly no wife was ever more beloved; but she did her best to discourage in public all outward signs of homage. Louis seemed unable to do without her company; and she writes in 1698, when she was over sixty, that he came three times a day into her chamber, not that they could have much talk—for he was constantly immersed in political business—but he had his writing-table moved close up to her bed, and consulted with his ministers there. Of course, when brought

into such close and habitual contact they mutually acted and reacted on each other; but it may be truly said that the King admired her more than she admired him. He called her a saint, and said she had all perfections and more intellect than most men. He would ask her in presence of his ministers, "What does your wisdom think?" But she told her confessor that her wide divergence of view from his made her position a very difficult one. She was obliged, of course, to take Louis as he was, and could not hope to wean him from his conviction that a special gift of divine inspiration is accorded to kings, but she persuaded him that to have good ends in view and to take counsel with others are conditions of its proper use. And he was the more willing to consult her about public affairs because he was convinced that he had himself educated her through the daily intercourse of domestic life, as he believed that he had also educated his ministers. It was, therefore, no derogation of his dignity to rely on the "solidity" of her judgment, which he had himself formed.

It will readily be understood that her influence, considerable as it was during more than thirty years, was always a limited one. Thus, *e.g.* before the Treaty of Ryswick she could do nothing, had she desired it, to promote a policy of peace and retrenchment. And when her spiritual advisers conspired to assure her that the wars of France were for the benefit of the Catholic religion, and that she ought to be proud of her position as the consort and confidant of a second St. Louis, we can hardly wonder if she—woman and ardent religionist as she was—allowed herself to hug the fond delusion to her heart. Neither, again, was it possible for her to think of attempting to alter the system of absolutism which the King had inherited from Richelieu and Mazarin; and if she had learnt from Fenelon to doubt whether it was really Christian, the whole authority of the French Church, with Bossuet at its head, was arrayed on the other side. All she could do was to mitigate the harshness and injustice of absolute government in some of its detailed applications, and even there the King was not always disposed to listen to her; her endeavours to check his ruinous expenditure in buildings at Marly at a time of national distress were sharply repelled. In some respects a Queen, in others she was, as the Bishop of Chartres phrased it, a slave of the King. Accustomed as he had been from boyhood to have his own way in everything, his very affection and confidence made him selfishly exacting; her time, her talents, her entire energies of mind and body were expected to be absolutely at his disposal. She says herself that not a moment of her life could be spared from his service, and that she never knew before ten at night what the next day might have in store for her. Her letters, especially as

age advanced upon her and she longed for rest, are naturally full of complaints. The King whom she sincerely loved was often her veriest cross; and yet in her over-scrupulosity she reproached herself for being too covetous of his love, or, again, too solicitous about her own health and comfort, though in obedience to the directions of her confessor. Her abnormal and self-contradictory position demanded an incessant strain of mind and body to which she was unequal. The constant standing produced nervous disorders, and she was also subject to attacks of fever; and the frequent change of residence between Versailles, Marly, Meudon, Trianon, and Fontainebleau was very trying to her, the more so that in the new palaces architectural effect had been studied rather than health or comfort. In her fifty-fifth year she thought herself dying, but her strength of will, like the King's, controlled her bodily weakness.

In domestic life she made her influence most beneficially felt. Her fine womanly tact enabled her to do much towards reconciling the feuds and correcting the faults of the numerous members of the royal family, most of whom had been wretchedly brought up. When staying on her own estate, she would teach the labourers' boys the catechism, and visit the poor women who were ill. As she made a rule of never asking the King for money, she had not much to give away herself; but she provoked bitter enmities, through no fault of her own, as the dispenser, to a great extent, of the royal bounties. The King was obliged to make frequent gifts or loans to the nobles whom it had been his policy to impoverish, and it was to her the applicants generally resorted. But the sum to be drawn upon was a limited one, and constantly drained by the heavy war budget, and, with every wish to be equitable and do her best for them, she was often obliged to say No. For her own future she never cared to make any provision; her hope was that she might end her days among her beloved daughters at St. Cyr, far from worldly tumult and court intrigues. She knew well enough that libels and lampoons against her sprouted up daily at Paris and Versailles as thick as mushrooms, but she took it all quietly as matter of course, and said she "had got used to living on poison." She was aware that the people knew her power, but had no idea of its limitations. Her cares and burdens were increased by the arrival at Court of the exiled Stuarts in 1688. James II.'s Queen became her devoted friend, but this intimacy resulted, unhappily for France, in her persuading Louis at a critical moment to break his word by acknowledging the claim of the Pretender, James III., to the English throne.

Her piety combined with a lofty self-respect, which she miscalled pride, to keep her pure in the midst of a corrupt court, but

without making her gloomy or unsocial; her life was a sustained act of self-sacrifice for others, especially for the King. But Madame de Maintenon, who was thoroughly in earnest, aspired to something above the average standard of religion, and belonged to the class then usually styled "*dévot*" in France. This implied, *inter alia*, having not merely a confessor, but a "director" also, to whose judgment it was held right to defer in all questions of conscience, and whom women especially were wont to regard as their absolute master—often to the disparagement of their husband's claims upon them—and obedience to him as the supreme obligation and the first condition of sanctity. In this sense she placed herself in the hands of the Sulpicians, a recently founded community of secular priests who steered a middle course between the Jesuits and their opponents, being no less hostile than the former to the Jansenist party, while at the same time they disapproved the Jesuit system of casuistry. Her director was Godet des Marais, and he continued to discharge that office after his elevation to the see of Chartres, and up to his death in 1709, and thus became the most influential man in the country after the King's confessor, and the most powerful of the French bishops, nor did he abuse his trust. To his guidance she so completely surrendered herself, that he became "her personified conscience"; she says herself that she could not live without him, and that she had first found peace in unreserved obedience. She consulted him about the simplest matters, and gave him a monthly report of her spiritual state. We have his replies encouraging and consoling her, and impressing on her the lofty responsibility of her position at Court, where God had been pleased to entrust to her keeping the welfare of Church and State, the soul's health of a great monarch, and the reformation of the world; and he bids her not check the King's zeal for the suppression of Jansenism and Protestantism. His eulogy of her virtues, though perfectly sincere, sometimes exceeds the bounds of good taste, and was felt by herself to be excessive. But she was also for some years much under the influence of the saintly Fenelon, whom she had herself brought to the Court, and had induced the King to appoint tutor to the young Duke of Burgundy. He, too, belonged to the Sulpician school, but was a very superior man to Godet. His close and prolonged intercourse with her gives a peculiar weight to the estimate conveyed in a letter he addressed to her in 1690, as compared at once with the libellous attacks of writers like St. Simon, and the too flattering compliments of Godet. He tells her she is too egotistic and sensitive in what touches her own honour, and too severe in her judgment of others, but bears ungrudging testimony to the reality of her reli-

gion. He exhorts her to subdue her craving for human affection, which is only a refined self-love, and rise to "the pure love of God," a phrase of which she was to hear much more afterwards in the great quarrel between Fenelon and Bossuet. Dr. Döllinger refers in this connexion to the famous letter addressed anonymously to the King by Fenelon in 1694, which he holds, in spite of the doubts suggested by Ranke, to be unquestionably genuine; and he thinks Madame de Maintenon had a strong suspicion of its authorship when she handed it to Archbishop de Noailles with the remark that it was true, but that such truths only irritated the King without converting him—an implicit and sorrowful confession of her own impotence for good.

It would be impossible to enter here on the theology or history of the Quietist controversy, which finally separated Madame de Maintenon from Fenelon and from Madame Guyon, who had once stood high in her favour, but whose mystical teaching did not at all come home to her. Suffice it to say that not only Godet, but Bossuet, De Noailles, and all the authorities she consulted, were agreed in condemning the inculpated doctrine, and they persuaded the King—Louis always took alarm at the mere hint of innovations of any kind—to instruct his agents at Rome to force the hand of the Pope (Innocent XII.), who was himself very unwilling to condemn Fenelon. Madame de Maintenon even incurred the anger of Louis for having recommended the man he had afterwards learnt so entirely to distrust, for the tutorship of the young prince and for the Episcopate. From that time forward there was no further intercourse between them either by letter or by word of mouth. Fenelon made an unreserved submission to the sentence of the Holy See, but she questioned his sincerity; nor can it indeed be supposed that his deeply-rooted convictions were really changed. He said himself that the wrong side had triumphed;* but he had pledged his word, and felt bound in a conflict of duties to prefer obedience to the duty of bearing witness to what he held to be truth. But there was a still more fatal bar to any reconciliation between him and Madame de Maintenon in the appearance of *Télémaque*, which, in common with others, she viewed as an implicit attack on Louis' whole system of government, addressed to his grandson, and resented as an unpardonable act of ingratitude and something worse.

Other troubles awaited her in connexion with her favourite institute of St. Cyr, which she had induced the King to establish in the close neighbourhood of Versailles for the religious education of the daughters of the poor nobles, and where her own happiest

* "Celui qui errait a prévalu, celui qui était exempt d'erreur a été écrasé."—*Corresp.* iii. 247

hours were spent in teaching them, and in the congenial society of the pious ladies of the community of St. Louis, who had charge of it. In order to provide amusement for the King, she had allowed the pupils to act Racine's plays; but when this was found to develop a spirit of pride, vanity, and worldliness among them, the practice was abandoned. And there were graver difficulties behind. She had looked to St. Cyr as a means of gradually elevating and purifying family life, first among the higher classes, and then throughout France generally, as well by the help of those pupils who joined teaching orders and carried on the same system of education elsewhere, as through the direct influence of those who married. But the question was—where to find husbands for them. They were poor, but of noble blood, and could only marry their equals; and the French nobility, as a class, were impoverished, idle, and vicious, virtually excluded from all careers except the army or the Church, and dependent on the King's bounty. As a rule, their marriages were unhappy, and not such as she could desire or approve for her "foster daughters"; and the King would do nothing to remedy this state of things.

There has been much both of exaggeration and under-statement as to the part taken by Madame de Maintenon in public affairs; what it came to was that a sort of tacit understanding grew up between her and the ministers, leaving her a free hand in Church matters as long as she did not interfere in secular politics; in mixed questions they had to agree, or the King decided between them. There was no inconsistency in her own declaration that "she hated public business," for she was quite aware of her imperfect knowledge of it. Twice only in her life did she attend a sitting of the State Council, and she records, in a letter to Archbishop Noailles, her amazement and horror at this revelation of the maxims and methods by which the working of government was carried on. Her general unpopularity may be said to date from the Treaty of Ryswick in 1698, which brought to an ignominious close an exhausting and ruinous nine years' war, due in reality to the overweening pride of Louis, but of which she had to bear the discredit. Soon afterwards, in 1701, came the critical event of the beginning of the War of Succession, when for twelve years France fought single-handed against half Europe. And then, in spite of her own disinclination for such work, she felt bound to do her best to relieve the King of the pressure of public cares, of which he was growing weary in his old age and failing health; and there was some ground for the charge that in her womanly anxiety for his personal comfort she encouraged his ministers to keep him in ignorance of important tidings of a kind to worry and distress him. She read despatches, and discussed them with Chamillard

and Torcy, and we know from his recently published letters how entirely Marshal Villars trusted her judgment and relied on her influence with the King. For her keen susceptibilities the political and military troubles of that period had all the sharpness of physical torture, and she longed for death. Meanwhile, both her religious and patriotic instincts were sorely tried by the reverses of her country, and the victories by heretical powers over the Catholic Sovereigns of France and Spain and the English Pretender. But in the Peace of Utrecht she hailed with delight an unexpected triumph for Louis, and remained blind to the terrible cost of widespread suffering and moral and political corruption at which it had been purchased. It cannot, indeed, be denied that those who charge Madame de Maintenon with exhibiting at the time a certain hardness of heart (*sécheresse*), inconsistent with her natural character, have a good deal to say for themselves, but it was due rather to external influences than to any inherent fanaticism of temperament. And thus we are brought to consider her whole attitude towards French Protestantism, for the grand indictment urged against her concerns her alleged responsibility for the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. In one sense we shall see reason to extenuate the charge, in another to accentuate it.

It had all along been the fixed idea and most cherished ambition of Louis, based alike on his deepest convictions, and his pride of place and power, to exterminate Protestantism from his kingdom, and this design culminated in 1685 in the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. It must be sorrowfully confessed that Madame de Maintenon, if she did not urge on that measure, at least said nothing to discourage it; she shared to the full the prevalent view of her age and country, inculcated from every pulpit and sanctioned by Rome, that to suppress heresy in his dominions was both the merit and the paramount duty of an orthodox ruler; the solitary protest of the Jansenists against this odious principle rendered them all the more unpopular.* On one point of detail only, where there was a difference of opinion among the bishops themselves, she ventured to demur to the judgment of her director, Bishop Godet, whose voice was raised for "thorough" to the bitter end. To the King's deliberate perjury in first promising his Protestant subjects relief from persecution, and then ruthlessly subjecting them to confiscation of their goods, deprivation of their children, dragonnades, slavery, and even death, she had nothing to object; but she could not reconcile herself so easily as did too many of her ecclesiastical superiors to the sacrilegious confessions

* It is curious, however, that Arnauld expressed his decided approval of the measure in a letter to De Vaucel, and he cites in support of it the authority of Grotius, and the laws against the Donatists.

and communions systematically enforced on converts manufactured in Moslem fashion by the sword, against the earnest remonstrances of Cardinal Noailles, Le Camus, and others of the more moderate prelates, who regarded such abuse of the Sacraments as a criminal profanation. It was not until France had been crippled by the virtual banishment of some hundred thousand of her wealthiest and most energetic citizens, that an ineffectual attempt was made to stay the tide of involuntary emigration. Nor was Madame de Maintenon free from responsibility for the outbreak of the cruel and impolitic war of the Cevennes. Yet we may discern, even in the reports of Government officials and of the missionaries themselves, what was the real upshot of this suicidal course.* They testify to the moral as well as the industrial superiority of the Protestants, as is apt to be the case with a persecuted minority. They tell us also of the impossibility of satisfying those accustomed from childhood to a simpler form of worship with what appeared to them the theatrical ceremonial of the Mass; and even Bossuet wished to concede to them communion in both kinds. But the King and his wife were alike resolutely opposed to any sort of concession; hence, too, the eirenic projects of Bishop Spinola and Leibnitz, though countenanced by the Pope, were absolutely repudiated. In the later controversy about the Bull *Unigenitus*, the grotesque anomaly was remarked upon of refusing to the Appellants, who wished for it, the Communion which at the same time was forced on the Protestants who abhorred it. Meanwhile, the effect of this measure on the Catholic majority was necessarily disastrous. The judicial tribunals were discredited, the masses brutalized and demoralized by the spectacle of chronic injustice, when, *e.g.*, between 1686 and 1757, no less than 7,000 men were condemned to the galleys merely for attempting to emigrate for conscience sake. And respect for the clergy, whether personal or official, declined when they were seen to be daily thrusting "the Bread of Angels," the holiest and most precious gift of the Church, at the bayonet's point into the mouths of disbelieving and unwilling recipients. There is a closer causal connection between 1685 and 1793 than might strike a casual observer.

Madame de Maintenon always regarded it as her supreme obligation, and the special mission imposed upon her by Divine Providence, to convert the King from a dead faith and merely mechanical discharge of the routine duties of religion to a living faith

* It is well known that Fenelon refused to undertake the office of missionary to the Protestants, urged on him by the King's desire, without first obtaining a promise that all violent measures should be suspended, and plainly avowed his conviction that the converts of the dragonnades would as readily accept the Koran as the decrees of Trent. But he was only able to procure a temporary lull in the storm of persecution.

exemplified in the love of God and man, and she has left on record a prayer she composed and used to implore that this grace might be accorded to her. She wished to supplement for him the defective ministrations of the confessor, whom she thought he only retained out of habit, and in order to spare his feelings; but although she had more influence in such matters with her husband than anybody else, the impression produced was at best only a slight and fleeting one; Louis said himself in excuse, "Je ne suis pas homme de suite." His wife knew and bitterly lamented that fear of hell was his sole religious motive, and when Bossuet pressed on him the necessity of the love of God for obtaining remission of sin, the King, who was then sixty, and must have been to confession at least a hundred times, replied that he had never heard of it before. He preserved to the last the indelible impress left on his mind in youth by his Spanish mother and his confessors; punctual in the observance of the external practices of religion, he relied on this and on his strenuous championship of orthodoxy to compensate for his sins. Of what his wife called sanctification and the Evangelical spirit, he made no account. And here her great antagonist was the Jesuit confessor, Père la Chaise, who had, she said, more talent for evil than for good, and who built steadily on the foundation laid in the King's soul by his predecessors in his office, Dinet, Paulin, Ferrier, and Annat. Louis was devoted to the Jesuits, in whom he saw the strongest bulwark of his absolutism, and La Chaise was an adept in the special Jesuit doctrines of attrition and casuistry. He was for many years the most powerful man in the French Church, for he managed the entire ecclesiastical patronage of the Crown, and managed it on the principle that piety was to be viewed with suspicion. From the example of La Chaise Madame de Maintenon gradually learnt to distrust the whole Order, and she was confirmed in that feeling by the universal hatred they had inspired, as well as by the judgment of the bishops in whom she placed her chief confidence, such as Bossuet, Godet, and Noailles. She told the latter how the King's profligate brother boasted that in his most immoral period of life the Jesuits always absolved and sent him to communion. Meanwhile, La Chaise reported to the General of the Order, Oliva, that, like the early Christians, they were hated of all men. Oliva knew well enough that they had drawn this hatred on themselves by their habitual abuse of the confessional, as an *instrumentum dominationis*, and when some of the French bishops endeavoured to restrain their exercise of that ministry, he wrote to tell the King that the honour of himself and his brother sovereigns, whose consciences they directed, was at stake, and that he ought to avenge it, for his own sake, on the accusers of the Order. A glance at the interior of Versailles and

other Catholic Courts would suffice, people thought, to illustrate his meaning.

All Madame de Maintenon could effect was somewhat to diminish La Chaise's influence, and to exclude the Jesuits from St. Cyr. She counted much on the influence of Cardinal Noailles, whose elevation to the see of Paris she had procured in 1695, for their overthrow; but they foiled her by contriving to render the new Archbishop suspected of Jansenistic tendencies; and when her own director, Bishop Godet—who scented out Jansenism in the works of Quesnel, which he had approved—also denounced him, she came round to the same view, and joined Le Tellier in urging the King to extort from Rome the unhappy Bull (*Unigenitus*) which embittered all their after lives. It was due to her, however, that the General Assembly of the Clergy at St. Germain-en-Laye in 1700, of which Bossuet was the soul, was permitted to condemn the Jesuit casuistry, on condition that no names of the authors of condemned propositions were mentioned, so as to save the credit of the Order. If it be true, as Fenelon observed, that Louis ruled the Church more absolutely than the Pope himself, his wife ruled him. "There is no parallel in history to her marvellous authority in Church matters, which extended through the Nuncio and certain Cardinals even to Rome. The Popes claimed her mediation, and sent letters full of eulogies to their 'beloved daughter'; Clement XI. commends her numberless conspicuous virtues in language usually reserved for canonized Saints. Her ante-room might be called the council chamber of the Gallican Church, so full was it of bishops, for whom her wishes and counsels were commands." Even Bossuet and Fenelon submitted to her will, or appealed to her judgment and invoked her aid in theological controversies. Her strength of character is proved by her not being intoxicated with the extravagant homage offered her. Bishop Godet assured the King that God had bestowed on her a gift of unfailing discernment, and Fenelon testifies that Godet had most influence with Louis as well as with her, of all the French bishops. Clement XI., knowing her influence with him, took the unprecedented step of sending the King a draft of his Bull, *Vineam Domini*, for correction and approval; and when, in 1700, King Charles consulted Innocent XII. about the Spanish succession, the Congregation of Cardinals —the Pope himself was on his death-bed—advised him to name a French prince, and he followed their advice. And no one had contributed so much to bring about this state of things as Madame de Maintenon.

It was her object to reserve some at least of the French sees from the grasp of the Jesuits, who used their ecclesiastical patronage to fill them with creatures of their own. Her nominees were all

taken from the Sulpicians, and were worthy of their high office; but her Sulpician guides urged on her the duty of promoting the restoration of Papal absolutism in France, by getting rid of the famous Gallican Declaration of 1682, which, however, only followed the conciliar decrees of Constance and Basle, sanctioned by Rome, in repudiating Papal infallibility and autocracy. Louis himself oscillated throughout his reign between the Gallican and ultramontane theories. The latter was most in harmony with his fixed ideas of the Church, as a power exercising absolute jurisdiction over the bodies as well as the souls of men; but the teaching of Richelieu and Mazarin—embodied in Richelieu's Testament, and based on the traditional principles of French parliaments, jurists, and theologians —warned him to resist Papal pretensions, which necessarily included the right of deposing sovereigns. Madame de Maintenon's influence, under the advice of her directors, was steadily exerted in an ultramontane sense, and against all statesmen who took an opposite line, such as the Chancellor Pontchartrain, whom she eventually drove into the cloister. To charge a man with Jansenism was generally enough to ruin him. There has not been sufficient attention called to the fact that the Declaration of 1682 was the natural sequel of the Jesuit crusade against Jansenism, and was promoted by Jesuits, under the inspiration of La Chaise, in flagrant contradiction, of course, to the professed principles of their Order; they even wrote historical works against the Papal system, which were promptly condemned at Rome. Their motive was obvious: in maintaining the supreme rights of the *Regale*, manipulated by a Jesuit confessor, they maintained their own. The Pope himself was credited, not without some reason, with Jansenistic leanings; he was known to contemplate raising the great Jansenist leader and divine, Arnauld, to the purple. This Gallican policy of the Jesuits, whom she detested, only confirmed Madame de Maintenon in her ultramontanism. At last, in 1693, a compromise was arrived at, by which Innocent XII. allowed the newly-appointed bishops, without expressly repudiating the Declaration, to make their submission to Rome.* But Louis intimated, four years later, through his ambassador, Cardinal Forbin-Janson, that the Curia must continue to tolerate the exclusive teaching of Gallican doctrines, which were universally prevalent alike among Churchmen and Statesmen in France, and prevailed to the time of the Revolution. Cardinal Polignac tells us, in 1707, that the French clergy were regarded at Rome as worse than any German Protestants. But none knew better than

* D'Aguesseau says "their letter was so worded that it might be considered as merely expressing their sorrow on finding that the Pope was ill-disposed towards them in consequence of what had passed in the Assembly of 1682." But it would be naturally understood as a disavowal of the tenets there promulgated.

Madame de Maintenon that there are practical ways of indirectly undermining a principle which cannot be openly called in question. In this case the desired opportunity was afforded by Jansenism.

From the middle of the seventeenth century "Jansenist" became the favourite nickname for anyone distinguished by more than ordinary piety, and the sect—first snubbed and then persecuted — had been constantly on the increase in spite of the long series of Roman condemnations. After complaining for twenty years of the growth of this heresy, Fenelon himself confessed that nobody knew precisely in what the error consisted, for the Holy See had never specified it. It was, indeed, an open secret that even in Rome, under the eyes of the Pope, and in the Sacred College itself, the Jansenists had supporters. There was a virtual agreement on both sides that the real difference did not turn on the controversy about grace. It is clear from the language alike of the later papal decrees of Benedict XIII. and XIV., and of the Jansenist writers, and is expressly admitted by the Roman Jesuit Cordara, that the Jansenist doctrine was indistinguishable from what, under the name of Thomism or Augustinianism, passed current as orthodox in the Church. But hierarchical interests were involved, and the Jesuits especially had for fifty years been able to make Jansenism a catspaw for advancing the system of papal absolutism, with which their own power was indissolubly bound up. The very circumstance that no one could tell exactly in what sense particular propositions, like those attributed to Jansenius by Quesnel, were condemned, rendered submission to the decrees all the fitter test of blind obedience. Le Tellier's Roman agent, the Jesuit d'Aubenton, repeats again and again, with a frankness that leaves nothing to be desired, that the real object was to utilise the strong arm of the King for the indirect enforcement, by this means, of papal infallibility on the French clergy and episcopate, while the theological questions at issue were neither important nor easily understood.

Madame de Maintenon herself honestly believed in the deadly heresy of the Jansenists, and thus, in her zeal for their suppression, played into the hands of her Jesuit adversaries without intending or desiring it. Yet she knew, and as good as says, that to exclude all reputed Jansenists from office was, in fact, to put a ban on all religious earnestness. Quesnel's treatise (*Moral Reflexions on the New Testament*)—which had been formally approved by Cardinal Noailles and commended in a work written for that purpose by Bossuet, but was denounced as heretical by Bishop Godet—was the work selected for censure, and Madame de Maintenon joined Le Tellier in pressing the King to demand a Bull of condemnation from Clement XI. But the Pope would only

consent on condition of his promising to enforce unconditional submission to the decision of Rome, with the whole weight of royal authority, thereby striking at the root of the Gallican principle that bishops have a concurrent right with the Holy See of examining and passing sentence. And the too famous Constitution *Unigenitus*, promulgated in 1713, censuring 101 propositions extracted from Quesnel's book, was purposely so framed as to suggest endless difficulties and disputes, which continued to rend and weaken the French Church long after the death of Louis, and thus helped to pave the way for the Revolution. Madame de Maintenon, who had at first welcomed the Bull with exultation, saw, to her horror and surprise, its leading opponent in the very man she had herself made Archbishop of Paris, and to whose influence with Louis she had trusted for repressing the Jesuits, but who now—as she complained—filled his life and her own with bitterness. And she lived to witness the change and utter confusion in the French Church under the Regency, which justifies us in saying that her action contributed more even than the gibes of Voltaire and the assaults of the Freethinkers to mature the Revolution and to impress on it the anti-religious character which it retains—if not in an aggravated form—to our own day. The policy in which she and his confessor confirmed the King, of keeping out of office everybody suspected of Jansenist sympathies, resulted in the exclusion of the best and fittest men, while many hypocritical professors of orthodox zeal were promoted to posts for which they were quite unfit. Everyone who chose a confessor from a suspected community was himself an object of suspicion, and the only communities held thoroughly sound at Court were the Jesuits and the Sulpicians.

The career of Madame de Maintenon must be pronounced, on the whole, a highly tragical one. Her dearest hopes and projects ended in failure. She lived to see the death of her husband—once the idol of France—hailed as a national deliverance, and his policy reversed by the regency which succeeded him. Her favourite, the Duke of Maine, whom she had wished to raise to the head of affairs, was excluded from power, and did not, as a man, fulfil the promise of his boyhood; his imprisonment for high treason is said to have hastened her own death. She had watched with motherly care and conscientiousness over the education of the young Savoyard princess destined for the wife of the Dauphin, in whom she had fondly trusted that France would have a worthy Queen; but in 1712 the Princess died. Her own hopes, like those of the nation, were fixed on Fenelon's pupil, the Duke of Burgundy, but after six days he followed his wife to the grave. Her life-long efforts for the conversion of the King

to a deeper and truer sense of religion were doomed to disappointment; what the Jesuits had made him as a boy he continued to the last. And when her confident anticipation of the success of the Catholic cause in the war of 1701 was frustrated, she was almost driven to distrust the Providential government of the world, till she learnt to see in all this the Divine chastisement of the sins of the nation and the King. What she failed to perceive was, how largely she had herself contributed to bring about the supremacy of England and the triumph of the Protestant powers by her advocacy of the claims of James III., and her encouragement of the suicidal policy of persecution, which, moreover, served largely to aggravate that system of capricious and tyrannical despotism justly characterised by Fenelon as "the source of all our evils." Her interposition in ecclesiastical affairs, undertaken as a sacred duty, filled her with remorse when she found the result was to place the French Church at the feet of the Jesuits. Cardinals like Rohan and Bissy, who owed their promotion to her, and their successors Dubois and Fleury, were their allies, and by the middle of the century the Sorbonne had been reduced to a mere shadow of its former self, and the French clergy to a state of intellectual impotence in face of the daily increasing assaults of the enemies of Revelation. She assured her director a few weeks before the King's death, that after being convicted of so many mistakes she would never again meddle with politics. Yet immediately afterwards she induced Louis to make the unconstitutional will which placed his illegitimate sons by Madame de Montespan in the order of succession. It was at once set aside on his death, and her favourite, the Duke of Maine, was excluded from all share in the Government.

Dr. Döllinger concludes his sketch with an elaborate comparison between Madame de Maintenon and the Empress Maria Theresa, both ornaments of their sex, combining a masculine vigour and intelligence with all womanly virtues, but with marked differences in their character and their lot. Both governed with decision, the one directly as Sovereign, the other by influence and persuasion, whence the Duke of Villeroi called her "the mole." Both were sincerely devout and zealous in the service of the Church, and both —partly through giving too much heed to the counsels of others— thought to advance her interests by religious persecution; but Madame de Maintenon was far readier than the Empress to follow clerical guidance in State affairs. Both believed themselves to be special instruments in the hands of God, but whereas this conviction led the one to bear all reverses with equanimity, every misfortune, as we have seen, filled the other with anguish and perplexity. Both suffered much from the differences of view of

those nearest to them, Madame de Maintenon from her husband, the Empress from her son. And both, as was natural with women of keen sensibilities, allowed too free scope in politics to their personal desires and sympathies, and thereby did serious mischief. Both lastly, though in very diverse ways, exerted a controlling influence over the world's history. The memory of the great Empress is still blest by millions, and her glory exceeds that of all the male occupants of either German throne; the fame of the foundress of St. Cyr is long since forgotten, and conflicting judgments are passed by historians on her career, but her letters will ever live in literature with those of her friend Madame de Sévigné, and the momentous consequences of her actions are not yet exhausted. But this much, at least, we cannot refuse to acknowledge: that, if she erred gravely and did great harm, she also did immense good, and from the purest motives; her best acts were her own, her worst errors sprung from trusting too much to the judgment of her advisers. Strict towards herself, indulgent to others, she always faithfully observed in her own conduct the rule she imposed on her pupils, and was ready to take on her own shoulders the burdens of others. The history of France can show no woman who has excelled her in the richness and variety of her gifts and virtues.

H. N. Oxenham.

MR. GLADSTONE'S CLAIMS TO CONFIDENCE.

The Round Table Conference, Sir George Trevelyan's and Mr. Chamberlain's speeches, and the utterance in various quarters of aspirations for the re-union of the disunited Liberal Party, have all expressly or by implication assumed its being again under the Leadership of the Statesman who led it without a rival, and with but short intermission, from 1867 till the beginning of last year. These, also, and I may add the present general aspect of political affairs, have led me to think it may not be unprofitable to inquire a little what are Mr. Gladstone's claims to the confidence of the Liberal Party, and of the nation; and what reason there is for anticipating happier results from his re-occupation, than from his previous occupation, of the post. That re-union evidently could not be effected without considerable concessions being made on both sides. It is inconceivable that Sir G. Trevelyan, still more that Mr. Chamberlain, and very much more yet that Lord Hartington, would consent to anything like such a separatist scheme as Mr. Gladstone last year proposed for Ireland. That scheme involved the establishment of an independent Legislature at Dublin, with an executive selected in conformity with the wish of the majority of its members. It would therefore often be pledged to a policy conflicting on many points with that of any administration in harmony with the wishes of a majority of the constituencies of Great Britain. The extensive modification, if not the reversal, of his previous policy, would not, indeed, judging from the past, be felt either as novel or painful by Mr. Gladstone. But it is difficult to see how he could make the concessions indispensable to rally the mass of Liberal Unionists again under his standard, without forfeiting the support of Mr. Parnell and his Irish followers, to purchase which seems to have been his reason for announcing his conversion to Home Rule the winter before last. The re-union of the Liberal Party, which has always appeared to me very doubtful, and now appears more doubtful than ever, would clearly necessitate great concessions from the Liberal Unionists also. That the resumption by Mr. Gladstone of the undisputed Leadership of the whole Liberal Party would add enormously to the strength of that Party in the British constituencies for the moment cannot be questioned. The influence of his name, notwithstanding Liberal disunion, is still very great, and in the event of that disunion being superseded by hearty

re-union, would become much greater; little less, indeed, with the masses, than it was previous to his sudden and unexpected alliance with M. Parnell.

But would the nation at large, and especially that considerable aggregate of persons in it who take too little habitual interest in politics to attach themselves to either political party, or would that very much smaller but relatively very much weightier portion who, feeling a deep interest in the welfare of the British Empire, think too much about principles to surrender their freedom of judgment and action to any leader: would these two unattached sections, who practically always hold the balance in their hands, and can, whenever they really care to do so, turn the scale for or against any Minister: would the habitually indifferent section and the steadily independent section be justified in trusting and following Mr. Gladstone again? That is the question which I now propose to consider. Having had, of late, repeated occasion to state, both *vivâ voce* and in writing, my opinion, I shall not hesitate to repeat many words and sentences, as I should find it impossible to avoid repeating the substance of many facts and arguments, which I have used already.

I write this as a consistent Liberal. I defy anyone to cite any vote, speech, or publication of mine inconsistent with the principles of civil, religious, and commercial freedom, which I have uniformly professed from my youth to the present hour. Indeed, I was in 1867 the only advocate in the House of Lords, or I believe in Parliament, of the extension to the agricultural labourer of the franchise then given to the householders and lodgers in boroughs. This was several years before Mr. Gladsone ceased to oppose, and, more, before he began to support, that, I still think, desirable extension.

But to return to Mr. Gladstone and his proposed Home Rule Irish Measures last year. These were pressed by him, not only on account of their present expediency, but also very much on account of the immorality of some of the proceedings by which the Union was carried in 1800, very nearly three generations before. Treating that great and solemn act of two then separate Legislatures as if the means had invalidated the end, and ignoring alike the principle of the Statute of Limitations, and that of the confirmation of title by years of possession, of which Parliament has latterly more than once diminished the number required to give full security to the owner, he utterly disregards, on this question, the precepts and examples of all the greatest statesmen of this century. The Union was carried by Pitt, Castlereagh, and Fitzgibbon. Its repeal was opposed not only by the whole Tory Party, including Canning, Wellesley, Wellington, Peel, Lyndhurst, Derby,

and Beaconsfield, but also by all the most eminent Liberals, from Grey and Lansdowne, friends and colleagues of Fox, Melbourne, J. Russell, Brougham, Althorp and Macaulay, all identified with the Reform Act of 1832, down to Lord Hartington, Mr. Bright, Mr. Chamberlain and Sir G. Trevelyan in 1886, as well as during the intervening half-century by a long succession of other consistent life-long Liberals like the present Lord Grey, the late Lord Halifax, and Sir G. Grey, &c. Home Rule, indeed, as implying a separate and independent Parliament in Ireland, hardly had, till last year, the support of any but Irishmen.

It is evident from what has taken place ever since the announcement of the last dissolution, that a very considerable number of British electors—of whom far the largest proportion were in Scotland and Wales, and far the smallest in the metropolis—have been influenced in their votes far less by arguments for or against Mr. Gladstone's Disruption Bill, than by appeals to the confidence due to that eloquent and powerful statesman. The question of the merits of his complicated measure was largely superseded by the simpler question of the merits of its author, and his claims to political infallibility. The obvious question suggested by what we have seen is—whence has arisen the blind confidence of a large portion of the masses, and, indeed, of a certain, though daily diminishing, portion of the more educated classes, in this powerful ex-Minister? It is a confidence distinguished from any that I can remember expressed by any party in any Minister or leader in the kingdom during the last half century, by its unreasoning intolerance of any blame, or even question of its idol's infallibility in any department of politics at home or abroad; and this, too, however incontestable the proof of his failure in some cases. I have said leader: for the allegiance of the Irish members and people to Mr. O'Connell, though, perhaps, practically not less effective, was less ostentatiously proclaimed, and though earned by far more consistent and arduous services, assumed a less abject form. Much of Mr. Gladstone's influence, of course, is the result of his unquestionable superiority in the House of Commons as a speaker and debater—the fruit of his natural gift of eloquence, of the vast stores of various knowledge accumulated in his retentive memory by his indefatigable industry, and lastly of his long official, and yet longer Parliamentary, experience. Some of that influence arises from his power of mob-oratory, always copious and fluent, often impassioned, and though generally vague, and always verbose, yet impressive from its tone of lofty morality. This last is shown especially in the fierce denunciation of his opponents, which is rendered all the

more effective by the frequent distortion of their words and acts to audiences incapable of detecting the misrepresentation. Some of that influence, too, must be ascribed to his family life and religious observances, diligently chronicled by the public press with a fulness of detail hitherto reserved for royalty in this country.

All these sources of influence together would, in my judgment, however, have failed to obtain for him his present undeniable position in the eyes of so large a portion of his countrymen, but for the tone of exaggerated deference adopted towards him in all their speeches and writings, both by several of his Liberal ex-colleagues, and by the late lamented Lord Iddesleigh while Conservative leader in the House of Commons. This exceptional reverence for him and deference to his opinion has always been to me not less incomprehensible in point of feeling, than its public expression has been in point of expediency; the more so as his opinions have always been notoriously liable to change. The last two elections have enabled us to judge of the impolicy of that expression on the part of those distinguished men. They have themselves very much to thank for their difficulty in even shaking the popular idol on the pedestal which they have themselves for years been constantly building up and consolidating. They have treated him as not only exceptionally gifted, which he certainly is, but as exceptionally wise, which, judged by his predictions and acts, he as certainly is not; and too many of their countrymen have taken their word for it.

Every allowance ought to be made for the extenuating circumstances under which erroneous principles may be early adopted, and for a while persevered in, by a member of a family conspicuous for their support. The retention in earliest manhood of such principles may be a sign of modesty, and even wisdom, in a young man whose family opinions may have been already shaken in him by study and reflection. It seems hard, however, to reconcile with wisdom and sound judgment the retention and loud proclamation by a man past thirty of what he afterwards not less loudly proclaims to be error, on subjects which he has carefully studied and has constantly heard debated in Parliament. Mr. Gladstone, born in 1809, was near thirty when he wrote his book on Church and State, in special defence of the Established Church in Ireland, which he afterwards disestablished. He remained for years after its publication a Tory and a Protectionist. Indeed, I well recollect voting in 1846 along with the late Sir R. Peel, as well as Lord John Russell, against him for the removal of protection from West Indian sugar, with the lucrative production of which his family was but too notoriously identified as most exacting and rigorous

slave-owners. His devoted friend and admirer, Mr. Hayward, says in a letter of March 16th, 1857, that with regard to the elections, when Lord Palmerston dissolved that year, "Sidney Herbert takes the Liberal, and Gladstone the Derbyite turn." In 1858, having accepted from the late Lord Derby the office of Lord High Commissioner, Mr. Gladstone went to the Ionian Islands; and there by a significant and unprecedented action gave the first public intimation of his peculiar sympathy with the corrupt and superstitious Greek Church, which seems on various occasions since to have appreciably affected his views of foreign policy. I well remember many of the Protectionists at that time looking hopefully to his soon quitting the Peelites and rejoining their ranks.

His course, so far, seems to have afforded no indication of exceptional political wisdom; while his want, not only of political foresight, but of ordinary political prudence, was conspicuously shown after another decade in the prediction publicly volunteered by him that the Southern Confederacy would be found to have made a nation. That separation and independence which he erroneously predicted for them he, nearly a quarter of a century later, has been doing his utmost (happily in vain) practically to bestow upon Ireland; though, unlike the homogeneous Southern States, more than one-third of the Irish people—and that far the most orderly, enlightened, and prosperous portion—are vehemently opposed to his scheme. Moreover, this minority includes many Roman Catholics, as well as almost every Protestant in Ireland.

In dealing with that unhappy country every one of his confident predictions of the happy results sure to follow from each of his successive Irish measures has been signally falsified in its turn.

First, those uttered when proposing the Church Disestablishment Act of 1869, and again when proposing his Land Act of 1870, in discussing which he most powerfully argued against Parliament's undertaking to fix the amount of rents instead of leaving them to the "higgling of the market." Then came for a while an intermission of his "remedial" Irish legislation. In March 1873, however, he managed, notwithstanding his originally large majority, to get defeated on his Irish University Bill, and forthwith resigned: but, on Mr. Disraeli refusing the government, resumed office. Was Miss Martineau (a strong Radical) very wrong when she wrote of him in 1871 that, "though he had passed some separate measures in an admirable manner, he was showing his expected incapacity for governing the country"?

In January 1874, he suddenly appealed to the constituencies, and was signally defeated; and then not only resigned office, but announced his intention to retire into private life. Having, however, soon returned to public life, he readily resumed office after

the dissolution of 1880 with a large majority, which he again managed to break down; and, as in the previous instance, resigned without attempting to get the adverse vote reversed, though the Liberals continued largely to outnumber the Conservatives in the House of Commons. During his second Administration he was as confident as ever in his predictions when he passed his Land Act of 1881, followed by his Arrears Act of 1882. It is to be remarked that by his support of Mr. Parnell's Bill last session he gave up and virtually condemned as inadequate both his Land Act of 1881, and his "inseparable" Home Rule and Land Purchase Bills proposed at the beginning of this present year. His second Land Act of 1881 was based on principles which, as I have mentioned, he emphatically repudiated during the discussion of his first Land Act in 1870; though he afterwards characteristically discovered lurking in one clause of that Act the "germs" of that general legislative adjustment of compulsory "fair rents," which formed the principal feature in that second undeniably confiscatory measure.

Mr. Gladstone and his Government assumed throughout that Ireland generally had long been becoming more and more productive, thanks to the constant application of more and more capital and industry by the tenants. It is quite true that most of the improvements in building, fencing, &c. had been made, but there had been also extensive deterioration of the land, caused by the tenants. Lord Ebrington observed in the *Nineteenth Century* for November 1882, from official returns for the decades from 1851 to 1860 and from 1870 to 1880, that the produce had been on the average diminishing as the land got more and more exhausted. And no wonder—so many tenants had been for generations constantly selling off the produce of all kinds, hay as well as corn and stock, without replacing by at all adequate manure the elements of fertility thus abstracted. He says, "While the average produce of wheat was a trifle better from 1871 to 1880 than from 1851 to 1860, the produce of oats was two and a half bushels per acre less, though the area of both crops has been by much diminished. In barley, flax, turnips, and mangel there is a large and continuing decrease, but that in the potato crop is the most startling, the falling off in 1871–80 being 50 per cent. as compared with 1851–60."—*Nineteenth Century*, vol. xii. p. 763.

In fact, by steady perseverance in such practices, the Irish tenants had succeeded in greatly reducing the productions of immense tracts of once fertile land.

Notwithstanding that Act's clap-trap confiscatory character, Mr. Gladstone was obliged to recognize early in 1882 the inadequacy of his Coercion Act of 1881, under which some 1,000 persons were imprisoned without a trial, and had to obtain that spring the most

stringent Coercion Act passed for half a century. Of this last Act, before quitting office last summer, he announced his intention to renew some of the clauses, viz. those, as he afterwards declared, which had been found practically the most useful, though far from the most stringent. Whatever their character, however—and there was some discrepancy between his statement and that of one of his Cabinet on the subject—he thus clearly indicated his conviction that the state of Ireland, after all his "remedial legislation," was such as to require laws more coercive than what sufficed for England.

After finding Ireland, on taking office in April 1880, according to his own statement on the 31st March, with "an absence of crime and outrage previously almost unknown," he allowed agrarian offences of all kinds rapidly to increase unchecked during the whole of the autumn and winter of 1880, until, in the words of one of his colleagues, "the law of the Land League had throughout much of Ireland superseded the law of the land." He, indeed, never applied to Parliament for increased powers of repression until January 1881; nor did he carry his Act for the suspension of Habeas Corpus until nearly a year after his accession to office, during more than half of which there had been a constant increase of outrages. Yet he had the assurance to announce in January 1886, that Lord Salisbury's relinquishment after taking office in July 1885, of all coercive legislation during the short remainder of that session, was a conclusive reason for himself giving up any idea of even attempting to pass any coercive measure on resuming office after the General Election of 1885. He accordingly determined, as the only other way of governing Ireland, to secure the support of Mr. Parnell and his satellites by proposing the establishment of a separate Parliament in Dublin. This, though in direct contravention of the Act of Union, he declared was in accordance with views that he had long entertained, having expressed no opinion adverse to Home Rule for fifteen years. He had, however, in 1874 and 1877 indignantly repudiated the charge that the Liberal Party supported the Home Rule agitation, and made declarations to the same general effect in 1879 and 1880. Nay, in Midlothian in 1885 he used significant language about its being "the will of Providence that these islands should be bound together in a United Kingdom," followed by the deprecation of any proposition tending "sensibly and visibly to impair the unity of the Empire"—language calculated to inspire all who heard or read it with the belief that he was really opposed to anything like the Repeal of the Union. But we must remember that Mr. Forster, who had been a member of his Cabinet for years, said of him that "he could persuade most men of most things, and himself of almost anything."

Since 1868 Mr. Gladstone had been Prime Minister for over ten years. During that time not only had he never publicly proposed any measure at all inclining towards Home Rule, but he had given so little intimation, even in the secrecy of the Cabinet, to any of his colleagues of his altered views, that several of them had for weeks before the formation of his new Government been denouncing the Conservative Administration for its supposed concessions to Mr. Parnell. Some of them, Sir William Harcourt especially, did so with a vehemence which proved them to be as unconscious as the outside public of their leader's complete change, if not of inward personal conviction, at least of outwardly professed opinion. Was either this long-continued absolute reticence, or this suddenly announced complete reversal of policy, a proof of political wisdom and statesman-like foresight?

I will not dwell here upon his characteristically ingenious and plausible, but not less characteristically unstatesman-like and unwise Home Rule Bills. Professor Dicey has conclusively shown in his masterly volume, that while preparing the way, as it clearly did, for early and inevitable disruption, it offered all the disadvantages of separation without any of its redeeming features, such as they are, and that therefore it had even less claims to support than would a bolder and more honest measure of openly avowed separation.

The arguments in favour of Home Rule—*i.e.* the virtual repeal of the Union—may be divided into two classes: (1) those which appeal to our sense of justice, our generosity and compassion; (2) those which appeal to our fears. I have shown that the Liberal statesmen most keenly alive to the claims of justice and pity, have for more than three-quarters of a century opposed the Repeal of the Union, as sure to be most injurious to the interests of Ireland as well as of Great Britain, and fraught with injustice not only to the Irish Protestants comprising nearly one-third of the population, and that the most law-abiding, industrious and prosperous portion, but also to a vast number of really well-affected and honest, but cowed and intimidated Roman Catholics. Still, this kind of appeal, though, we believe, mistaken, is not despicable. As for the appeal to our fears, I cannot listen to it without shame and indignation. The Britons of to-day would indeed be a degenerate race if they extensively responded to it.

Our fathers put down a regular rebellion in 1798, while engaged in that war with France which lasted, with two very short intervals only, till the Battle of Waterloo in 1815. During most of that time we had opposed to us the greatest conqueror the world has seen since Cæsar. We were then always liable to have arms,

ammunition, and military stores, nay, French troops, landed to aid the rebels; and but for the ceaseless vigilance of our navy such landings would have been much more frequent and formidable, if not successful, than they ever were. Yet our brave forefathers put the rebels down and kept them down, though in 1800 the population of Ireland, of whom the majority were then, as now, Roman Catholic, and, with far more justification than now, mostly disaffected, amounted to nearly one-third of that of the United Kingdom, instead of about one-sixth only, and with far less than proportionate wealth. Moreover, the advantage given to the disciplined forces of a Government, with costly mechanical appliances at its command, over undisciplined men destitute of organization and supplies, has been doubled in these days of railways and electric telegraphs, of arms of precision and bullet-showering machine-guns. I will not believe that any large portion of the still law-abiding, and certainly once high-spirited British nation, will allow itself to be intimidated or wearied out into the ignominious concession of what they feel to be wrong by a really weak, though blustering faction.

During the present session, Mr. Gladstone has taken occasion to repeat fallacies again and again refuted about the consequences resulting from the rejection of Mr. Parnell's proposal, and has carefully abstained from either denouncing the crimes which continue persistently to dog the footsteps of the League, or from assisting the Government in passing their clôture resolutions. But in general he has made himself "conspicuous by his absence from the House of Commons, reserving for a public speech at a private dinner, exceptionally attended by reporters at his request, a statement of his views on the position of parties and on Ireland, in which he carefully ignored the prevalence of lawlessness there." It remains to be seen what part he will take when the Government begin to legislate for Ireland. It is earnestly to be hoped they may do so with success. In any case they can hardly fail more conspicuously and disastrously than he did.

But it has been his Colonial, and still more his foreign, policy that has seemed to many men of all parties jealous, like myself, for the honour and interests of the Empire, to have been particularly wanting in steadiness, vigour, and foresight. His accession to power has in general been speedily followed by a marked diminution of English influence abroad. Lord Russell, writing in 1873 of Mr. Gladstone's first Administration, said that "by his foreign policy he had tarnished the national honour, injured the national interests, and lowered the national character." Grave words from the pen of a statesman who had been twice Prime Minister, and had been, moreover, Foreign Secretary under one

whose name was specially identified with a practically pacific, but far from passive or uninfluential, administration of foreign affairs during many years—Lord Palmerston.

Whether in or out of office, Mr. Gladstone's general course with regard to foreign affairs has been, and particularly in his later years, eminently unsatisfactory. Without going back to old times, and speaking of it only since he first became Prime Minister, that course has been not seldom at variance with that pursued by a succession of Liberal Administrations. Though his foreign policy has grown more and more timid and vacillating, age and experience have failed to give him prudence. As late as 1880 he had to apologize to Austria, on resuming office, for having wantonly insulted her not long before. After having given needless offence to the successful Northerners by his fallacious prediction, he early began, after becoming Prime Minister, to make concessions about the *Alabama*, which had been up to that time refused by the English Government; and he ended by agreeing, in 1871, to refer the question to arbitration. This resulted in saddling the British Treasury with the payment of £3,000,000 damages to the Government of the United States for distribution to such of their citizens as had suffered from that vessel's operations. The fact that for a good part of that sum no claimants could be found able to substantiate their claims, affords some indication of the unskilfulness and improvidence of the arrangement to which he had committed his country.

After his resignation in 1874, Mr. Gladstone ostentatiously retired from the Leadership of the Opposition early in 1875. In the following year, however, he emerged from his retreat to commence a furious agitation against the Turks for their disgraceful, though enormously exaggerated, outrages upon the Bulgarians, whose membership of the Greek Church appears to have specially interested him on their behalf. He subsequently turned a deaf ear to the equally just complaints afterwards made by the Turkish population of almost equivalent outrages committed upon them by the Bulgarians, when they became dominant in their turn. No one would have supposed, from his language about the Turks and Russians then and later, that he had been a member of the Cabinet which began the Crimean War expressly to defend Turkey against Russian aggression. The Bulgarians, remembering the fervour with which he formerly pleaded their cause, must have felt somewhat disappointed last year at his persistent silence, and the coldness of the tardy letter in which he stated his hope that the present Sovereign of Russia would not reduce them into servitude. The letter contained not one word of praise for their bravery in their recent conflicts with the Servians, or for their wise and

patriotic conduct since under most trying circumstances. He did not even add one word of sympathy with them under the unmerited insults to which they had been subjected for months past. But they have probably not realised, as we here have, that the vehement advocacy of their cause then served his political purposes admirably, and, indeed, materially assisted his early restoration to power; whereas it would have been useless, if not embarrassing, to him last year.

His course in and out of Parliament, before and during the negotiation of the Treaty of Berlin, undeniably much aggravated the serious difficulties of Lord Beaconsfield's Government in dealing with the Eastern Question; and so his language about the Boers did their difficulties in dealing with South Africa. Indeed, it might be called unpatriotic, if he had not repeatedly shown that patriotism, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, is a sentiment which he is incapable of understanding. How else is it possible to explain the complacency which he volunteered to express, not very long ago, at the prospect of England's gradually sinking from her present position among the nations into one analogous to that for some time past occupied by Holland?

In a similar spirit he denounced Mr. Disraeli's wise and provident purchase of nearly half the shares in the Suez Canal, which not only gives England great weight in the management of that important line of communication with her Indian Empire, but has also financially turned out already as lucrative as Mr. Gladstone's mismanagement in Egypt and the Soudan has proved costly and unproductive. I say financially costly, quite apart from the purposeless sacrifice of thousands of human lives, including many English ones, without any compensatory results—the natural consequence of his Government's vacillation, timidity, and want of any definite policy there. Though our soldiers and sailors never showed themselves more heroic in courage or endurance than they have in those scorching regions, he and his colleagues rendered their utmost efforts unavailing. As proofs of vacillation, it is enough to cite the delays, until hopelessly too late, of the expedition by desert and river towards Khartoum, the "indelible disgrace" of the abandonment of Gordon, the alternate advances and retreats at Suakim, the alternate commencement and discontinuance of the railway thence towards Berber, the advance up, and retreat down, the Nile; in short, his Government's whole course in those countries, which has been tersely described as one of alternate "butchering and bolting."

If we turn from North to South Africa we find the same vacillation. The needless pompous announcement in the Queen's Speech of the permanent annexation of the Transvaal was followed

after two or three mortifying, though not really serious repulses, by the abandonment, not only of our claims, but of our unfortunate native allies, to the Boers. This was at first disguised under the professed commutation of the Queen's Sovereignty into a nebulous Suzerainty, but ended with speedy surrender of that also.

The Transvaal lies nearer the east than the west coast of South Africa. But the same procrastination in facing difficulties, and the same tone of alternate assumption and concession was observable in his Government's negotiations with the German Government about a settlement on the opposite West Coast. Indeed, I may add, much the same was shown in another distant region with the same German Government about New Guinea, to the great disgust of our Australasian fellow-subjects.

The same irresolution characterized Mr. Gladstone's dealings with Russia on the Afghan frontier, when he allowed her publicly to trifle with us for months by transparently illusory delays in sending her promised Commissioner to meet ours, pushing her troops meanwhile into Afghanistan. A special advance resisted by the Afghans was followed by brave words one day in the House of Commons, after which the Government relapsed into its usual passive acquiescence.

I have now mentioned some of the most characteristic examples of Mr. Gladstone's dealings with foreign questions. I must add that his tone and that of several of his colleagues about our Colonial Empire has been, until quite latterly, most unsatisfactory. We hear accordingly that his name in most of our Colonies is not nearly as popular as that of his eminent predecessor and rival Lord Beaconsfield, who brought back peace with honour from Berlin, and who, whatever his faults, ever showed himself zealous for the honour and greatness of the British Empire.

It only remains briefly to advert to one or two points of Mr. Gladstone's purely domestic policy. His practical skill as a financier has always seemed to me much over-praised. It is easy to frame pleasing Budgets when prosperity is advancing by leaps and bounds. That his knowledge of the subject is very extensive there can be no doubt. But knowledge and wisdom are by no means identical. His scheme for a $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Government Stock proved a decided failure. But he got much praise for his great simplification of our tariff by the reduction of the duty-paying articles in it to little more than half-a-dozen. The simplification is undeniable; but the consequent saving in time and labour, and, therefore, in expense, is by no means what is popularly believed.

As long as any Customs' duties are levied—and they can never be abolished as long as any Excise duties are levied—a costly

Customs establishment must be maintained to prevent the illicit introduction of any of the few still dutiable articles, either under the name of some of the many duty-free articles and made to assume their appearance, or else in some surreptitious way involving concealment rather than disguise. To all the heavy expense of these indispensable precautions, to all the cost of constantly searching imported goods, lest contraband articles should lurk among them, and of watching against the secret landing of such articles, must be added that of ascertaining, carefully registering, and periodically publishing, for the information of our merchants and manufacturers, the names and amounts of each kind of article imported, whether duty-free or duty-paid. Thus the increased importation of duty-free articles is *pro tanto* rather a source of expense than of profit to the Treasury, apart, of course, from any income-tax paid on profits resulting from it.

The late Sir R. Peel, still held in high esteem as a financier, when he repealed the corn laws, imposed on corn what he described as "a registration duty" of 1s. a quarter, not for the purpose of protection, but to defray the cost to the State attending its importation. The enthusiastic gratitude of the most devoted Free-traders never, as far as I heard, was at all diminished by the retention of this duty, which remained uncomplained of until its unexpected and, it is believed, unsolicited, removal by Mr. Gladstone's Chancellor of the Exchequer. I am not recommending its reimposition, which would now be fiercely denounced. And, indeed, corn may be held to be included in the category of raw materials, the importation of which duty-free, for the sake of facilitating the competition of our own with foreign manufactures, has been for some time sanctioned as a measure of public policy. But it is rather curious that 1s. a quarter, equivalent during more than thirty years after its imposition by Sir R. Peel to less than 2 per cent. on the average value of wheat, was publicly stated to be the extra price fetched in some of the Midland markets by foreign wheat over English wheat of the same quality, in consequence of the privilege of cheaper transport accorded to it by the railway companies. And this, by the way, is only one example of the practical bounty which, in a multitude of other cases, those companies have long given, and are still giving to foreign, over British, produce and manufactures. Sagacious, indeed, was the warning of that truly noble and enlightened statesman Lord Taunton to Parliament years ago, against allowing undue import and export duties to be practically levied by the railway companies—duties none the less onerous to the community, because they went to swell the profits of the shareholders instead of relieving the taxpayer by helping to defray the necessary expenses of the State.

But to return from railway stations to Custom-houses. The collection of actual *ad valorem* duties, or of any duties varying according to any classification based on value upon articles imported of the same nature, must be expensive; because great skill and knowledge, as well as trustworthiness, are required and have to be paid for in the officers, who have to decide, as the case may be, on the value of the article, or as to the category to which it belongs. All duties not more or less strictly *ad valorem* press, of course, more heavily upon the inferior and cheaper qualities consumed by the masses than upon the finer and dearer qualities consumed by the rich. In the case of wines under Mr. Gladstone's legislation, where the duty is levied altogether on an alcoholic scale, simply according to their strength, wholly irrespective of their flavour or value, the finest clarets pay less than the worst and cheapest ports and sherries; moreover, the duty on these last much stronger wines amounts to much more than 2 per cent. But in the case of very many articles, if a duty of 2 per cent. only, or less than 5d. in the £, were placed upon the quality most largely imported, the whole burden would be so slight that some inequality in its incidence would hardly be an appreciable grievance. And there seems no very obvious reason why, when almost every process is gone through except the cheap and easy one of collecting such a simple duty on articles other than "raw materials," some such slight and simple duty should not be levied to defray the expense to the State resulting from their importation. Such a duty would, in most cases, amount to very much less than the bounty now practically given by the railway companies to such articles of foreign, over similar ones of British, produce and manufacture. They would generally be too small to be considered "countervailing duties" to such bounties, while appreciably adding to the revenue.

Such a system seems not at all incompatible with the principles of free trade, as generally understood, before the doctrines of political economy had been relegated by Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues to some distant planet, whence I venture, however, confidently to predict their speedy return to vindicate, which they have an inconvenient habit of doing, their truth by results. His eloquent sophistry can no more prevent this than Galileo's persecutors could prevent the earth moving. Nothing, indeed, except Mr. Gladstone's adoption of Home Rule, has startled many of us consistent old Liberals so much as his gradual abandonment more and more, and almost year by year, of that principle of general freedom of contract for sane adults, which had been so long recognized by all the highest authorities on political economy as essentially inherent in the principle of commercial freedom.

Nothing has proved more conclusively his increasing readiness to sacrifice principles to popularity and political convenience.

But to return from this digression. After commenting on some of Mr. Gladstone's early measures affecting the revenue, we may just glance at some of his dealings with the expenditure of the State, confining ourselves, however, to the last few years only. We must remember that he was Prime Minister from the spring of 1880 until the summer of last year, with merely about half a year's interval in 1885, and was identified with a memorable budget of all but £100,000,000. During that period of about five years we shall find that the management of the army, and especially of the navy and ordnance, though in general lamentably parsimonious, was far from really economical. True economy consists not simply in not spending more than is necessary, but also in getting money's worth for the money spent—that is, in securing the requisite efficiency at the lowest cost. Notwithstanding lessons purchased in the Crimea at a heavy expense of life as well as money, the transport arrangements in Egypt were most defective. The non-arrival of horses and mules bought at an extravagant price, but bought too late, imposed upon our brave soldiers and sailors, at a sad sacrifice of health, work under a burning sun which ought to have been done by beasts of burden.

Our navy was for a long while declared by him and his colleagues to be amply sufficient; and then quite suddenly, when public opinion had been fortunately awakened to the fact that, considering how much more was required of it by our extensive empire and almost ubiquitous commerce, it was practically weaker than that of France, they proceeded in haste to spend several more millions upon it. But our dockyards during the whole time both before and after this spasmodic manifestation of energy, continued to be scenes of ill-organized and wasteful expenditure. It was at the Admiralty, too, during his government, that some £950,000 remained for a while unaccounted for. As this arose not from fraud, but entirely from muddle, the blunder in the account was in due time cleared up and set right. But this novel incident could hardly have been expected under the administration of a great finance Minister constantly inculcating rigid economy and careful book-keeping.

Then, with regard to the ordnance, his Government persisted, in spite of remonstrances, in manufacturing at great cost gigantic muzzle-loading cannon long after other nations had adopted breech-loaders. We have at last, after wasting much time and money, followed their example.

Moreover, as regards quality as well as quantity, of late years the supply of arms and ammunition, by our Government to

our fortresses, ships, soldiers, and sailors—from breech-loading cannon not to be fired lest they should burst, down to cartridges that jam, and swords and bayonets that bend—has not been very creditable to a nation so proud of its general manufacturing superiority as England is.

Mr. Gladstone's remarkable ability as a party leader, both in and out of Parliament, has undoubtedly given him immense influence throughout Great Britain. But I venture to hope I have shown that, whether as a legislator tested by the failure of his predictions about his most important measures, or as an administrator tested by the results of his administration at home and abroad, he has not entitled himself to the implicit confidence of his countrymen, and still less to their support of sudden proposals contrary to the policy maintained by the most eminent statesmen in the kingdom of all political parties during more than three-quarters of this century.

I will only state, in conclusion, the result upon myself of watching Mr. Gladstone's career ever since 1839, when he was a Protectionist and a Tory; long before his conversion to Free Trade, and much longer before his definite adhesion to the Liberal Party, of which, until this year, he was during two decades the recognized head. It is this: I arrived independently at much the same estimate of his deficiency in real statesmanship as that which Miss Martineau in 1871 so forcibly described in the letter already quoted. I believed, and still believe, in the goodness of his motives then, though never at all in the soundness of his judgment.

But, "Blessed are the peacemakers."

What respect can be felt for an aged statesmen who devotes his closing years, and strains his failing energies, to propagate class hatreds among his fellow citizens, to foment in Ireland, revive in Scotland, and kindle in Wales, national—nay, he has just devised for the northern and southern English provincial—jealousies between different parts of that United Kingdom in which he has been so often the chief Minister?

Alas! for poor human nature! How sad is the spectacle of the deterioration of a once noble character under the influence of disappointed ambition, stimulated by constant draughts of too eagerly welcomed adulation!

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

FORTESCUE.

WANTED—AN ENGLISH MUSICAL STYLE

English musicians have not yet succeeded in asserting their country's musical supremacy, and the day still seems distant when we shall win the envy or admiration of Europe for our musical prowess. English painters have done something in a similar direction for the sister art, but our music-makers, our composers, are to-day nowhere in international music councils. Hopelessly in arrears, so far as great English works are concerned, the world's *répertoire* is filling up without a single *magnum opus* from the hand of the British workman. Our present day composers are, it is true, at work, but with scarcely an exception they are writing only for the hour. Enraptured critics may seek to prove otherwise, and the musical representative of this or that house, interested in the latest new score, may continue to declare it to be music for all time; but when the artistic atmosphere cools a little, when the gas goes off, and this highly-treated element crystallizes, we get the true salt in the shape of an almost worthless residuum of paper and print stock, which publishers would be only too willing to sell at the butterman's price.

And to arrive at this it seems as if there were but one road to take, and only one foregoer to follow—the first, that beaten track between the modern German and Italian schools of music; the second, that much-copied model who, because of his prolific genius as a melodist, has honestly captivated the modern national ear and made a name in English hearts and homes second only to the composer of "The Messiah" itself—Mendelssohn. The idea of following a model which has proved so eminently acceptable to the country at large is commendable and feasible enough, but, unfortunately, the work of imitating Mendelssohn has been attended with the inconvenience of bringing more honour to the original than to the copyists; and not one of the latter has approached sufficiently close to the model to become acquainted with its particular mould and characteristics, or to learn enough of it to enable him to go out into the broad field of Art and do likewise. One who approached Mendelssohn closer than others was William Sterndale Bennett, but he only succeeded sufficiently to win the questionable reputation of being, perhaps, the most eminent among the disciples of that master. But how came it that he so resembled in style the composer of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music? He would have been none the less our greatest modern English composer

had he been trained as pure Bennett instead of Bennett-cum-Mendelssohn.

We want to have done with being disciples, or, in other words, followers and imitators. Cannot we call upon the gods to favour us with, say, an earthquake, that shall rid us of everything that serves as style, model, foundation, or what not, in our musical creations? Or, let us appeal to the heavens to rain down and wash from us every trace and vestige of the colourings and forms of Wagner, Offenbach, Verdi, and others. Then the native composer would perforce breathe in another atmosphere, and in his next production he might spare us the infliction of listening to dexterously-weaved combinations of musical all-sorts, at which the palate has long since sickened. The new musical coatings given to these old forms and flavourings have ever been the curse of musical progress in this country, and it is high time that such "dishings-up" were turned away from, once and for ever, by the music-loving public. As things now are the composer is playing into the hands of the music-publisher, and the public in the end suffers, for it has to satisfy its voracious musical appetite with whatever is thrown to it. Would that it could be smitten with such a dyspeptic attack as would give it the mind to think for a while and pause over what it consumes, and, for the present, digests! Only such a reminder can, it would seem, bring about the necessary artistic revolution.

We are musical enough in this country. We buy pianofortes, tin whistles, and cornets: not a few industrious youths study the ophicleide; our sisters fiddle with remarkable vigour; that choice music-hall effusion, "They 're all very fine and large," is heard in the same breath as the "Maid of Athens" and the "Heart bow'd down"; all this goes on in this musical England, yet we produce neither great composers, nor a characteristic school of music, nor anything like an indication of what is to be a traditionary style. The fact is, we are not seriously working for what we so much profess to want, and the national mind has yet to be made up upon the question of being either an artistic people or a nation of barterers in Art.

The croakers say we shall never produce a Beethoven, a Handel, or a Mozart. No! not if we continue training our students upon the present lines, and hampering them at the whim of every master with the influence of German, French, or Italian style, without the slightest regard to the pupils' voice, until it is too late, and the future English composer finds himself so schooled into the traditions of one or other, or all, of these foreign styles, that he is quite unable to throw off the taint and to free himself from trammels which effectually preclude him from striking out a path for himself—a path akin to his own instinct and fancy,

and partaking of the Old English musical character. At the outset he is fastened to lines on which really he should never be until his style is formed, and he is able to maintain his identity. It has scarcely yet been found desirable to send our children to Germany, France, and Italy to learn to speak and write the mother tongue; nor are we likely to find a characteristic musical feeling and instinct while we continue to draft the young musical element into foreign countries to learn principles, forms, and colourings—all of which should be imparted to and learned by it here. Or, if our students do not acquire this foreign taint abroad, our schools, colleges, and academies here are so stocked with foreign masters, to the exclusion of native professors—who are often better qualified—that the young mind is, from the first, alienated from its native influences, and the incipient mischief ripens rapidly until it gets past all cure.

The fact is, we growl about the lack of native talent in the several branches of music, but to speak truth we have men and methods to teach all we need to know, and this should equal anything that has ever been learned in, and brought home from, foreign musical academies. Let us once and for ever give up the craze about foreign musical art and artists. Let us encourage our own conductors, singing-masters, composers, vocalists, and instrumentalists. These are all here with us, living, and some few prospering, upon the gains of the clear-sighted few who listen to them and take instruction from them; but the battle is against them. There must be a national revolutionary effort in this direction. English art is not, and season after season brings with it the exasperating circumstance of hordes who sight to a nicety the barometer of English musical turn and sentiment. Had we no pianoforte-makers here capable of holding their own with any makers in the world; were there not men capable of wielding the *bâton* with any foreign conductor; were our best—and these are English—singing-masters lacking in the traditions and styles that have always obtained in this country; had we no really eminent violinists, flautists, organists, worthy of the world's survey; were there not many others in every branch of the art lingering between eminent mediocrity and actual greatness, simply for the want of what it is in the power of their countrymen at large to give them—their unqualified confidence and patronage; then we might reasonably go out into the highways and by-ways of Art and compel to come in and permanently dwell with us those who now pay us visits with a regularity and promptness which every new season renders only more marked. But there will be no need to call in help, if we will but enter into a compact to believe in our own resources, instead of looking abroad for artistic material and assistance—a process which only defeats the very end for which we

call it in. Let us be as other countries—more selfish of a musical exclusiveness—if we really desire this long-yearned-for national identity. If not, then bury the subject and the thought of a characteristic musical style once and for ever. Let all combine to see what there is that is truly musically English in our very midst, and, having agreed upon this point, it will be comparatively easy to mark out a road to the goal so devoutly to be desired.

My proposition is to remove all foreign influences from the English musical student. If my brother is to learn harmony and composition I will urge him to school under Mr. John G——, instead of Herr Fugueundwindem. Had I a sister with a prospective livelihood through her voice, I would honestly trust her to Messrs. C. D. or W. in preference to Signor Squarliari. And, had I half-a-crown to cast away in hearing music I should unhesitatingly feel that it was laying it out to the better advantage to take a place with "the gods" at Carl Rosa's English Opera, rather than at ninety-nine per cent. of the Italian and German opera performances given in this country.

I may be reminded that such a narrow-minded policy as proposed would be incompatible with the drift of Art generally. Yet it seems to be the only untried course. Our large-minded policy has not succeeded. Since Purcell's day (1695) we have had no thoroughly English music, and all this while we have been crying out for a characteristic style which so far is not. And what have we not done? Music academies, schools, training-colleges have been erected out of public and private moneys; musician after musician has been born with consummate power and ability; and yet no one can point to a truly great English composer. By some unaccountable means we stifle the musical life of this country as fast as we bring it forth; yet no land has proved herself more anxious to mother a great son of Art than has ours.

If, therefore, it be felt that a distinctive style in music would be good for, and welcomed by the people at large, it is manifest that we must change the system which, after two hundred years and more, has failed to give us such. That system has consisted mainly in offering open arms and unbounded welcome to French, German, Italian, and Scandinavian artists of every degree; in squandering hitherto unheard-of sums upon one and all such; of pushing aside really talented native musicians—who have cropped up from time to time in the various regions of art—to make way for strangers less worthy in music as well as in good manners; in toadying to the perverted tastes and artistic idiosyncracies of a *blasé* few, who have always preferred the musical surroundings of foreign courts to any home art-work that this country has been capable of producing; in short, it is a system which has done

its best to stultify itself, and to drag the honour and reputation of musical England deep in the dust. Now, it seems that we must change all this, and circumscribe our training ground. All the patronage that we have bestowed upon outsiders from the time when, early in the eighteenth century, we began to invite Italian opera companies here until now, must be considered as met in the shape of the mixed and cosmopolitan character of our muse. During the period from Handel's day—say two centuries ago—to this, not all the European Powers combined have spent the money in music that we have, and no capital has seen so many musicians of all shades of style as London has. What have we to show for it all, but the most patch-work educational systems for rearing musicians, and a style of art about as settled in colouring and fixed character as that famous coat which belonged years ago to one of Jacob's sons? Well, the nation at large should be schooled to the creed that it must not go on squandering its musical wealth in this way for another two centuries; and, further, it must be taught to know that if it really desires a distinctive colour, and a national feeling in its musical art, such as it has in painting and dress, then we must unhesitatingly declare a new policy, and one differing in vital points from the old. It must be a distinctly selfish policy. No longer must we continue the craze about foreign art and artists. No longer must we starve our own musicians and check the development of the composing art in order to lavish extravagant prices upon foreign material. Let us fill up our professoriate at college, academy, and school, with native teachers; the store of English music in every form—opera, symphony, oratorio, cantata, song, and instrumental pieces—is a large one; let us analyze all this, and see what is characteristic and worth preserving, and above all worth unearthing and performing.

Bishop, whose first centenary (18th November 1886) was recently passed over all but unnoticed by his countrymen, wrote some thoroughly English music, of the freshest and loftiest tone. The ever-memorable Purcell left works of every kind; and the country, in its spirit of good intention towards native art, would do well to render all aid to the laudable effort which Mr. W. H. Cummings is making to publish a complete collection of this composer's writings. Other composers, from the time of Dunstable (1458)—the founder of the English school—to Bull, Byrd, and their contemporaries; the madrigalists of the sixteenth century; Lawes, Lock, and Arne, with the famous school of Church writers who followed Purcell, many of whom wrote piles of secular as well as sacred compositions; —to catalogue, and place us within reach of all these, to the day of Sullivan, Stanford, and Mackenzie, would give active employment to a staff of paid Government officials for some time, and the occupation would be by no means a worthless one.

Nor can a voice be too often raised against the apathy displayed by publishers and public alike towards compositions from native musicians. Far too little encouragement is given to the creative turn of mind when this shows itself in our students; and the music-publisher shrinks from undertaking the loveliest piano morsel from a native pen, while he can continue to serve up *Di tanti palpiti* with endless variations. Again, in this direction, no half measures would seem to meet the case. The country must pledge itself to English music—new and old; it must discountenance the schemes and societies which favour foreign works, disregarding our own; the supporters of our musical performances, stall-holders, and gallery "gods" alike, must refuse for a while to lend ears and hearts to all but national music. Music-teachers must persevere in fostering a taste for, and in introducing compositions, vocal and instrumental, by native men. Some Mæcenas must come forward and found an institution for the encouragement, defence, and development of purely English music and musicians. Then, when we can breathe more freely, when we have banished for a season every vestige of foreign influence, we shall be in a position to feel the pulse of national taste, and to ascertain from time to time the prospects of the convalescence and ultimate complete recovery of our illustrious patient.

It is reasonable to hope that such a severe course of treatment as I have indicated would not kill rather than cure music in England. All would hope that it would act beneficially; and many, having the cause of an English musical style closely at heart, would welcome the experiment. It is impossible to believe that a country owning Shakespeare and Newton could not, under good auspices, produce a musician who might be mentioned in the same breath with Handel, Mozart, or Haydn, were, indeed, such actually needed to stamp the country's music with the impress of individuality. But such is not the case. If we gather up the national music we already possess, collate it, and shelve it where it will be at the finger's end of every English student, much may be borrowed from it in tone, colour and form, that will give the future musician good clue to the constituent qualities of our lost English style. Let us first aim at recovering the missing principles; let the musical learned ones agree upon what shall be the accepted English style and character in music; saturate our young students with such; and then we need not despair of giving to the world, some day, a veritable master of the composer's art, capable of championing English musical interests, and so raising his country's head high among the nations of musical Europe.

FREDERICK J. CROWEST.

THE ENDOWED SCHOOLS INQUIRY.

The inquiry by a Committee of the House of Commons into the working of the Endowed Schools Acts, which will be continued in the present Parliament, will have recalled public attention to controversies which had slept from the Act of 1874 which transferred their administration to the Charity Commissioners, till the campaign commenced a couple of years ago by Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Jesse Collings. The writer's personal connection with the subject as a Charity Commissioner, was from March 1880 to March 1883. At that period the occasional disputes between the commissioners and local opponents of the new schemes passed for particular educational endowments scarcely ever were carried to the length of opposition before Parliament. Nor was the change, at the beginning of that period, from a Conservative to a Liberal Administration, accompanied by any marked change of policy in the Education Department, who became responsible for all such schemes by sanctioning them. But in the earlier stage of the Endowed Schools Question, matters had gone on far less smoothly. This was partly owing to imprudence on the part of the first Endowed Schools Commissioners, largely also to the novelty and difficulty of the questions concerning the reorganization of endowments.

The Report in 1868 of the Commission presided over by the late Lord Taunton was the basis of the Act of 1869, and all later proceedings resulting from it. They had found, as the result of their inquiry, that the endowed schools throughout the country had, to a great extent, ceased to fulfil the objects of their founders, without effecting any other purpose more suited to the requirements of the present time. Some, while continuing to regulate their whole course of instruction with a view to pupils intended for the Universities, sent there but a very small proportion of their boys, while sacrificing to this purpose those for whom a different programme might be more suited. Others, intended to give some kind of liberal education, did merely elementary work, and did it less efficiently than the elementary schools maintained by subscription in adjoining parishes. For this they held that the system of free education was partly responsible, crowding, as it did, the endowed grammar schools with children requiring only an elementary education, rendering the master indifferent to the increase of the school when the number to be taught gratuitously was unlimited, and, when it was limited, tempting him to devote his attention to

paying pupils of his own, while neglecting the foundationers. Masters, again, holding office for life, or during good behaviour, could only be removed by expensive legal proceedings, if at all, however inefficient or careless. And besides any positive defects the schools, founded independently of each other, in no way supplemented each other's work, or fitted into any general system for meeting the varied wants of the country. There was a need, they considered, for three classes or grades of schools suited respectively to those whose education was to be continued at college, those who must enter into the business for which they were destined at sixteen or seventeen, and those whose education must terminate and the work of their lives begin a year or two earlier still. For not only did these ages roughly represent three grades of pecuniary resources, but the education intended to be continued for a longer period is best managed on a different system from the beginning from that which is to end earlier. In the latter case a limited range of subjects must be thoroughly learnt in a comparatively short time. In the other it is desirable to begin early, subjects which, in the shorter course, would not be attempted at all, while there is not the same necessity for pushing on rapidly the subjects common to both. The existing schools too often undertook the work of all these grades at once, some fulfilling tolerably well that of the two higher ones, but the third being generally deficient.

The Commission were also of opinion that the governing bodies of endowments might advantageously be in many cases modified, that head-masterships should not be confined to clergymen, nor trusteeships to members of the Church of England. They were, however, willing that any rule older than the present century, as to the religious belief of the head-master or the religious instruction in the school, should remain unaltered.

The Act of 1869 recited in its preamble that the Commissioners had made certain recommendations to enable these schools to fulfil the main design of their founders by placing a liberal education within the reach of all classes. These words defined the scope of the operations to be carried out by those who were to administer it.

Three Commissioners were appointed with wide general powers to abolish existing trusts, and create new ones, to change governing bodies, unite or divide endowments wherever the object of these endowments was the education of children at school. Their schemes required the approval of the Educational Department. Subsequently they were to be submitted to Parliament. If neither House presented an address against them within a limited time, they might receive the Queen's approbation and become law. Questions as to their legality under the Act might be raised before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.

The discretion of the Commissioners was limited by certain positive provisions. A head-master was always to be removable at pleasure. Due regard was to be had to the educational interests of any class of persons whose privileges were abolished. As a general rule, religious opinions or attendance at religious worship were not in any way to affect the qualification of members of governing bodies. But by the 19th Section, a section famous in connection with the working of the Act, all schools where regulations made by the founder, or under his authority within fifty years of his death, required the children to be instructed in the doctrines of any religious denomination, were excepted from the before-mentioned rule, though not from the conscience clause. In their case the consent of the unaltered governing body was needed to the insertion of any provision as to the religion of the governing body, or religious instruction of the scholars.

The Bill was referred to a Select Committee in the House of Commons, but passed both Houses without very great controversy. Its working, however, excited a storm. Two of the Commissioners, Lord Lyttelton and Sir Arthur Hobhouse, had committed themselves publicly to extreme views as to the right of the State to disregard founders' intentions. Their known opinions led to changes proposed by them being regarded with still greater hostility than would otherwise have been the case. But the Act, when brought home to them, took trustees and localities by surprise. Changes of classical schools into commercial schools, of boy schools into girl schools (the Act had directed provision to be made as far as possible for the education of girls), when, as was sometimes attempted, it was proposed to alter the site of a school from one place to another, opposition arose on all sides. In several instances schemes were defeated in the House of Lords. And when, in 1873, it became necessary to continue the Act, originally passed for three years only, a Select Committee was appointed to inquire into its working. A searching inquiry was conducted. Churchmen complained that the 19th Section often failed to protect schools which fairly might be included among those intended to belong to the Established Church. They also felt that the general clause had been rendered unexpectedly vexatious by a judicial decision that, where religious opinions were not to affect the qualifications for a governing body, an incumbent of a parish could not be an *ex-officio* member. Dissenters, on the other hand, complained that so large a proportion of Churchmen were placed on the new governing bodies, a circumstance which arose from the existing trustees being retained in the first instance in place of the portion of the governing body which would afterwards be filled up by co-optation and which formed a considerable part of the whole. A minority of the Committee proposed to modify the Act very largely. The

majority agreed to certain alterations which were embodied in the Amending Act of 1873. By this Act the original 19th Section was so enlarged as to cover all schools founded since the Toleration Act, if the majority of the governing body and the principal teachers were required to belong to any particular denomination. It permitted any holders of office whom a founder placed, as such, on the governing body, to remain *ex-officio* members in spite of anything in the 17th Section of the principal Act. This met cases in which the rector or vicar of a parish had been made one of the governing body by the instrument of foundation. It exempted from the operation of the Act schools, not being technically grammar schools, whose income from endowments was less than £100. It required that persons in a particular class in life should be entitled to the "due regard" directed to be shown to any class whose privileges were abolished. This was to remove any question as to whether the poor were a class for the purposes of the Act.

In 1874 the Conservative Ministry proposed much wider changes in the Act, chiefly as it affected the religious question. One of these changes, requiring that the usage of one hundred years as regards religious teaching should be retained, was much in accordance with suggestions of the Inquiry Commission. But, after a pertinacious opposition in the House of Commons, many of these clauses were abandoned. The only substantial alteration effected was the substitution for the Endowed Schools Commissioners—as the administering authority—of the Charity Commissioners, strengthened by two additional commissioners appointed for this special purpose. The Charity Commissioners have, for all matters outside this Act, to deal with endowed schools as with other endowed charities. The interpretation of disputed points in schemes would be part of their ordinary jurisdiction. They have in their keeping the records of past transactions with the schools. Constant communication must pass between those administering the one jurisdiction and the other. Matters are far more conveniently settled by a discussion at a Board meeting, or privately between colleagues in the same office, than by correspondence, as formerly required, between wholly independent authorities.

The procedure under the Act is little altered since the beginning. The Commissioners, whether acting on their own motion or at some suggestion from the locality, send an Assistant Commissioner to report on an endowment. The report is seen by the Commissioner who specially attends to that portion of England. Under his direction the heads of a scheme are drawn up. They are finally settled after discussion by the whole Board. The scheme, when its details are passed, is published in the locality, two months being allowed for objections or suggestions which are again considered by the Commissioners. The scheme, modified or otherwise, is in

the end submitted to the Education Department, who give a further hearing to objections, and may remit it for alteration. But after approving it they are wholly responsible for it before Parliament and the country, and their representatives in Parliament are bound to defend it from any hostile address. Each successive Government, therefore, has been responsible for the policy of the schemes passed during its time. But since 1874 the schemes seriously opposed in Parliament have been few. The Charity Commissioners endeavoured by all reasonable concessions to meet the views of trustees and others concerned; and on the whole the work has gone on far more smoothly than under their predecessors.

The first question of principle which has to be considered with reference to all dealings with endowments is the claim to respect of the founders' intentions. The Endowed Schools Act undoubtedly gives larger powers of departing from the directions of instruments of foundation than is known to the ordinary administration of charities. The preamble of the Act refers to the general intention of founders to place liberal education within the reach of all classes. But it does not, like the Act passed a few years ago with reference to the Endowed Schools of Scotland, direct that the spirit of each founder's intention should be regarded. Some persons have advocated the almost unlimited right of the State to treat endowments as it thinks best, partly on the strength of an assumed law of nature that the dead hand should not fetter the living; partly on the analogy of the general law of England against perpetuities. The first of these grounds is somewhat shadowy. It might be as plausibly argued that the influence of past generations on the present is essentially a part of the order of nature. On the second and more tangible ground, it may be replied that the analogy is imperfect. Private property after a certain time is at the free disposal of those who succeed to it. The rule against perpetuity prevents its being inalienable. But charitable endowments are essentially perpetuities so long as they cannot be diverted to private uses. No one proposes that after a certain time either the trustees or the beneficiaries should be allowed to dissipate them. The effect of the supposed application of the rule to endowments would be to make that the property of the State which was never given to the State. It may be doubted if the substitution for the varied creations of individual idiosyncrasy, of an absolutely uniform system in accordance with the ideas of the Legislature for the time being would really be a public advantage. The true justification for interfering with the directions of founders is either the changes in the conditions and requirements of society in the lapse of time, or the actual evil resulting from a strict adherence to such instruments. All admit that the claims of localities or classes favoured by a founder are

to be respected, an admission which shows the extreme principle above referred to to be untenable. On the other hand, an inefficient endowed school, if it stands in the way of better schools springing up in the same locality, may do positive injury to education. And as most of these endowments are from two to three centuries old, some considerably older, while those founded less than fifty years before the Act are not subject to its operation, it will be seen that there is ample need for large changes to adapt them to the needs of an age so widely different in many respects from that of their own.

The relations of schools to the Established Church, the curriculum of teaching, and the payments and salaries which have to be fixed according to the grade of the school, the regard due to any persons possessing special privileges in respect to the endowment and the constitution of governing bodies are the principal points dealt with by the schemes of the Commissioners. As to the first point, we have explained the distinction drawn between denominational and undenominational schools by the Act. In all schools religious instruction is required to be given. As a general form it is required to be according to the principles of the Christian faith. In cases falling under the excepting clauses, it is directed to be according to the doctrines of the Church of England, or, in the rare case of a distinctly Nonconformist endowment, to be in accordance with the founder's directions. Where two endowments are amalgamated, one of which would have been a denominational endowment in the view of the Act, Church of England teaching is often prescribed at the desire of trustees.

But if endowments are to be amalgamated, in one or both of which the parish clergyman is an *ex-officio* trustee, and either of them does not fall under the excepting section, he cannot be so continued if his position rests on usage and not the words of a founder. Trustees, therefore, often oppose such amalgamation for this reason only; and in certain cases, as where one of the endowments is non-educational, but may be made educational by their consent, they can prevent it. So far this provision of the 17th Section (as to the undenominational character of governing bodies) in its present form hinders the working of the Act.

The Act says nothing as to religious restrictions on the appointment of a head-master. No restriction is imposed where schools are not under the section which would recognize them as denominational. In these cases the practice has not been always the same. Some would maintain that even here unrestricted power should be left to a governing body, constituted, as it generally is, with a view to the religious or denominational character of the school. It is not often a pronounced Dissenter would seek the mastership of a school where instruction must be given in the doc-

trines of the Church of England. But it is reasonable in any case that he should be ineligible.

One of the wants most dwelt on by the Inquiry Commission was that of schools adapted to the various kinds of education required by those who leave school at earlier or later ages. The Commissioners administering the Act have always acted on the principle of assigning each school either to a first, second, or third grade, and fixing accordingly the scale of fees, the curriculum of study, the age of leaving school. First-grade schools, intended to prepare boys for the universities, include the teaching of Greek and Latin, generally of two modern languages, mathematics, and a certain amount of physical science, the fees being usually fixed at a maximum and minimum of £20 and £12, the maximum in a few of the highest schools of this grade rising above this figure. In second-grade schools Greek is only taught as an extra subject, at an extra fee. Latin, though of course in a more elementary form, is taught even in third-grade schools. Usually they attempt only one modern language, two being taught in second-grade schools. The second-grade maximum and minimum fees are £12 to £6 or £10 to £5; the third grade £8 to £4, or in some cases lower still. The governing body regulates them within these limits. A portion of them goes to the head-master as "capitation fees," in addition to a fixed salary from the endowment, while the assistant masters are wholly paid out of the remainder. A certain number of scholarships and exhibitions, carrying in some cases free education, in others a payment beyond the sum equivalent to the cost of education, are established in each scheme. Of these, some are tenable in the school, some are tenable by boys from the school at some place of higher education, a university in case of first-grade schools, or a higher-grade school in case of second or third-grade schools. Scholarships to be competed for by boys from elementary schools are established wherever due regard is to be paid to the interests of the poor. In this manner an "educational ladder" is created from such schools even to the universities through intermediate grades.

The abolition of the indiscriminate free education which was common before the Endowed Schools Act, and the diversion from elementary purposes of endowments hitherto applied to them, are points round which the hottest controversy has recently raged. The imposition of an unaccustomed fee is always, as might be expected, unpopular in a locality. But whatever may be said for free education in other countries or under other systems, the form of free education in endowed schools which existed before 1869 was universally condemned by those who had inquired into its working. Only one or two gratuitous schools yielded satisfactory results. Masters were careless, boys were careless, and

parents were indifferent, where activity brought no further advantage to the master, and where neglect cost nothing to the parents who had paid nothing. Schools intended for higher education were filled by pupils only fit for and requiring an elementary school. They depressed it to their own level, while those of different requirements went elsewhere. When founders had required their schools to be gratuitous their object appears to have been to attract children whose parents, as was probably the case with most of their contemporaries, did not sufficiently see the value of education to pay for it. There is no reason to think they desired to give at a cheaper rate what otherwise would have been paid for.

The assertion that a liberal education was the main design of founders is true of almost all foundations before the eighteenth century. It is remarkable that this should have been questioned before the Committee by Sir Horace Davey, who has acted constantly as counsel on behalf of the Charity Commissioners as to schemes opposed judicially. He seems of opinion that the education of poor children was the primary, and liberal education only a secondary object, and that where children generally are spoken of, the poor, as the most numerous, must be mainly intended.

But the Inquiry Commission established satisfactorily that the object of the earlier founders was not general education, but the special training of those specially fitted for or inclined to study and letters. They did not, in prescribing Latin as a study, intend to make Latin scholars of the body of labourers and peasantry. The general elementary instruction of those who may be expected to follow pursuits similar to those of their fathers, as workers with their hands, was an object hardly considered prior to the beginning of the eighteenth century. But the object of enabling poor children of "pregnant wit" to overcome any obstacle placed by poverty in the way of their becoming scholars, dates from the days when the mediæval church trained from the children of the humblest classes some of its eminent rulers and theologians. In later days, in the same manner, these foundations enabled the children of poor parents to develop their abilities so as best, according to the well-known phrase, to do service to God in Church and State. The schools, by means of what was the usual liberal education of their day, enabled picked boys to rise above their former condition by their talents. If the founders' intentions would be defeated by excluding the poor, they would be equally so by allowing the education given to be elementary rather than liberal; where it had come to be so it was simply *per abusum*. And the case is strengthened by the existence of the present Elementary Education Acts, which require every district to provide elementary schools in one form or other. To apply these endowments to elementary education is simply to relieve those who would other-

wise pay subscriptions or rates from an obligation. To apply them as the Commissioners have done is often to open to the ablest pupils of elementary schools prospects analogous to those contemplated by the founders.

The only question is as to some of the foundations since 1700. Of these it is not always true that liberal education was their object. They were sometimes designed to teach reading and writing to a limited or unlimited number of poor children. Often, especially in the former case, the endowment yields a surplus, and under the terms of the Act the Commissioners have generally thought it right to claim for higher education a part, at least, of their funds. But in any revision of the Act it might be desirable to except these schools, which were never grammar schools, from its jurisdiction, as those under a certain amount were already exempted by the Act of 1873. Some opposition has often arisen to the reconstitution of the governing bodies of endowments under the Act. Following the outlines suggested by the Inquiry Commission, they have been usually made mixed bodies, in part representative, in part co-optative, in part either *ex-officio* or nominated by some external body. The representatives are usually elected by a Town Council or School Board, or both, or by some local body representing the inhabitants. The Co-optatives, who, after the first, are elected by the whole body, are, in the first instance, nominated by the Commission, usually from the existing Trustees. A Mayor or Chairman of a School Board are frequently *ex-officio* governors, while the same position is often assigned to a lord of a manor, or proprietor of a particular estate, who had previously enjoyed rights of patronage. In the case of large first-grade schools the Universities, in some Church schools the Bishop of the Diocese, are given the appointment of one or more governors. The object is that the feelings of the inhabitants who may be expected to make use of the schools should be largely represented, but that the interests of education, and the past traditions of the school should also have their weight.

On one side objections are taken to any interference with the governing bodies appointed by founders. These were sometimes persons appointed by name, filling up vacancies by co-optation. Renewed six or seven times in the course of the generations which have since passed, they can hardly be said still to retain any strong impress of the founder's spirit. Sometimes they were the corporations of municipal towns, corporations which, in their then shape, no longer exist, and whose functions with regard to charities were generally transferred, by the Act of 1835, to bodies of Municipal Trustees. In other cases they were a Vicar and Churchwardens, a body inconveniently small even when a school is

recognized as a Church of England School, in which case they are retained as a nucleus of a larger body of governors.

The other objections come from an opposite quarter, that of those who would wish to make popular election the only basis of these bodies. In the case of schools of the highest grade, this would tend to place higher education under the control of those whose interest in, and sympathy with it, is less than might be desired. In the case of schools recognized as denominational, it would very possibly put them under the control of those who were hostile to their denominational character. In all cases it would make them hopelessly the prey of local faction, political or otherwise. The governing body would reflect the dominant party in a town, and make appointments and administer in its interest. By the course usually adopted the popular element in these bodies is strong, but not all-powerful, and this middle course promises best for education.

It is not impossible that lesser changes may, with advantage, be made in the Act on its renewal. The one suggested above, with regard to elementary schools founded as such, is the only one with regard to that branch of the subject which could be safely introduced. It would be a difficult and delicate matter at this stage to re-open the denominational question as settled by the 17th and 19th sections. In the Scotch Act and the Bills proposed for Ireland, no such clauses exist, the matter being left to the discretion of the Commissioners. But the general principle involved in the 17th, or anti-restriction clause, has now become so distinctly established as the rule, that the omission of the two clauses would appear as an abrogation of the exceptions contained in the latter one, not as a direction to treat each case on its individual merits. There are provisions as to endowments partly educational and partly otherwise, and as to the consents required for the conversion of non-educational endowments of doubtful utility to educational purposes, which might be reconsidered, though it is not clear that any change is called for. It is to be hoped that the result of the inquiry will, however, have convinced the Committee that the general charge of "robbery of the poor" has been unjustly brought against the administration of the Act. To revive indiscriminate free education, to restore to elementary education endowments never rightfully applied to it, and brought back recently to their proper purpose, would be alike to contradict the real intentions of founders, and to inflict injury on the cause of education in England.

COLCHESTER.

PERSONIFICATION OF THE MYSTERIOUS AMONGST THE MODERN GREEKS.

During many visits to the Greek islands, and constant intercourse with the inhabitants, I have often been struck with a trait in their character which they have inherited, with slight modifications, from their ancestors. This is the personification of mysteries which they do not understand, atmospheric phenomena, curious shaped rocks, mysterious diseases, and death; and in their personification they have followed much the same line that characterized the myths of the ancient Hellas.

Hurricanes which constantly visit the coasts, they maintain, are caused by demons rushing from place to place (*ἀνεμοστρόβολοι*); and so associated in these islands are all horrors with the winds that blow, that the devil is not unfrequently called *ὁ ἄνεμος*, and old women mutter "honey and milk" to exorcise these demons of the air, as in ancient times they offered honey and milk to the nymphs who were supposed to raise these storms. In many places they attribute a storm to a marriage amongst those uncanny air demons the Nereids, and the attendant festivities, and they call it *ἡ πόμπη τῶν Νεραΐδων*. Thunder is supposed to be caused by the Prophet Elias driving in his chariot in pursuit of demons; and when a tree is struck, they imagine that the prophet has caught the object of his pursuit. Again, I have heard them say when it thunders, "God is marrying His son." When a marriage takes place in these islands they always let off guns, consequently they imagine that the sound of thunder comes from the same cause in heaven. In Naxos, up in the mountains, one stormy day, we passed a spot which is called the "dancing-place of the winds"; and our muleteer, a wild mountain peasant, illustrated for us the manner in which he supposed the winds would dance, by going through some of the wild evolutions of the *systos*, their national dance. Mr. Northwind (Κὺρ Βορέας) as they call him, is always a dreaded visitor. He lives, they say, "somewhere up there," pointing vaguely towards Thrace,* "in a palace of ice and snow"; but Mr. Southwind

* Cf. *Iliad*, ix. 1

chose to blow one day, and melted it all away, so that nothing was left save the tears which flowed riverwards. When strong north winds are blowing, the sea is often lashed into spiral wreaths of spray, which the sailors look upon with great terror and say, "the Lamia of the Sea is travelling." They are pretty to look upon from the land, and resemble wreaths of smoke issuing from a chimney.

The lively imagination of the islanders has, of course, invented many theories for rain; some say that the vault of heaven is full of holes like a sieve, on to which God pours water out of His skins, and sometimes He squeezes hard, and sometimes softly, according as it pours or drizzles. Others say, when it rains, "God is emptying His bowl"; the idea being that God, like Zeus of antiquity, has a bowl or receptacle full of water, which He shakes, and then clouds come out and fall to the earth as rain or snow.

"The rainbow in the morning denotes luck, in the evening woe," they say; and the rainbow is now called the "nun's girdle" in remote places, which idea strangely reminds one of the myth of the virgin goddess Iris; furthermore, just as Iris was Jove's messenger from heaven to earth, so now the "nun's girdle" is used by God as a messenger to point out where hidden treasure is buried.

The mystery of the great light-giving sun is treated of to-day much in the same fashion as it was in antiquity. The sun is still to them a giant, like Hyperion, bloodthirsty when tinged with gold. When the sun "seeks his kingdom in flames of gold," as they poetically express it, he expects to find forty loaves prepared for him by his mother, to appease his hunger after his long day's journey. Woe to her if these loaves are not ready! the son will eat his brothers, sisters, father and mother in his wrath. "He has been eating his mamma" is said when he rises red in the morning. The Prophet Elias is now the Phœbus Apollo, Ἥλιος of antiquity, one of those easy transpositions of names which young Christendom invented to suit the popular belief. All the highest peaks in each island are dedicated to the prophet and his church is built thereon, whither in times of drought crowds assemble to pray for rain.

The Virgin it is who has supplied the place of Eos; she is the mother of the sun; she opens the gates of the east through which her son can pass; and about the all-glorious life-giving sun, a Greek peasant can never say enough. He is the pattern of perfect beauty; "beautiful as the sun," is a constant phrase used to express the loveliness of a girl. I have heard an island mother say almost the very words that Sophocles puts into the mouth of

the dying Ajax when he appealed to the heavenly body to tell his fate to his old father and sorrowing spouse; her daughter was in service somewhere on the mainland, and she said: "Perhaps the sun will carry a message for me to my child."

The belief that their dear sun is in danger when obscured by an eclipse is still in vogue in remote districts, where people will come out with brass kettles to drive away the evil demons which are threatening the existence of their God. Thus through long ages has survived traces of the oneness of sun-worship before the attributes of the great Eastern God were divided amidst Zeus Apollo and a host of minor satellites.

The month of March, the fickle swain, who dwells with a lovely but cross-grained mistress, and is delighted at her beauty, but grieves at her anger, is another very apt illustration of the vivid imagination of a Greek. March, they say, deceived his eleven brothers with whom he lives, and got a beating for so doing. March, too, was so angry with an old woman for thinking he was a summer mouth that he borrowed a day from his brother February, and froze her and her flocks to death; and this is why February has never more than twenty-nine days. Such allegories as these, and more besides, Greek sailors tell you if you wish to embark on a voyage in March amongst their treacherous seas.

There is a curious fable still told on the island of Melos, which illustrates better than anything the love of the Greek for personification, and his powers of doing so. There are numbers of these fables told by old women in the island which remind one of Æsop's fables. This one bears on the subject of March, and his brother months, so I will relate it as it was told to me:—

"Once upon a time an old woman went to gather sticks, that she might light a fire to warm herself; and to find the sticks she went to a waste bit of land, and at the end of this waste she saw a house; and as she was getting sticks it came on to rain, and for fear of getting wet the silly old woman went to the house; and on entering, twelve handsome young Pallicars met her. 'Good hour to you, my Pallicars,' says she. 'Same to you, old woman,' they replied; 'why do you come here in such bad weather?' 'Ah, my children! I am a poor old thing, and I came to gather a few sticks to keep out the cold; for my house is but a ruin—the roof is coming in, and the rain and the cold.'

"Then one of the young men said to her: 'Tell us now, widow, which of the months is the worst?' 'Ah, my child!' answered the shrewd old woman; 'all the months are alike: none of them are bad—all of them have their good points, and their bad.' 'But, my good widow,' continued he, 'how can January resemble May?' 'My child,' replied she, 'if it did not rain in January, and there

was no bad weather, then May would not have his flowers.' 'Have you got a sack with you?' they inquired; and the old woman gave them one she had with her for gathering grass for the cattle, and they filled it with florins, and she went home to her village.

"When her sister saw her, she said: 'Good gracious, sister! where did you get these florins from?' And the old woman sat down and told her story; whereupon the sister, on the next day, took the biggest sack she could find, and made as if she would go to gather grass, and found the same house and the twelve Pallicars therein. She entered and greeted them, and sat down. 'How is it you are here, widow?' 'To gather sticks,' she replied, 'for now the wretched cold month of January is come, and I cannot keep my cottage warm.' 'Tell us, now, which of the months you like best?' they said. 'I like none of them!' was her reply, 'for some are so cold and bad. I do not know which is the best—perhaps February, for he has only twenty-eight or twenty-nine days, or March, with the five winds—March the pole-burner;* all the others are fire and heat!' Then they said: 'You have a sack, widow?' which she joyfully gave to them; and they filled it full of snakes, vipers, scorpions, and all the evils of the black earth, and they gave it to her, saying: 'When you get home, shut your doors and windows, and open the sack carefully, for there is great treasure therein.' So the old woman did so, and opened the sack as she had been told, when lo! out came the scorpions and devoured the old woman, because she had no control over her tongue. Be guided by me, and never trust to your own powers of speech."

The stalactites which adorn the caves and grottoes of their islands, they tell you, are Nereids. Each figure has some quaint name and attribute, and no one dares to enter their caves except for forty days after Easter, when the Nereids' power is supposed to be dormant. A rocking-stone on Tenos has the counterpart of the legend of Hercules and the two north winds he slew attached to it. They say St. Michael slew two refractory north winds one day, and the tombstone over them rocks whenever the north wind blows. Cyclopian walls are accounted for by saying that dragons built them, and each remnant of ancient Greek fortification has a story attached to it about the terrible dragon who lives there and the ravages it causes in the neighbourhood. As is natural, most of the neighbouring islands believe that the volcanic crater of Santorin is the entrance to Hades, "whither," say the Naxiotes, "our good bishop has driven all the vampires and ghosts, so that

* March is so called, because a peasant, not having laid in enough wood, thinking March would be warm, had to burn the poles to which his young trees were bound.

they are very numerous there, and roll stones down the cliffs at travellers."

Diseases of all kinds, more especially sudden ones, are personified by the modern Greeks, and have each their separate story attached. In Andros consumption is said to be an Erinys, and in the last hours of this complaint they imagine that four Erinyes sit at the four corners of the room ready to pounce upon the survivors; they are especially fond of children, they say, consequently infants are never allowed to come near a consumptive patient when *in extremis*; furthermore, they think it necessary to open a hole in the mud roof, just over the sick man's head, that when his spirit leaves them it may go through, and take the Erinys with it. Mysterious wasting in children is set down to the blight cast upon them by the Nereids, those uncanny fairies which inhabit the cliffs and trees of modern Greece as they did of yore. A sprain is said to be caused by the laugh of a Nereid, and, to protect themselves from these unpleasant visitors, every householder, on Palm Sunday, provides himself with a branch of olive, which is blessed in church, and afterwards hung up before the sacred pictures in the house; a dried leaf of this, tied in a little bag round their children's necks, is a sure protection from the Nereid's glance.

Epilepsy, the sacred disease of antiquity, is supposed to be a visit from the devil himself; nothing can cure it save the exorcism of the priest, who reads in church the prayers of the Holy Basil before the sufferer; and nightmare, too, is a visitation from a species of devil called ὁ βραχνᾶς, who comes down the chimney at midnight; he leaps on the sufferer, and tries to choke him, they say, but he has generally a hat on, and if the afflicted man can knock Brachnas' hat off he will grow rich; if you have eaten a heavy supper, and are afraid of a visit from this unpleasant personage, there is no better preventative than to sleep with a black-handled knife under your pillow, and to say, before getting into bed, "Brachnas, go the road thou camest, count the stars of heaven, the sand of the sea, the hairs of my coat, and the holes of the road." By the time that Brachnas has finished these labours they fancy that the cock will have crowed, after which event he has no more power.

The seat of the spirit and the centre of life, they tell you, is the stomach; consequently, when a man dies his spirit is supposed to come out of his mouth; in some parts they even say "my spirit aches" when they have a pain in the stomach. Hence, a pain in that region of the body is looked upon as the direct punishment for some sin committed, whereat the spirit grieves and aches accordingly. As a cure for stomach-aches a direct appeal to Christ is supposed to be most efficacious; consequently, the old women in

their charms direct a mystic prayer to Him. Many believe that all maladies which attack the human frame are worms created by the wrath of God, a truly unscientific way of arriving at the same conclusion as science. Amongst the peasants of the Greek islands the *bacilli* theory has been known, doubtless, for many centuries.

The mystery of death and a future existence, perhaps, offers us the most perfect parallel between ancient and modern beliefs. The personage called Charon, who ferried the souls across to Hades, is altered in very few respects to-day. Death, to the mind of a modern Greek, is distinctly pagan; it is the deprivation of the good things of life, and to their minds death is never anything but the "dark grave," and a home in the "black earth." Hades is still the destination of the dead; Charon is their ever-watchful guardian; punishments for sin are carried on in Tartarus, in the fiery river (πυρινὸς ποταμὸς) the Phlegethon of antiquity. Christian teaching has adapted to itself rather than obliterated ancient myths.

The great authority for the horrid frescoes which personify eternal punishment, and which are represented on the walls of Greek Churches, is derived from that wonderful document entitled the "Apocalypse of the Virgin," in which it is related how the mother of Christ was one day engaged in prayer on the Mount of Olives, and conceived a desire to see the chastened in hell. She asked St. Michael to take her, and, as he conducted her, he explained the punishments and crimes of each person they there met. Consequently, in churches dedicated to St. Michael, you always see pictures of a most realistic nature. There is the fiery river with its inscription on a scroll; kings, bishops, &c., are engulfed in a dragon's mouth; the proud man, labelled ὁ περίφανος, is hung by his feet from a tree; the evil speaker, ὁ καταλαλήτης, is dragged by his feet from a tree, whilst a demon follows him shoving a spear down his throat; the glutton is being slapped by two demons, at the same time, on the stomach and on the mouth; the drunkard is head downwards to let the wine run out; those who cannot get up for early mass on Sundays are lying in bed like dead men, with elegant coverlets over them; and the tortures of the woman who has nourished a foreigner are horrible to behold. St. Michael is the modern Hermes, the angel of death, and in the representations of him, usually to be seen over the door entering into the part of the church consecrated to the sacred mysteries, he is depicted as a warrior, having in his right hand a naked sword, balances in his left, and trampling a sinner under his feet. The idea is prevalent that at a man's birth the Fates fix the day of his death; so the pious imagine St. Michael on the 8th of November, his own especial day, looking through the list the Fates

have written, and writing down on his tablet the names of those who, during the ensuing year, must fall victims to his two-edged sword.

From the lamentations (μοιρολόγια) which are sung at every Greek funeral in the islands to-day, by hired women that forcibly remind us of the Carian women of antiquity who were hired for the same purpose, we learn much of the popular idea of death and the mysteries beyond the grave, and in listening to them one's mind wanders back to an ancient Greek chorus, that of Æschylus more especially, where the virgins at the gate of Agamemnon indulge in all the most poignant manifestations of grief, beating their breasts, lacerating their cheeks, and rending their garments; and in hearing those of to-day, we could not but admire the prudence of Solon, who forbade the excessive lamentations of such women.

Charon, or Charos as he is now popularly called, is a synonym for death. "Charos seized him," is a common expression, and a clever popular enigma likens the world to a reservoir full of water, at which Charon, as a wild beast, drinks; but the beast is never satisfied, and the reservoir never exhausted.

Imagination is the soul of these modern Greek death-ballads, and in them many beautiful ideas are expounded. They harrow the feelings of the survivors, by alluding to the loneliness of the living, and of the horrors of the cold dark grave; and in that strange language of hyperbole which characterized the chorus of an old Greek play, a modern wailer will wonder how the sun could venture to shine on so lamentable a scene as the present.

They sing to you of feasts and banquets in Hades, where Charon and his ghostly satellites eat the dead for food; they tell you of the gardens of Hades, where the souls of the departed are planted and come up as weird plants.

At Naxos I heard this idea:—

> Who hath seen the dead returning,
> Be he king or warrior brave?
> They are planted in Charon's vineyard,
> There is no return from the grave.

The same idea is conveyed in a still more poetical manner in a popular death-wail in Karpathos, which runs as follows: "Charos wished to plant a garden; the old men he planted, and they came up as lemon-trees, with tortuous stems; the young came up as tall, erect cypress-trees; but the little children he placed as flowers in his vases."

King Charos is not the Death of Western Christendom, the skeleton with the scythe in his hand; he is the Homeric ferryman, who rows souls across to Hades in his caïque, and he is a

hero of huge stature, and flaming eyes of colour like fire, πορφύρεος of the *Iliad*. He goes to collect the dead on horseback; so in olden days a horse was the symbol of death, as we see on so many tombstones. Charon, too, can lurk in ambush to surprise his victims, and can change himself into a swallow, like Athene, who perched on Ulysses' house on the day of the murder of Penelope's suitors.

Charon's palace in Hades is decorated with the dead, and the bones of the departed are used for every purpose of domestic use. The dead who haunt it are for ever planning to return to the upper air, and form schemes for so doing, which Charon always discovers; sometimes they even manage to steal his keys, but in vain.

There are traces of Lethe, too, in the lamentations of to-day—a river of which the dead drink and forget their homes and their orphan children. There is found, too, a parallel case in animal life; a shepherd will tell you that there grows on the mountains a herb called "the grass of denial," and when the flocks have eaten thereof they forget their young.

Relatives, at a death-wailing, send messages of love and remembrances to friends who have gone before to the shades of Hades, and in most houses where there is a death it is considered wrong to cook or perform household duties until some days have elapsed; consequently friends and relatives come laden with food, and lay the "bitter table," as they call it (just like the νεκρόδειπνα of ancient days); and for three nights after a death, on the pillow which the departed used, they burn a dim lamp, because it is thought that for three days after burial the soul loves to revisit those in his old home, and busies himself with his usual avocations.

At a child's funeral I witnessed in a mountain village of Naxos I heard a very beautiful lament sung by a common ignorant woman, whose daily avocation was that of washing. Uncultured imagination alone, when busy at the brook cleansing dirty linen, has provided her with ideas like these:—

"To-day the heavens are darkened, the sun is obscured; to-day the child is cut off from his parents. It was not a tree, that you could fell it; it was not a flower, that it should fall; but it was a weak young tendril, which twined itself around their hearts. Would that I could descend to Hades, and gnash my teeth, for lo! the worms of the earth to-day have joy. Whenever I think of thee, my darling, whenever my mind ponders on this grief, as the sea I am disturbed, as a wave my mind is troubled!"

In this same village we found a Christianized form of the old classical "obolos for Charon." Here the freight-money is still maintained and duly paid, and it still bears the ancient name of

ναῦλον. It is not, however, a coin, as in olden days, but a little wax cross with the initial letters I. X. N. (Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς νικᾷ, "Jesus Christ conquers") engraved thereon, and this they put on the closed lips of the deceased before the body is consigned to the tomb.

It is in this manner that Christianity has adopted pagan ideas and superstitions as its own. We went into several cottages in this Naxiote village, and questioned the people closely about their ideas on the subject of Charon and Hades; and they told us with implicit faith, nothing hesitating, that Charon lived in Hades, a frozen spot (παγωμένο μέρος), where he hunts and chases his victims on a spectre horse to prevent their escape.

Christianity has further copied mythology by introducing on the scenes a personage called Charon's mother; doubtless Persephone has been changed to the Virgin, the mother of Christ, who is supposed to intercede for sinners; Charon's mother is personified as a sweet, tender woman, who intercedes with her bloodthirsty son, and checks his murderous hand, saying:

"Take not the baby from its mother, take not the newly-married bride, who wears her wedding garland."

Some of the prayers to this mother of Charon are very touching and pathetic in their expression.

Many quaint superstitions are still in practice in connection with death: a goats-hair coverlet, for example, must not be put on the bed of a dying man, or it will impede the departure of his spirit; and it is looked upon as a proof that life has been bad, and punishment is in store for the individual who struggles hard with death. A child should not sneeze whilst a lamentation is being sung, for it is considered as a portent of its approaching death; the sneezing is caused, they say, by the entrance of an evil-minded Nereid into the child by way of the nostril, which will inevitably result in premature wasting and death.

After death the spirits of wicked men rest not in peace, they become vampires (Βρυκόλακες), more especially if, at the time of death, they have not made peace with all their enemies; for this reason, dying people often ask for a glass of water in which to melt a pinch of salt for each enemy that they can remember, saying, as they put it into the water, "As the salt has melted, so may my curses melt." They only leave bodies in the earth for a year in many islands, and when they exhume them, and the flesh is not decayed off the bones, they imagine that the deceased is still wandering in ghostly form, eager to suck the blood of man or beast. There is no peace for him in Hades, no peace for his relatives, for he returns to his home, and "feeds on his own," as the expression goes; he brings with

him plagues, typhus, cholera, &c. The grass dies near his grave, the flowers wither and are eaten by worms, ruin comes on the herds, and dogs wander ominously about the streets howling at night. This idea of vampires is an ancient one. Homer tells us how the shades in Hades had an idea that by filling themselves with blood they could return to life, and, consequently, eagerly supped up the blood of slaughtered sheep. So now a poor ghost is supposed to suck the blood of his relatives, that he may gain strength for his nocturnal wanderings.

Some terrible scenes are witnessed on these occasions, at which the priests secretly connive: the bones are burnt, and the ashes are scattered to the winds; or else they are packed in a bag and carried to some island rock, the idea being that ghosts cannot cross water. Sometimes, however, they are satisfied that the spirit is put to rest by the priest who reads a prayer over the grave, and sprinkles it with sacred oil.

In Karpathos they call these beings "Cains," affirming that Cain, who slaughtered Abel on his death, became the first wandering vampire. They here mix them up with another species of hobgoblin, evil spirits formed like men, with asses' or goats' feet, which appear on the earth for ten days only, from Christmas to Epiphany, during which time they subsist, like the Amazons of old, on snakes and lizards. They come down the chimney at night; so a careful housewife is bound, during this time, to keep embers smouldering on the hearth. When crickets come to a house, they say that it is a sure sign that "Cains" will come and play all sorts of horrible antics with the food and household utensils. Cain was a huge man, they told me, taller than the tallest chimney, with the feet of goats, and wooden shoes; in short, the satyr of ancient days. In like manner they imagine Lazarus to have risen from the grave an abnormally tall, thin man, with a round, flat head; for this reason they call the pole with an oval board at the end of it, which they use for putting their bread into the ovens, a Lazarus.

J. Theodore Bent.

PARTY POLITICS AND NATIONAL LIFE.

> . . . . . Some are scared, who mark,
> Or wisely or unwisely, signs of storm,
> Waverings of every vane with every wind,
> And wordy trucklings of the transient hour.
>
> LORD TENNYSON: *To the Queen.*

IN his eagerness to impress our minds with an idea that has just dawned within his own, the student of contemporary affairs has a habit of exaggerating the fact he wishes to proclaim. Thus, it is hardly possible to take up a newspaper without finding some statement such as that "not within living memory" had there been a thunderstorm so terrific as the one of the day before, while the probability is that the clouds were in quite as great commotion at the same season of the previous year; and every three months or so we are likely to find some magazine essayist solemnly announcing that unbelief was never so prevalent as at the time of his writing, which was precisely the peculiarity postulated of their own periods by the thinkers of all ages whose minds were subject to the ebb and the flow of faith.

The common-place presumption that politics were never in such a chaotic state as they are now is probably due less to a well-proportioned vision of the past than to an excessive sensitiveness of the present; but there is reason to regard it as not on that account a vain delusion. The critic who instinctively depicts things as in extremity of some kind may not be able to justify his superlatives by citations from comparative history; but that does not necessarily upset his proposition. Although he is not able to produce it, there might be justification of that kind; and, even although there were not, the really important consideration, the fact of something serious about our own times, would not be affected. Besides, while there is a tendency to magnify the present at the expense of the past, there is also a tendency to ignore the lesson of the past with reference to the present. Thus, for example, it may be that the Liberty and Property Defence

League is out of its reckoning a little because of undue alarm at the new methods of legislation applied to the new conditions of society; but there is counterpoising error in the optimistic indifference to the perils of experiment in law-making, which is based, as with certain Whigs, in fatalism, or, as with ardent Democrats of all kinds, in an unwarranted assumption that the new conditions are of necessity outside the reach of the old methods. Therefore, if someone were to say that at present the State is among the breakers of unprecedented political confusion, weighty reasons would impel the calm observer to heed the sweeping assertion. Such an observer, probably, would not trouble himself as to the assertion's implication about the past: his real concern would be with the facts of the present, and he would mentally readjust the proposition to fit into that calculable limit. Politics, he would say, are in perilous disorder: let us see whether anything can be done to correct them. That would be a reasonable task. Dealing only with affairs it is really needful to attend to, it would be a task that a practical statesman or a serious thinker would set himself.

A note of the truisms implied in the proposition that politics are in perilous disorder, and in the task to set them right, will make it clear that in unhesitatingly tabling the one, and in modestly undertaking the other, I am engaged in an effort that is at least potentially beneficial. The first truism is that politics are a permanent factor in human affairs. The second, which is to some extent a specialisation of the first, is that politics are a function of the national being. The assumptions are so self-evidently well-founded that we need not here pause to expound them. Nobody will deny that "politics are too much with us late and soon"; nor, after a little reflection, can anybody avoid the conclusion that, mysteriously, perhaps, but undeniably, they are with us, in our corporate capacity, just as the function of science, or that of art, is with us individually. The consideration of importance here is that politics are a function-of-the-nation in disorder; and that, just as a disordered function of the individual is the cause of illness serious more or less, the condition of politics at present cannot be otherwise than fraught with national perils of gravity. Stated in that way, my proposition, I think, must be found worth listening to; for when we realise that our national ills spring from a function gone wrong, and can diagnose the disease, we are in a position to hope that it is possible to find a cure.

In order that we may trace the trouble to its source, it is necessary to be clear about the symptoms. We cannot look far without finding them in abundance: we cannot contemplate them long without noticing that they have all a certain suggestive similarity

of character. The empire, somehow, is paralysed; the social body is congested and ill at ease. The casual talk of the club-room and of the street, every political gathering we attend, every newspaper we read, every magazine that comes into our hands; one and all bear witness to the disorder, and one and all do something to indicate its character. "What is a Whig?" Earl Percy asks,* just as if a Whig were as puzzling a creature as a protozoan; "What is Liberalism?" the Rev. George Brooks enquires, and Lord Sherbrooke answers† that no man can tell for certain; "What is a Moderate Liberal to do?" Lord Cowper wonders,‡ and he can lay his mind at rest only by turning his back upon the plain Whig principles that comforted him in other days§; "Why am I a Conservative?" the Tory working-man ruminates, and a glib barrister is brought from the city to supply reasons for the faith that is unaccountably in him. Such questions as those, continually exercising society, indicate universal ignorance, hesitation, doubt, about the complex matters on which the masses are called upon to give, and do give, unhesitating and decisive answers. As the premisses are chaotic, it must be that the solutions are lucky accidents in so far as they are sound, and national misfortunes in so far as they are not.

Each general election settles certain questions by the accepted answers to which the fate of the nation is to some extent determined; yet the masses as a body have no notion as to the sphere of knowledge, or of feeling, to which the problem of politics belongs. According to the understanding of the ordinarily intelligent man, politics are a science; according to others, who have the creditable sanction of the *St. James's Gazette*,‖ politics are an art; according to such thinkers as Mr. W. H. Mallock and Dr. Robert Wallace, politics are a philosophy, or the product of two philosophies.¶ Of course, those contradictions are not so flagrant as they seem at first sight; for science, art, philosophy, are merely accurate perception and generalising thought, æsthetic action and idealising contemplation, historical knowledge and spiritual tran-

* The *National Review*, vol. i. pp. 540 *et seq.*

† Newspapers of the second week of August 1885.

‡ The *Nineteenth Century* for September 1885.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 354:—"In a former article in this Review I let drop an expression to the effect that the Whig Party must under some form or other always continue to exist. I now see that from the nature of things it came to an end with its great antagonist. It is not the Whig Party, but the spirit that animated it, which is immortal.'

‖ "Politics is an art, not a science."—The *St. James's Gazette* for August 1, 1885; leading article on "Socialistic Tendencies."

¶ "The Philosophy of Conservatism," by Mr. Mallock, in the *Nineteenth Century* for November 1880; "The Philosophy of Liberalism," by Dr. Wallace, in the *Nineteenth Century* for February 1881.

quillity, applying themselves to some subject of human concern; and each of them may with equal right claim politics as material on which to exercise itself. At the same time, the contradictions cannot be minimised to insignificance. That will be obvious when we look at them in detail; for in politics the leading men of science and of art and of philosophy have each of them followers ranged into sub-classes the contradictions in whose thoughts and purposes are absolutely irreconcilable. Thus, in the first place, those whose thoughts and actions are founded on the estimate that politics are a science are divided into two schools each main principle of which is fundamentally the repudiation of the other: one set of them, best represented by Mr. Herbert Spencer and Lord Bramwell, are convinced that the doctrine "*Laissez faire*" is for all time the great truth in domestic economy; while the other, with able advocates in such men as M. Emile de Laveleye and Mr. William Morris, are passionately determined that the State must be *in loco parentis* of a people that, permanently in minority, can never efficiently take care of themselves. Besides those two great schools, there are others, whose principles have no conscious dependence either upon the doctrine of the Economists or upon that of the Socialists. For example, there are those who think, with Mr. J. Anthony Froude and Mr. Alfred Austin, that, on the principle "*Noblesse oblige*," philanthropy ought to be a civil duty*; there are those who think, with Mr. Mallock, that Conservatism, which he takes to be politics systematised, is "the science of common-sense†; and there are those, making the matter a means to their own gain, with whom, as Dr. Johnson noted, politics are the last refuge of the scoundrel. In the second place, there are several schools of art in politics. For example, there is Mr. Arthur Balfour's, the pupils in which, regarding life itself as an art, have a tranquil Stoic vision in which man is "a creature of infinite variety living in a most complicated world"‡; a school, although the pupils do not actually say so, whose habit of mind is Nirvanic contemplation of man's irrepressible aspirations struggling with his blundering methods to fulfil them. Then, there are the Impressionists: the men who, inspired by a passionate sympathy with suffering sudddenly discovered, instinctively, in order to

* In the *History of England* Mr. Froude speaks of property as "a revenue to be administered in trust rather than a fortune to be expended in self-indulgence"; and nearly all Mr. Austin's social teaching in the *National Review* is founded on the same idea.

† Address to Aberdeen University Conservative Association, reported in the journals of January 29, 1885.

‡ *Politics and Political Economy*: An Address delivered before the Manchester Athenæum.

secure consideration, suffuse the political subject in the glow of an artistic diction that, storming their fellows' hearts by moving contrasts of human misery with ideals of impossible perfection, causes their heads to forget that man's lot is one mainly of necessary inadequacies: I allude to the Socialists, whose chief implement, wielded by such deft hands as those of Mr. Ruskin, M. Elisée Reclus, Mr. Morris, Mr. Hyndman, and Mr. George, is a subtle literary art without which they would be no power in the land at all. In their case,

> With curious art, the brain, too finely wrought,
> Preys on herself, and is destroyed by thought.*

Their teaching is a snare; but they are themselves deluded by it. Although a distinguished school, the Socialists are not a very numerous one. There are two schools that bulk more largely than they in the eyes of the world. There are the men, analogous to the attitudinisers of æstheticism in decoration and to the impostors in Liberal theology, who hold themselves aloof from their fellows in affected superiority of taste: the egotists who, like Sir George Campbell, become members of the Peace Society; or who, like Mr. Andrew Carnegie, ostentatiously refuse all offers of a seat in the British Parliament, because there is no constituency "Radical enough" for such earnestness as theirs; or who, like a certain Scottish University professor, never miss an opportunity to complain before the world that neither of the two great parties anxious for their support can understand the exalted state of an impartial mind dwelling in lonely perception of great truths without the ken of the common herd. Then, there are also the political Mr. Whistlers: a motley company embracing demagogues of all kinds from the Radicals, like Mr. Chamberlain, who excite the imagination of the mob by pictures in which everything is out of proportion, to the Tories, like the Great Macdermot, who daub the canvas with such vigorous indifference about detail that the beholder is constrained to rejoice in the discovery that the subject calls for no troublesome consideration of detail at all. Such are the artists whose doings prompted the observant *Spectator* to discourse, about the time of the first Midlothian Campaign, on the efficacy of "the Broad Brush in Politics." Political philosophy is less easy to arrange in schools; for there are no tangible groups into which to range it. That, however, is only another way of saying that in so far as the masses do regard politics philosophically there is among them no observable unanimity of judgment; which, even more emphatically than any classifications would have done, supports the argument I am urging, for it indicates that the fundamental differences in our

* Charles Churchill; *Epistle to William Hogarth.*

philosophical estimates of the great social and national problem are practically infinite.

My preface, then, is established. There is no unity of premiss from which to solve the political problem. The masses have no agreement as to whether it is to science, or to art, or to philosophy, that the problem belongs. One party takes it for granted as belonging to the first; another treats it as a subject in the domain of the second; still another, which is not yet of any coherent character, deals with it in the light of the third. Moreover, each of the first two parties is split into several cliques, and the members of the other have given so little account of themselves that each of them may be reckoned as a party by himself.

The different attitudes, however, have a certain resemblance to one another; and, amid all the confusion we are studying, that similarity gives us a cue to the rightful diagnosis of the disorders under which the nation and society are suffering. Now-a-days all political parties import a falsifying force into their activities; and, which complicates the matter worse and worse, almost every member of a party does the same thing on his own account. Most of us will admit that on the whole political activity has a large part of its motive in a desire to do good. That admission, however, does not put the whole circumstances of the case before us. A motive by itself is a complex thing: a motive in conjunction with another, or with several others, is a quite incalculable quantity. Now, brief thought will lead us to the startling perception that in politics the desire to do good is probably the least influential of the motives at work. In the majority of cases, no doubt, it is constantly present; but it is so with a merely negative function. So far as it acts at all, it does so to prevent wrong rather than to do right: it is a restraining, not an impelling, influence. In the majority of cases, as with the labouring masses generally, the politician's main motive is love of excitement; in others, as with men who become journalists, it is the instinct, in setting about to make a livelihood, to follow "the line of least resistance"; in others, as with the ordinary demagogue, it is ambition. All those motives have their origin in Self. The masses may be patriotic; but they are politicians primarily from pleasure in excitement or in amusement. Journalists may be honest; but they are not altruists. To some extent the demagogue may not be disreputable; but the occasions are indeed rare on which he requires to soliloquise, introspectively,—

> Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
> As self-neglecting.*

* Shakespeare; *King Henry V.*

Therefore, howsoever widely the masses differ in their partisan opinions, they are all alike in having as their main motive the desire to gratify some instinct or some appetite of Self, apart from their ostensible wish to benefit the nation.

To those in any measure familiar with moral philosophy there will be nothing novel in that observation. It is merely a repetition of the old truism that Self is at the bottom of all human endeavour. Here, however, the fact is dwelt upon for a special purpose. The characteristic that impels men to be continually seeking the advancement of their own individual interests is one that in its own proper sphere statesmen ought not to discourage. In its right place that characteristic is the source of all our most prosperous amenities; and the pauperism among us is mainly due to its decay or to its restraint. In connection with the subject under discussion, however, there is about the characteristic a fact that even the moral philosopher is apt to overlook. The instinct that leads us to forward ourselves individually is necessary to the well-being of civilisation; but its necessity lies within strictly-defined limits. The instinct is beneficial so long as it is exercised as a conscious means to the attainment of its natural end; but it is quite otherwise when the end in view is not the natural one, or when the natural one is mixed up with another. The instinct is the right thing in the right place when it is the governing motive of each man as a member of an industrial community; but it introduces disastrous complications when it dominates the actions of men as politicians. That is to say, we have two distinct beings, the conditions of whose welfare are related to each other as a positive is to a negative. As private citizens working for our own individual enrichment we must have liberty of judgment and of enterprise: as members of the State we can exercise such liberty only at great cost. Apart from his corporate capacity, one of the Oxford Eight would do nobody any harm, and might perhaps benefit himself by the amusement, were he to experiment in the dynamics of the stream; but disaster would be the certain consequence of his doing so in course of the boat-race. Thus, we see the bearings of the matter in miniature when we think of the crew as symbolic of the State. They have a certain joint purpose to accomplish, apart from and to the exclusion of the private purposes of the individual members; and the first necessity for the accomplishment of the joint purpose is that the endeavour towards it shall not be affected by intrusion of the others. Similarly, the masses as the State have a certain joint purpose, the purpose of keeping pace with other States; and it, also, can be accomplished only in one way. That parties and persons should as politicians act in obedience to such motives as those we have been

pointing out as dominating the men who take to politics for excitement, or from personal expediency, or from ambition, is fraught with the conditions of disaster precisely like unto that which would come upon the crew one of whose oars took to independent exercise for his own amusement. The matter, I think, is obvious enough when stated thus; but the truth I am urging could be still further emphasised. It might be pointed out, for example, that in the case of the race-crew there is peril enough in the mere possibility that one man in it might become eccentric; whereas the danger to the State is indefinitely greater from the fact that the risks it runs are indefinitely more numerous and much more likely to be realised. It is improbable that even one of the Eight would separate his action from the joint effort towards the distinctly-recognised end; but how is it with the State? It is subject to the danger of all the fatal activities upon which we have been dwelling; and, far from having been taught to shun the risks, its members are continually encouraged to play fast and loose with them. The masses have ranged themselves into factions whose prime purpose is not, which it ought to be, to secure that multitude of counsel in which there is wisdom, and to arrive at a national policy likely to be successful; parties themselves have been split into factions by the ambitions of rival leaders; everyone is so deep in the ardour of electioneering that even personal character is sacrificed to partisan needs, and, actually with the sanction of a minister of the Gospel, "political lying" has become a recognised weapon in the base strivings. "The people are the State," the Radical demagogue says. The maxim is literally correct; but it bears a characteristically misleading implication. The State is certainly composed of the people; but to say that each individual among the people has therefore a right to act as if he were the State is as preposterous as would be the doctrine that because the parts of a locomotive are essential in the whole each part might act anyhow it pleased and yet not upset the engine.

Here I anticipate a sceptical query as to my analogy; for, whilst I have assumed a definitive conception of the State as being generally assented to, the fact is that the most uncompromising of all dissensions arise from conflicting notions of what are, or what ought to be, the functions of the State. As has been pointed out, the Socialists, who really in this matter are the chief force to be reckoned with, maintain that the State ought to do for men certain things that men have not done for themselves. On the other hand, the orthodox Economists maintain that the State must do nothing of the kind. If it be based on that fact, however, the sceptical query is beside the point. The question as to in what

measure Socialism is rightly to be introduced into legislation does not here need to be entered upon; for, although the Socialists and the Economists are at issue on that point, neither school objects to the estimate of the State from which my criticisms proceed. Both regard the State as an engine of government. They do not, it is true, agree about the amount of power that engine ought to have; but that dissension is apart from the matter in hand. Roughly speaking, the Economists take the State's duties to be the maintenance of a certain international position and the preservation of domestic law and order; while the Socialists contend that, in addition to fulfilling those duties, the State ought to be a vast charity organisation society. The Socialist critic will therefore perceive that in holding over the question at issue between him and the Economist I am merely refraining from needlessly encumbering my argument; for his ideal of the State does not so differ from the Economist's as to invalidate my observations on the partisan methods of the masses. Only, as the Socialist's State is still mainly ideal, we will simplify the matter by considering those methods in relation to the State as we have it now.

Reverting to our figure of analogy, what, let us ask, would be said if the race-boat were boarded by the holiday-makers looking on, the oars seized from the trained crew, and the fate of the vessel left at the mercy of men bent only on the pleasure of excitement?

That is exactly what has happened with what popular orators appropriately style the Ship of State; but it is an occurrence of which, being at once the subject and the object of the incident, the nation has not consciously taken note. As we shall immediately see, that lack of perception is in itself cause of prolific confusion.

Among serious and well-meaning men there is a common-place observation that the Party System is out of date. It is not to be denied that there are many failures and misdeeds of government lending a seeming justification to that belief. Accurate note of the facts, however, would be followed by quite a different criticism. The earlier pages of this article are in themselves an indication of the arguments that might be founded upon the failures and the misdeeds; and those arguments might be supplemented by the weighty rider that to men still capable of the placid satisfaction of loyalty and of patriotism the narrowness and the bitterness of our political methods would be intolerable even if they were harmless. Let us be wary, however, lest we wrongly lay the blame. "As a man's family go on muttering in his maturity incorrect phrases derived from a just observation of his early youth, so," Mr.

Bagehot has observed,* "in the full activity of an historical Constitution, its subjects repeat phrases true in the time of their fathers, but now true no longer." The Party System many of us are deploring is not the Party System under which our nation became great. In two very important respects, those systems are altogether different from each other. They differ diametrically in their methods of appeal to the people, and they differ as flatly in their purposes. Up till about the close of Lord Palmerston's career each of the two political parties had definiteness and cohesion. In the first place, until after that time, each party was measurable even as regards its size. Knowledge and opinion on affairs of State were practically in the hands of the leisured classes; and, in reality, parties were the small body of aristocrats divided into two by certain simple principles that seemed then to be immutable. Whigs and Tories opposed one another because of each party's sincere conviction that it was better equipped for the management of the nation's affairs; and each was so proud of its principles that, working with badges and banners, it never missed an opportunity to keep them fresh in the minds of the people to whom, in the same way, both offered their services. Elections were conducted amid bustle and not unfrequent violence: the bustle and the violence were the outcome of rival enthusiasms of principle. Then, the elections over, the winning side took office peacefully, and set to work in a business-like way to maintain prosperity at home and a mighty influence abroad: the other side calmly accepted the situation, and hoped by good conduct on similar lines to merit an early renewal of the voters' trust. Each party certainly fought valiantly for its own hand; but both were for the State. That was the Party System in England's brighter days. What is the Party System now? It is a strikingly different thing. Neither of the two great parties has definitiveness and cohesion. Each of them is large and cumbrous. Knowledge and opinion are diffused throughout the masses; and, instead of being a distinct body of men, towering above their fellows by virtue of social power or of education, and banded together for the advancement of a theory of government as against another theory believed to be pernicious, each party is an indefinite, incoherent moiety of the masses so richly endowed with heterogeneous ignorance and prejudice that apart from the aftershine of tradition it has no immutable principle whatsoever. Liberals and Conservatives oppose each other less from the sense of national obligation imposed by conflicting theories of government than from the intensity of reciprocal dislikes; and each

* *English Constitution.*

party has so little confidence in the principles it is supposed to have in trust that it never ceases from ingenious endeavours to explain any such principles away. Elections are still conducted amid bustle and not unfrequent violence; but the bustle and the violence are conceived less in enthusiasms of the ideal than in the malice of short-aiming antipathy. Then, the elections over, the winning side takes office with as much noise and bravado as possible, and in meretricious manner sets about whatever is most trickily calculated to retain the favour of the mob: the other side marshals its forces in sullen but vigilant opposition, and hopes for nothing so dearly as for a domestic distress or a national calamity on the head of which the Government may be turned adrift. Each party fights valiantly for its own hand; but both are for the State only in so far as that is necessary to the success of its efforts for itself. All that is plain; but there is another phenomenon that has not been generally observed. In the old days parties, on the ground of rival principles, fought against one another: now-a-days, like a person possessed of the devil, each spends much of its strength in fighting against itself. The traditional principles of Toryism form the main barrier between the Conservatives and popular favour; while, turbulent and frothy although a section of it is, the Liberal party is held in check by a deep-seated, widely-prevalent suspicion that its principles logically fulfilled would be as serious in their conclusions as the accomplishment of Toryism itself. It is thus that we are every day called upon to witness the spectacle of Conservative candidates trying with might and main to persuade the masses that they are in reality Liberals, and of Radical candidates in similar straits to the end that the masses may regard them as the only true Conservatives.

The fact, then, is that the Party System is disestablished. What now goes under the name is as little near identity with the genuine institution as a paste globule is nigh akin to the Kooh-i-noor.

How has the change come to pass? How otherwise than as indicated by our analogy of the race-boat? The crew that used to manage the ship of State have been deposed by a mob of unskilled brawling hands. The destiny of the nation and of the empire has been cast into the responsibility of the undiscriminating masses: it is no longer in charge of men inspired by loyalty and patriotism, with skill and judgment undetermined by debasing considerations of what the mob will think. Need we marvel, then, that domestic affairs are in disorder, and that our imperial name is still not absolutely disgraced only because it was once so well endowed as to be able even now to grant indulgence

for our vagaries? How could it be otherwise when in regard to domestic affairs our statesmen are by the general ignorance compelled to rival each other in the charlatanship of the market-place rather than in economic skill, and when, the masses being normally indifferent on the other count, imperial affairs are left to the sport of chance?

Probably it will be observed that I have only stated anew the argument against Universal Suffrage. I grant that; but, if my statement anew be of the character I intend it to be, I have not written in vain. The labour will not be lost that can help men to realise that a nation is an organism; that its main function is that of statesmanship; that that function is not one with which the masses are born indiscriminately, as they are with appetites and tempers; that, on the contrary, the presumption that the masses have a divine right to rule and the ability to do so satisfactorily is a gross and mischievous superstition.

The fact of that superstition is obvious enough when we think of it: the trouble is that we do not often think of it. The manner of our national life is conditioned by it as if, instead of being a monstrous falsehood, it were a clear intuitive perception of an abiding verity in the harmonious order of nature. Crown, Lords, Commons, and the masses, resign themselves to it as if, being apparently inevitable, it must have warrant in Intelligent Deity or in Mysterious Necessity, instead of being, as elsewhere I endeavour to systematically show,* a vast unnatural crime of our race against itself. The fact that a similar state of affairs is to be found in almost all other civilisations does not invalidate that estimate of it. Unnatural crimes in the ordinary meaning of the term prevail among all peoples; but the fact that they are thus prevalent does not alter their character. What, then, is the genesis of the crime by which the national organism is outraged? Contemplating civilisation's tendency to mistake formularies for the vital exercises of which they were once the means, Mr. Ruskin, with that marvellous knack he has of illumining our vision of things, observes that "if we were but wholesomely un-Christian"† the blots on society of wretched squalor and disease "would be impossible: it is our imaginary Christianity that helps us to commit these crimes, for we revel and luxuriate in our faith, for the lewd sensation of it; dressing *it* up, like everything else, in fiction." If, in spite of the great organisation of establishments specially devised to keep it pure, our religious life is thus corrupted by force of the habit of inattention, how much more crushingly must the

* *Time* for October 1885; article on "Party Organisation the Curse of the Country."

† *Sesame and Lilies*; chapter "Of King's Treasuries."

same fate overtake our political life, which not only has no similar means to guard it, but is subject to a continual administration of falsehoods certain to corrupt it! The lewd sensation of faith has blighted the spiritual life of the nation: the lewd sensation of franchise is sapping its temporal robustness. Notwithstanding all our mob-inspiring phrases and all our licence of demagogy, the nation is no more free than it is faithful. It has cast off the shackles of Monarchy and of Oligarchy; but the shackles of Democracy are only not worse than either in that they are so absolute as to deaden our senses against perceiving them. Universal Suffrage is Universal Suffering in disguise. Individually we have perfect freedom: nationally we have perfect slavery. We are so intoxicated by the cant about our Free Institutions, we do not see that our very power in exercise of doing each man as he pleases makes it impossible for the nation to do anything decided at all.

> Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,
> And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.*

The respect in which the nation is more and more, however, is quite the opposite of that which the Lord Laureate contemplates about the world in that striking statement of half-truth. The stream of tendency upon which the individual has been borne to almost unlimited freedom has carried the nation along to a different end. The movement that has exhilarated the one has jostled the other; and, if we might fill in the complement of Lord Tennyson's truism, thinking of the analogies with which history supplies us, such as the analogy of imperial Rome, we might venture to say that

> Freedom comes, but falsehood mingles, and we live on lying lore,
> And the individual blusters, and the nation is no more.

The fall of Rome at the flood-tide of autocratic intoxication was amid circumstances so essentially similar to our own at present that, stilted as it is, our couplet may be allowed to stand.

The function in disorder will be more distinctly apprehended when we have a scientific view of the organism it ought to sustain. What, precisely, is the nature of that organism?

According to Mr. Spencer,† "neither the culture of past times nor the culture of the present time has given to any considerable number of people a scientific conception of society—a conception of it as having a natural structure, a structure which is in a sense organic." Some thinkers have noted that that structure, the structure of a nation, is remarkably similar to the organism of a human being; but no one has depicted the simili-

* Tennyson; *Locksley Hall.*

† *The Man versus The State*; second chapter of "The Sins of Legislators."

tude in detail. No one, for example, has stated what part of the nation is analagous to the head of the human being, what part does duty as the arteries, what part has the place of the veins. The general analogy between the two entities admitted, my purpose in now touching upon the matter will be accomplished by such partial exemplification of it as may be constructed from those details.

From the inherent necessities of the case, the life of a nation, as we have seen, is a life of politics. That is to say, the atmosphere in which it lives is composed of the continually commingling interests and aspirations of its own and other peoples, and its life-blood consists of the political tendencies within it. The nation being, as Mr. Spencer says, an organism, those tendencies must naturally have certain channels through which to flow; and when we apprehend what those channels are we have a key to the Mystery of Party by which Lord Pembroke and other thinkers have been perplexed. One party and its ramifications are the arteries of the organism: another, and its ramifications, are the veins. Fulfilling for the nation the function of the arteries in the human system, the Liberal party and its sub-divisions are the channel through which the positive movements of the social life find vent: they convey the cause of energy to all parts of the system. On the other hand, the national life-blood thus sent in motion must, when it has spent itself, be taken back to the heart to be purified; and thus the Conservative party, with its sub-divisions, has been ordained to be the veins. The heart, it is perhaps needless to say, is that portion of the masses acting independently of either party: the body of impartial men whose function is to check the excess of movement in the arteries and to prevent stagnation in the veins.

Now, we cannot call to mind the facts dwelt upon in the earlier pages of this article without seeing plainly that, although in Mr. Spencer's organism of society those functions ought to be working as has been indicated, as a matter of fact they are not doing so exactly. The movements of life-blood to all parts of the system, which ought to be such as merely to nourish the whole, are so turbulent that their channel cannot contain them. Strained by the violent rush, the arteries of the organism, the Liberal party, threaten to be rent in pieces; the veins, by necessity of a negative sympathy of action, seem about to become varicose; while, smitten by the general excitement, the heart is in palpitation. In short, the blood-vessels of the organism are all burst or in danger of bursting; and, instead of commanding a wholesome calm, the heart is the source of fever. Can we wonder that the head, the Throne, with the Privy Council as its brain, is stricken with paralysis,

and that the imperial will, of which it ought to be the mouthpiece, is in abeyance?

The conclusion to which that line of reflection leads us will minister neither to the hopes or the apprehensions of the partisan nor to the sightless pessimism of the patriot in despair. Our communal ills are not rightly attributable to either of the two great parties, each of which is a provision of nature for the accomplishment of an organic need. What is really wrong is that the national life-blood, of which those parties are merely the channels, has been polluted. False principles have been inoculated into the political motives of the masses. There are signs that the system will cast the poison off. As if from very shame, the old sectarian nomenclature is out of vogue. The grave peril to the empire we are now striving to undo is a warning that the masses are taking to heart. It is a lesson in the natural history of politics that the country will not soon forget. The menace to the realm at the joint instance of Parnellite murder leagues and of Mr. Gladstone is just what was bound to come of the abnormal Party spirit amid the delirious surge of which the franchise was last developed. Mr. Gladstone forgot that to be at the top of the poll is not the chief end of man. In the excitement of the period the masses at large shared the same mistake. The delusion is upon Mr. Gladstone still. The masses have regained their sanity. They are not joining in the Trevelyan Revival of Partisanships. That is a hopeful omen.

W. Earl Hodgson.

THE HOUSE OF BROCAS.*

This is the history, arranged with great accuracy, care, and industry, of an old knightly family which appears to have settled in England early in the fourteenth century, and which rose to great wealth and honour under the Plantagenet kings. The cradle of the race was Gascony, and Gascon gentlemen of the name served in the English army long before John de Brocas became Master of the Horse to Edward the Third in 1330, Ranger of Windsor Forest, and owner of considerable estates in Berkshire and Hampshire. From this period, however, dates their history as an English house till it ended in the male line with Bernard Brocas, of Beaurepaire, in Hampshire, who died in 1771. Roche Court, near Fareham, descended through females to Mabel Catharine, daughter of the late Sir John Brocas Whally Smythe Gardiner, married January 13th, 1887, to Henry Fielden Rawstorne, Esq., of Lancashire. The Brocases acquired the Roche Court property by marriage in the fourteenth century, and held it in the male line till the middle of the seventeenth, when Jane Brocas carried it to the Gardiners by marriage with Sir William Gardiner, K.C.B., at which time the Roche Court and Beaurepaire properties were divided. The French branch of the family still survives in the male line, its present representative being the Comte de Brocas, of Montpouillan, though whether any of the Gascon estates are still in his possession we are not informed.

The history of the family is divided into three parts: their early position in France; their subsequent fortunes in England; and an account of their estates, connections, and offices down to the reign of Charles the Second. Why Professor Burrows should "rely on the earlier portions of this history rather than the later, as likely to prove more attractive to the general reader," we scarcely see. To historians, antiquaries, and genealogists we can understand that it should be so. But we should say that the "general reader" is likely to be more interested in the later than in the earlier portions of the narrative, as treating of events, manners, and places with which he is necessarily more familiar; nor, on the same principle, can we agree with the Professor that a continuation of the family history to the end of the eighteenth century would have been at all thrown away upon the public. The glimpses into the social life of that period, which we are just able to catch by standing, as it were, upon tiptoe, whet our

* *The House of Brocas.* By Montagu Burrows, Chichele Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford.

appetite for more, and excite our curiosity quite as much as the picture of an age of which we know nothing but its outward aspect, splendid and romantic as it was. A faithful, unvarnished account of what they were all doing at Beaurepaire and Roche Court in the reign of George the Second, would have found, we think, quite as many readers as the records of feudal service, and the rolls of manors lost and won, which form the staple of the present volume. It is only just, however, to Professor Burrows to add that it hardly professes to be a social history, an account, that is, of how former generations of country gentlemen ate, drank, dressed, talked, worked, and played. It is not meant to be an amusing book; and the interest which it possesses lies rather in what it suggests than in what it actually describes; so that if we only shut our eyes and try to call up in imagination the whole political and social system which the House of Brocas represents, we may find ourselves indebted to its author for a kind and a degree of entertainment which a mere literal perusal of the book might not, perhaps, have afforded us.

In a well-known passage in Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, the biographer describes him as living habitually in two distinct worlds, into one of which he rarely admitted any intruder, a world in which his happiest hours were passed, and in which his greatest works, whether in poetry or prose, had their origin. The position of a landed proprietor, belonging to the ruling race, charged with the maintenance of order and the administration of justice on his own domains, the leader of his tenantry in war, and the guardian of their rights and interests in time of peace, was Scott's ideal of life, compared with which the lustre of literary success seemed poor and insignificant. It was on attaining such a position for himself as far as the conditions of modern society allowed of it, that his heart was set, and it was the acquisition and exercise of such functions which filled his imagination by day and his dreams by night. The cadet of Harden and the clansman of Buccleuch was a much more important personage in his eyes than the author of *Waverley*. He seems to have looked back upon the feudal system as one of the healthiest forms of society which the world had known, and one that called into play all the manliest and noblest, as well as the most generous qualities of human nature. The relations between lord and vassal were founded on the discharge of reciprocal duties, and, as a general rule, were sweetened and ennobled by mutual sympathy, confidence, and respect. Thus class was knitted to class, and family to family, by long hereditary ties, which appealed both to their interests and their affections, and he who occupied the proud position of feudal chieftain need not have desired to change places with either poet or philosopher.

That in the feudal system all was not gold that glittered, and that large deductions would have to be made from Scott's ideal estimate, before any fair comparison could be instituted between ancient and modern manners, may readily be granted. But still, upon the whole, there is hardly room for doubt that the nation on the whole was well and wisely governed in the best days of feudalism, and that the poorer classes were better cared for, both spiritually and temporally, than they have been at certain subsequent periods, when it was the fashion to boast of our superiority to our barbarous ancestors. It is as one link in the great social chain which bound the English nation together from the Sovereign on his throne to the poorest "villein" at the plough, that the House of Brocas has the first claim upon our interest; and it is this which makes us regret the absence of all records of the dealings between landlord and tenant in those early centuries, though of the relations between the landowners and the Crown we possess such abundant information. It is hardly necessary to remind our readers that we use the words landlord and tenant simply for the purpose of keeping before their minds the unbroken connection which exists in this country between the past and the present; and not because there was not a mighty difference between the landlord and tenant of the fourteenth century, and their modern representatives in the nineteenth.

In the family of Brocas, then, we have an excellent specimen of the higher class of country gentlemen as they existed everywhere in England from a very early period, performing, as they do still, all those varied services, and fulfilling all those local duties which the great Barons—who, besides being occupied with politics, owned fifty manors apiece, and had castles and estates all over the country—could not so effectively discharge. They were the regimental officers, so to speak, of the great feudal armies, and the discipline, efficiency, and alacrity of the feudal muster depended largely on their influence. They transacted what is now called "quarter sessions business," and were the representatives of justice in their own immediate neighbourhood. Seated in his chair of state, Sir Bernard, or Sir Richard, or Sir John adjudicated as became a good magistrate, between his more litigious and quarrelsome neighbours; investigated crimes of violence; and above all, we may be sure, kept an eye upon the king's deer. Business over, he flew his hawks on the adjoining marshes, and doubtless killed many a tall heron by the Aire, the Avon, the Itchin, and the Test, rivers of Hampshire, now as then renowned for their waterfowl. Or, when autumn came on, and the oaks of Rockingham forest began to show the first faint streaks of rust, King Edward or King Henry would visit his Master of the Buckhounds

at his favourite Northamptonshire Castle, and follow the "mimic war" through glade, heather, and coppice, from the Nen to the Avon.

The founder of the family in England was Sir John de Brocas, who appears at the Court of Edward II. in 1314 as the King's "Valettus," a position which seems to have been much the same as a Lord or a Groom of the Bed-chamber at the present day. Sir Harris Nicholas tells us that it was an office held by gentlemen, and it is not likely that De Brocas, who was the member of a noble family in another part of the King's dominions, would have been appointed to one that was not. Sixteen years afterwards we find him Master of the Horse, while another brother, Arnauld, held the same rank under Prince John, the King's younger brother. The place of Master of the Horse in the fourteenth century was a highly responsible and important one. The officer who held it was the head of the "cavalry department"; and as cavalry formed the main strength of a feudal army, it was imperatively necessary that the breed of horses should be encouraged by every means at the disposal of the Government. The Crown kept up large breeding-establishments both north and south of the Trent, and De Brocas was at the head of both. Among other places mentioned where the royal studs were kept are Windsor, Guilford, Odiham, Woodstock, Waltham, Cornbury, Risborough, Swallowfield, Fasterne, Fardell, and Ashlehurst. The sheriffs of counties had to find them in forage, litter, shoes, harness, and medicine. The keep of a horse, including all the above items, was then 3½d. a day, or about six shillings of our money. A dog cost three farthings or fifteen pence a day. The prices at which horses were purchased were proportionately high. In 1330 De Brocas bought three chargers of Thomas de Gaston, Keeper of the King's Wardrobe, at the following prices: Pomers, an iron-grey horse, £120; Lebryt, a dappled grey, £70; and Bayard, a bright bay, with two white stockings, £50. These sums, according to Professor Burrows, represent respectively, £2,400, £1,400, and £1,000 of our money; and, at this rate, the army estimates in the days of the Plantagenets must in times of danger have been enormous. The department over which De Brocas presided was kept at its full war strength for about twenty years. The process of reduction began after the battle of Poitiers in 1356, when Sir John De Brocas, Sir Edmund Rose, and William of Wykeham, then rising into notice, were deputed to sell the stud at Windsor Park. In the following year all the northern studs were broken up, and the Peace of Bretigni in 1360 was the signal for a general disarmament. The King wanted money for his new buildings at Windsor, and his splendid stables, organized with so

much care and at such an enormous outlay, were sent to the hammer. But he lived bitterly to deplore this ill-timed and short-sighted policy. Eight years afterwards war broke out again with France, and the English armies for want of those powerful squadrons which had swept the plains of Crecy and Poitiers, were everywhere defeated, and the English possessions in France, all but Bordeaux, Bayonne and Calais, torn from our grasp. Professor Burrows remarks that in all probability the mischief did not end here. The defenceless state of the Crown, with no horses fit to take the field, is said to have contributed among other and better known causes to bring about the wars of the Roses. The dispersion of his studs seems to have broken the master's heart, for he died five years afterwards, a comparatively young man.

His services had been great, and he had been well rewarded for them. He received grants of land at Basingstoke in Hampshire, and at Bray in Berkshire; was constable first of Nottingham, and afterwards of Guilford Castle. But the Brocases were a fortunate family and all got on well. One of his brothers was rector of St. Nicholas at Guilford, Prebendary of Wells and Chichester, Registrar of the Court of Gascony, and controller of the Castle of Bordeaux. He died possessed of large estates in Surrey and Hampshire, which, combined with John's acquisitions already mentioned, must have already given to the family a leading position in these counties. He seems to have been known as "the wise rector"; and one fancies him a shrewd humorous man, cracking a bottle now and then of the good French wine with his soldier brother as often as he rode over from Windsor, in his blue velvet tunic and white cape, to see how the parson was getting on, and have a talk over the family prospects. Sir John saw a good deal of foreign service in addition to his home duties. He served under the Black Prince at Crecy and the siege of Calais, and commanded a company consisting of one knight, fourteen squires, and twenty-four archers. The pay of a knight on active service was £2 a day of our money; an archer had 5s. a day, a sailor the same, and "a Welshman" 3s. 4d.

There was a royal park at Guilford, of which another brother, Simon de Brocas, was ranger. It lay right under the Hogs-back, covering the ground where the railway station now stands, and many miles of woodland now broken up into farms, and the property of private persons. But Professor Burrows says that when the royal buckhounds meet at Guilford the place of meeting is still called the Royal Park.

Sir John, as we have seen, died full of honours in the year 1366. But the family had not yet established itself as one of the feudal houses attending the Sovereign to the field at the head of its own

retainers. His father and brother had been simply "king's knights," or Household officers of the Court, not holding land on the usual military tenure. It was in July 1353 that the family first became possessed of Beaurepaire which they seem to have acquired by some process analogous to foreclosing a mortgage. Master Bernard de Brocas the Rector was the canny man who got hold of the property, but he granted it to his nephew Bernard, Sir John's heir, who rebuilt the Manor House and settled down there as head of the family, where they flourished for five hundred years. Sir Bernard raised the fortunes of the house greatly by two marriages. With his first wife, from whom he was afterwards divorced, he acquired valuable property in Yorkshire and Northamptonshire, and with his second he brought Roche Court, near Fareham, into the Brocas family, who, in the female line, still possess it. The Beaurepaire property had been held by a very ancient and well-endowed family of the name of Pecche; but it was not in itself a large estate, and, when young Bernard took to it, was wofully out of repair. Roche Court was a much more extensive property. Mary de Roche, who married young Bernard de Brocas, was the widow of Sir John de Borhunte; and she brought land and manors to the De Brocases from both families. De Brocas now became a tenant *in capite*, and ranks with the other feudal gentry of the county who had to turn out at the king's summons. Sir Bernard, who married for his third wife Catherine Tyrrel, widow of Sir Hugh Tyrrel, Commander of Carisbrook Castle, was now rich enough to endow Southwick Priory with broad acres, and two good manors, on condition that "the Prior and Convent shall pray for the King, for the said Bernard and Catherine his wife while they live, and for their souls when they decease, and for the soul of King Edward the Third, and of Mary, late wife of the said Bernard, and for the souls of the fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, and ancestors of the said Bernard and Mary."

Besides these provisions for his spiritual welfare, which one would have thought were ample, Sir Bernard founded another chantry at Clewer, of which a very interesting account is given us by Professor Burrows. The endowment consisted of seventy-two acres of land and a house at Elstoke, and twenty-two acres and a house at Clewer. The advowson of the chantry was secured to himself and to his heirs for ever; and the presentations are preserved among the family papers down to the time of the Reformation. Among them is a grant of the "next presentation" of the date of 1424, but whether in return for a consideration we are not informed. The foundation deed is given in full in the original Latin, and, as our author says, will well repay perusal.

Sir Bernard himself provided for the chantry priest "a missal,

a portiforium of the use of Sarum, a silver chalice, two sacerdotal vestments, two chasubles, two albs, two amices with stoles, four towels, two 'corporals,' two altar cloths, and a super altar 'conferratum.'" The Brocas chantry is still to be traced with difficulty in the south side of Clewer Church, towards the east end, and was once, no doubt, separated from the rest. "Perhaps if some memorial had been placed there, even a century or two after the Reformation, the name of the Brocas would not have remained an enigma to so many generations of Eton men." Several other religious foundations in Wiltshire and Dorsetshire attest the piety and liberality of the wealthy knight. It is difficult to read without some deeper feeling than mere curiosity the simple and solemn words of these old foundations. "You shall pray for the souls of Bernard, and Catherine his wife, and for the soul of King Edward the Third"! The nearness of earth to heaven which these words imply, and the unquestioning belief that God's dealings with departed spirits are not closed against human intercession which was then universal, make the world another place; and seem to restore that direct communication with a divine Being which Adam lost and Protestants reject.

"The soul of King Edward the Third" went to learn the truth about all these things in 1376; and the ill-fated young Prince, so weak, so brave, and so unhappy that he might have been a Stuart, succeeded to the throne. Sir Bernard, who seems to have played his cards with some skill in these troublesome times, was Member for Hampshire in 1386, and contrived to remain faithful to the King without giving offence to the oligarchy. He died in his bed in 1395 in full possession of his estates, and was buried in Westminster Abbey with great pomp and ceremony. His tomb may be seen in St. Edmund's chapel, with a recumbent figure in complete armour stretched upon it; and though doubts have been thrown on the antiquity of the latter, none have ever questioned the genuineness of the former.

The son and successor of Sir Bernard was less fortunate. Devoted to the House of York, he joined in the first insurrection against Henry the Fourth, and was beheaded on Tower Hill in February 1400, blessing God with his last breath that he died "in the service of the noble King Richard." Professor Burrows seems to think that this would have been a proper point at which to close the history of the family. "Thus set upon a bloody horizon, along with the sun of Plantagenet, the star of Brocas." Why, the star had only been shining for about eighty years, and had four hundred more to shine at the accession of the House of Lancaster! The "romance" of the House of Brocas, so far from having ended, I should say was only just beginning. "The progress of an old

family through the troubles of the Wars of the Roses, the Reformation and the Rebellion," which Mr. Burrows almost apologizes for introducing, ought to overflow with the elements of romance. But this is a matter of taste. At all events, they kept their estates. William, the successor of Sir Bernard, was a quiet man, who shunned courts and camps, and lived and died on his paternal domains a simple country gentleman, who was never knighted. In spite, however, of his retiring disposition, he was three times member for the county, and three times High Sheriff in the reigns of Henry the Fifth and Sixth, so that it does not seem that the family had lost much ground, though no longer in high office. William married a daughter of Sir Walter Sandes, the head of a distinguished family: and as, notwithstanding his father's attainder, the system of "trusts" then universally adopted by the landed families saved the greater part of his property, the Brocases emerged from the Revolution of 1398 without any diminution of their wealth.

The first "Squire Brocas of Beaurepaire," who held the property for nearly fifty years, was what is now called an improving landlord. He made roads and built bridges, attended to his woods and plantations, took an active part in all county business, and died in 1456, after making a very proper will, providing for his daughters and doing what was right for the good of his own soul. The next generation of Brocases carry us into the great Civil War of the fifteenth century. They got through it on the whole very well; for some members of the family took one side and some another, and thus with the help of "Uses and Trusts," they managed to keep both their heads and their acres, through all the changes and chances of that desperate struggle. The family bias was towards the White Rose, for which the last Sir Bernard had laid his head upon the block; and several gentleman of the name drew their swords for Richard of York. "Warned by the narrow escape of their estates in the year 1400, the heads of the family preserved their Lacastrian allegiance, while those who had less to lose followed always with the great bulk of the middle classes, the more popular policy. The heads of the house, however, must have shown considerable skill as sheriffs not to have definitely injured their position on either side. In short, the family emerged from this the most terrible of all the national conflicts of England very much as they entered upon it. The Masters of the Buckhounds hunt, we must suppose, with the members of both Houses, and must have accepted the inevitable very much in the same spirit as the great mass of the English people, who, above all questions of dynasty, set the one great demand for a strong Government and an orderly realm."

In the escape of the House of Brocas from the fate which befell so many of the higher aristocracy, we may see a type of the fortunes of the English country gentlemen in general. The storm swept over them, and though they fought and bled under their respective banners, they were not tall enough as a rule to catch the edge of the descending axe, which lopped off the heads of so many stately earls and barons. Thus it is that, with the accession of the Tudor dynasty, the knights and squires of the counties emerge into new importance, and, stepping into the vacant places of the old baronage, gradually acquire the character which, by the middle of the next century, is fully developed. Professor Burrows looks on the position of the family in the seventeenth century as one of declension and decay. I should be disposed to think that Thomas Brocas of Beaurepaire, in the reign of Charles the First, was, relatively at all events, a greater man than Sir Bernard Brocas of Beaurepaire in the reign of Richard the Second.

The direct line of squires ended in an heiress in the year 1506. William Brocas, who died in that year, was the seventh in direct descent from Sir John, the first Lord of Beaurepaire, in 1356, and the fourth in succession from William, the son of the attainted knight. His daughter Edith married, in 1512, Ralph Pexall, who is styled Armiger, but who seems not to have been a gentleman according to the ideas of those times. How he came to pick up the heiress, then only a girl of seventeen, would be a mystery, if we did not know that he was an old servant of Wolsey, and in favour also with Archbishop Warham, Lord Chancellor at the date of his marriage. The young lady died three years afterwards, leaving one surviving son, Richard Pexall, who, in due time, was knighted, and became a very decent representative of the old line.

The rise of the Pexalls marks the time, as Professor Burrows notices, when a new class of men were coming to the front in England. Just as Mr. Pitt created a new aristocracy to balance the great Whig families, so did the Tudors endeavour to surround themselves with a new *clientèle* of men raised from the ranks, whose whole wealth and influence might always be thrown into the scale against the remnants of the "great old houses," who looked sullenly on at the new order of things, and still possessed a powerful hold on the popular imagination. Clever adventurers who knew how to walk in high places were then pretty certain of promotion, and such a one we may easily suppose was Ralph Pexall, who became the husband of pretty Edith Brocas and the new lord of Beaurepaire, besides obtaining a grant of Abbey lands at the dissolution of the monasteries.

That he did not find himself very much at home at first among the gentry of "irreproachable lineage," as Baron Bradwardine says, who were numerous in Hampshire at this period, may be conjectured without much violence to probability. But a friend who knew the Court, was, in those days, a welcome neighbour; and whatever prejudice there was against him at first, he probably lived it down. He died about 1540, and was succeeded by his son, Sir Richard, who seems to have taken after his father. He was tenacious of his rights; and in 1546, after the Act had been passed abolishing "Chantries," exercised his right of presentation to the chantry of Clewer. His nominee, however, was the rector of the parish, and this was probably the last appointment made. Like his superiors, the Cecils and the Walsinghams, it was his aim to stand fair with both parties. His religion was the religion of the Sovereign, whatever that might be; and though in his heart, like so many of his countrymen, a sympathiser with the old faith he did not think it worth any sacrifice. He was knighted by the Protestant King Edward, and burned a gentleman of Hampshire to oblige the Catholic Queen Mary. He was not, indeed, quite zealous enough to satisfy that pious Princess; for after having roasted the offender's legs rather severely, he let him go again on his promise to recant, which Her Majesty thought "very strange"; and forthwith ordered Sir Richard to go and finish the job "out of hand"; and when he had done it, to come and answer for himself. The result was that Sir Richard, who was High Sheriff at the time, was obliged to see the business finished, though, as the heretic had in the meantime recanted his recantation, nothing could have saved him. Pexall got two months in the Fleet for his ill-timed interference with justice.

He married Lady Eleanor Paulet, daughter of the first Marquis of Winchester—an eminent man of the time—who died in 1558, thirteen years before her husband, when the line again ended in daughters, and the two branches were reunited by the marriage of Anne Pexall with Bernard Brocas of Horton in Buckinghamshire.

The Horton branch of the family settled among the Chiltern Hills in 1368, when a Sir Bernard Brocas acquired from John de Chedyngton the manors of Horton and Cheddington, with estates in fourteen other lordships. The centre of the whole was Ellesborough, Horton Hall being situated within the parish. A modern farm-house has been built upon the site; but the old moat, full of water, still surrounds it, and the fathers of the hamlet even recollect the drawbridge. But the Horton Brocases had property in Hampshire as well. In all the villages round Alton, in Holybourne, and Froyle, and Tisted, and Headley, and

Bentworth, they were large landowners; and in all worldly respects it is difficult to see how a better match could have been made than between Anne Pexall and the heir to these large estates, who was also the lineal representative in the male line of the old name and blood. It seems, however, to have been brought about by more ignoble considerations than these, and to have had its origin in a law-suit between the Pexalls and the Brocases, Sir Richard giving his daughter in part settlement of a claim. The marriage was solemnized in 1562, and seems to have been not an unhappy one. But it produced the only black sheep which the Brocas family had known. The eldest son of Bernard and Anne Brocas, Sir Pexall Brocas, came of age in 1584, and in the following year married Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Sherley, of Wiston, in Sussex. No young couple could have begun life with fairer prospects: but Sir Pexall had been badly brought up. His father and mother came to live in London when he was about eighteen, and Pexall exchanged the healthy country life of Horton for the dissipation of the Inns of Court. He was entered at Gray's Inn, and his associates probably were just such young men about town as are described in the histories of Nigel. He had evidently become acquainted with the money-lenders while still in his minority; for in the very year of his marriage he was obliged to raise ten thousand pounds by the sale of his property in Surrey. And as he began, so he went on. He made ducks and drakes of all the property he could lay his hands on, though after all this was not a great deal, as he died in possession of ten-twelfths of his inheritance. He was, however, a man of scandalous life. He did penance in a white sheet at Paul's Cross for "notorious adulteries"; but as he was attended all the time by thirty servants in livery, and dined with the Lord Mayor afterwards, the punishment could not have been regarded by the gay world as a very degrading or disgraceful one.

But what all this time had become of Dame Margaret, his wife; the Margaret of his youth—

> His own Queen Margaret who in Lithgow's bower
> All lonely sat, and wept the weary hour?

She lived at Roche Court for many years after his death, interested in the fortunes of her grandchildren, and, perhaps, happier than she ever had been in his life. But their union lasted forty-five years, and must have been a miserable time for her. The portraits of both of them are still preserved in the family; Margaret, "with her pale handsome face and gentle eyes telling their own story," and Sir Pexall, looking the rake of the period all over, with washed-out complexion, and long hair falling over the large embroidered linen collar worked with the lion of Brocas and the Moor's head, a crest which Professor Burrows confesses himself

unable to explain. It is clear, however, that there was something in this same Sir Pexall "above the common." With all his wild habits he seems to have been a man with some intellectual interests. He drank sack with the wits: and, though he had seventy illegitimate children, was anxious to found a college in the University of Oxford for the promotion of religion and literature.

Sir Pexall died in 1630, and was succeeded by his son Thomas, who was a good manager, and set himself to work to consolidate the family property by selling outlying estates and buying back again all the alienated portions of the old Beaurepaire property. When the Civil War broke out the Brocases took different sides, as they had done in the Wars of the Roses, but not with the same results. Thomas, of Beaurepaire, was a zealous Cavalier, and reduced himself to poverty in the Royal cause. He held Beaurepaire against the Roundheads, as became a country gentleman of England in 1645; and, when forced to abandon it, fell back with his sons upon Basing House, and took part in one of the most gallant and glorious struggles of the whole war. William, one of this band of brothers, fell at the first battle of Newbury in 1643, and was found dead upon the field with a Roundhead flag in his hand and the standard-bearer dead by his side. The flag still hangs in the Chapel Royal at Whitehall, but the legend which till lately was inscribed beneath it is removed. There is no reason to doubt that William Brocas really took the flag, and was mortally wounded in the struggle. But the prettier part of the story which represented him as in love with a Roundhead's daughter, and swearing on the eve of the battle that he would either take a standard from the enemy or die in the attempt, lest it should be thought that his loyalty had in any way suffered from his love, has now unhappily been exploded by the discovery that Lord Sandys, the father of the heroine, was himself a cavalier. This particular tradition, then, is false, yet it must be fellow to hundreds which are true; and even here it is possible that the mistake is only in the name, and that some other fair girl may have lived to weep for Willy Brocas, who could not have loved her so well had he not loved honour more.

Robert, the eldest son of old Thomas, as he is called, who married Jane Bodley, Maid of Honour to Henrietta Maria, was murdered at Oxford, in 1644, some said by his wife, who was in love with another man: some said by himself on the discovery of this painful fact. William, as we have seen, was killed at Newbury. Thomas, who took the other side in politics, and was settled at Roche, died in 1650. And Bernard, the youngest, who was now the heir to the whole property, died of small-pox on the 18th of December 1660, leaving his sister Jane "sole heir-at-law to her

brother, father (still in prison), and grandfather, and heir general under the will of Sir Pexall Brocas." She married, in 1661, Sir William Gardiner, and she and her husband, settling at Roche Court, became the founders of the Brocas-Gardiners of that place, who are still in possession of the property. Young Thomas, her nephew, the son of the Parliamentary captain, went to Beaurepaire, and thus the two branches of the family exchanged places. The legitimate descendants of Thomas Brocas, the lineal heir male of the founders of the English family in the fourteenth century, came to an end with Bernard Brocas, of Beaurepaire, in 1771, the family having flourished in the same spot four hundred and twenty-one years. One Bernard Austin took the name of Brocas, by Royal Sign Manual, in 1774; and, on the death of his great-granddaughter, Blanche Brocas, in 1862, the male branch of the family became extinct. Eleven years afterwards, Beaurepaire itself was sold.

One of the numerous possessions of the family for some generations was Stevenson, in Hampshire, the birthplace of Jane Austen, who was probably quite unconscious of its interesting historical associations. In the early part of the seventeenth century the head of the family resided there. Another was Rockingham Castle, in Northamptonshire. The Brocases were hereditary Masters of the Buckhounds, and for a long time the kennels were at Weldon, near Rockingham, where the Master's lodge was situated. Rockingham Forest is a wild district still; in those days it must have been a splendid hunting-ground. The Royal Buckhounds are now worthily represented by the woodland Pytchley, which probably show better sport; but an interesting tradition of the olden times survives in the "Bocase stone," an old stone on the border of Farming Woods, and a regular fixture of the Pytchley at the present day. An inscription on it, still decipherable, records that "on this place grew Bocase tree"; and there can hardly be a doubt that the word is really Brocas, and marks a spot in the forest in some peculiar manner associated with the Brocas family. Professor Burrows thinks that the stone may, perhaps, mark the place where the hounds used to meet when the King was at the castle, and where the Master with his pack used to wait for him. Thus it would readily come to be called after the Master's name, and to be known to the whole neighbourhood as Brocas's stone. The situation of the stone at a convenient distance from both the castle and the kennels, and accessible by numerous forest-paths which converged upon it, favours this theory above all others; and, at all events, we may indulge our imagination by accepting it, without any grave violation of probability.

This, then, for several centuries was the favourite resort of the English kings, which, they are said, for a long time

Posthabita coluisse Samo,

to have preferred, that is, to either Windsor or the New Forest. Rockingham Forest was twenty-two miles in length and twelve in width. It stretched right across the county, from Rockingham on the borders of Leicestershire to Thrapstone on the borders of Huntingdonshire; and lengthways from Stamford to Oxendon, a few miles south of Market Harborough, which must then have been on the edge of the forest, if not actually within its boundaries. Grand hunting quarters these, now as then. Rockingham Castle itself, built upon very high ground, immediately above the Welland which divides Northamptonshire from Leicestershire, looks on the west towards Naseby and Welford, the cream of the Pytchley country, and on the north towards the Cottesmore and Sir Bache Cunards, with Tilton Wood and Carlton Clump to the right and to the left, and a white speck between the two, surmounted by its dark crest of fir trees distinguishing the famous Billesdon coplow. Neither Hampshire nor Berkshire has anything to compare with such a scene as this in the eyes of a sportsman; and I sometimes wonder if the buckhounds ever ran as far as the foxhounds, and carried Plantagenets and Tudors and Lovels and Brocases helter skelter into Leicestershire, to Kibworth, and Wistow, and Scraptoft, the haunts of my own boyhood!

Of the original forest, the greater part has disappeared, and of what remains much has been enclosed and converted into private parks. But there is still a considerable tract of broken woodland which retains much of its pristine wildness, both in the features of the country and the character of the people. They still display that taste for the good greenwood, which no doubt often brought their ancestors into trouble with the House of Brocas. But as they can no longer gratify it at the expense of the King's deer, they are obliged to be satisfied with my lord's pheasants, and Lord Cardigan's keepers used to say that they encountered no fiercer desperadoes than the poachers of Kettering and Brigstock.

It seems that in later times the Hereditary Mastership of the Buckhounds became but a titular office, though some small salary was still attached to it, an acting huntsman being appointed by the King to do all the real work. In 1633, the Thomas Brocas who came to grief in the Civil War, sold the manor and the office to Sir Lewis Watson, afterwards created Lord Rockingham, when Robert Tyrwhitt became the actual master. Professor Burrows thinks that the hereditary office remained with the Rockinghams till the title became extinct with the death of the last Marquis in 1782. But, however this may be, no salary was paid after 1691.

Such is the history of one of those old families of the untitled aristocracy which are almost peculiar to this country: those old knightly houses who played nearly as prominent a part in our second civil war as the Barons played in the first. How many or how few, of them still survive may be read in Mr. Evelyn Shirley's *Noble and Gentle Men of England*. In the Brocas country, as in most of the counties near London, such families are in the male line all but extinct. The Brocas line ended, as we have seen, in 1771. Eighteen years afterwards, in 1789, there were eleven families still to be found in Hampshire, descending in the male line from gentlemen of the fifteenth century. Of these, however, only three are now left, the Tichbornes, the Wallops, and the Paulets. The gentry of these southern counties occupied in those days a position of great trust and responsibility. If not quite so familiar with the sound of the trumpet as the gentry of the northern border, the French, nevertheless, for some centuries gave them pretty constant occupation. The importance of Hampshire says our author, "lay in its sea-coast, the vulnerable character of the great harbour of Portsmouth, and estuary of Southampton, and the necessity of defending the advanced outwork of South England, the Isle of Wight." Hence, on the first alarm of hostilities with France, the whole counties of Kent, Hampshire, and Sussex were in commotion. Among the feudal musters, which assembled at the various points, we may be sure that the lion and the moor's head held a conspicuous place. We can picture to ourselves the heads of the family rousing their tenants all over that part of central Hampshire, in which their scattered estates were situated; and can see the armed yeomen galloping in twos and threes along all the lanes and bye-paths which led into the main Southampton road, through Alton and Winchester; from Froyle and Holybourne, and Tisted, clattering down the steep hill from Bentworth, startling the wood-pigeons in the Chawton beeches, or streaming in from wild Waltham Chase, or grey old Titchfield Abbey, and collecting together at Winchester or at Odiham, or under the walls of Porchester Castle. Steam and gunpowder have changed all this; and along the main lines of English travel little is now left to remind us of ancient times. But far away among the chalk hills and woodlands of Hampshire must lie, comparatively unchanged, more than one old farm and village from which the women looked out upon the spears and pennons of Beaurepaire flashing past them to the Solent, saw the beacon fires blazing on the headlands in the days of the recreant Sir Pexall, or watched the glittering files of the Royalist cavalry, with a pensive William Brocas perhaps among them, jingling off to Edgehill or Newbury.

The house of Brocas is an excellent representation of the class

whose history it helped to make: "the country gentlemen of England." Having less to gain from changes of dynasty than the great nobles, and more attached, perhaps, to their old halls and manor houses where they resided all the year round, they were always in favour of hereditary right, and averse to civil commotion if it could possibly be avoided. Thus the Brocases adhered to the White Rose both in the fifteenth and the seventeenth centuries, without being either reckless or even enthusiastic partisans. Similarly in religion the country gentleman, as a rule, glided quietly and easily from the Roman to the Anglican forms of worship, casting perhaps some longing, lingering looks upon the saints and shrines of his ancestors, but developing into the High Church and Tory cavalier of the following century without any inconvenient qualms of conscience. The truth is that while the nobles and the statesmen and the bishops who stood on an eminence may have comprehended the real nature of the change which was effected at the Reformation, to the Sir Henry Lees, and Sir Everard Waverleys and Sir Geoffrey Peverils, buried in their ancestral woods, it presented itself in much less marked colours, and the transition was very much more gradual. The old life of which this volume is a record is past and gone; but the spirit of it still lives even under the cold shade of nineteenth-century Radicalism. And when Her Majesty reads the *History of the House of Brocas*, she may surely trust that she has five hundred as good within her realms.

The picture of feudalism which the volume sets before us is both interesting and suggestive. The one indeed it cannot fail to be for all lovers of the picturesque and the romantic, and on that head enough has been already written; the other it is from a purely military point of view, regarded as a great system of national defence. After describing the levies of archers, cross-bowmen, and men-at-arms which could be concentrated at very short notice on any threatened point, Professor Burrows says :—

> Contrast these simple but well-devised preparations for defence, to a great degree apparently organized after the sad experiences of the reign of King John, by the military knight-bishop and prime-minister Peter de Roches, with the mighty forts and guns now to be seen on Portsdown Hill, &c. &c. Is it certain that, taking into account the revolution that has come over the art of war, these invaluable precincts are in an equally good state of defence against an invading enemy?

By no means. He is supposing Porchester Castle to be the most advanced post of the defenders. Behind this would lie a line of inland fortresses if Porchester were taken, and another and another behind these, each county furnishing the necessary force, and each division taking charge of its allotted district. According to the military ideas of the period these various *corps d'armée* would consist of well-disciplined men, not inferior at all events to the invader, and possessing that knowledge of the ground and its

capabilities of attack and defence more useful even to a feudal army than to a modern one. When William the Conqueror invaded England the national defences were not organized upon this system, and, whether the fact has any significance or not, the fact it is that no successful invasion of England ever took place afterwards. In John's reign the French were invited by the Barons just as the Dutch were in James the Second's. But, notwithstanding our incessant hostilities with France, our military system was always equal to the occasion, till our land defences came in turn to be of secondary importance to our naval ones, and we were able to confide to our fleets the duties which had formerly been discharged by our great feudal militia.

Comparing one with another, then, at the present moment, we should be inclined to answer Professor Burrows' question in the negative. It is generally admitted that a fleet of transports might give our navy the slip; and that a foreign force of sixty thousand men thrown upon the English coast would only have to beat the one army that was opposed to it to find the way open to London. We have no strong places between London and the coast; and any second line of defence that we might take up would be held by troops, not, as in the Middle Ages, quite equal to the assailants in discipline and science, but inferior to them, probably, in both. As regards strength, we know from the Wars of the Roses what large armies the feudal system was capable of bringing into the field; and that not only for a single campaign, but for years. So that, all in all, as far as foreign invasion is concerned, an Englishman, we think, might have laid his head on his pillow, if he had one, five hundred years ago, with a greater feeling of security than he is justified in feeling now.

Professor Burrows must remember, however, that there is this much in favour of the moderns: war was much easier in the fourteenth century than it is in the nineteenth. The stakes for which men threw were, as a rule, much lower; the consequences to the loser were less severe; and the expenses of both parties were lighter. Thus, although to any enemy meditating a descent upon England at the present day the attempt might seem more promising than it would have done in the days of the Plantagenets, yet the cost of failure would be so enormous as to more than neutralize the odds in favour of success. This is written on the assumption that the invader would allow himself to count the cost. If not, then against an enemy resolved to run all risks, and utterly careless of consequences, England, it must be owned, is less efficiently protected now than she was in the olden time, when Brocas and Borhuntes, and Wansteads, and Paghams mounted their horses and led their tenants down to battle.

I have said nothing as yet of the French branch of the family, which still survives. What will interest the general reader may be told most concisely in the Professor's own words:

Colin de Brocas, the comrade and friend of Henri Quatre, had three sons, who founded separate families. That of the eldest Jean, Seigneur de Tampony, &c., seems to have remained Protestant, but became extinct with the last century. That of the second, Gabriel, afterwards known as Seigneurs de la Nauze, changed their religion, and the present Comte de Brocas, taking his title it is believed from the barony of Montpouillan, is his descendant. He now represents the family of Casteljaloux.

That of the third son, which came to England on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, was divided into two branches, which ultimately settled in Ireland, and, taking to an ecclesiastical life, obtained preferment in the Anglo-Irish Church. One was Dean of Killala, and Vicar of St. Anne's Dublin. The descendant of another still survives in the person of "the Rev. W. Brocas Lindesay, of the Abbey, Tipperary, fifth in descent, through his grandmother, from Gabriel (the grandson of Colin)." Thus both in England and Ireland the family is represented only by female transmission; the male line surviving only in the cradle of the race.

As we close the volume we bid farewell to a long line of knights and gentlemen who had their share in making England what she is, and to whom an ungrateful generation hardly recognizes its debt. They lived in the "ages of faith," and did their duty to God and the King honestly and bravely. We live in the ages of doubt, and are not remarkably zealous in our duty to either. Under which régime England was the happier, and Englishmen the better men, is a question to which more than one answer may be given. But we may at least have the grace to acknowledge what there was of good in our old feudal chivalry, and to hope that every "good knight and true" may have had the reward for which he prayed.

His bones are dust,
His good sword rust,
His soul is with the Saints, we trust.

T. E. Kebbel.

REPRESENTATION OF THE LAITY IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The manner in which the laity take part in the ordering and government of the Church in Ireland, the United States, and Australia, has been very graphically described in the interesting papers contributed to the *National Review* by the Archdeacon of Cloyne, Bishop Littlejohn, and the Bishop of Sydney. The object with which these papers have been written is to "throw light on the question of the Representation of the Laity in the Church of England," and, as the subject is a most important one, I venture to examine these papers in order to see what encouragement they give to our following the example set by Ireland, the United States, and Australia. As it is most desirable for the best interests of the Church that no mistake should be made on so vital a subject, I desire to help in arriving at some practical conclusion upon it.

The *National Review* does not profess to be a Theological Review. I feel, therefore, that it would be out of place to discuss the abstract question whether the Great Head of the Church has entrusted to the bishops and pastors of His flock, in an especial manner, the guardianship of the faith and worship of His Church, or whether it is equally committed to the care of the whole body—clergy and laity alike. The Archdeacon of Cloyne holds the latter view. He evidently approved the negativing by the Synod of the Irish Church of the amendment of Dr. Lee, the Archdeacon of Dublin, who wished to provide "that every question relating to doctrine and discipline should be reserved for the consideration and decision of the bishops and presbyters of the Church."* And so convinced is he that it is part of the essential duty of a Church to be governed in all things by clergy and laity alike, that he seems inclined almost to unchurch the Church of England or, at all events, to attribute the evils from which she suffers to a denial of what he considers all their rights to the laity. He says:—"It is as vain to expect that a Church, the greater portion of whose members abandon their proper functions or are restrained from exercising them, can prosper, as to expect that a human body can be in health when some of its limbs are paralysed."† Dr. Barry, Bishop of Sydney, is equally outspoken: "Let me, then, say at once that I am one of those who hold very distinctly that the faithful laity have an indisputable right to claim their place in all Church legislation, whether it deals with spiritualities or tem-

* *National Review*, vol. vii. p. 207. † *Ibid.*, p. 205.

poralities, with definition of faith or regulation of practice."* The Bishop of Long Island, though concurring generally in the same view, expresses himself more guardedly.

In support of the principle on which his view rests, the Archdeacon of Cloyne is content to cite the authority of the late Bishop Moberly of Salisbury; whilst he admits that "whether with the consent of the laity or by the usurpation of the bishops, laymen first and presbyters afterwards were excluded from all share in the work of the greater ecclesiastical councils; and from the fourth century to the Council of Pisa (A.D. 1409), the laity were excluded, except as spectators, from ecclesiastical councils, whether general, national, or provincial."† The Bishop of Sydney is content with stating his point of view, and quoting a few lines from Hooker which speak of ecclesiastical law, but make no mention of faith or discipline.

With all respect for Bishop Moberly and the Archdeacon of Cloyne, I cannot regard their authority as equal to that of all the doctors, prelates, and saints of the Church from the time of our earliest records of ecclesiastical councils for more than a thousand years. With respect to the Council of Jerusalem, recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, our information is too scanty to enable us to judge of the part which the laity took in it. I, therefore, venture entirely to differ from the views advanced by the Bishops of Long Island and Sydney and the Archdeacon of Cloyne on the question of principle involved, and to assert my belief, resting, as I am convinced it does, on the authority of the Universal Church from its earliest days until comparatively recent times, that Christ our Lord has committed to the bishops and ministers of His Church, in an especial manner, the care of the faith and doctrine to be preserved therein.

For the reason already given, I shrink from entering at greater length into defence of the abstract principle. As the three articles which I am venturing to criticise, deal chiefly with the practical view of the question, I will examine, from that point of view, what can be said to justify our abandonment of the principle which, in my opinion, the Church has held without dispute on the subject for more than a thousand years, and our accepting, in its stead, a position forced by circumstances on certain parts of the Church, for which we are far, indeed, from condemning them, but which we cannot but regard as inferior to our own.

However much on this point I may differ from the learned ecclesiastics whose names I have mentioned, I have no doubt that we shall agree so far as this. We shall all admit that the doctrine and discipline we have to defend is from above and not from be-

* *National Review*, vol. viii. p. 443. † *Ibid.*, vol. vii. p. 202.

neath, that it rests upon a revelation from God, and not upon the opinions of men; and, therefore, it has to be preserved "whole and undefiled." In this it differs from what has to be decided by earthly governments of a popular character. They derive their authority from the voice of the nation; to it they appeal in cases of difficulty; it settles who shall govern and how it shall govern. With the Church all this is different, as is affirmed by those with whom I am arguing. The Church in Ireland prefaces its "Declaration," with the words*: "The Church of Ireland, deriving its authority from Christ, Who is Head over all things to the Church."* The American Church holds, as Bishop Littlejohn tells us, "that the government of the Church is from above, not from below; that it is primarily in the hands of the bishops, as successors of the Apostles, and possessed of an inherent authority derived from their divine commission; and, therefore, an authority which canons may define and limit, but which canons do not create, and cannot destroy."† The Bishop of Sydney would certainly agree with this, though he has not stated it explicitly in his article.

When, therefore a question touching the faith or discipline of the Church comes under discussion, the point to be settled is not what do the great majority of people opine, or prefer, or wish, or hold to be true, but what has Christ the Lord revealed. Revelation may say one thing, and popular opinion may say another. Men's views are swayed by the circumstances of the day in which they live, and by their surroundings; they change from time to time; they are violently inflamed by gusts of passion, or by the commanding will of a very eminent man. The standard of civilization to which they have attained, the kind of education which they have received, the excellency or imperfection of the law of morals generally accepted, and by which they have individually ordered their lives, insensibly bias their view of what is true and what is false, and they are unconsciously disposed to adjust their interpretation of the Divine law, so as to make it harmonize with what has become the predominating judgment of the age in which they live and the tendency of their own minds. No inconsiderable part of what is termed the opinion of "common sense" is thus formed in every generation. What revelation teaches is for ever and unalterably the same. It "was once for all delivered unto the saints."‡ It was entrusted to the Church to keep whole and undefiled; in every age assaults have been made upon it, now on this side, now on that. These have been resisted by men, so far as we can judge, specially raised up for the purpose; the judgment of one part of

* *National Review*, vol. vii. p. 206. † *Ibid.*, vol. viii. p. 190.

‡ St. Jude 3 (Revised Version).

the Church has been confirmed or corrected by that of the other portions. And so there has been an ever-growing comprehension of the revelation given to men; it has been based upon Holy Scripture; it has been accepted by the Church; and so each age has had the advantage of the wisdom and experience of those which preceded it, by which it might profit if it will, and, at the same time, it has had warnings furnished by errors and heresies which have been popular for a time, and then been condemned, or have died out.

I hold that it has been the especial duty of the bishops and doctors of the Church to uphold and maintain the standard of truth thus handed down, and to preserve it from the accretions of error, or, if unhappily such have succeeded in obtaining a foothold for a time, then of sweeping them away. I venture to think that when our Lord left the guardianship of the truth to His Church, He designed that it should make the most of such human instruments of learning, and the like, as might most effectually be employed. The promise of His perpetual presence is not to be regarded as an assurance of supernatural enlightenment, miraculously imparted to each succeeding generation independent of the aids which learning and research can furnish, and which are preserved in the annals of the Church, but of such assistance through the channels of His grace as may preserve those who use them aright from falling into deadly error, that would deform the revelation He had given. The opposing view is that the promise was not made to the bishops and pastors of the flock, but to the whole Body of the Church alike, so that when heresies arise and have to be refuted, when creeds have to be framed for protection against such heresies, when rules for worship or discipline have to be laid down, the laity are to have an equal voice with the clergy in determining the true and the false, and that it is this Body which, as Bishop Barry phrases it, has "the promise of the indwelling presence of Christ."* As what is asserted to be essential truth now, must have been so from the foundation of Christianity, it would be such a Body that would have had to determine the Canon of Scripture, to set forth the creeds of the Church to order its services and ritual, if the Church had been governed from the beginning in the way which the Bishops and Archdeacon claim to be that which was divinely intended. It would be such a Body that would now have to determine, by an appeal to the inward consciousness of a majority of its members, acted upon by the eloquence or persuasiveness of speakers in whom they trusted, what is in accordance with the revelations given by the Great Head of the Church, and what is inconsistent with them. I

* *National Review*, vol. viii. p. 443.

venture to say that the appeal would be to this inward consciousness, for it will be seen by what the Bishop of Sydney and the Archdeacon of Cloyne says, that a majority of the members come to be instructed, and, therefore, cannot be in a position to define or to state accurately what has been the faith held from the beginning, or judge discriminately concerning the testimony placed before them.

To enable us, then, to determine the value of this contention for the rights of the laity, let us examine what its advocates say of the qualifications of those to whom they would entrust the delicate and difficult task of authoritatively determining the sense of Holy Scripture, and the conformity or inconsistency of views advanced, or practices advocated, which may come into dispute, with what has been taught by our Divine Lord and by His Church through the centuries which have elapsed since He dwelt upon the earth.

The Archdeacon of Cloyne evidently thinks that whilst previous education as to what the Church has done and taught in previous ages is desirable for qualifying men to undertake this task, it is not essential, but that common sense, and mother wit, and devotion to the Church's cause, are sufficient to secure the best results. He tells us:—

> As a rule, the laymen who are elected to the Council are men of high intelligence, as well as of earnest devotion to the Church, and the difference between a diocese in which this is the case, and one in which it is not, is very soon apparent. . . . In these several positions in the parish and the diocese, the Irish layman is permitted and encouraged to work for the Church. And the importance of his being so permitted is to be estimated, not merely by the great value of the work thus done, but by its effect in training him for the discharge of the still higher work of the General Synod. For there he may be called upon to discuss questions of the highest moment—questions upon the discussion of which may depend whether the Church of Ireland is to retain her place amongst the ancient Churches of Christendom as a faithful and true witness and keeper of Holy Writ, and of the faith which was once for all delivered to the Saints. It was the misfortune of the Church of Ireland that the Synod engaged in the discussion of questions of this kind before the laity had been prepared by any previous training for such a work.*

Bishop Littlejohn gives a very gratifying description of the laymen who take part in the General Convention of the Church in the United States. He says:—

> From the very start the laymen chosen by the diocesan conventions to represent them in that body have been in every sense the flower of their order. Taken as a whole, and in respect of trained intelligence, disciplined familiarity with the genius and wants of the Church, and with the forms and methods of legislation, loyalty to constitutional obligations, reverence for venerable ecclesiastical traditions relating to the Catholic faith, as well as to questions of public worship, enlightened and earnest devotion to the best interests of their constituencies,—in all these respects it is certain that no better men could have been found in the nation.†

The omission of learning from this list of qualifications will be

* *National Review*, vol. vii. p. 211. † *Ibid.*, vol. viii pp. 195–196.

noticed, and it will be well to refer to words we shall presently quote from the same Bishop concerning American lay Churchmen.

The Bishop of Sydney thus speaks of the laity in the Australian Synod:—

I fear that I trace in ecclesiastical, as in civil politics, a certain reluctance on the part of many men of higher education and standing to come forward and take their right place in public deliberation and public work. Especially in the rural parishes, representation passes frequently into the hands of men who, though shrewd enough and laudably earnest in work for the Church, are not well qualified for dealing with large questions.*

Having quoted the description given by supporters of lay representation in their respective Synods, let us next look at their results—at the work which they have accomplished, and their manner of doing it, for which their advocates demand our approval and the extension of a like system to England.

The Archdeacon of Cloyne tells us that the first work of the Irish Synod was to revise the Prayer Book, and addressing English objectors, he writes, "But, after all, says my English brother, you mutilated the Prayer Book. Well, if we did, the bishops and clergy are the first to be placed in the dock."† This may be, but, if the deed was done, it shows that the mixture of clergy and laity lacks that special mark of the Divine Presence presiding over its deliberations, which we have seen to be claimed for it by all its advocates. Moreover, the presence and influence of the laity must have had a great effect upon the weak-kneed amongst the bishops and clergy; and though they are not to be excused on that account, yet it may have been that in the absence of the laity much that was done would not have been done; and if the reports of the debates and proceedings of the Irish Synod which appeared in the newspapers at the time are to be trusted, they were certainly not such as to encourage either members of the Church or those not of her communion to repose with confidence on the decisions arrived at, or to regard them as expressions of the mind of the Spirit. The Archdeacon mentions four changes in the Prayer Book, which alone he regards as important. I could considerably extend the list. One of these, the relegation of the Athanasian Creed to the Appendix, in company with the Thirty-nine Articles, and its disuse in the public services of the Church, he seeks to justify thus: "The third (*i.e.* the action with regard to this Creed), or something like it, had a few years ago, if I remember aright, the approval of a majority of the English bishops, and of the Lower House of the Southern Convocation, and would have been recommended by them but for the opposition of two men of great influence in the Church."‡ In this the Archdeacon is altogether mistaken. No such proposal was

* *National Review*, vol. viii. p. 454. † *Ibid.*, vol. vii. p. 212.
‡ *Ibid.*, vol. vii. p. 212

ever made in the Southern Convocation, much less accepted by it. It was suggested that a note should be appended to the Creed, stating the sense in which the damnatory clauses were interpreted by the Church, and to this the strongest advocates for the retention of the Creed had no objection; but beyond this the Southern Convocation never dreamed of moving. After this work of revision of the Prayer Book, the Archdeacon adds: "If I be now asked, What has been the result, upon the whole, of the admission of the laity to a share in the government of the Church? I answer, without hesitation, a large increase of Church life and Church work, improved churches, improved services, new organizations for Church purposes, boards of education, associations of Church workers; all testifying to the fact that the loss of the Church's silver and gold has not deprived her of, but has given her a larger share in, those better things which are the gift of the Divine Spirit."* It must be remembered that it is not yet twenty years since the Irish Church was disestablished, and her members would have been dead indeed if, after such a convulsion, they had not been aroused to make every exertion in their power to save her from utter collapse. But whether the Irish Church has so far outshone her English sister in the points just named, and in her influence upon those around her, as to persuade the English Church to abandon her own traditions for those of the Church in Ireland, I must leave to the judgment of my readers.

Bishop Littlejohn, in a note to his article, thus illustrates the results of the working of the two systems in the United States. He is speaking with relation to giving mission to the clergy which has been practically found in the United States to follow naturally upon the government of the Church by a mixed body of clergy and laity:—

> The first two religious bodies to acquire a foothold in America were the Church of England, as in Virginia, and the Congregationalists, or Independents, in New England. Side by side, these two bodies have existed now for more than two hundred and fifty years. According to the census of 1880, the Congregational body is seventh on the list, in size and number, among the religious denominations in the United States. The Protestant Episcopal is the eighth. The former has 3,587 ministers, 383,685 members; the latter 3,242 clergy, 323,876 members, *i.e.* enrolled communicants. The parallelism in these figures is as striking as the similarity of methods in the relations of ministers and congregations. In both bodies the clergy are *called*, and not sent. On the other hand, a little more than one hundred years ago, two other religious bodies began to take shape in our land, the Roman Catholic and the Methodist, beginning, in fact, more than one hundred and fifty years after those mentioned above. The same census shows the Romanists to have 6,012 priests, and a claim of 6,174,202 adherents; the Methodists, North and South, without including the minor divisions of the sect, number together 12,584 ministers and 2,508,792 members, placing them, in point of numbers, at the head of the Protestant bodies in the land; another striking parallelism in its way. Many causes may be adduced as tending to bring about these results, specially among the

* *National Review*, pp. 212–213.

Roman Catholics (at least two-thirds, if not more, of whom have been gained by immigration from the old world and from Canada); but none studying the circumstances can mistake the fact that in these bodies the clergy are *sent* and not *called*; they are under marching orders, every one of them. The motive power is from *behind* and from *above*, not from below and from the *front*. Among the Roman Catholics all priests in good standing have a canonical claim upon their bishop for "mission," and, therefore, for adequate support; substantially the same holds good of the Methodist system.*

It is well to note that the system of lay representation in Synod has existed for more than a century in the Church in the United States; in Australia it is of recent growth; whilst in Ireland it is still in its early youth. We have, therefore, in the one case, the natural outcome of the system which has had full time to reach maturity, whilst in the other countries the results have yet to be worked out. Two other things that Bishop Littlejohn writes are worthy of note. The one is:—

It is a fact well known here that the number is constantly increasing of those who, though they agree with him in little else, agree with Dr. Pusey in his opinion—an opinion which, at the time it was uttered, excited among us an almost universal and indignant dissent—"that the American Church had seriously erred in committing to her laity so large a measure of power." I do not mean that, at this time, more than a respectable minority hold this view. The significant fact, however, is, that this minority steadily grows, and that it is beginning to assert itself with boldness and energy.†

Another of his remarks is:—

That there is no union of Church and State in this land is a vain imagination. We have it in its most vicious form: first, because the parties to this union are placed on a very unequal footing—the power being all on one side and the weakness all on the other; and next, because this one-sided power is undefined—unrestricted save by a prohibition against State interference with the Church, except when such interference is asked for by the Church, or the interests of the State, as adjudged by the State, require it. Civil obedience means far more to the average layman than ecclesiastical obedience, and, if any conflict be developed between the two, it is the habit of his mind—an instinct sharpened by long training—to regard the State, not the Church, as his real sovereign and supreme governor, and this, too, in things neither distinctively religious nor distinctively secular, but hovering on the border-line between them. Generally speaking, in all spiritual matters involving any reference to, or dependence on, the secular authority, it is the ordinary outcome of the American spirit to make even good Christian men Erastians without their knowing it.‡

The benefits which Bishop Barry attributes to the "working of lay representation" are rather such as he would naturally, from his point of view, expect to find, than such as a lengthened experience would alone justify him in claiming, as he has been but a short time in Sydney. They are:—

(1) We find here, in the very consciousness of the possession of constitutional rights and privileges, an important safeguard against the temptation to use or abuse the arbitrary power of local pressure on the clergy by force of money or popular prejudice, which is the great bane of the voluntary system. (2) The very presence of lay representatives in Synods tends to raise them above the tendency to a virtual parochialism or congregationalism, which is another evil, natural enough under the circumstances of the life and extension of the Church here, but yet a very serious drawback to her unity and vitalit

* *National Review*, vol. viii. p. 206 (*note*). † *Ibid.*, vol. viii. p. 189.
‡ *Ibid*, p. 201.

(3) Even more direct is the advantage of bringing the lay mind, properly so called, to bear on ecclesiastical thought and polity. (4) But, after all, the greatest advantage of lay representation is the sense which it diffuses of lay power and lay responsibility in the Church. To see the church well filled, and the parish prosperous, is the one idea of the churchwarden, the trustee, and the vestryman. It is mainly through the Synod that a larger and deeper idea of lay responsibility is brought home.*

The Archdeacon of Cloyne and the Bishop of Sydney appear to regard the education of its lay members as the most important function to be discharged by a Synod. I had thought that its special duty was to speak with authority in the name of the Church, so as to determine controversies, and to preserve the Church "in the unity of the Spirit and in the bond of peace." A little incidental light is thrown on this subject by the paper of the Archdeacon of Cloyne,† and to this I would call attention. A natural outcome of the principle is the appointment of a mixed body of clergy and laity to fill up the vacant benefices in Ireland: some of the members are nominated by the diocese, others by the parish. Concerning their action, the Archdeacon writes:—

There is no doubt that parochial nominators too often assume that their wishes must be paramount, and that anyone whom they select, however young and inexperienced, ought to be elected; and it cannot be denied that they sometimes talk too vehemently of what they will do, or will not do, if they do not obtain the man of their choice; but the cases in which threats of this kind have been carried out have, I believe, been very few.‡

The natural interpretation of this is that what they threaten "they will do" is that they will leave the Church, or, at all events, the church in their own parish, if they are thwarted in what they advocate; and "what they will not do" is that their subscription for the maintenance of the clergyman will not be continued if the man of their choice is not appointed; and the Archdeacon's words imply that this threat is sometimes, but happily not often, put into execution. This certainly does not countenance the idea that lay representation inculcates such a sense of the Divine origin of the Church, as to make it a sin to cause a schism or to depart from her communion.

The Archdeacon of Cloyne and the Bishop of Sydney are so enamoured of the principle of lay representation, that they appeal with affectionate earnestness to English Churchmen to follow their example. The former writes:—

The Church of Ireland has learned by experience the truth of these conclusions. Is the Church of England willing to profit by her experience? That there are difficulties in the way of her doing so I am well aware; but these difficulties will not be increased, but must be materially lessened, by a declaration on the part of the clergy of their willingness to admit the laity to the Synods of the Church, and give them, with themselves, an equal share in its government. When that has been done, Churchmen may fairly ask to be delivered from the dominion of Parliament, and saved from what has become almost worse than its tyranny—its neglect.§

* *National Review*, p. 451.
† *Ibid.*, vol. viii. p. 452.
‡ *Ibid.*, p. 453.
§ *Ibid.*, vol. vii. p. 213.

The latter says:—

Such experience, therefore, as I have gained entirely confirms my strong conviction of the necessity of obtaining or evolving a true representative system in the Church at home. Diocesan Conferences and Congresses, and the like, are excellent as fields for discussion and schools of preparation for more definite action; but they cannot fill the place of Church Synods or Assemblies of real power and responsibility. Till, in some way, the problem of obtaining these is solved in England, the Church will not have full vitality of self-government, and that right harmony of legislative, judicial, and executive functions which is essential to its complete organization.*

Is, then, the Church in England so inferior in spiritual life, and in those marks by which such life is evidenced, to the Church in Ireland, and Australia, and the United States, that when we gaze upon the two pictures we must sorrowfully own our painful inferiority, and seek at any cost to assimilate ourselves to our superior sisters? The argument by which we are to be convinced is not the superiority of the abstract principle, for that is not really dealt with in any of these papers, and with it I have not attempted to meddle, but with the fruits which flow from the application of the principle. In all the countries named there are multitudes outside the Church, whom Churchmen would no doubt thankfully draw within her borders: are they so attracted by the delegation of the Church's authority to clergy and laity alike, as to show that there is a power in a democratic Church which is not to be found in one governed upon the principle which history shows to have prevailed in the Catholic Church from the earliest days, of which we have a full record? In Ireland, *e.g.*, are Presbyterians, or Protestant Nonconformists, or Roman Catholics seeking to be received into the communion of the Church, convinced by the signs of the Divine Presence manifested in the love, and unity, and absence of party spirit, and single-hearted devotion to truth exhibited in the meetings of its Synods? In Australia, is the Church rapidly absorbing the sects, and bringing all the religious men in the Province into the acceptance of the truths she proclaims? I do not say that I should be convinced by such evidence of the attractions of the system on which they are conducted; but I do say that I should regard such an argument as far more weighty than any adduced in the articles which I have been examining. And as the writers of these articles appeal to experience to persuade us to follow their example, we have a right to expect a unanimous answer in the affirmative before their appeal can carry any practical weight with it.

But there is an argument which may be urged against the view for which I am contending with which I must deal. It may be said, Has not the Church of England virtually conceded the principle by establishing a House of Laymen? To this I unhesi-

* *National Review*, vol. viii. p. 449.

tatingly answer, No. The House of Laymen is no part of the Convocation of Canterbury. It was assented to on far different grounds, and with the most strongly-expressed determination to oppose its formation if any such proposal was advanced. There are many questions connected with the administration of Church affairs on which it is especially desirable to have the views of Church laymen at the present day. Such are all matters of finance, and all that relates to the ordering of the external affairs of the Church, the division of parishes or of dioceses, education, and such like, and in the solution of such questions the laity have a right to speak. Moreover, when appeal has to be made to Parliament for legislative sanction to any ordinance for which the Church desires such confirmation, or which it is necessary to obtain on account of existing enactments, it is also desirable to consult representative Church laymen concerning what is proposed before applying to a tribunal which consists only partially of Churchmen, and which, for a variety of reasons, has not shown itself eager to co-operate in legislation touching the internal affairs of the Church. The Resolutions adopted by Convocation clearly express these objects as those which it desired to promote by creating a House of Laymen, as is shown by the following words agreed to by the Southern Convocation, and which embody the principle to which consent was given to calling it into existence:—

That it is desirable that a House of Laymen, being communicants of the Church of England, be formed for the Province of Canterbury, to confer with the members of Convocation.

That the subjects on which the House of Laymen may be consulted shall be all subjects which ordinarily occupy the attention of Convocation, saving only those which shall be judged especially to touch the definition or interpretation of the faith and doctrine of the Church.

The Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury was resolved in no way to alter its own constitution; its origin dates from an antiquity so great that we have no satisfactory record of it; to have added a House of Laymen as part of its own body would have been a revolution, not a reform; it would have destroyed the old Convocation, and created a new one. To guard against the possibility of its being supposed to have done this, it insisted upon the words which describe consultation with the House of Laymen being to confer with "members of Convocation," and not "to meeting in conference the members of the Upper and Lower House of Convocation." And, to emphasize as strongly as possible its view of the case, it added the following resolution:—

Provided that nothing in this scheme shall be held to impair the right of this sacred Synod to pronounce finally for the Province on all questions of faith and doctrine, according to the ancient usage of this Church and Realm.

There is no one who is acquainted with the action of legislative bodies, and particularly of such bodies when their members are not united by the strong ties of party obligation or the fear of constituents, who will not recognize the vast difference between what has been accepted by the Convocation of Canterbury and what is being done in Ireland, the United States, and Australia. I believe that the action of the Church in England is in accordance with what has been the Church's rule from the beginning, that it provides the best security for the preservation of the faith pure and undefiled, and, consequently, that it will secure in a great degree the confidence and obedience of its members. The test of the authority of the Church is the extent to which its members regard it as the depository of the gifts and graces which its Divine Head promised to leave with His Church to the end of time. It is difficult to imagine that what was essential to its constitution and to its being regarded as the Body of Christ was not discovered until very recent days, or, if discovered, fell into complete oblivion for more than a thousand years. Circumstances, arising from political or other causes, may seem to have compelled changes of organization in some portions of the Church, and the good Spirit of our God may have rested upon them, notwithstanding such changes, and in this I heartily rejoice; but that is no reason for our preferring the new to the old, or abandoning any of the principles on which we have hitherto acted. For, notwithstanding any deficiencies or shortcomings with which the Church of England may be justly charged, I can confidently say that I believe it is the purest Church upon earth, and I trust that it will not be misled into any new-fangled schemes of so-called reform or revolution, on the right hand or the left. And, certainly, it is difficult to find anything in the progress, or advance, or spiritual life, of the Church in the United States, or Australia, or Ireland, that can be a temptation to us to leave the old paths.

ROBERT GREGORY.

POLITICS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

"We the Grand Jury of the County of Kerry desire to call attention to the continued disturbance of the peace and order, as shown in the numerous cases of crime and malicious injury that have come before us at the present assizes, and described by Mr. Justice O'Brien, in his charge to our body, as indicating a state of things of an unprecedented description, nothing short, in fact, of a state of open war with all forms of authority, and even, I may say without exaggeration, with the necessary institutions, a tempest of violence and crime sweeping over a considerable portion of this country. We desire to impress upon the Government the urgent necessity for the immediate re-establishment of order, either by the firm administration of the existing law where it is applicable, or by such change in the law as may be necessary to adapt it to the new features of lawlessness instituted and developed by the present agitation, and we record our opinion that if this action is any longer delayed the consequences will be fraught with public disaster of a most serious character."

This address of an important and representative body—supplemented as it is by the charge of Mr. Justice Johnson to the Grand Jury of the County of Cork, and illustrated by such incidents as the murder of Byers the caretaker, and Murphy the bailiff; by the breaking of the memorial windows in the church of Athea; by the cutting off the hair of young women seen speaking to policemen; by numerous instances in which tenants' houses have been set on fire and their cattle mutilated as the penalty for the payment of their rent; and by the resistance of mobs and even public officials to the police when in discharge of their legal duties—throws a sufficiently vivid light on the condition of Ireland during the past month. Englishmen generally have been thoroughly perplexed to understand why the Government should have permitted such a state of things to continue, apparently without any attempt to vindicate the authority of the law. For while all these horrors have been rampant the Ministry have, as far as plain men can see, done little more than introduce and carry the first of a series of Rules for the future conduct of affairs in the House of Commons. Without going so far as to assert with the poet that "Whate'er is best administered is best," most of us are at least of opinion that that "form of government" cannot be

good in which administration is lost in anarchy. And that is no false description of the government of Ireland by the Constitutional advisers of the Queen at the present moment.

In spite of which, it would be in the highest degree unjust to charge this sad spectacle of impotence mainly on the timidity or incapacity of the existing Government. Lord Salisbury, in his speech at the National Conservative Club on the 5th instant, at once showed that he understood the feeling that is abroad, and indicated the true source of the difficulties with which the country has to contend. "What has broken down," he said, "is trial by jury in Ireland. The whole machine works well except one essential wheel. That wheel refuses to move, and before society can be restored to its healthy condition, that wheel must be either refitted or dispensed with. . . . But then you will say, here is a case for alteration; why is the alteration not made? My noble and right honourable friends have called your attention to the disgraceful scenes that are enacted every night in the neighbourhood of Westminster Hall. You know that the machinery for legislation is impeded by an obstacle which our fathers knew not, and which, if it had existed earlier, assuredly Parliamentary Government would never have acquired the reputation it has obtained in the world. If it were a mere question of impeding legislation, we could bear it —we have borne it—with patience perhaps. The necessity for legislation in this country is variously estimated by various persons—some people think a great deal of legislation is wanted, some people think there is too much. But do not imagine this a question of legislation. The Executive Government, the essential powers of the authority by which society is kept together, these are placed in danger by the present state of things that exists in the House of Commons, and until that ancient and powerful body has accommodated the precautions that surround its proceedings to the new dangers by which it is threatened, it will be impossible to restore the efficiency of the other parts of the social machine which in Ireland have been arrested, it will be impossible to restore the reign of law, or give back that confidence without which industry cannot work." This terse and weighty sentence sums up the whole situation. Owing to a long chain of historic events, the Executive in England has become, if not merged in the Legislature, at least completely dependent upon it. In other words, the House of Commons has monopolized all the powers of the State, yet, by some strange irony, the very same set of causes which has produced its supremacy has afflicted it with paralysis. It is now busily engaged in considering by what moral galvanism it can recover its lost vitality; and after more than a month's debate, it has formulated an important rule for putting a stop to discussion.

We have no hesitation in saying that what has occupied the minds of reflecting men during the past month, even more than the condition of Ireland, has been the deeper question whether the causes of the existing anarchy do not lie in Party Government itself, and, if so, whether they can be removed.

For an answer to this question members of the existing Parliamentary majority will point triumphantly to the passing of the Closure Rule. We trust they will be justified in their optimism. If we are not altogether inclined to be equally sanguine in our expectations it is not because we are of the pessimists who, as Lord Salisbury so well puts it, "are smitten with the terror of an inevitable fate." But those who have watched, not only the deplorable exhibition of the last few weeks in the House of Common, but its gradual decline in temper, discipline, and breeding for the last twenty years, who can compare its manners under Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell with its manners at the present day, may be excused if they fail to entertain a sanguine hope that its youth will be restored in any Medea's caldron of mechanical Rules.* Parliament, now that it represents mere Numbers, is not likely to prove the same efficient instrument of Government as Parliament when it was the representative of Birth or even of Wealth. If the House of Commons is to be practically the sole ruler of the British Empire, the Executive which it nominates must be the representatives of a solid and patriotic Majority in the House itself. So long as the franchise was limited, and opinion in the nation at large was so far divided on important questions as to allow the old historical Parties to preserve their discipline under popular aristocratic leaders, such a majority was generally forthcoming. But with the extension of the franchise, the consequent progress of democratic feeling, and the gradual disappearance of the old aristocratic traditions of Party Government, there has been a constant tendency for parties to split into sub-sections, so that, as in France, it has become more and more difficult to keep together a majority in support of any Ministry. A keen appreciation of this truth, or at least of one side of it, has been shown by one of the prominent speakers in the past month.

Mr. Chamberlain undoubtedly occupies an anomalous position in the political world. He was the first to introduce into England the machinery of the Caucus, by which it was hoped that all the forces of democracy might be turned into a single channel to work the wheels of the Liberal Party. The great mission of that Party, in Mr. Chamberlain's opinion, was to complete the overthrow of

* Since these words were written they have received a striking illustration from the all-night sitting of the House of Commons on March 21st–22nd.

the landed aristocracy, to disestablish the Church, and, perhaps, eventually to prepare the way for a Republic. In pursuit of these ends, he did not hesitate before the General Election of 1885 to uplift the Radical banner, greatly to the dismay of Mr. Gladstone and the Whigs, and to enlist the sympathies of the newly-enfranchised electors on behalf of a Revolutionary programme. It was undoubtedly his promises, joined to the working of the machinery then at the disposal of the united Party, that obtained for the Liberals their great victory in the counties in 1885. But with all his uncompromising Radicalism, Mr. Chamberlain has not ceased to cherish a patriotic ideal. The political end he has in view is an Imperial Democracy; hence he offered his sturdy resistance to Mr. Gladstone's separatist schemes, and can never abate his hostility to any proposals that threaten the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament. Nevertheless, he now finds himself hoist with his own petard. The wire-pullers of the Liberal Party understand very well that without Mr. Gladstone's personality to give it a soul, all their electoral machinery will count for little with the democracy. Seeing this, Mr. Chamberlain's myrmidons have forsaken him, and have, with touching devotion, followed the lead of the "old Parliamentary hand," who is himself the obedient servant of Mr. Parnell. What is Mr. Chamberlain to do under the circumstances? With his usual plainness of speech he has explained the position to the Executive Committee of the National Radical Union in Birmingham. He has longed, he says, for reconciliation with his old friends: the protracted conferences of the Round Table attest his sincerity; but he has named his conditions, and since these prove unacceptable, he "cannot see his way usefully to take any further steps in the matter."

For all this it is plain that alliance with the Tories is irksome to him, and that he means to fight for his own hand. "Party feeling in this country," he maintains, "is the strongest public sentiment with which we have to do"—words which, however they may reflect on the spirit of the nation at large, are quite intelligible in the mouth of the importer of the Caucus into England. Radicals, says he, will not vote for Tories; therefore, let Radicals who are against Home Rule associate for their own purposes. "We shall have to follow the example which has been set us already in almost every other Constitutional country. In France, in Italy, in Spain, in Germany, and to a certain extent in America, though less here than elsewhere, it has been found impossible to arrange political parties in two great divisions, and various groups of opinion have been formed, all able, consistently and thoroughly, to support their particular opinions; and I am convinced it will be our duty, our 'plan of campaign,' to organize,

to secure that the Liberal Unionist Group as an organization is complete, and has representation as complete as any other section of the Liberal Party." Mr. Chamberlain has been much blamed for the enunciation of this policy. We cannot join in the censure. What he proposes we regard as the natural product of the political conditions of our time, and, as we have always protested against the hypocrisies and imbecilities that have been the result of keeping up the appearance of the old forms of Party Government where the realities have ceased to exist, we should be the last to denounce any constitutional action on the part of any statesman for giving effect to his honest convictions. But let not Mr. Chamberlain deceive himself. He must not suppose that the change which he advocates can be effected, and the House of Commons still remain what it has long been, the sole ruling power of the Empire. He cannot really think that our case is on all fours with those of the other "Constitutional" Governments he has mentioned. In Germany the imperial power of the Reichstag is nothing compared with that of the Emperor and the Federal Council. In France the pernicious manœuvres of the different Parliamentary groups would speedily render all government impossible, if, in that highly-centralized State, affairs were not really conducted under veiled forms of despotism inherited from the Bourbons and the Buonapartes. In Italy the part played by the sovereign is immeasurably greater than what is now performed by an English monarch. The conduct of affairs in America is facilitated by complete separation between the Legislature and the Executive. If Mr. Chamberlain means to insist that we may safely follow the example of these states, in copying their Parliamentary anarchy—such striking illustrations of which have been presented in the present French Assembly, and the last German Reichstag—without adopting any of their constitutional safeguards, he will not, we imagine, find many educated Englishmen to agree with him. The British Empire cannot afford the luxury of weak Governments.

These things, however, are "on the knees of the gods." What we have immediately to see is the kind of reception that the House of Commons will give to the Bill for Amending the Criminal Procedure in Ireland, which the Government are about to introduce. This Bill, the necessary answer to such prayers as that of the Grand Jury of Kerry, will doubtless be severe in its enactments, but not more so than the circumstances imperatively demand—circumstances, that is to say, in which juries altogether decline to do justice, priests refuse to give evidence in the courts of law, and Archbishops abet priests in their contumacy. Unless the English race has altogether lost the stamina that distinguished

it when, in the midst of a tremendous conflict with foreign enemies, it put down the Irish Rebellion of 1798, it will insist that this state of anarchy shall be suppressed. Nevertheless, we cannot close our eyes to the vast Parliamentary difficulties the Bill will have to encounter. For the first time in the history of England the regular Opposition, which calls itself *Her Majesty's*, has formed an alliance with traitors and abettors of murder, and the result of alliance is seen in Mr. Morley's Amendment, which is framed to prevent the Government from arming itself with the powers required for the restoration of law and order. We trust that the Ministry, on their side, will move towards their end without flinching or compromise. The nation looks to them, in the first place, to do their duty with courage. If they should find themselves unable to make head against the brute forces of Parliamentary faction, it will then turn its eyes to other parts of the Constitution, and will expect the Sovereign, placed as she is high above the blinding strife of parties, to use her powers by calling in as her Minister the man whom the situation demands, to strengthen himself with the most able colleagues he can find, independently of party, and to appeal to the people through a Dissolution to return a solid majority pledged simply to support Her Majesty's Administration.

Meantime, it is pleasant to turn one's eyes from the miserable spectacle presented by the Lower House, and to watch one part of our Constitutional machinery still doing its business in the capable workman-like manner for which it has long been distinguished. The House of Lords has been fortunate this year in being allowed to get to work while the Commons are squabbling over words and syllables, and it has already turned out a highly-satisfactory measure in the Church Patronage Bill. This Bill gives effect to the general feeling that property in the Church is not to be regarded as mere material for vulgar traffic, but is of the nature of a trust; on the other hand, it has been purged in its passage through the Lords of the pernicious clause which disfigured it, when first introduced, by providing that the control over the presentation of livings should be exercised by *elected* councils. Other valuable measures are soon to be introduced in the Upper House. Whatever useful legislation is effected during the present session is likely to be initiated by the Lords.

In February public attention was concentrated almost exclusively on the situation of international affairs on the Continent, and for the moment domestic considerations, including even the condition of Ireland, seemed to have retired into the background. This month matters are exactly reversed. Lord Salisbury has told

us that the prospect of peace being maintained looks far brighter than was the case a few months ago. This authoritative announcement, combined with the pressure of home troubles, has withdrawn the attention of the public, always incapable of interesting itself deeply in two things at once, from speculations on the probable approach of war. Yet, to the statesman, there can be little diminution at present in the causes of anxiety. True, the German Reichstag has voted with something like unanimity the Septennate Bill which Prince Bismarck told the preceding Parliament was an indispensable condition for the preservation of peace, and which that Assembly nevertheless obstinately rejected. True, M. de Lesseps has made a semi-political journey to Berlin, has had an interview with the Emperor, and has spoken of France as "the natural friend of Germany." True—and this is far more important—a defensive alliance has been formed between Germany, Austria, and Italy, to which the support, though not the formal adherence of England will, of course, be given. Nevertheless, when all these things are taken into account, the danger of war can never be removed, but must always rather be imminent, so long as the armaments of the nations are constantly increasing. It is not so many years ago that we used to hear about the *exploded* doctrine of the Balance of Power. But now it is obvious that peace is preserved only by the equality of vast forces among rival nations swayed by antagonistic interests. Yet so nicely adjusted is the equilibrium, that, figuratively speaking, it may be overthrown by the turn of a hair. An uncontrollable impulse in the mind of a Sovereign, strongly tinged with the hereditary madness of his race, may at any moment plunge Europe into a general conflict. So long, therefore, as there are agencies in the heart of Russia violently agitating the passions of the Czar, the imagination must always remain haunted by the expectation that the wave of the great Slavonic invasion will break and roll southwards; and the detection of the recent Nihilist plot, on the eve of the departure of the Imperial family to Gatschina, may well be an incident destined to incline the calculations of an Absolute Monarch to the side of war. The situation in Bulgaria, in which quarter, if anywhere, the war must break out, remains as ambiguous as ever. The sagacious conduct of the Regency, the skill with which they have avoided any compromising step, and the promptitude with which they have suppressed the military revolt in Silistria, stongly enlist the sympathies of the greater part of Europe in behalf of a young nation steadily asserting its independence. But the tension of the situation is shown by the fact that in France, whose traditions seem to make her the special champion of the rights of nationalities, the independence shown by the Bulgarians is viewed

with strong disfavour. France, in fact, keeps her eye fixed on Russia, and, since none of the other Powers venture to pronounce in favour of the unfortunate little Principality, its Government remains much in the situation of a mouse, allowed to play for a while in the midst of a circle of cats, one of which has cut off its retreat from its hole.

Under these circumstances one event alone could weigh the balance decisively on the side of peace, and that event is, we fear, very unlikely to happen. It is that England should throw her whole power and influence on the side of Germany, Austria, and Italy, to bring about, in conjunction with Turkey a European arrangement by which Bulgaria should acquire a practical independence with the goodwill of the Porte. Two considerations stand in the way of such a scheme: the first, that no English Government, with many home troubles on its hands, is likely to venture on so decided a policy; the second, and more respectable as far as we are concerned, that if we tie our hands by definite engagements in Europe, Russia, relinquishing for the moment her designs on Bulgaria, may attempt to overwhelm us in the East, where she knows that we must act alone. This is, perhaps, a good reason for not committing ourselves to a policy which must be chiefly determined by the will of others; but it is far from being a good excuse for reposing inactively on "historic memories," out of a dislike for the disagreeable obligations imposed by increased taxation or personal service. The parallel between the respective characters of ourselves and the Russians in the present, and of the Athenians and Philip of Macedon in the old world, is in many respects curiously exact. "I do not wonder," says Demosthenes in the first Olynthiac, "that Philip always in the field, always in movement, doing everything for himself, never letting slip an opportunity, prevails over you who merely talk, inquire, and vote, without action. Nay, the contrary would be wonderful, if under such circumstances he had not been the conqueror. But what I do wonder at is that you Athenians, who in former days contended for the freedom of Greece against the Lacedæmonians, who scorning unjust aggrandizement for yourselves fought in person and lavished your substance to protect the rights of other Greeks, that you now shrink from personal service and payment of money for the defence of your own possessions." For a comment on this text we refer our readers to our first article, and the words of one who is entitled to speak to his countrymen with high authority on the subject he discusses.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[N.B.—The appearance of a letter in the *National Review* in no way implies approval of the opinions expressed by the writer. This portion of the *Review* is reserved for remarks that Correspondents may desire to make upon papers which have been published in the *National Review*, or for letters upon such other subjects as the Editors may think deserving of discussion.]

Lord Randolph Churchill appeals unto Cæsar.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

In the able article which Mr. Beckett has this month contributed to your pages, he promises on some future occasion—should you give him permission—to explain the principles of Tory Democracy, and to demonstrate how they are built upon, and arise out of, the political system established, renewed, or extended by Lord Bolingbroke, Mr. Pitt, Lord Beaconsfield, and Lord Randolph Churchill. I sincerely hope this opportunity may soon be afforded him. Until now the principles of Tory Democracy have never been fully stated. We know, of course, that they seek to widen the basis of the Constitution, and to rely for its maintenance on the patriotism of a free, a loyal, and an enlightened people, and so forth. But this sort of thing, although admirably adapted for the platform, is hardly a sufficient foundation for the exposition of a political creed. If we are to judge them by their fruits, the immediate results of the doctrines of Tory Democracy seem to be the triumph of Mr. Gladstone in enacting, with the assent of the Conservative Party, a measure of Reform but for which—if Sir George Trevelyan is to be believed—the Liberal Party would have been out of office for fifty years, and a Government in a hopeless minority retaining office by the uncertain favour of its traditional opponents, and (according to Mr. Beckett) with counsels far more seriously divided than the late Chancellor of the Exchequer's statement would lead us to suppose. Nevertheless, if its principles are those of truth and justice, if, after all the struggles of the past a political philosophy has at length been discovered better fitted than any of its predecessors to secure the highest religious, national, and social welfare of the community, it would be culpable to condemn it because its immediate effects appear questionable. By all means let the system be fully enunciated and dispassionately considered.

I trust, however, that at the outset we may be allowed to make two demands.

First, let us have a clear idea of the meaning attached to the word "principles." Does it mean doctrines calculated to secure the common weal, or those adapted to give place and power to its professors? I am induced to put this question by the following passage in the concluding portion of Mr. Beckett's article. "If the Government pursue a policy of prescription, then should we see repeated on the same scale, and with the same result, the quarrel between Burke and Fox, the old and new Whigs. Burke remained a voice crying in the wilderness, while Fox became the founder of the present Liberal Party."

Yes! but the principles contended for by Burke at that juncture rolled back the tide of revolution in Europe, and raised this country to a pitch of greatness and prosperity it had never before attained. The Liberal Party have weakened its prestige, and diminished its power, and have changed a constitution, the admiration of political philosophers from Voltaire to Guizot into an almost unlimited democracy largely and increasingly imbued with socialistic and communistic tendencies.

Secondly, I trust that in tracing the pedigree of Tory Democracy to Pitt and Bolingbroke the authorities for the descent may be also quoted. Unsupported statements and general references to great names will not establish it. Mr. Baumann in urging the *alteram partem* on this question seems to have laid himself open to this charge. It would have been interesting if he had told us what were the assaults upon the Constitution which Bolingbroke's ideas of a patriot king impelled George the Third to make. To call the younger Pitt "a Whig, pure and simple," at any period of his official life, and to place the reform proposed by him in the same category with that of Lord Grey, Lord Beaconsfield, or Mr. Gladstone, is, I submit, nothing less than to misinterpret altogether the history of the period, and to miss some of its most instructive lessons.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your obedient Servant,

25, Grosvenor Square, W.
10th March, 1887.

PERCY.

Mr. Gladstone's Claim as an Authority on Local Administration.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,

Mr. Gladstone, in his article in the *Nineteenth Century* for January 1887, says he will "try to render—rudely, and slightly though it be—some account of the deeds and of the movements of this last half-century.'

Now "rudely, and slightly though it be," it will be found that the absolute generalizations which he gives as coming from him, a special financial Minister, from whom some exact knowledge of the larger outlets of public expenditure is to be expected, display remarkable deficiencies, which it is important to correct. Thus, he states that during the last half-century, "the lamentable and demoralizing abuses of the Poor Law have been swept away." He might more correctly have used as a qualifying phrase that its abuses had been too sparingly reduced. Had he been fairly conversant with the subject, he would have been aware that from the perversion of settled principle little more than one-half the abuses displayed—as now denoted—have been swept away. This is shown by the superior local administration of relief to the destitute, which once prevailed in Ireland, of 2s. 9d. per head of the population for a better and a really more humane local administration, as against 6s. 11d. per head of the population in England. Yet he is reported to have held forth that Ireland, which has also a superior administration of the roads as well as of other branches to which it were desirable to advance the local administration of England —save, some eight millions of money in horses and road transit—has positively no local administration whatsoever, and requires it to be instituted by those whose ignorance has impaired and depressed what it has already got.

Mr. Gladstone might have noted, as an advance of the last half-century, the change that has been made from unpaid to paid local service. Thus, it was to be observed that, notwithstanding all notice, all the large defaults resulting from continued administration, by a new set of nearly eighteen thousand paid officers, including more than three thousand new medical and health officers, as yet imperfectly organized, nevertheless effects an economy of more than one-third, or upwards of three millions per annum, less than the former rate of the demoralizing expenditure of the unpaid parish overseers. He might, if he had been aware of it, have presented another example of the progress which has marked the present half-century in the change made from unpaid local services—that it was distinctly made out in respect to the paid police of two counties that the expenses of the new force were below the former expenses of the unpaid parish constables; that, in fact, the public had gained all the increase of force, and of security for life and property gratis, in the shape, that is, of an entire army, constituted on the principles of administration in the report of the Constabulary Force Commissioners. It will be found that further large economies of expenditure and improvement in the quality of local administration may be made; but that they can only be made on system, by further expenditure on paid responsible and highly-qualified service, as demonstrated in the inquiry under the Poor Law

Commission of 1833 and 1834, to which the Chambers of Agriculture and Boards of Guardians petitioned for a return.

Mr. Gladstone states as one event of the half-century that "the entire people have *good* schools placed within the reach of their children." Bad schools, he might have said—better than none. If he had a competent knowledge of that subject, he would be aware that it has long been shown that the so-called *good* education is one in violation of the laws of physiology as well as the laws of psychology, and that, too, at an expense of £2 5s. per head instead of £1 10s., for the superior physical and mental education, besides important earnings by the children, and that the teachers, moreover, declare that, if they were left to their own devices, they would save two years of school life to every child; that is to say, that upwards of four millions of children brought into the schools are subjected to eight millions of years of worry and of misused time, and the ratepayers two years of wasted rates, of which the Finance Minister knows nothing, by a falsely-constructed system of education, instead of that which is demanded in these times by the president of the great School Teachers' Association.

Mr. W. J. Pope, President of the Metropolitan Board Teachers' Association, at a crowded meeting of that body held the other day said: "I contend that not one-half of the real educational work is being done that might be done. I contend that, as one of your former presidents said, we ought not to be engaged for 75 per cent. of our time in urging on, worrying, and overpressing 10 per cent. of our scholars. I contend that teachers are not happy in their work, and I make bold to say that the British taxpayer does not get full value, nor anything like it, for his money. . . . Summing up against our present system, I charge against the Education Code that it cramps—in fact, prevents—education. I charge against it that it is responsible for the fact that only 4 per cent. of those who leave our schools continue their education in night schools. I charge against it that in crushing out the individuality of the teacher it is responsible for one-half the truancy which goes on. I charge against it that, owing to it, one-half of the education vote is practically wasted; and, far above all, I charge against it that it tempts the teacher to do wrong. To some of us it is known that, under its percentage and reporting influence, many of our weaker brethren often fall. The Code makes it to their advantage to refuse admission to the backward, to work out those who become backward, and to do a hundred and one other things which the uninitiated know not of. The Code, in fact, is a temptation to do evil, and through it the honest teacher is placed at a great disadvantage." Turning to the subject of discipline, Mr. Pope remarked: "To such a pass was juvenile rowdyism then come—four years ago—that, as your President, I felt compelled to

say that the time was fast coming when the discipline of schools would concern other than teachers. . . . Since then, the London rough has had his amusement with the West-end shops and clubs, and the 'Board Teacher' has shown that the majority of the rowdies had been brought up under the sentimental influence of the Code and School Boards. Obedience to the law," continued Mr. Pope, "lies at the foundation of all good character and all true prosperity, and if it be not required in the schoolroom we cannot expect our children to become good citizens. I am of opinion that the majority of our scholars may be guided by love and reason."

It has been shown that by the physical and industrial training on the half-time principle, as displayed in the district and industrial schools, as first laid down under the Factory Commission of Inquiry, a system now advancing on the Continent, children have been turned, as testified by their parents, into another race, and increased in productive industry; by that, and by no other system, juvenile delinquency has been effectually reduced, and an honest, an orderly, and more productive population has been created; displaying, as the late eminent school inspector for Ireland, Sir John Lentaigne, once said, the power of early altering the condition of a nation. The subject is reserved—and it is to be hoped it is well reserved—for distinct consideration.

Nothing does this great political leader apparently know, for nothing does he notice of that which is beginning to be recognized as the great event of the last half-century—the foundation laid of sanitary science, and its application to the health of nations. It apparently has not come even within Mr. Gladstone's financial knowledge, acute as that is, that by the application of that science a second army in the Crimea was saved—that, for example, by the application of that science to the Indian army, the death-rate has been reduced from 67 to little more than 10 in a thousand, and that the saving of life in that way during the decade has been from 39,900 to 11,800, and of sickness more than one half, and in money a total saving of £5,381,700; that immense reductions have been effected by the application of the same science to the Home army, and in the armies in the Colonies, and the army at other stations, amounting in the aggregate during the last decade to a saving of 40,000 deaths, or 4,000 men per annum; with a reduction of disabilities by sickness to one half the former sickness rate, involving a total estimated saving in money during the decade of no less than £1,691,000, or £281,800 per annum. What must be the state of knowledge of the Finance Minister to whom these great economies are unknown, and by whom they are unrecognized? Similar manifestations of the new preventive have been presented in civil life, in reductions of death-rates by one-half, with corresponding pecuniary economies, and such augmentations of the duration of life as have never, before this

reign, or at any period of the world's history, occurred, or been conceived or attempted.

Take the great subject of the cost of transit by railway, now of such deep importance to the agricultural community. It has been shown that, under unity, and worked by the directorates themselves, a saving of upwards of 20 per cent. of working expenses might be effected, which would yield $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. more of dividend to the shareholders. For Ireland results to that effect in great economy were made out upon examination by a commission of inquiry. But he has positively "blocked out" all such economies.

Mr. Gladstone's knowledge of intercolonial economies, as well as those of India and other dependencies, is proved to be singularly defective. He declared to a publicist that whether a man went as an emigrant to the United States or to Canada made not the slightest difference to the United Kingdom. Now, it is proved to make a pecuniary difference of three to one, and so with other colonies. He appears to be unaware of the value of the habit of dealing with us constituting what is now called intercolonial goodwill, and that makes the goodwill of India of the value of several years' purchase.

My statements, I would observe, are based on widely-extending experiences, and not upon any mere hypothesis of my own. In sanitation we might now, after our recorded experience, set aside the consideration of the pain and misery of preventible sickness and preventible mortality, and proceed solely for the reduction of the money charges.

I am, Gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

EDWIN CHADWICK.

The Effects of Civilization upon Women.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,

Will you permit me if possible, in a few words, to touch upon the fringe of the very wide question opened out in your March number by "A Woman," under the title of "The Effects of Civilization upon Women"?

No one will deny that the introduction of steam has transformed the whole of our industrial system; the factory has supplanted home industries, and the position of women, as well as of men, in the labour-market has undergone vital changes.

Nevertheless, while "A Woman" asserts that "the world has been wicked and miserable in all ages, but in no time could life have been worse for women and children," statistics prove the contrary to be the

case, and a comparison of facts and figures shows that the last decade has witnessed a marked advance in their condition. Women are doubtless still under-paid; a given amount of female labour finds less remuneration than a similar given amount of male labour; the need for trades unions and provident societies is great; but, despite all these drawbacks in the hard struggle for life, women find themselves at a higher point of vantage year by year.

The pessimistic views taken by "A Woman" are, to some extent, explained by the misleading assumption with which she opens her article, viz. that eighteen occupations, "from the earliest times until the introduction of machinery," monopolized by women, are now usurped by men. A majority of the occupations which she enumerates were obviously, at one time, in the hands of men. Eleven of them would appear by their derivation to have been so: "Baker, brewer, drysalter, confectioner, spinner, weaver, chandler, embroiderer, seller, perfumer, dyer"; and all words terminating in the Anglo-Saxon affix "-er," denoting "male agent"; while the feminine affix "-ster," is attached, at times, to at least two of them, converting them into "spinster and brewster." In the olden days there were spinners and spinsters, brewers and brewsters; as, for example, is seen in the "Assize of Bread and Ale," attributed either to 51 Henry III. or 13 Edward I., when penalties were declared against the man baker or brewer who failed to keep the assizes, and the woman brewer was threatened with the turnbull, and divers other punishments, "if she offend diverse times, and will not amend."

It is charming to picture, as "A Woman" does, the happy domestic circles, where women of either high or low degree, surrounded by their children span, and wove for the whole family. Doubtless the rich wiled away many otherwise weary hours in this fashion, and obtained thereby additional pin-money at the neighbouring markets, little dreaming that by thus competing with poor women in the labour-market they were reducing their much-needed earnings.

Ladies who now neither spin nor weave, cheese nor pickle-make, are devoting their energies to educational, philanthropic, and social work, are becoming more and more intelligent and helpful members of society, and in many ways are ameliorating the lot of their poorer sisters.

Judging from the wages earned by men and women a century ago, the husband can have had little to bring home for the wife to convert into bread and cloth.

"A Woman" says that "a hundred years ago a man would have rendered himself supremely ridiculous by meddling with the spindle and distaff"; and, again, that female factory operatives rarely earn at the present time more than from six to twelve shillings a week; but these assertions are not confirmed by facts. Arthur Young, in the account

of his six months' tour in the north of England, in 1769, with the object of investigating the condition of the people, says of the cotton industries in Manchester, that men and women makers of fustian earned from 3s. to 8s. a week; men (no women) earned from 5s. to 10s. a week in making velvets; men (no women) earned from 4s. to 10s. a week for making jeans; women, 1s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. for jeanettes, a week; men and women for cotton hollands, 7s.; men (no women), cotton and silk ginghams, 7s. 6d. a week; in the making of hats, women preparers earned 3s. 6d., and as cotton-spinners from 2s. to 5s. per week. These were wages for a week of six full days at fourteen to sixteen hours a day.

In 1877, under the modern system of industry, we find from returns made by the Board of Trade on women's industries, that in Manchester women were earning in a week of fifty-six and a half hours duration the following rates of wages: as scrutchers 13s. 6d. and 14s. 2d.; as drawing-frame tinters 17s. 6d.; as thurble-spinners 17s. 6d.; and as four power loom-weavers as much as 20s. to 24s. per week. Mr. Giffen, too, in his Presidential Address before the Statistical Society in November 1883, stated that the wages of spinners and weavers in Huddersfield had risen in fifty years, in some cases, 20 per cent., and in different ratios to as high a point as 115 per cent., while children's (spinning) labour in Bradford had risen 160 per cent. A child at Bradford, in 1883, could earn 11s. 6d. a week, or as much, if not more, than man, woman, and child a century before.

This in Yorkshire, too, which Mr. Thorold Rogers describes as being, in 1796, one of the most destitute countries in England, with an average wage of 6s. a week for an agricultural labourer, a little more than 1s. a week for his wife, and an infinitesimal sum for their child.

Food, too, is cheaper, notably bread, sugar, and cloth; meat is dearer, but more consumed, nevertheless, than fifty years ago. Rents are higher, it is true; but, taking all this into account, Mr. Giffen asserts that real wages, as distinguished from money wages, have immensely increased, leaving the operative nearly twice as much as formerly for food and clothing, after rent has been deducted.

A large proportion of women are thus either earning a considerable share of their own family's maintenance, or are laying out increased wages brought home by their husbands, instead of, as in the past, starving at home or working for wages hardly worthy the name.

But "A Woman" would lead us to believe that infant mortality has increased under the new industrial system. Again statistics prove that the contrary is the case.

The first Annual Report of the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages in England was issued in 1839. In that year there had been 190·37 per 1,000 of registered deaths under one year of age in

the Metropolis, while in the country 156·82 per 1,000 deaths were under two years.

The last Registrar-General's Report, 1884, shows a remarkable decline in infant mortality. In 1834, 9·1 males under 5 years died to per 1,000 living. In 1884, 5·8 males under 5 years to per 1,000 living. In 1834, 8·6 females under 5 years died to per 1,000 living. In 1884–5, 7 females under five years died to per 1,000 living. Mulhall, in his *Progress of the World*, says that from 1801–1810 48 per cent. died under 20 years of age; 1850–1870, only 34 per cent. died under 20 years of age.

Thus infant mortality has decreased, while, according to the Statistical Society, the number of women employed in textile dyeing industries has increased, *e.g.* from 257,000 women in 1841 to 566,000 women in 1881, and in dress the number has increased during the same period from 177,000 to 609,000. It may here be noted that in 1881 only 396,000 men were employed in textiles and dyeing, and 344,000 in dress.

Womens' share in other industries has enormously increased, in education from 30,000 in 1841, to 131,000 in 1881, while the number of men thus employed has only risen to 51,000. The number of men employed in indoor domestic service has decreased from 215,000, in 1841, to 100,000 in 1881, while in the same period the number of women has risen from 774,000 to 1,269,000.

Midwives of the old, or Mrs. Gamp school, are fast disappearing, but properly-trained ones are rapidly increasing. The Census of 1841 gave only 734 midwives; the Census of 1881, 2,646.

But, perhaps, the most striking feature of all is the rise of new industries for women; in 1841 there were no female accountants, in 1881 the Census returned 89; in 1841 medicine was an unheard-of profession for women, in 1881 there were 64 students. Photography was attempted by 168 women in 1861, and in 1881 employs 1,309. The Post, Telegraph, and Telephone Departments now employ thousands of women of the better-educated classes. As printers, tailors, upholsterers, potters, &c., women now find remunerative employment. "A Woman" complains that they no longer sell in markets, whereas there were, in 1881, nine times more women employed as "dealers" than in 1841.

Space will not allow of the complete enumeration of the many industries and occupations opening out for women. Equally important is it to notice that married and single alike are now more fully recognized by the law and protected by the law. By the Married Women's Property Act of 1870, and the Consolidated Married Women's Property Act of 1882, married women have control over their own earnings and inheritance; whereas previously "what was a man's was his own, and what was his wife's was his also."

By the Married Women's Maintenance Act of last year, women can claim maintenance for themselves and children without submitting, as heretofore, to the degradation of becoming paupers; and the Custody of Infants' Act of the same Session is a step in the direction of giving them an equal share with their husbands in the guardianship of their children. Colleges, training and technical schools, University examinations are all opening for women.

Cultured and uncultured do not now, as in former days, aim at identical work; the poor sempstress, or dressmaker, has less to fear from the competition of ladies than she had seventy years ago. Women of the middle classes, like their brothers, are studying music, art, literature, or science; a wide field is opening for them in higher education, and last, but not least, in medicine. May that movement advance with rapid strides, especially in our Indian Empire! Ladies emancipated from manual labour by the progress which steam and machinery have wrought, have before them, if they will, a future of beneficent work in devoting themselves as healing messengers to those Oriental women who are still deprived by prejudice and custom of the blessings which we Englishwomen enjoy.

I remain, Gentlemen,

Your Obedient Servant,

MELIORIST.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Editors of THE NATIONAL REVIEW, care of Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., 13 Waterloo Place, London. S.W.

Correspondents are requested to write their name and address on their Manuscripts. Postage-stamps must be sent at the same time if they wish their MS. to be returned in case of rejection.

THE
NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 51.—MAY, 1887.

THE REAL TRUTH ABOUT TORY DEMOCRACY.

In an article in the *National Review* of last March entitled "The Truth about Tory Democracy," an endeavour is made to define "Tory Democracy" as a distinct political creed, differing in all important points from Conservatism, and identical, in all but name, with Radicalism; the object being, apparently, to drive a wedge into the hitherto compact mass of the Tory Party. Without trying to formulate the doctrines of Tory Democracy in particular, as distinct in any respect from Tory doctrines in general (which would be impossible), it may be useful to point out that Tory Democracy is not "compounded of all the old Radical commonplaces about non-intervention and retrenchment," and is not "Gladstonian Radicalism minus Home Rule"; and at the same time to enter a most emphatic protest against this ill-judged attempt to add to the number of political parties, already a cause of danger to the State.

Parliamentary Government under a party system can be healthily carried on only when the country is, practically speaking, divided into two parties agreeing on the essential point that the dignity and decency of Parliament must be maintained, and that questions must be argued, fought out and decided in a constitutional manner, differing on certain general lines of policy, and each strong enough to exercise some control over the other. The Repealers—Parnellites and Gladstonian Radicals—are doing their utmost to overthrow the Constitution by impugning the impartiality of the Speaker and denying the authority of the Chair, by outraging the dignity, and even the decency, of the House of Commons, by paralyzing legislation, and by making representative government contemptible in the eyes of the nation. Having posed as the champions of fuller representation and extension of the franchise when they thought thereby to serve their personal aims, the leaders of the main body of the Liberal party—so called, are, now that the representation of the country is against them, straining every nerve to substitute mob rule for representative

rule, and, by making voting strength of no effect, practically to disfranchise the people. It would be lamentable, indeed, if the party devoted to upholding the Constitution were to assist the Repealers in their unholy task by increasing the number of political parties.

A multiplicity of parties will kill our system of government. Eliminating minor subdivisions, we are already suffering under five parties slightly overlapping in certain directions, as must always be the case, but acting within fairly well-defined limits; namely, Tories, Whigs, Radical Unionists, Radical Repealers, and Parnellites. The evil consequences to the nation of such a condition of unstable equilibrium, an equilibrium maintained by the attitude of individuals, and which may be overturned by accidents to individuals, are patent and require no proof. Yet the writer of "The Truth about Tory Democracy" desires to make confusion worse confounded by forcing Conservatives into two camps, thereby making six political parties; and, not content with that feat, aims at arriving at the mystic number seven by inventing a new sort of Conservative party altogether. The principles of this party are to consist, apparently, of a judicious mixture of the let-the-weakest-go-to-the-wall doctrines of certain political economists, of "the Radicalism of the Westminster Radicals, of Jeremy Bentham, of Stuart Mill, and of Herbert Spencer," and of the traditions of the party as expressed by the great statesmen of former days, with the exception of Bolingbroke and Pitt, who are to be eliminated altogether, and of Beaconsfield, whose orthodoxy is open to grave suspicion. It is possible, however, that the renunciation of statesmen like Beaconsfield, Pitt, and Bolingbroke will not commend itself to the people, and that in their crass ignorance they may fail to see how Tory principles are to be evolved out of Whig let-slidism and Mill-and-Benthamism mixed in equal parts. It is idle, however, to discuss the merits of the seventh party until it has developed beyond a purely embryonic stage; but it is worth while to consider how far very serious charges brought against Lord Randolph Churchill and certain Conservatives designated by Mr. Baumann as "Tory Democrats" are true.

"Tory Democracy" is a term, and perhaps one not very happily chosen, applied to those who incline to certain methods whereby the principles which have always been inherent in Toryism in the past seek to find expression in the Toryism of the present day. A "Tory Democrat," or, as I should prefer to call him, a "Practical Tory," is one who holds that political principles are something more than mere phrases; that they should be regarded in the concrete and not in the abstract; that they are real only in so far as they take tangible shape, and that they can take useful tangible shape only by adapting themselves to the needs of the

time. Principles must be regarded in connection with the realities of life upon which they are to act; to exist at all they must be embodied in actions. Consequently, principles which apparently remain the same, in reality change, if the outward expression of them does not vary from time to time. On the other hand, principles that apparently change, in reality remain the same, if they adapt themselves to the circumstances under which at various times they are to be expressed. Continuity cannot be obtained by inflexibility. Adaptability is essential to real identity. If identity and continuity are to be ensured to Tory principles, those principles must exert themselves subject to the conditions under which they exist.

It may be shocking to the senses of some worthy people to awake to the consciousness that others have realised that Queen Anne is dead, and that we are living in the reign of Queen Victoria. Such a display of intelligence is regarded as superhuman, and, as it conflicts with preconceived ideas, it is naturally attributed to Satanic agency. The idea may be repulsive, but, all the same, it is true. We are in the nineteenth century, and nearly out of it. We live in a democratic age, under a very democratic form of Government, and if Tory principles are to be anything more than fossil survivals of an earlier period, if they are to be alive, if they are to influence the present and mould the future, if, in fact, they are to be the same Tory principles, and not merely the simulacrum or ghost of them, they must be exercised and made manifest under a keen appreciation of the distinguishing features and characteristics of the present time. There is nothing antagonistic between the terms "Democracy" and "Conservatism." The Democratic party in the United States is the Conservative Party, and it is animated by two principles, which are also living and moving principles of the Conservative party here; namely, the principle of economical administration and departmental reform, and that of freedom as shown in individual and local liberty of action. "What is the Tory Party unless it represents national feeling?" Nothing. National feeling, though it may be as immutable and unchanging in its essence as human nature, must, like human nature, be constantly changing in the modes whereby it manifests itself. The aim of the Tory Democrat is to enable the Tory Party to be the vehicle of national feeling, by proving that national feeling—that is, national sentiments and national needs—can be, and are, better understood and satisfied through, and in, the principles of the Tory Party than by any other means whatever.

Tory principles, the principles that have always animated the Tory Party, can, if properly applied, fulfil all the aspirations and satisfy all the legitimate needs of the nation; but application is

absolutely necessary. The people hate a sham. They judge by results. They have listened to Radical promises, and have been led away; but, finding them deceptive, though brilliant, they have revolted from them. If they find the substance in Toryism, they will turn to it, and cleave to it. What the Tory Democrat desires above all things is to see Tory theories put in practice, Tory promises fulfilled, and Tory principles applied with a view to the present and not to the past. But a very different view of their aspirations appears to be held, through ignorance, by some members of the party.

The writer of the article in the *National Review* assumes that Lord Randolph Churchill is the incarnation of certain principles, and then proceeds to impeach the principles through the man. I accept the situation, for the sake of argument; and will endeavour to see what this formidable indictment amounts to. Lord Randolph is, by inference, declared to be "living by the larceny of Radical nostrums," and is accused of "using all his abilities, his name, his gift of speech, his marvellous energy, his private influence (which is great) to bend the Conservative Party in what many of us believe to be a wrong and dangerous direction." What is the wrong and dangerous direction in which the Conservative Party is being bent? The first count in the indictment is that Lord Randolph Churchill selected "the coaling stations as a reducible item in our expenditure"; and it is argued that his object was to bend the Conservative Party in the direction of deliberately imperilling the safety of our Empire, of our food supply, and of our commerce, for the sake of a niggardly saving of half a million of money. A dangerous direction truly. A fatal accusation, and one well calculated to condemn any party, and damn any statesman. An accusation perfect in all respects, save one, that it does not contain a single particle of truth. Lord Randolph must be admitted to be the best judge of his own motives, and what did he say in anticipation to this charge? He utterly repudiated it.

"I desire," he said, during an explanation of the causes of his resignation made in the House of Commons on the 31st of January last, "as a matter of personal explanation, to allude to the question of coaling stations. . . . There seems to be a good deal of misapprehension about this question of the coaling stations. I never resigned upon the question of coaling stations—never. . . . Really, I never resigned about the coaling stations. I resigned upon retrenchment, whether there was to be retrenchment or there was not to be. . . . As to the coaling stations, all I have to say is that if you can show me the moneys will not be wasted. . . . I shall have nothing to say against the policy." And in addressing his constituents in Paddington on the 2nd of April, he expressed himself in precisely the same sense.

Nothing could be plainer. No words can be more explicit. Whatever may be the motives, and whatever may be thought of the motives, that influenced Lord Randolph Churchill, one thing is absolutely certain, that he was not unmindful of the interests of his country, and that he did not resign on the question whether positions valuable for strategical and commercial purposes should or should not be fortified. It is most unfortunate that this accusation, which a little reflection would have shown to be groundless, should have been brought against Lord Randolph; not on his account, for it will do him no harm—on the contrary, the rebound will be of service to him personally, but because it must damage the Conservative Party. It is not true, and the British people hate untruths. The qualities they value most in a public man are honesty and sincerity. They are humbugged, no doubt, to a horrible extent, by Radical practitioners, and like it, and stretch themselves out, and purr contentedly under the process, as long as they do not see through the soft deceit; but when they do see through it, their resentment is great. They know now that the late Chancellor of the Exchequer resigned, rightly or wrongly, on very broad and important grounds, and, whether they approve or disapprove of the man's action, they will respect the man. They will despise the attempt to narrow down the great issue of retrenchment in general to the fine and imaginary point of a haggle over half a million of money to be spent over fortifications abroad; and they will bitterly resent the attempt to deceive them. The effort thus to cause an optical delusion by minimizing the meaning of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's resignation, cannot fail to do great harm to the Conservative cause. So that count in the indictment falls to the ground. Let us come to the more serious charges.

"Lord Randolph objected," writes Mr. Baumann, "(i.) to the finance of Lord Salisbury's Government as extravagant; (ii.) to its domestic policy as inadequate; and (iii.) to its foreign policy as meddlesome and methodless." Compare this estimate of the situation with Lord Randolph's description of it in his speeches in the House of Commons, and it will be seen to be in the main correct. The duty of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, he says, is to satisfy himself, (i.) "that the demands put forward by the departments do not exceed the necessities of the year; and (ii.) that the money which is voted by Parliament shall be expended in such a manner that the nation shall get full value for its money. It was on these two points I utterly and hopelessly broke down." The case is stated very fairly in this respect. It is obvious that the then Chancellor of the Exchequer thought the finance of Lord Salisbury's Government extravagant, on the double ground that such high estimates were not justified by the circumstances of Great Britain in relation

to foreign countries, and that equal efficiency in the public services and departments could be obtained at less cost. On one of these points, namely, whether the public money is efficiently and economically applied, I shall presently have something to say. On the other, that is to say, whether the estimates exceeded the legitimate requirements of the year, it is difficult to speak, seeing that the truth of the assertion depends largely upon questions of foreign policy, about which an outsider can know nothing, and an insider can say nothing, until history in the future withdraws the veil. It is pertinent, however, to the point to remark that since Lord Randolph objected to the estimates as too high, "if the foreign policy of this country were a peaceful foreign policy," the estimates have been reduced by £1,400,000. Either Lord Salisbury's Government have reduced their estimates below the requirements of the country to the extent of £1,400,000, or Lord Randolph Churchill was right in declaring them to be too high, at any rate by that amount.

In his second allegation, that the domestic policy of Lord Salisbury's Government was objected to as inadequate, Mr. Baumann is fully justified by the letter to Lord Salisbury, in which Lord Randolph says, "The character of the domestic legislation which the Government contemplate, in my opinion, falls sadly short of what Parliament and the country expect and require." On this point I shall also have something to say farther on.

The third proposition, namely, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer objected to the foreign policy as meddlesome and methodless is partially, and in the main—making due allowance for the fascinations of alliteration—borne out in the same letter to Lord Salisbury, where Lord Randolph declares that "the foreign policy which is being adopted appears to me at once dangerous and methodless." For the reasons above mentioned no arguments can be used on this point, as the public cannot form an opinion without full knowledge of the facts. Time will show whether the late Chancellor was right or wrong. If the general peace is preserved, or if war should break out and this country is not involved, it may be owing to a foreign policy wrongfully described as dangerous, or it may be due to a modification of policy induced by strong remonstrance, backed by stronger action, on the part of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer. On the whole, therefore, it must be admitted that Mr. Baumann's charge against Lord Randolph Churchill, and, through him, against the "Tory Democracy," that he objected to finance as extravagant, to domestic policy as inadequate, and to foreign policy as dangerous, is fairly stated. Having got on solid ground, let us now consider whether the deductions from these premisses are correct, leaving out of consideration the question of foreign policy, for the discussion

of which there is little material at hand. The deduction is that those curious creatures, Tory Democrats, and especially Lord Randolph Churchill, cannot be Conservatives, and ought to be Gladstonian Radicals.

"If," says Mr. Baumann, "Lord Randolph sincerely believes these charges to lie at Lord Salisbury's door—and his belief is shared by some gentlemen—what separates him and them from the Gladstonian Radicals, and what unites them with the Conservative Party? If the two speeches delivered by Lord Randolph Churchill in the House of Commons, at the beginning of the session, be the authoritative exposition of the principles of Tory Democracy, and those principles be accepted by those who call themselves Tory Democrats, then the partition which separates the Tory Democrat from the Gladstonian Radical is the merest wafer." This the writer declares to be a most serious point. It is, indeed, serious to the Tory Democrats. They are in a very painful position. Mr. Baumann has torn from them their Tory clothes. "Like the girl in the popular Japanese game, they have been divested of their garments," he says, "one by one, until they stand in all the simplicity of democratic nakedness." A most embarrassing position, truly, for modest Tories to be in, to find themselves defenceless, clothed only in their blushes—which Mr. Baumann might, in charity, allow them to assume—shrinking behind a partition no thicker than a wafer, which alone separates them from the horrible embraces of Gladstonian Radicals, led probably by their most prominent leaders, the Members for Northampton and Derby. Fortunately the fearful thought is the fruit neither of history nor of philosophy, nor yet of truth, but merely of the perfervid imagination of the writer; for the most cursory examination of the principles enunciated by Lord Randolph will suffice to show the existence of a gulf, wide, deep, and impassable, between Radicals and Tory Democrats. But, first, it may be well to examine the points of difference alleged to exist between them and Conservatives.

"The wall which parts him" (the Tory Democrat) "not only from the Conservative, but from the Liberal of Mr. Goschen's school, is not, perhaps, impassable, but only to be climbed over by the help of his God," says Mr. Baumann. The nature, characteristics, and powers of the divinity referred to are not specified, but they need not be exceptional, for surely the obstacle, if it exists at all, is not of a very formidable description. I do not know that any statement of the principles of Tory Democracy, has ever been made, or attempted, and I doubt if they are capable of "authoritative exposition." They may be gathered from the sayings, writings, and actions of Tory statesmen during many generations, and are to be found advocated with rare consistency

in Lord Randolph Churchill's public utterances ever since he took a prominent part in political life. They are indicated, no doubt, in the speeches referred to; but speeches devoted to personal explanation do not afford the best explanation of great principles, and probably the nearest approach to an exposition is to be found in the now famous Dartford speech. A definite programme, constructed on definite principles, is there laid down. The necessity for financial reform, the probability of waste in the public departments, the possibility of a large saving of expenditure and equi valent reduction of taxation are insisted upon. "We know that the expenditure of the country has been increasing rapidly, and we want to be certain on one point—that we get our money's worth for the taxes which we spend." "My own wish is to devote whatever of energy or strength or influence I may possess to endeavour to attain some genuine and considerable reduction of public expenditure, and, consequent upon that, reduction of taxation"—are tolerably distinct utterances on that point.

County government on an elective basis is an important plank in the platform. "The establishment in our rural districts of a genuinely popular form of Local Government. That is a question which we do not intend to trifle or tamper with. It is the decided intention of the Government to take it up in earnest, and to endeavour to arrive at a settlement of it."

So is the question of Allotments. "I think you will be of opinion that the Government will be justified in asking the attention of the House of Commons to legislation which will enable them and their supporters to redeem the promises and the pledges which they have made to the agricultural labourers of England. It is the decided intention of the Government to introduce into Parliament a measure which shall provide facilities, through the operation of local authorities, for the acquisition by the agricultural labourer of freehold plots and allotments of land. . . . My hope is that that will be one of the first subjects dealt with by the present Government in the next session."

Other matters, the sale of glebe lands, tithes, land-transfer, education, were dealt with, but, excluding the Closure, which is incidental to peculiar circumstances, and cannot be included in the general policy of a Party, the principal items in the programme, as far as domestic policy was concerned, were financial and departmental reform, reduction of expenditure and taxation, allotments, and county government. The foreign policy was "to pursue an even and steady course, avoiding the dangers of officious interference and unnecessary initiative on the one hand, and an attitude of selfish and timid isolation on the other," and to contribute "to the preservation of that general peace which, however necessary it may be for other nations, is to my mind absolutely essen-

tial to the progress and prosperity of the British Empire." Non-interference within limits, land reform, financial reform, county government reform—those are the main lines of policy laid down at Dartford, advocated in many speeches before, and adhered to in every public utterance since; and, if Lord Randolph is to be deemed the exponent of Tory Democracy, then, undoubtedly, those measures and ideas embody the principles of the Tory Democrat.

It would be beside the question now before us to discuss whether such a programme ought to be designated a Tory programme, a Liberal programme, or a Radical Programme. It is sufficient to show that, whatever else it may be, it was the authentic programme of the whole Conservative Party, foreshadowed by some, and accepted by all our leaders. No one could have advocated county government more eloquently than did Lord Salisbury at Newport, a year before the Dartford speech; nor could anyone have indicated more plainly the advantages of a peaceful policy, and the evil of interference by force "in disputes that have arisen in the internal affairs of other nations." And, as far as finance is concerned, he has since spoken of "the rapid and most injurious rise in the public expenditure." But to dig out quotations from other leaders would be merely wasting time, for the orthodoxy of the programme placed before the nation at Dartford was raised above suspicion when Mr. W. H. Smith, speaking about four weeks later at Sudbury, declared that Lord Randolph "spoke with the full knowledge and assent and consent of his colleagues"—a categorical assertion which has never since been denied or explained away.

In view of these facts, what becomes of the theory of an all-but impassable wall separating the late Chancellor of the Exchequer from the Conservative Party? A wall to be impassable must be both lofty and composed of tough material. Of what is this wall composed? Obviously not of principles, for it is certain that, if public utterances are to be credited, no difference of principle existed among the Members of the Cabinet and leaders of the Party at the time of the Dartford speech. There was no difference of opinion about principles when Mr. W. H. Smith spoke at Sudbury, and yet only two months later the Chancellor of the Exchequer had left the Government. In what did the difference of opinion consist? It lay not in principles, but in the application of principles—that is, in practice; not in facts, but in the appreciation of the value of facts. Economy, in the abstract, was extolled on all sides. Economy, in the concrete, was insisted upon by the Chancellor of the Exchequer alone. He alone appears to have estimated approximately the true character and real extent of the waste of public money in the great spending departments of the State; and he alone seems to have

grasped the great fact that the one thing necessary to enable a Government to obtain and retain the respect and affections of the people is, that it should be not only outspoken in words but also honest in deeds, that it should practise what it has preached, and that nothing but overwhelming necessity—*force majeur*—of the clearest kind, should stand in the way of the fulfilment in Parliament of promises and pledges made in the country. Whether for good or for evil, the days have long since passed when Governments could feel secure in the adhesion of a few great families. For better or for worse, the tendency is for Governments to become more and more responsible directly to the people out of doors. In the long run, the people will support the Party they can trust. The people judge, and must judge, by actions, by deeds rather than words. They may be carried away for a time by gaudy pledges never meant to be redeemed, but they will turn to the Party that intends to carry out its promises and does so. The Government in whose hands the fruition of solid facts follows surely upon good intentions, is the one which the people will regard with confidence and respect. Did Lord Randolph over-estimate the urgency of financial reform? Was he wrong in insisting that a vigorous attempt ought to be made towards the fulfilment in Parliament of promises made and reiterated in the country? Though revelations to come and facts to be accomplished in the future will strengthen the case, his opinion on these points appears to be fully justified by facts already in our possession.

Some opportunity of estimating the amount of waste, and the possibility of retrenchment without loss of efficiency, is afforded by the Reports of the Controller and Auditor-General on the Appropriation Accounts for the Army and Navy during the financial year 1885–86, among which the disbursement of the Vote of Credit of £11,000,000 is included. The Reports of the Departmental Committees on Dockyard Administration and Expenditure; of the Committee appointed by the Lords of the Admiralty to inquire into the system of Purchase and Contract in the Navy; of the Committee on Cutlasses and Sword-Bayonets supplied to the Navy—afford useful information; as also do the printed statements of the First Lord of the Admiralty, and the Secretary of State for War. The whole system of accounts appears designed to perplex persons of an inquiring turn of mind. The same items appear under different headings and classes in different years—a fact admirably adapted to make it impossible to compare the estimates of one year with another. The audited accounts, showing how money voted has been spent, are not available for perusal until two years after the appropriation of the money, a delay which makes it very difficult for Parliament or the public to ascertain how the public funds have been applied. The inadequacy,

also, of this tardy audit is apparent in the observations of Sir William Dunbar as to the necessity his department labours under of accepting, without verification, the classification of the Admiralty Departments of their expenditure under the important heads of Stores and Shipbuilding.

The manner in which the Vote of Credit was applied affords some insight into the system under which the public funds are administered. In both his Reports the Controller points out, giving detailed examples of improper and unauthorized payments, that the War Office and the Admiralty treated the Vote of Credit as a convenient means of supplementing what they regarded as inadequate supply, without reference to the particular purpose for which the money was intended to provide. Payments were made in respect of charges incurred before the emergency arose, and payments were made also in discharge of liabilities entered into after the emergency had ceased. Without commenting further on the course thus adopted, it is sufficient to point out that it puts an end to any effective comparison between estimates and expenditure, and between the expenditure of comparative years.

The value of the reforms initiated by the Departmental Committees of the Navy may be estimated by the naïve remark that in their proposals they have not gone to the full length of their convictions. They thought it desirable that the reduction in clerical work, and consequently in the staff, should be of a gradual and constant character. That may be a very good plan, but in the meantime the change is both gradual and constant in the direction, not of reduction, but of increase. Vote 3 for the Navy, which provides for the salaries of the administrative staff, shows the following progressive increase:—

1883–4	. .	£182,300 (increase of £1,211);
1884–5	. .	£188,600 (,, £6,300);
1885–6	. .	£194,300 (,, £5,700);
1886–7	. .	£206,900 (,, £12,600);
1887–8	. .	£211,300 (,, £4,400).

The Accountant-General's Department appears to be much afflicted with fluctuations. It absorbed—

In 1885	.	£61,324 (showing increase over previous year of £3,579);
In 1886	.	£53,250 (decrease, £8,074);
In 1887	.	£61,250 (increase, £8,000);
In 1888	.	£63,557 (,, £2,107).

In the Army Estimates the cost of administration for the current year shows an increase of £2,600. It must be borne in mind moreover, that the transfer to the pension list of considerable numbers of superseded clerks retired under the re-organization

scheme of 1886 are not included in the increases of expenditure thus shown.

The Report of the Committee on the System of Purchase and Contract in the Navy is most instructive. It is there pointed out, with telling brevity but with specific instances in proof of the fact, that the examination of contractors' stores is, where it is attempted at all, practically delegated to dockyard artizans and day labourers. It appears that tenders are invited on insufficient and unequal information, so that the wholesome principle of accepting the lowest tender need not be, and is not, carried out. A loss of upwards of £100,000 appears to have been made on this account, on four sets of similar naval engines alone.

Purchases amounting to £50,000 a year are made without the check of competition, and on the uncontrolled authority of the Director of Contracts. So scandalously bad were the cutlasses and sword-bayonets supplied to the navy that they have had to be replaced at an estimated cost of £26,430.

Ships of the *Archer* class have been built in the private building yards on the Clyde at so much per ton, the country paying so much money, and obtaining so many tons of ship. These ships, it appears, were afterwards removed to Devonport, where they were, practically speaking, reconstructed at another cost of so much per ton; so that the country was paying twice over for the same ship. This scandal is not only grave in itself, but tends to throw dust in the eyes of those who wish to ascertain the truth about our naval strength. A similar course has been pursued at Portsmouth and Chatham with regard to torpedo-boats. Among other important facts it appears that the *Ajax*, a most expensive ship, turned out practically useless; that ships designed to be flush-decked were altered in course of construction into open-waisted ships; that the *Mersey* was altered at a cost of £50,000, so as seriously to affect her sea-going trim; that, owing to her armament not having been decided upon when the *Benbow* was commenced, the weight she was designed to carry was increased by 500 tons; that the weight imposed during construction, on some of the belted cruisers, above that which they were designed to carry has been sufficient to increase their draught of water by at least two feet, to immerse their armour-plates, and practically to convert them into unarmoured ships; that rum is sent from England to Jamaica, sugar to the West Indies, rice to India, and flour to Hong-Kong. With such facts before us, surely no reasonable man can doubt the extreme gravity and urgency of the case, or deny that with reasonably good management, increased efficiency, combined with a great saving of expenditure and consequent reduction of taxation, is possible.

And yet the Minister responsible for the public money was most

moderate in his demands. He understood the great difficulties in the way of reform; he recognized the position in which heads of departments were placed; he realised, no one better, the weight of the vast, inert, passively resisting mass of officialdom, smothering the best intentional efforts towards more efficient administration. He asked for no economical fireworks, no brilliant display, no startling effects to catch the eye of the multitude. He merely wished a beginning to be made; his demand was limited to a small, almost an insignificant effort at retrenchment as an earnest of greater efforts with larger results to come, as a proof to the people that the Government were not unmindful of the promises they had made. An absolute *non-possumus* was the answer he received, and in face of such an answer he adopted the only course which an earnest and determined man could take. In the future, when the overhauling and re-organization now in process has had time to bear fruit, few will be found to cavil at that course. Departments have often been galvanized into temporary life, and have as often relapsed into profound sleep. Parties out of office have roared and bellowed "Retrenchment," and have merely murmured gently of it when in power. Government after Government, full of the best intentions, have subsided under the gigantic difficulty of the task. The unwieldy weight of routine, the huge inert mass of obstruction could not be stirred by ordinary effort; it had to be loosened by a violent upheaval, blasted by the shock of a great explosion. The resignation of one Chancellor of the Exchequer did more than the inoperative expostulations of a hundred.

Already great good has come of it. A saving has been arrived at —not a large one, it is true, though £1,400,000 is by no means a despicable sum. But the good is not to be measured by the mere amount. A beginning in the right direction has been made. The reform of abuses has begun. The mass is loosened, and will yield to exertion if persistently and diligently applied. The principle has been saved, and the Tory Party can face the country with something solid to show in fulfilment of their pledges, and with something tangible in their hands in proof of what they will do in the future. It is idle to suppose that this saving would have been accomplished under any circumstances. There was no question of reconsidering the estimates. The refusal to modify them was not conditional; it was absolute and final. One item, at least, had been under consideration for months. The fact that, after all, retrenchment was found possible can be accounted for only in one of three ways. Either some great and unforeseen change in the circumstances and relations of the country occurred, independent of the action of our Government; or the Chancellor of the Exchequer's demands were peremptorily rejected, in order

to force him out of the Cabinet and to slam the door in his face; or the shock of his resignation, by blowing open the official eye and expanding the official intelligence, brought into prominence possibilities which would not otherwise have been discovered. The first conjecture is not borne out by facts; the second is, of course, manifestly absurd; and there is no alternative but to accept the third. Whatever may be thought of the resignation, the principle of retrenchment established, and the actual saving made, must be credited to it.

All-engrossing as is the question of expenditure and taxation, the importance of county government and allotments must not be overlooked. During the last General Election every Conservative meeting echoed the sentiment that local self-government, decentralization, the rights of localities, communities, and individuals, were the birthright of the Tory Party, handed down to the present generation by and through the great leaders of the party in the past. From every platform it was proclaimed that a broad truly liberal measure of county government reform would be introduced at the earliest opportunity, if the people put the Tory Party in power. And we were equally lavish in our promises of a Bill for enabling labourers to obtain suitable allotments on reasonable terms. Measures dealing with these subjects were promised in the Queen's Speech. What the exact nature of the measures which the Government intended to propose may be, it is, of course, impossible to say, as they have not seen the light. The whole domestic programme was described as inadequate by Lord Randolph Churchill, and inadequate it certainly is; for without an allotment Bill and a scheme of county government, it fails to meet either the legitimate expectations or just requirements of the people. It may be argued that the Opposition—the Repealers—are wholly responsible for the scanty harvest of legislation likely to follow upon so plentiful a sowing. That is partially true as regards the whole legislature, but quite inapplicable to one branch of it—the House of Lords. Government measures are certain to pass there, and, if they never got beyond the doors of the Upper House, the people would, at any rate, have seen the good intention of the Government, and would have had before them the Bills which, but for Repeal obstruction, would have become law. The Gladstone Administration of 1880 promised much and performed nothing, and came to stink in the nostrils of the people as a rotten and unprofitable thing. The nation revolted against it mainly because their reasonable expectations were not fulfilled. By experience is wisdom learned. Surely there is ample justification for those who most anxiously and earnestly desire that the present Government should, when in office, strain every nerve and exhaust all their resources to carry out in practice those

theories which so largely contributed to place them there. But there is another and most important cause for anxiety, even for impatience—the cause of the Union.

No sane man was, I presume, sanguine enough to suppose that the decisive battle of the campaign was fought at the last election. Until some one political party has an overwhelming majority over the Repealers, the case of the Union cannot be safe. Mr. Parnell's "foreign" mercenaries will detach themselves as easily as they attached themselves, when success becomes impossible, but not till then. Another heavy engagement must take place, perhaps not for some time, but, even so, in such a vitally important matter, preparations cannot be made too soon. The great majority of the people of England have shown themselves in favour of the Union; the bulk of the Welsh people have declared for Repeal. Why? Not because they are less reasonable than the English, or because they are inclined towards Repeal for its own sake, but because their inclinations in another direction are involved in it. Not that they are knowingly and selfishly prepared to sacrifice the national good for a matter affecting themselves alone; no doubt they are persuaded of the justice of the Repealer's claims, but their minds are biassed in that direction by a natural desire to attain their own particular ends. To admit that men are inclined to view favourably a cause which, if successful, will bring in its train something else which they greatly value, is merely to say that men are human beings. Human nature must be taken account of in practical politics, and the most practical politician is he who best understands human nature. The lesson taught by Wales is instructive, and should be taken to heart. We shall do well to make the cause of the Union popular, by identifying it with popular legislation. No one will deny that the party mainly responsible for the Union, and—*pace* the Whigs and Unionist Radicals—that is the Tory Party, will not be weakened if it can appeal to the nation not only as the Party pledged against Repeal, but also as the Party which has fulfilled its promises to the people, has appreciated and provided for their needs, has lessened expenditure and lightened the burden of taxation.

The difference, therefore, if any, which distinguishes Lord Randolph and the Tory Democrats from the rest of the Conservative Party consists in this: that the former saw, more clearly than the latter, the urgent necessity for carrying into effect promises entered into by the Government, and especially for putting into practice their theories as to financial and departmental reform. It is, as I have said, a difference not of policy, but of the application of policy; not of theory, but of the adaptation of theory; not of principle, but of practice. If such a difference is to constitute a wall impossible to scale without superhuman aid, I am glad, at

any rate, it is not one which the Tory Democrats have built up. So much for the theory of an insurmountable barrier between Lord Randolph Churchill and Conservatives. Equally, if not more absurd, is the allegation that only the thinnest of thin partitions separates him from the Radical Party.

Those who think so fail to comprehend the nature of political differences. They are confused by the fact that all political parties aim ostensibly at the same ultimate end. Moreover, they look at great questions with a vision narrowed by a kind of intellectual squint, acquired by regarding Lord Randolph Churchill's political personality too fixedly with feelings of dislike. Lord Randolph is in schism, therefore all Tory Democrats must be damned, appears to be their simple faith. Mr. Baumann asserts boldly that "Whenever Lord Randolph has the choice of two policies, a Conservative and a Radical policy, he invariably, as if by instinct, chooses the Radical policy." At the same time he charges him with inconsistency; says "He has changed before, and will change again"; and, paying him the compliment of comparing him to a celestial body, laments the impossibility of determining his orbit. This last consideration is of small importance. The difficulty of calculating the orbit of even the most apparently eccentric comet depends, not upon the eccentricity of the object, but upon the ignorance of the calculator. The accusations of Radicalism and inconsistency destroy each other. For if this heavenly politician *invariably* selects a Radical policy, it is obvious that he is not only celestial, but consistent. As a matter of fact, however, the consistency, which is true, lies in the opposite direction. Through all Lord Randolph Churchill's public career an unswerving determination to arrive at a definite end by definite means is most clearly to be traced—the end being the welfare of the community, and the means being Tory principles working through the existing constitution and institutions of the country. All political Parties, as also all religious denominations, aim ostensibly, at any rate, at the same object; it is in the nature of the methods pursued that distinctions arise. The greatest good for the greatest number is sought for by Catholics, Calvinists, Materialists, Despots, Communists alike; but they differ considerably as to the best means for arriving at the desired goal. To descend a little from generalities; before the Gladstonian Radical became a Repealer, he fought shouting "Peace, retrenchment, and reform!" Is that any proof that all those who are in favour of peace, retrenchment, and reform are Gladstonian Radicals? The Tory Democrat is proud to follow the same flag, and therefore we are to be told the Tory Democrat is a Radical in disguise. A strange argument, truly. Is it necessary to inscribe "War, expenditure, and reaction" upon the banner in order to be a Tory? I trust not. Our con-

tention is that, their method being wrong, Radicals cannot succeed; and we point to experience to prove that war is frequent, expenditure increased, and reform conspicuous only by its absence under a Radical Administration. Our belief is that success can be attained only under the Tory method, and we desire and are determined, in so far as in us lies, to demonstrate by experience that war can be avoided, expenditure reduced, and reforms carried out under a Tory Government.

To come down to greater detail, let us take the question of county government. Radicals approve of county government reform. Is it then a Radical doctrine? Certainly not, for it is approved by the whole Conservative Party, and especially by the Tory Democrats. Is there then no difference between the two parties in this respect? Most assuredly there is: an irreconcilable difference exists in the reasons for their approval. Putting on one side all abstract questions of right and wrong, justice and morality, and looking at it purely from a party point of view, the Radical wishes for this particular measure of reform because he believes it will diminish the influence of the country gentry and damage the Tory Party. The Tory desires it because he is convinced that diametrically opposite results will ensue. The Radical thinks the elective principle will ruin what Lord Beaconsfield was fond of styling the "territorial aristocracy;" while the sensible Tory perceives its introduction can only have the effect of increasing the influence of that class. The real objections to it are financial. That the public money has been well and carefully expended under the existing system is beyond doubt, and it is possible that the elective principle, however introduced, will conduce, for a time at any rate, to some extravagance. But assuming that to be the case, no sufficient bar is raised against it. The people want a large measure of reform, and the possibly resulting evils are not sufficiently grave to warrant resistance to the popular wish. Resistance to the will of individuals and bodies of individuals is justified by the character of the consequences following upon the exercise of that will. We are right in preventing a man from committing suicide; we should be wrong in interfering with his determination to eat what was likely to disagree with him. Experience teaches and responsibility brings prudence. Communities of men who have come of age politically may be safely trusted to manage their own affairs well in the long run, and they have the right to mismanage them within limits if they prefer. The evils which may result from the introduction of the elective principle are at any rate as nothing compared with the good certain to accrue through the increase of influence it will bring to an important class.

Our great institutions have grown up with, are bound up with, and depend upon the structure of society; and our social system is mainly based upon this "territorial aristocracy." I dislike the term but can find no better. As a class, the gentlemen of England, who by no means sit at home at ease, but who have done at least as much good work in the world, at home and abroad, as any other class, are invaluable. The value of men may be fairly estimated by their mental, moral, and physical health, strength and cleanliness, and in these qualities English gentlemen cannot be excelled by any set of men anywhere. Loss of influence on their part would be a great misfortune to the State. How is it to be retained? Only by giving them fair play. They enjoy many advantages and are subject to many disadvantages. Instincts, whether of cotton-spinning or of governing are hereditary, and they possess the governing instinct. They are trained to business habits; they are eminently patriotic: they are inclined to take a comprehensive view of large questions; they are very practical; and, all Radical declamations notwithstanding, they have a strong hold on the respect and affection of the people. So much must be placed to their credit. On the other hand, they have to contend against a current of prejudice poured forth by Radical mob-orators during many years, and lately swelled to an abnormal height by Mr. Gladstone's most immoral efforts to stir up class hatred among his countrymen. The prejudice is strong, no doubt; but, on the whole, the balance of advantage is on their side. They are favoured by nature, and if only they will strip themselves of useless encumbrances they are bound to win. Forms which have become anachronisms are worse than useless. Privilege begets prejudice. If the professional politicians, mob-orators and demagogues are the best men, they will win in spite of privileges. If the country gentlemen are the best men, they will win if privileges do not hamper them. Plate armour was a valuable privilege in former days, but it is not a convenient costume for the purposes of modern war. There is plenty of hard fighting to be done. Men should go into it unencumbered with unnecessary weight. Political strife, whether local or imperial, stirs up a most unpleasant kind and quality of dirt under a democratic system, and the danger to all democracies lies in a not unnatural disinclination on the part of the educated classes or the leisured classes, or whatever they may be called, to mix up in political life. If democracy is to succeed with us it must be by the help of those classes, and fortunately their sense of duty is keen, and they are willing to work. If they will give themselves a fair field, there is nothing to fear. If they will not cling too tightly to privilege falsely so-called, it will be their true privilege to maintain and

extend their power, and to yield in the present and the future the same influence they exercised in the past.

And the same line of argument holds good concerning allotments. Radicals approve of an Allotment Bill. I do not know why. Putting the question of morality on one side in this case also, and considering merely the effect upon party strength, they are foolish, for such a measure must advantage the Tory Party. They hope that by waving the "blessed word compulsion" across our path, like a red rag to a bull, we shall be persuaded to oppose a measure just in itself and conducive to our advantage. We shall not be so blindly foolish. Compulsion in the abstract is not a Tory principle, being the opposite of liberty, which is the essential principle of Toryism; but both liberty and compulsion, to be of any practical value, must be used within limits, and dealt with as questions of degree. Compulsion justly defined within fair limits is necessary to make an Allotment Bill of real benefit to those it is intended to serve. Such a Bill will benefit the agricultural labourer. It will educate him, give him a higher sense of responsibility, enable him better to discharge his duties to the State, range him on the side of property, and consequently add stability to the "landed interest."

I do not select these questions of retrenchment, county government, and allotments, as peculiarly within the province of Tory Democracy; but as they are frequently denounced as having a Radical tendency, I presume it is chiefly through them that the stigma of Radicalism is attached to that mode of thought. I fail myself to see in what respect they are more Radical than the Land Transfer Bill, or other Bills before Parliament. I have mentioned them merely because, as various views are held about them, they may afford some means of estimating peculiarities of opinion in the Conservative ranks, and the essential difference between these opinions and Radicalism. I cannot define "Toryism," still less can I project a clear image out of that misty formula "Tory Democracy"; but as far as it is possible to do so, and to differentiate between them, it appears to me, that while the former looks with some apprehension upon the principles of compulsion and election in the two measures mentioned as likely to damage the Party, the latter considers them indispensable in order to increase the Party strength. With respect to Radicalism the difference is very clear. The Tory Democrat strives to uphold the "territorial aristocracy," the Radical to undermine it. On most points of practical politics before the country, Tory Democrats and Radicals are distinctly opposed. About some measures they may appear to approximate, but they differ absolutely in their appreciation of the objects and results of those measures. On

matters of principle—putting aside the question of Repeal, on which happily many men of many parties are united—they are separated by a gulf too wide and too deep to be spanned under any circumstances whatever.

Radicalism is despotic, destructive and subversive. It results in annihilating liberty and property, it aims at breaking up the Empire, destroying the unity of the United Kingdom, overturning the existing order of society, and throwing down the capital institutions of the country. Radicalism, in spite of the efforts of good and honest men, merges imperceptibly into Republicanism, Socialism, and Anarchism. Toryism, and especially the Tory Democracy, is, and in the nature of it, must be, essentially preservative and constructive. It defends liberty and property; it sustains and would strengthen the principle of union; it aims at preserving the Constitution, the great institutions of the country, and society as it exists. I say that Tory Democracy is especially conservative and constructive, because, if any distinction can be drawn between it and Toryism, it consists in this, that the Tory Democrat is more constructive, and more truly conservative because more adaptive. In his estimation the meaning and essence of an institution, its output in results, is of more consequence than every little detail of its shape. He believes the permanence of an institution can be best ensured by equalizing its relations to external circumstances at various times by means of timely, wise, constructive reform. Tory Democracy is, after all, the Toryism of the Democracy—popular feeling expressed in Toryism—Toryism expressing itself in popular feeling. The "people" recognize perhaps more clearly than do some other "classes," the fact that while Toryism is better calculated to meet their requirements and aspirations than any other political system, it must adapt itself to existing circumstances in order to do so. But Tory Democracy is essentially Conservative. Its sole end and object is to preserve society and the Constitution by enabling them to cope with the exigencies, difficulties, and requirements of the present day. The attempt to identify Tory Democracy with Radicalism is absolutely absurd, so absurd as to be beyond the reach and scope of argument. Perhaps the best answer to so illogical a proposition is to be found in the somewhat feminine but conclusive reply, that it is different because it is.

DUNRAVEN.

BOYCOTTING NO REMEDY IN MUSIC:

A Reply to Mr. Crowest.

The April issue of this Review was of peculiar interest to musical readers, owing to the remarkable candour of an article from the pen of Mr. F. J. Crowest, entitled, "Wanted—an English Musical Style,"—an article, be it admitted, which reflects with considerable fidelity the attitude adopted towards foreign music and foreign musicians by a large section of the Press, and, perhaps, the majority of native provincial professionals. This attitude is so discreditable, and, at the same time, so prejudicial to the advancement of English music, that no time should be lost in repudiating and protesting against it by those who, while yielding not a jot to Mr. Crowest in his professions of devotion to the interests of native art, believe that they can only be furthered by a course opposed more or less diametrically at every turn to that which he advocates. Before we proceed, however, to a detailed examination of his statements and suggestions, it may be well to observe that they have not the merit of originality, though certainly no previous champion of these views has ever gone to the same lengths in the measures by which he proposes to carry them out. In a work published last year, a *Biographical Dictionary of Musicians*, by a Mr. Brown, of Glasgow, and which, in these days of alternative titles, might not inaptly have been designated, "Foreign Bards and Scotch Reviewers," we find, at the close of a notice of John Barnett, the following memorable words: "Charity begins at home, and Englishmen must be illiberal, narrow-minded, and insular, with regard to everything springing from an exotic source, till her own musical institutions are firmly established." This keynote of insularity, persistently struck throughout the pages of Mr. Brown's Dictionary—a work, by the way, to which the Press extended an almost uniformly favourable welcome—is hammered upon with even greater vigour by Mr. Crowest, who also borrows his illustrious "foregoer's" (a term that we, in turn, borrow from him) peremptory tone of command. We are not advised, or recommended, or supplicated to boycott the foreigner, but we "must" do it. "There

must be a national revolutionary effort in this direction." "The country must pledge itself to English music, new and old." "We must unhesitatingly declare a new policy," and "it must be a distinctly selfish policy." "The supporters of our musical performances, stall-holders and gallery-'gods' alike, must refuse for a while to lend ears and hearts to all but national music." Mr. Crowest has, however, forgotten to add, as an essential condition to the success of his system, "There must be a Musical National League to enforce these rules, with branches in every town in the kingdom. All musicians, whether they subscribe or not, will be considered *ex officio* members, and any infraction of the rules will be rigorously punished by the executive." If this suggestion be acted upon, the present writer will have great pleasure in nominating Mr. Crowest for the post of President of the League. But he warns him that a counter-organization for the maintenance of the integrity of the Empire of Music will inevitably be set on foot, and will offer the most resolute resistance to the League, should its officials resort to moonlighting—for copies of the "Moonlight" sonata—or to raids on the houses of those who are known to possess scores of Beethoven, Brahms, Wagner, and Verdi—scores that Mr. Crowest (see p. 209) is so anxious to wipe out, in the most literal and complete sense of the word.

Turning to the opening paragraph of Mr. Crowest's article, we find that, underlying his melancholy wail over our inability to produce a great English work, there is evidently a strong desire that we should win "the envy or admiration of Europe for our musical prowess." Leaving out of consideration for the present the strange means by which he proposes to attain that end, we may safely conclude that Mr. Crowest sets great store by the approbation of those very foreigners whose influence he considers so baneful, and whom he urges us, for a season at least, to exclude from the practice of all branches of the art in this country. "Hopelessly in arrears," he continues, "so far as great English works are concerned, the world's *répertoire* is filling up without a single *magnum opus* from the hand of the British workman"; on which we would comment that, with all due respect for the British workman, it is hardly from *his* hand that a musical *magnum opus* may be legitimately expected. "Our present-day composers," so runs the next sentence, "are, it is true, at work, but, with scarcely an exception, they are writing only for the hour," in spite of what "enraptured critics" or "the musical representative of this or that house interested in the latest new score" may assert to the contrary. Here it will be seen that, within the compass of about three lines, Mr. Crowest has contrived to compress as many distinct and serious allegations—against composers, critics, and publishers. The two

latter classes may be left to take care of themselves; but the charge against our leading composers can hardly be passed over, especially as it is not for them to reply to it. With what shadow of justice, then, can it be insinuated that the scores of Sullivan's *Golden Legend*, Stanford's *Three Holy Children* or his *Revenge*, Cowen's *Sleeping Beauty*, Mackenzie's *Rose of Sharon*, or Hubert Parry's new and truly noble setting of Milton's *Blest Pair of Sirens*, have been written "only for the hour"? Many other works, by these and other writers, might be added to this list of recent English compositions, which makes no pretence to completeness, but will serve to illustrate the reckless nature of Mr. Crowest's mode of attack. In the succeeding paragraph he falls foul of our musicians for the servility they have shown in imitating Mendelssohn, and almost in the same breath, if we rightly interpret the meaning of one Delphic sentence, for not imitating him closely enough. "The idea of following a model," says Mr. Crowest (the italics further on are ours), "which has proved so eminently acceptable to the country at large is commendable and feasible enough, but, unfortunately, the work of imitating Mendelssohn has been attended with the inconvenience of bringing more honour to the original than to the copyists; *and not one of the latter has approached sufficiently close to the model to become acquainted with its particular mould and characteristics, or to learn enough of it to enable him to go out into the broad field of art and do likewise.*" Sterndale Bennett, he admits, came closer than anyone else, but "he only succeeded sufficiently to win the questionable reputation of being, perhaps, the most eminent among the disciples of that master."

For the life of us we cannot make out the meaning of this, unless it be a regret that Sterndale Bennett could not properly comprehend his model, coupled with a reproach that he should have taken one at all, "which is absurd." It is, perhaps, useless to remind Mr. Crowest of the frequent and generous criticisms passed upon Bennett's work by Robert Schumann (against whose widow he would bid us close our doors!) in the *Neue Zeitschrift*, for it is implied, though not stated in so many words, that Schumann has exerted a pernicious influence upon the English musical style, and no doubt Mr. Crowest would find it hard to acquit him of "log-rolling" in his estimate of one who was not only a personal friend, but the disciple of a master whom he revered so deeply. Still it is, perhaps, worth while to insist upon the fact that from the days of Handel down to those of Dvorák we have generally managed to win the affection of the great foreign masters who have visited or dwelt amongst us, and that whenever foreign critics whose judgment is worth having have had occasion to put on record their estimate of our musical capacity, it has been a

generous and favourable estimate. It is simply incorrect to say, as Mr. Crowest does, that "our music-makers, our composers, are to-day nowhere in international music councils." If he doubts the truth of this assertion, let him read what M. Saint-Saëns has to say in his volume of essays entitled *Harmonie et Mélodie* about the *personnel* of the Birmingham Festival; or let him take the trouble to ascertain what Dr. Hans Richter thinks of the compositions of Dr. Stanford. It is true that the redoubtable Dr. Hanslick, the *doyen* of Viennese critics, attributes but moderate capacity to our representative composers, and that the Berlin Press have recently passed an unfavourable judgment on Sullivan's *Golden Legend*. It is not in the least necessary, as some of our papers have done, to account for this verdict by unworthy motives, but it is consoling to reflect that the great Dr. Hanslick himself, spite of all his exertions, has been totally impotent to withstand the advance of Wagnerism.

But to return to Mr. Crowest. The mention of Sterndale Bennett induces him to utter a vigorous protest against any discipleship whatever. He would welcome, so he tells us, an earthquake that would annihilate everything foreign that serves as "model, style, or foundation, or what not, in our musical creations," even, we suppose, though the scores of all the operas from Mozart to Wagner, all the symphonies from Haydn to Brahms, and all the oratorios and masses from Bach to Dvorák were to perish in the convulsion, or, better still, were to be obliterated past recall from the brains of the present generation. There would be, doubtless, a few vain regrets, but if the future of the English style can only be secured by the wholesale demolition of the work done by "the great tone-poets," it would be unpatriotic to indulge in useless repinings. Once get a *tabula rasa* for our native talent, and the coming of an English Beethoven will not be long delayed. For then, as Mr. Crowest remarks with an imagery drawn from the textile and gastronomic arts that it is hopeless to attempt to equal, "the native composer would perforce breathe in another atmosphere, and in his next production he might spare us the infliction of listening to dexterously-weaved combinations of musical all-sorts, at which the palate has long sickened. The new musical coatings given to these old forms and flavourings have ever been the curse of musical progress in this country, and it is high time that such 'dishings-up' were turned away from, once and for ever, by the music-loving public. As things now are, the composer is playing into the hands of the music-publisher, and the public, in the end, suffers, for it has to satisfy its voracious musical appetite with whatever is thrown to it." What a terrible picture this gives us of the musical public, as of some ravening

monster into whose insatiable maw Messrs. Chappell, Manns, Hallé, Henschel, Mackenzie, Barnby, *cum multis aliis*, are for ever shovelling such meagre sustenance as can be derived from home products, tainted through and through by the foreign influence, or, worse still, from foreign compositions wholly unleavened by the saving grace of the English style! And yet we are musical enough in this country, resumes Mr. Crowest, instancing in proof of this the large demand amongst us for pianofortes, tin whistles, and cornets, the study of the ophicleide (?), and the fashion prevalent amongst the fair sex for learning the violin (and he might have added, the banjo, in aristocratic circles). Still, in spite of all this multifarious activity, in which he includes our notorious predilection for the music-hall (an institution in which the English style, free from any foreign taint or indiscreet discipleship, is to be found its most undefiled purity) "we produce neither great composers, nor a characteristic school of music, nor anything like an indication of what is to be a traditionary style."

With characteristic inconsistency the writer points, a little later on, to a reversion to the style of Purcell as our only chance of musical salvation. Apparently, then, we *do* possess a "traditionary style," to wit that of Purcell, which he elsewhere describes as thoroughly English, and, in the earthquake and the deluge which he has already invoked, a favoured few will be allowed to survive. Purcell and Bishop, and a few others mentioned at the bottom of page 212, will find room in the ark, and perhaps the remainder will be towed behind until the offending Teutonicisms and Gallicisms are washed clean out of them.

In view of the writer's eulogistic mention of Purcell, it may not be amiss at this point to say a word or two about Purcell's own attitude towards foreign music, believing, as we do, that if he were alive he would be the first to uplift his voice against the proposals of Mr. Crowest. On turning to the article in Grove's *Dictionary*, vol. iii. p. 47A, we read that in 1683 he published twelve sonatas avowedly formed on Italian models, as he says in his preface: "For its author, he has faithfully endeavoured a just imitation of the most famed Italian masters, principally to bring the seriousness and gravity of that sort of music into vogue and reputation among our countrymen, whose humour 'tis time now should begin to loath the levity and balladry of our neighbours." Again, "the advantageous result of his study of the great Italian masters is strikingly apparent," says his biographer, in his *Tempest* music composed in 1690; while to the opera founded on Beaumont and Fletcher's *Prophetess*, and published in the following year, he prefixed a preface in which his indebtedness to foreign models is unhesitatingly acknowledged.

"Poetry and Painting have arrived to perfection in our own country: Musick is yet but in its nonage, a forward child, which gives hope of what it may be hereafter in England, when the masters of it shall find more encouragement. 'Tis now learning Italian, which is its best master, and studying a little of the French air, to give it somewhat more of gayety and fashion."

Returning to Mr. Crowest's text, we are confronted by a vehement attack upon the present methods of training musical students. In illustration of this he points to the undue preference shown for foreign singing masters, although it by no means follows that this disregard for the pupil's voice should injuriously affect the future English composer. This is the impression as derived from Mr. Crowest's text as it stands, incredible as it may appear, and if he intended to convey a different meaning it is unfortunate that he should have employed such misleading expressions. All these trammels, he argues, "effectually preclude" the musical student "from striking out a path for himself—a path akin to his own instinct and fancy, and partaking of the Old English musical character." What a bundle of inconsistencies have we here! Individuality, originality, instinct, fancy, and the Old English musical character. The remainder of the paragraph is noticeable for two important statements; first, that we continue to draft our young musical element into foreign countries, "to learn principles, forms, and colourings—all of which should be imparted to and learned by it here"; and second, that "if our students do not acquire this foreign taint abroad, our schools, colleges and academies here are so stocked with foreign masters, *to the exclusion of native professors* (the italics are ours)—who are often better qualified—that the young mind is, from the first, alienated from its native influences, and the incipient mischief ripens rapidly until it gets past all cure."

Now we contend that the first of these two statements is misleading, and the second incorrect. No doubt there is a large contingent of English students at the principal foreign *conservatoires*, but for this fact the scarcity, until recent years, of similar native institutions has been mainly responsible, and in view of the large numbers of students attending the three leading metropolitan academies, the Royal Academy of Music, the Royal College and the Guildhall School, Mr. Crowest's assertion is in need of considerable modification. As it stands, it is calculated to mislead an outsider. Again, since Mr. Crowest, as we shall see later on, alludes in terms of regret mingled with pride at the unparalleled amount of money spent on music in England, he needs to be reminded that until lately one of the most potent motives in impelling musical students to seek instruction abroad was not con-

cession to fashion, but simply a regard for economy. A great deal has been done of late years to render this step unnecessary, but it has been done almost entirely by private generosity. The total sum contributed by the State to the encouragement of music is under £1,000 per annum. Is it too much to hope that with a ministry in power, one member of which is known to be a musical enthusiast, the time has come for some extension of this meagre subsidy?

Mr. Crowest's second assertion, that our schools, colleges and academies are stocked with foreign masters, to the exclusion of native professors, admits of a very simple method of disproof, that of a recourse to the lists of the teaching staff at the three principal metropolitan training institutions. Beginning with the Royal Academy we find that the professors and sub-professors are, in round numbers, just 100 strong, out of which 23 at the outside, including the teachers of the Italian, French and German languages, are foreigners on the showing of their names, which is not an invariably correct clue to nationality. At the Guildhall School of Music the proportion of foreign teachers is a trifle larger, reaching nearly one third of the total, or 32 out of 105. This, again, includes the teachers of Italian, German and French, whom, presumably, so long as the pernicious habit obtains of singing in those tongues, Mr. Crowest would hardly propose to replace by native masters. An analysis of the teaching staff at the Royal College of Music yields results even less calculated to substantiate Mr. Crowest's complaint. Out of a total of 45 only 9 are bearers of foreign names. Of these 9 it should be observed that no less than 4 are teachers of singing, a department in which we are unfortunately wholly unable to agree with Mr. Crowest in his estimate of the relative merits of English and Continental training. As to the truth of Mr. Crowest's strictures in regard to our schools, we have not the means before us for coming to a decisive conclusion. But at each of the three great public schools that occur most readily to us—Eton, Harrow and Marlborough—the principal music-master is a native. To revert for a moment to our musical academies proper, it is no doubt the case that the constitution of the professoriate at the Academy in Dublin,—the only musical institution, with the exception of the Royal Academy, which enjoys a State subvention,—is such as to lend greater weight to Mr. Crowest's strictures than the statistics relating to the establishments mentioned above. Furthermore we will go so far as to endorse his regret at the indiscreet patronage extended to foreign and quasi-foreign charlatans by august personages, and in the esoteric gatherings of "society." But if Mr. Crowest imagines that the future of English musical art is likely to be influenced

in the very smallest degree by the condescension of Mayfair he is, indeed, out of tune with the times. The native musician, if he be competent and in earnest, need not grudge "Signor Squarliari" his aristocratic *clientèle*. There are no doubt some houses which are honourable exceptions, but good music is tolerated by fashionable people, as any impartial observer like Mr. Du Maurier admits, simply and solely because it serves *pour faire causer le monde*. If any other form of entertainment can be devised which can tickle the jaded palates of our gilded youth, music, in the legitimate sense of the word, goes to the wall at once. Why, at the very hour we write, a reaction has set in in these exalted circles, which from the encouragement that it extends to purely native art, should make the heart of Mr. Crowest leap with delight. We are assured on the best of authority that the taste for foreign music has undergone a total eclipse in favour of the new passion for fortune-telling and the variety entertainment. De Soria—a greater artist in his own line, *pace* Mr. Crowest, than any of our native singers—has for the time being yielded the *pas* to Mr. Coborn, and the chaste muse of Corney Grain has been silenced by the concertina of Mr. Dutch Daly. Now if there is a species of music that is entirely exempt from the "foreign taint," and absolutely emancipated from the influence of continental exemplars, it is the music of our music-halls; and the cordial welcome which it is even now experiencing in the drawing-rooms of the aristocracy must, we suppose, be taken to be of good augury for the ultimate triumph of the English school. Under these circumstances then, and in the face of the figures quoted above, can Mr. Crowest seriously contend that, *ceteris paribus*, foreigners are preferred to native performers?

At this point Mr. Crowest quits the region of complaint for that of suggestion; and there is no uncertain sound about his declaration of war upon the foreigner. "Let us once and for ever give up the craze about foreign musical art and artists." "We have men and methods to teach all we need to know." In every department, he goes on, we can hold our own against all comers, even in that of conducting an orchestra. Here, again, we are obliged to demur. It is absurd to pit any English conductor against Dr. Richter, and we venture to assert that no persons would more frankly admit their inferiority in this particular than the very gentlemen—shall we say Messrs. Stanford, Barnby, Mackenzie, and Sir Arthur Sullivan?—to whom Mr. Crowest probably alludes. And does he think that Lancashire would consent to supersede Mr. Charles Hallé, or Sydenham Mr. August Manns? the latter of whom is one of the very best friends that English composers have, as a study of the Crystal Palace programmes will

amply testify. We must enter into a compact, says Mr. Crowest, to believe in our own resources; on which we will only remark that if the belief exists, there is no need to enter into a compact for the assertion of it. "Let us be as other countries, more selfish of a musical exclusiveness, if we really desire this long-yearned-for national identity." Is this the attitude that Germany has adopted towards France, where, for example, the statistics prepared at Berlin in 1883 showed that the number of representations of Bizet's *Carmen* exceeded those of Wagner's and Weber's operas put together? On the other hand, the efforts which undoubtedly were made by the Parisian Jockey Club, and other equally important æsthetic tribunals, to exclude Wagner from the repertory of the French opera-house, have only resulted in intensifying the devotion of his adherents in that country. Mr. Crowest's scheme for the wholesale boycotting of foreign music and musicians—which only needs to be stated in its naked absurdity to ensure its indignant repudiation by the vast majority of those who love the art in this country—would, if it were carried out, have the inevitable result of driving out of the country every vestige of native talent, and thus defeat the very end which its author declares his belief that it is specially calculated to achieve. Spite of all artificial bars and obstacles, genius will turn in the future, as it has done in the past, to the study of the great classical exemplars—irrespective of nationality—as surely and unswervingly as the needle points to the pole. When Mr. Crowest bids us "combine to see what it is that is truly musically English in our very midst," adding that, once we have agreed upon that point, "it will be comparatively easy to mark out a road to the goal so devoutly to be desired," he assumes a position from which it may be logically deduced that the sentimental drawing-room ballad and the music-hall song—both lamentably characteristic manifestations of British art—are more worthy of study than the sonatas of Beethoven or the songs of Schubert.

His first proposition for the remedy of the existing evil is to remove all foreign influences from the English musical student, to boycott "Signor Squarliari" and "Herr Fugueundwindem"; for in this graceful fashion does Mr. Crowest proclaim war against such teachers as Messrs. Beringer, Blume, Dannreuther, Garcia, Henschel, Pauer and Randegger. We must not spend our money on Italian or German opera, he goes on, but upon Carl Rosa's English opera. Now it is quite true that Mr. Rosa's repertory is played in the vernacular, and that the *Bohemian Girl* and *Maritana* are included in it, out of deference to a certain section of opera-goers; but, on the other hand, Mr. Crowest can hardly be ignorant of the facts that we owe our English opera to the enterprise of its

director, who is a German, that the four English composers whose operas have been recently produced by him—Messrs. Stanford, Mackenzie, Goring Thomas and Corder—are irremediably tainted, from Mr. Crowest's point of view, by foreign influences; and that, lastly, by far the most popular opera, and the most frequently played by this English Company, is Bizet's *Carmen*! If the "future English composer," then, is to save his soul, he must avoid Mr. Carl Rosa and all his ways, like poison. This glaring inconsistency on the part of Mr. Crowest prepares us for the way in which he contradicts himself in the course of the next few paragraphs. "Since Purcell's day, 1695," he remarks on p. 211, "we have had no thoroughly English music." But on the very next page he says: "Bishop, whose first centenary (Nov. 18, 1886) was recently passed over all but unnoticed, wrote some thoroughly English music." For this dearth of creative genius our vicious system of training musicians, and our injudicious encouragement of foreigners are wholly responsible. The amount of money spent by England on music is in particular a source of keen exasperation to Mr. Crowest. "During the period from Handel's day—say two centuries ago (*sic*)—to this, not all the European powers combined have spent the money in music that we have." This is one of those convenient statements which admit of no absolute proof or disproof; but it is, at least, on the face of it glaringly improbable, when we take into account the large government subsidies and the municipal enterprise of scores of Continental towns to which we can furnish no parallel. For all this waste, he contends, we have apparently nothing to show "but the most patchwork educational systems for rearing musicians," and a style of art which he compares to Joseph's coat. Mr. Crowest's fondness for finding parallels between music and dress has already been observable, and the phrase "musical coatings" on p. 209 opens up a new field of nomenclature which may be commended to the notice of enterprising tailors. But the most striking instance of the employment of the analogy occurs on p. 212, where he urges that "the nation at large must be taught to know that if it really desires a distinctive colour and a national feeling in its musical art, such as it has in painting and dress, then we must unhesitatingly declare a new policy and . . . it must be a distinctly selfish policy." Now what is our distinctive colour, and in what does our national feeling in dress best express itself? Surely the colour is black, and broadcloth and stove-pipe hats best represent the feeling, nor could more felicitous illustrations be anywhere discovered of the probable characteristics of the English school as developed on the lines indicated by Mr. Crowest.

For, in fine, his scheme amounts to this: that the rising gene-

ration must be taught exclusively by English teachers; they must study only English scores, or, better still, such portions of them as are pronounced by experts to be entirely free from foreign influences; while our publishers must publish only works by English writers. (Now, he says, "the music publisher shrinks from undertaking the loveliest piano morsel from a native pen, while he can continue to serve up *Di tanti palpiti* with endless variations"—a remark by which one is almost tempted to believe that Mr. Crowest wrote his article twenty years ago.) The country, too, must stuff its ears with wax against the wiles of all foreign Sirens, and shut its doors against all but native *virtuosi*. And then, when all this has been done, and liberal endowments for the fostering of native talent shall have been contributed by "some Mæcenas," "when we can breathe more freely, when we have banished for a season every vestige of foreign influence, we shall be in a position to feel the pulse of national taste, and to ascertain from time to time the prospects of the convalescence and ultimate complete recovery of our illustrious patient." There is evidently, then, something very rotten in the state of English music, and yet, though "the illustrious patient" is sick to death, the heroic treatment prescribed by Mr.—we had well-nigh said Doctor—Crowest is, in his own opinion, more likely to cure than to kill. For our own part, we think otherwise. Mr. Crowest is, doubtless with the best of intentions, counselling English music to desert its best friends, and commit a lonely suicide in the dark. It is true that he recommends the adoption of boycotting only for a while; but does he think that on its discontinuance one single foreign artist worth the name would deign to visit our shores, instead of preferring to leave us to wallow in the slough of self-centred insular complacency? One sure result of Mr. Crowest's plan of campaign would be, as we have already hinted, to drive all ambitious native musical talent *out* of the country, and to render such cases as those of Eugène d'Albert—of musical denationalization—the rule instead of the exception. But in spite of the resolute and aggressive attitude of Mr. Crowest's adherents, we refuse to believe that their views will ever gain general acceptance. Even though we may not have proved ourselves a great creative race in music, the legitimate pride with which we can look back on the welcome extended by us to great and deserving composers, such as Handel, Haydn, Spohr, Mendelssohn, down to Dvorák in these latter days, will surely extinguish such regret as we may feel at the indiscreet encouragement given in the higher ranks of society to foreign charlatans. As for the insinuation that English music is very sick, we entirely and absolutely repudiate it. The "illustrious patient," of whom Mr. Crowest would fain make a *malade*

imaginaire, is at present in a very robust and promising condition, though officious practitioners profess to discover all sorts of terrible diseases in him, from the healing of which they doubtless design to suck no small advantage.

The closing sentences of Mr. Crowest's paper are exceedingly difficult to reconcile, either with themselves or with the sentiments expressed at the outset. One passage starts by implying that we only need good auspices to produce a great composer, and winds up by conveying the impression that we have already done so. The general inference to be drawn from the article is that we have no style, no distinctive colour in music, and yet, at the close, we are told that "if we gather up the national music we already possess, collate it, and shelve it [ill-omened word] where it will be at the finger's end of every English student, much may be borrowed from it in tone, colour, and form, that will give the future musician good clue to the constituent qualities of our lost English style." Then, apparently, we *have* had a style, something distinctively English in colour and form, and quite free from the taint of Beethoven, Mozart, Wagner, and above all Mendelssohn. Then he goes on: "Let the musical learned ones agree upon what shall be the accepted English style and character in music [as though genius, when it did appear, would for one second consent to submit to the fetters thus forged for it! to say nothing of the unlikelihood of getting the "musical learned ones" to undertake such a task], saturate our young students with such; and then we need not despair of giving to the world, some day, a veritable master of the composer's art, capable of championing English musical interests, and so raising his country's head high among the nations of musical Europe." It might, indeed, be an amusing task to endeavour to trace, in imagination, the career of Mr. Crowest's ideal English student. There would be free scope for the play of fancy, for we refuse to believe that there will ever come a day when the reality shall be brought into comparison with the ideal forecast. Boycott the masterpieces of the German, French, and Italian composers in the class-room and academy if you will; but the demand for their performance is ineradicably rooted in the heart of the most truly musical section of the community. The *plébiscite* system in determining the selection of programmes is an overwhelming retort to Mr. Crowest, proving as it does that the "masses" in the musical world are incorrigibly addicted to good music, without any regard for the nationality of the composer. It would indeed be an evil day for England, as a musical people, on which a hearing were denied the *Eroica* Symphony, or the Overture to *Tannhäuser*, or Gounod's *Faust*, simply because they were composed by foreigners. But such a day, we may confidently pre-

dict, will never come. The only true Nationalism in music is Internationalism. Mr. Crowest has certainly one great merit—that of possessing the courage of his convictions. He has advanced the most outspoken plea that we have ever read in behalf of insular mediocrity, mutual admiration—of Musical Home Rule, in fact, to secure which he proposes a policy of coercion, alien acts, and boycotting. We choose rather to look forward to a further extension of the principle of federation which already obtains, and in accordance with which, earnestness of purpose in creation, and competence in interpretation, shall be considered the only passports to recognition throughout all the provinces of the great Empire of Music.

CHARLES L. GRAVES.

THE RUSSIAN FRONTIERS OF THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN EMPIRE.

For nearly six months we have been hearing almost daily rumours of war—war between France and Germany, war between Russia and Austria, or a general European, with great coalitions on both sides. Looking back on this long period of anxiety and alarm, it is curious to note how much of the discussion in newspapers and reviews as to the probability of war or the hope of peace, has turned upon speeches or reported conversations of prominent public men, and articles in the semi-official press of the Continent. In this talk about words written and spoken, people seem sometimes inclined to forget hard facts. A re-assuring speech, a pacific article in some paper known to express the views of the Russian or the German Foreign Office, is enough to make all the optimists cry out that the danger of war is past. Unfortunately there are certain broad and tangible facts which no amount of pacific assurances can set aside. There is the fact that all through the winter, every Power in Europe, small and great, from Belgium and Switzerland up to Germany and Russia, has been augmenting its forces, strengthening its fortifications, and increasing its reserve of warlike stores. The case of the Austro-Hungarian Empire is one of the most striking of all. The finances of that Empire are in such a condition that it is quite certain that neither the Government at Vienna, nor that at Pesth, would spend millions of money in war preparations, if there were not a very serious danger of war at an early date. Take the figures of the Austro-Hungarian Budget for the present year. Reduced to English money the expenditure stands thus :—

Austria - -	£51,174,083
Hungary - -	34,352,943
	£85,537,026

This expenditure does not include the extraordinary credits for the armaments of last winter. The revenue is estimated to amount to :—

For Austria - -	£49,576,098
For Hungary - -	32,191,774
	£81,767,872

Thus there is a deficit of upwards of three and three-quarter millions sterling. Unfortunately a deficit is no new feature in Austrian finance. The debt has been steadily accumulating. Two years ago the Austrian debt was about 66 millions sterling; that of Hungary 109 millions, and the common debt of the Empire 310 millions. Besides these consolidated debts there is always a heavy floating debt, and there is very little coin in circulation; Austria, like Russia, has chiefly a paper currency. Briefly the Austrian financial situation is this: paper money, a heavy recurring deficit, and a debt of over 500 millions. Nevertheless, since last November the Austro-Hungarian Government has been spending millions on fortifications, strategic railways, military roads, stores, and a new armament for the infantry. The enormous engineering works which have been executed in Bosnia, in Galicia, and in the Carpathians, would have cost much less if their execution had been deferred till the present spring, but they have been pushed on in the depth of winter amid frost and snow, and in some instances relays of workmen have been employed day and night on the fortifications and railways. No less significant is the fact that such masses of troops have been moved into Galicia to watch the Russian frontier, that it has been necessary to erect vast ranges of wooden huts, and whole villages of barracks, in order to shelter them through the winter. The Red Cross societies have received their orders to have their ambulances and field hospitals ready for the early summer; and, as if to show that Austria is prepared for the worst, the third line of defence, the Landsturm or *levée en masse* against invasion has been organized throughout the Empire, the old breech-loaders of the army being turned over to the Landsturm centres as regiment after regiment of the army and the Landwehr receives the Mannlicher repeater.*

All this means that the statesmen of Vienna and Pesth, men in the best possible position to understand the actual position of affairs, are convinced that the only security of the Austro-Hungarian Empire lies in being prepared, at any cost, for a war which may break out in the present spring or the early summer. They are fully alive to the fact that, in the present state of the finances of the Empire, the cost of such preparations imposes a heavy burden on the people of Austria and Hungary, but, like

* The latest statistics of the land forces of Austria are as follows:—

Austro-Hungarian Army - - -	805,604	men and officers.
Austrian Landwehr - - - -	225,000	,,
Hungarian Landwehr (Honveds) - -	193,000	,,
Austro-Hungarian Landsturm (184 battalions and 40 squadrons) - - -	250,000	,,
Total - -	1,473,604	

RUSSIA
GERMANY
R. Oder
TO WARSAW
TO WARSAW
Ivangorod
R. Vistula
R. San
R. Bug
CRACOW
I
JAROSLAV
BRODY
TO DUBNO
Lemberg
XI
PRZEMYSL
Carpathians
Little Carpathians
BRUNN
TO VIENNA
Czirfow
Stry
R. Dniester
EPERIES
KASCHAU
VI
R. March
R. Waag
R. Gran
PRESBURG
V
VIENNA
II
Munkacs
R. Pruth
TO PESTH
TO PESTH & THE SOUTH
TO ODESSA
KOMORN
BUDA PESTH
IV
SKETCH MAP
OF THE
AUSTRO-RUSSIAN FRONTIER.
FRONTIERS.
RAILWAYS.
FORTIFIED PLACES.

Prince Bismarck, they do not forget that an unsuccessful war means a total disorganization of national finance. Austria is still paying for 1859 and 1866, and this time she is straining every nerve, and spending gold and labour freely, to avert the danger of a new Solferino or Sadowa.

Although the southern frontiers are not neglected, and especially in Bosnia and the Herzegovina ample precautions are being taken against a rising based upon the outpost that Russia possesses in Montenegro, the chief war preparations of Austria are upon her north-eastern frontier. She expects the chief shock from Russian Poland, Volhynia, and Podolia. If she has to fight with Russia, Galicia, Bukowina and Upper Hungary will be the first scene of conflict, the ground upon which the fate of the campaign will be decided. If the Government at Bucharest could be induced by an offer of annexations in the districts of Hungary and Transylvania, that are inhabited by a Rouman population, to play again for Russia the part of the jackal, as it did in 1877–78, a diversion might be attempted farther south against Transylvania; but, in any case, the main attack will come from the north-east. Very little is known in England of these north-eastern border-lands of Austria. I shall not attempt anything like a full description of the country, but, in view of the possible events of the coming summer, I shall note down as briefly and clearly as possible the position of affairs in Galicia and the adjacent districts, with reference to the threatened Russian attack upon Austria-Hungary.

The Austro-Hungarian Empire has a frontier in common with Russia, for a distance of nearly 600 miles—from the town of Myslowitz, thirty miles west of Cracow, where the frontiers of Germany, Russia, and Austria meet, to the point a little to the east of Czernowitz, where the Pruth issues from the Bukowina, and begins to form the northern frontier of Roumania. This Austro-Russian frontier-line is partly defined by the course of the Vistula, partly by that of one of the smaller tributaries of the Dniester, but, for the most part, it is connected with no great natural features of the ground; neither river nor mountain separates the Austrian and Russian outposts; it is an arbitrary line, defined only by the treaties of partition that gave Galicia to Austria as her share of the plunder of Poland; and by the treaty with Turkey for the cession of Bukowina, in 1777. From a military point of view such a frontier is a very bad one, and its relation to the main features of the ground in its immediate rear does not in any way improve it. A glance at a map of Austro-Hungary shows that this Galician frontier region lies outside the natural barriers of the Empire. The wooded range of the Carpathians, which unites

like a great rampart the mountain regions of Moravia and Upper Hungary on the left, and the plateau of Transylvania on the right, is the true military frontier of Austria against Russia. Behind this line lies the great plain of Hungary. It has been compared to a curtain connecting two bastions, but the comparison is not a true one; for the hill regions on either side are not salients towards Russia; they lie within the Carpathian line, and do not flank it. Galicia lies outside the line; it is the glacis of the rampart, a glacis that has for the most part a very gentle slope, and is almost devoid of natural obstacles to delay the advance of an enemy. Moreover, on the left the rampart is rather low, and this is precisely the point where an attack is most likely to be made upon it. Altogether the natural fortress is not a strong one, and the first stand has, in any case, to be made outside it—on the outer-part of the glacis. Austria is pledged to defend Galicia; an evacuation of the province in the presence of Russian invasion would not only be a disastrous confession of weakness, but it would also, in all probability, expose the landed class to a *jacquerie* at the hands of the peasants. Russia is only too ready to play in Austrian Poland the part she has already so successfully adopted in her own Polish province, of setting the peasant against the noble by a sweeping confiscation. Even a temporary occupation of Galicia would suffice for this purpose.

The author of a work on the military power of Austria, lately published at Leipzig,* a work which is throughout an attack on the administration of the Austrian War Department under the direction of Count Bylandt, calls Galicia the "open door" of the Austro-Hungarian empire, and speaks of the second-rate fortress of Przemysl as its sole defence. In this there is some truth, but at the same time much exaggeration. The door is not quite open, and Przemysl is not the only fortress of the north-eastern borderland. The open frontier of Galicia is watched by three fortresses, or, if we count the recently-constructed earthworks that cover Lemberg, we may say that there are four. None of them are fortresses of the first rank; there is no place in Galicia that could be compared with Metz, Verdun, or Belfort. The fortresses are in the centre, Przemysl and Jaroslav: on the left, to the westward, Cracow; and on the right, to the eastward, Lemberg. Of these the most important points are Cracow and Przemysl. Until 1854 the frontier was absolutely unfortified. In that year, in view of a possible conflict with Russia on the question of the Danubian Principalities, the Austrians threw up some light earthworks around Cracow and Przemysl. Works of the same kind were executed at Zaleszczyki on the Dniester, but these last have been long

* *Die Wehrkraft Oesterreich-Ungarns in der zwölften Stunde.*—Leipzig: Wigand.

since abandoned. Cracow has been developed into a fairly strong fortress of the second class. It secures the passage of the Vistula, enabling an Austrian army to strike at the communications of a Russian army invading central Galicia from Poland. At the same time it covers against a Russian attack the passes that lead to the westward of the Little Carpathians, by the valley of the Upper Oder, the "Gate of Moravia," known to French geographers as the *trouée de l'Oder*, with the railway to Vienna that follows this line, and the roads that run parallel to it. As all these lines run immediately to the rear of Cracow, between the higher mountains and the salient angle of Prussian Silesia, even if there were no fortress at Cracow, a Russian army would not venture into this narrow pass unless it were well assured of the neutrality of Germany, which otherwise would menace its communications with Poland. On the other hand, if Germany were on the side of Russia, Cracow could be very easily masked and turned. Its importance depends wholly on the attitude of whoever rules at Berlin. Cracow stands at the junction of the little river Rudawa with the Vistula. It is in the midst of a plain, broken in places by low hills, in others flat and marshy. In 1862 the Austrian engineers began to carry out an elaborate plan of fortification, only lately completed, if indeed it is complete in all its details. The city standing on the north side of the Vistula is protected to the north, east, and west by a polygonal front of five faces, each about 800 yards long; there are bastions at the angles. On the south side, the main defence is the course of the Vistula, and the old castle. At a distance of from half a mile to a mile in front of this enciente there is an incomplete circle of outlying forts and redoubts. The strongest of these are Fort Kosciusko, to the west of the city, and the works on Mount Baranowka to the south. The weak point of the whole scheme appears to be the northern front, where a low plateau lying within short artillery-range of the enciente is defended only by a line of six redoubts. Unless the works on this side have been very recently strengthened to a considerable extent, Cracow, if vigorously attacked by this plateau, would hardly be capable of a prolonged defence.

The existence of two fortresses in Central Galicia is the result of hesitations and changes of plans at the Austrian War Office. Przemysl, on the San, was selected at the time of the Crimean War as the point of resistance in this district. After the War of 1866 it was abandoned, and fortifications were begun at Jaroslav, a few miles to the northward on the same river. In 1869 the works at Jaroslav, which were still far from completion, were stopped, and plans were prepared for the defence of Przemysl; the work was carried on here for about four years, but it came to a

complete stop in 1874. In 1881 work began again, and last autumn, under the influence of the alarm of war with Russia, large sums were devoted to complete the fortifications of Przemysl and to strengthen the neighbouring fortress of Jaroslav, as an outpost to the northward. At times last winter the work was carried on day and night; and to overcome the difficulty of breaking up the frozen ground the novel expedient was adopted of erecting boilers in the open air, and throwing jets of hot water into the workings. At the same time Lemberg has been protected by light earthworks, but this place must be counted as an entrenched position rather than a fortress. The works of Przemysl appear to be an earthwork enceinte with outlying redoubts. Considering the conditions under which these works have been completed, they probably will not be very solid, and there are perhaps even "snow-works," mingled with the earth-works. In any case Przemysl is not a fortress at all worthy of its position in the scheme for the defence of Galicia. It is a most important point, as it watches the course of the San, and covers the junction of the railway-lines to Cracow and Lemberg, and those by Chryow to Stry, where the new railway through the Carpathians joins the strategic line which runs between the Dniester and the main ridge of the Carpathians. This is a point which ought to be protected by a fortress of the first rank. But, as the French engineer, Marga,* has well remarked, what the defence of Galicia requires is not a single great fortress, "but a fortified region, like that of the French frontier, destined to afford support to the movements of armies in the field. The organization of this central fortified region would include the erection of forts and batteries at Sambor, Chyrow, Przemysl and Jaroslav. It would extend northwards to the confluence of the Wislok and the San, and to the southwards it would rest upon the vast marshes of the Dniester."

In February I described, in these pages, the "fortified region" of the East of France. Austria possesses no such iron barrier against Russia. The fortresses I have just described are little more than rallying-points for the defence of the Galician plain against the first shock of invasion. Behind the Carpathians the town of Eperies has been surrounded by a circle of forts, since 1868; and Kaschau, a little to the south of this place, has been protected by earthworks since last summer. These two places cover the western railway-lines to Central Hungary and Pesth, and close the roads that lead from Galicia, by Dukla and Poprad, through the hill region of Upper Hungary. They are the only portion yet constructed of a much-needed second line of defence against Russia.

* Marga, *Géographie Militaire*, partie ii. tome ii. p. 145.

In a military sense, the centre of the Austro-Hungarian empire is the district in which lies the middle course of the Danube, between Vienna and Buda-Pesth. The chain of the Little Carpathians divides the roads leading to this district from the northward into two groups. West of the chain lie the roads that lead from the Upper Oder Valley, by the valley of the March, to Presburg and Vienna; eastward are the roads leading from Galicia and Upper Hungary, by the course of the Waag and the Gran, to Komorn and Buda-Pesth. Vienna is covered only by the line of redoubts on the left bank of the Danube, hastily constructed in 1866, and by the *tête-de-pont*, at Florisdorf, dating from the same year. Presburg is an open town. Buda has long ceased to be a fortress, and Pesth is protected only by the casemated fort of the Blocksburg, on a height to the south of that place. Komorn, one of the historic fortresses of Austria, is really the only place of strength in this central region. It stands in a naturally strong position, at the confluence of the Waag and the Danube, and surrounded by flat marshy land. Its works, though strong, are not what they ought to be, seeing that Komorn is the very heart of the military system of Austria, and its capture would entail the speedy fall of both the capitals, which it indirectly defends by affording a rallying-point for a retreating army, covering the communications with the rest of the Empire by the southern bank of the Danube, and securing the passage of that river, and of its affluent the Waag.

In considering the defence of the north-east of Austria, one must remember that the true objective of an invader will always be the line Vienna–Presburg–Komorn–Pesth. A Russian army would, perhaps, aim at Pesth in the first instance; but even if that city were occupied, as long as the Austrians held Komorn, Vienna would be safe, and the struggle would not be at an end. It is very unlikely that a Russian army would attempt to penetrate into Austria by Western Galicia and the neighbourhood of Cracow, in order to advance on Vienna by the valley of the March to the westward of the Little Carpathians. As I have already pointed out, such a movement could only be attempted if Germany were friendly to Russia; moreover, so long as an Austrian army kept together in Upper Hungary, the communications of the invader would be open to attack, either through the passes leading into Galicia, or through those same passes of the Little Carpathians through which Benedek retired into Hungary in 1866, after his retreat on Vienna was cut off by the rapid advance of the Prussians after Sadowa. When the Russians invaded Hungary in 1849, as the allies of Austria against the Magyar nation, they advanced in three columns from Poland across Western and Central Galicia.

One column moved by Cracow and the Oder Valley, then down the line of the March to Presburg, where it joined the Austrian army of Haynau; a second column passed through Upper Hungary, and descended the line of the Waag; while a third, which included the main body of the Russian army of Paskiewich, marched by Dukla and Kaschau into the plain of Hungary. Any future Russian advance will probably follow the line of march of these two last columns. The Russian armies available for an attack upon Austria would be—(1) the army of Poland under Gourko, (2) the army that is already partly assembled in Volhynia and Podolia. The heavy accumulations of stores that are reported on good authority to be collected at the Russian fortress of Dubno, opposite the Austrian frontier town of Brody, are a sign of actual preparation for this second attack. I do not know how far the views of the Bulgarian exiles in Russia represent those of the Russian Government, but I have been assured by a Russian correspondent, who is in communication with the leaders of the party, that if there is a fight with Austria over the Bulgarian question, a blow will be struck against Austria before any considerable force is pushed southward into Bulgaria. Russia, notwithstanding the enormous army she possesses *on paper*, cannot afford to divide her forces in a European struggle. If she has to meet Austro-Hungary in battle, every available man will be hurled against Galicia—one army moving southwards, with its base at Warsaw; the other, combining with it, from the south-western provinces. There is the evident drawback that in such a movement the two armies will have to act from bases wide apart, divided by the vast marshes of the Pripet, and with their lines of operation at the outset linked together only by a single line of railway, running between the marshes and the Galician frontier. The extremities of this line are guarded by the Russian fortresses of Dubno and Ivangorod; but still, in case of a reverse, a considerable portion of it would be in striking distance of the Austrian frontier, and the two armies would be hopelessly divided. A first success would, therefore, be of the greatest importance to Russia, and everything points to the fact that, in case of war, she will trust to her superiority in cavalry to prepare the way for such a success by a rapid invasion of Galicia before the Austrian mobilization is complete. Both Russia and Austria have massed a very considerable force of cavalry on the Galician frontier. About three months ago, the Russians had eighteen regiments of cavalry in Poland; the Austrians had only eight in Galicia. The inequality of force is not so great as it at first seems, for a Russian cavalry regiment consists of only four squadrons, while an Austrian regiment has six. Thus, Russia had seventy-two squadrons on the frontier; Austria forty-eight. Since

then the force has been increased on both sides, and the Austrian cavalry are cantoned along the frontier in whole villages of wooden huts erected since the beginning of the winter. But so far as mere numbers go, the advantage must still be on the Russian side. "We all know," says a recent Austrian military writer, "that Russia has a larger cavalry force than we have, and we know also equally well that we cannot reach the same level in this respect, for Russia is richer in men and horses, the raw material of cavalry, and draws upon a considerably heavier war budget." * A war between Russia and Austria will, therefore, begin with the invasion of Galicia by a superior force of Russian cavalry, an invasion which, if successful, will break up the lateral communications of the country, cut the railways and telegraph lines, and make the concentration of an Austrian field-army beyond the Carpathians a difficult and dangerous work.

Covered by this cloud of horsemen the two Russian armies would advance on converging lines, the army of Poland to the eastward of the Vistula and into central Galicia; the army of Volhynia and Podolia coming up from the eastward, and masking or storming Lemberg *en route*. The first serious fighting would be about Jaroslav and Przemysl, the two invading armies converging upon the battle-field like the two Prussian armies at Sadowa, and supporting each other, even before their junction, by either of them menacing the communications of the enemy in case he endeavoured to collect all his forces for a blow against the other. An Austrian defeat in Central Galicia would be followed by either a retreat into the Carpathians, or upon Cracow. The retreat into the Carpathians would have the drawback of giving the Russians a chance of seizing the passes into Upper Hungary before the beaten army was reorganized and in a position to attempt their defence. A retreat towards Cracow would have the disadvantage of following a line parallel to a hostile frontier; and the advantage of making an advance into Hungary dangerous to the enemy so long as the Austrian army held together in Eastern Galicia. It is clear that in any case, from a purely military point of view, Austria has little to gain from an obstinate defence of Galicia. If it is defended it will be in obedience to political considerations. Her true policy in case of a war in which she was not strong enough to strike at Russia's power in Poland, would be to trust to delaying the Russian advance as long as possible, and wearing out the Russian armies by that process, which in every campaign has so rapidly and effectually thinned the Muscovite ranks. Austria, unless she is prepared to take the offensive, has nothing to gain by fighting a decisive battle

* *Die Wehrkraft Oesterreich-Ungarns.* Berlin 1887. A reply to the pamphlet (already referred to) with the same title.

in Galicia, a battle which would risk the success which is fairly certain of attainment by a more Fabian policy. Her true policy would be to keep little more than a strong rear-guard in Galicia; to delay the Russian advance by retiring slowly, breaking up roads and bridges, and letting her few fortresses hold out as long as possible with their own resources against the invader. The real struggle should be in the passes and narrow valleys of Upper Hungary; firmly established there, an Austrian army could force an invader either to attack strong positions in front, or to risk his communications by an advance either westward by the Upper Oder, or eastward over the Carpathians. Such a defence would not be a passive one, for if Russia ventured on a front attack, a counter attack could be simultaneously made from the direction of Cracow on her communications through Galicia. If Cracow were more strongly fortified, the position would be safe on this side. Even as it is, if a sufficient force were kept in the neighbourhood to secure the place against a rapid attack, the end in view could be still gained, namely, to force Russia to prolong the war. If there is a conflict between Russia and Austria, and if Russia conquers, it will only be because Austria commits herself to an obstinate defence of Galicia. In a war with Russia the Fabian plan always promises good results, provided that the defence is not a purely passive one, and that the Power that stands on the defensive is ready to resume the offensive as soon as there are any signs of coming exhaustion on the side of the aggressor. Above all, the defenders must be determined to die in the last ditch. We now know that in 1829 as well as in 1878, at the moment when the Turks surrendered to the Russian invaders, these last were in no condition to prolong the conflict. Whatever be the number of the Russian armies on paper, and however open and ill-defended by nature and by art her north-eastern frontier may be, Austria has nothing to fear from a conflict with Russia, provided she does not allow the Russians to choose the main battle-field outside her own natural barriers, and provided she takes every measure to lengthen out the conflict, and to force the Russian armies to endure, before the decisive battle, that prolonged strain of weeks of campaigning which they can least of all afford to bear.

A. Hilliard Atteridge.

A SPRING HOLIDAY.

Autumn suggests peace, and the crowning of endeavour with rest. Spring, it will be said, suggests work, anticipation, and a laborious preparation for harvest that is distant. Autumn, therefore, not Spring, is the season for holiday. Be it so. Most of the world are of that opinion; and the result is the holiday season is the most odious time of all the year for travelling and sight-seeing. Solitude then becomes impossible; and even ordinary quiet is beyond reach of attainment. Steamboats are crowded, fore and aft; railway carriages are stuffed full; hotels are *au grand complet*; and mountains, lakes, and forests become a mere background to hurrying man and solicitous woman. Long, however, may the prevailing opinion endure; and long may holiday tourists make their appearance on the Continent of Europe at a stated and calculable date, like shoals of herrings, or a grand catch of mackerel. If holiday means haste, fuss, worry, noise, heat, loss of luggage, meagre bed, and battled-for board, then, indeed, autumn is the time for taking it. But if true holiday is to be found only accompanied by leisure, silence, absence of solicitude, certainty of warm welcome and comfortable quarters at every inn, ample room on the deck of steamers, and adequate margin in railway carriages for your legs and your smaller luggage, then from the middle of March to the end of May is the best period for a reprieve from home work. Think, too, what one avoids by being out of England, at that season. One gets away from Parliamentary debates, from Mr. Parnell and all his works, from the pious indignation of Mr. Gladstone, from the Easter Volunteer Review, the Boat Race, and all the conventional annual ceremonials with which people vainly try to persuade themselves that winter is already over.

To watch most persons taking holiday, one would suppose that pleasure is inseparable from precipitation. If they are bent on spending their vacation on the Riviera, or in Italy, what do they do? They go straight through to the farthest point of their travels without stopping, and pay handsomely for being made intolerably uncomfortable. I can never consent to regard man—travelling man, at least—as a rational animal, so long as he conducts himself in this fashion. What is the pleasure, and what the advantage,

of being for forty hours on end, in a railway carriage, unless you are a Queen's Messenger, are eloping, or have run away from your creditors? Bound for the Riviera, and for no very definite spot of it, I breakfasted at the usual hour, left London at a quarter before ten, and reached Paris some minutes before six. Why should I have gone on to Nice, or Cannes, or Monte Carlo, in the *Rapide*, and exposed myself to being turned out of the railway carriage in the middle of the night, because the wheels of the huge wagon have got heated? The thing happens repeatedly, and occurred to Her Majesty the other day, on her way to Cannes. Surely, it is more consonant with reason, with comfort, and with the tastes of an educated traveller, to halt at Paris, to go to an hotel, wash and change, have an excellent if not particularly cheap dinner at some well-known restaurant, stroll up or down the Boulevard des Italiens, pass down to the *Théâtre Français* up the Rue de Rivoli till you come to the Place de la Concorde, and see once again that splendid square and the vista down the Champs Elysées brilliantly lighted up; and then saunter back by the Madeleine to the Boulevards again. Paris is not, like an Italian city, worth staying in very long, if you know it already. But it is always worth looking at. One receives a sensation, an impression—surely no contemptible gain in these sensational and impressionist days—of an individual kind, that is not to be had elsewhere. Now that we are no longer pestered with periodical dithyrambic exaggeration from Victor Hugo about *La Sainte Ville*—"Athens, Jerusalem and Rome in one"—we may cheerfully allow that Paris never fails to excite one's wonder, even as a mere spectacle. The Third Republic has at least inherited architectural grandiosity from the Second Empire. But who can ever forget, when visiting Paris now, that only yesterday, as it were, it echoed to the siege-guns of the Germans and was enveloped in the fuliginous fires and dabbled with the blood of the Commune? There never was a latent volcano with a surface so smiling as Paris. The revolutionary fires are always smouldering below; but the City wears an aspect of supreme, changeless, and magnificent order. And the Future? Where is the Seer who can lift the veil that is no longer on the flower-wreathed statue of Strasburg in the Place de la Concorde, but which hangs dark over the face of the city of Lutetia?

A day—if you like, a night—suffices for the impression Paris always makes, and for the reflections it invariably suggests. At a convenient hour in the morning you can be at the *Gare de Lyon*, and be once more on your journey. But, again, what need of hurry? Why not halt again at Lyons, about six o'clock, dine in comfort, and sleep in peace? You are holiday-making. Then make holiday; do not tear along as though thousands of pounds,

or the fate of an empire, depended on your reaching a certain place, *summâ diligentiâ*, and at the earliest possible moment. If Lyons have no attraction—and it has not much, except as the most revolutionary provincial town in France—then go a little farther, and sup and sleep at Avignon. It was good enough for several Popes; it was good enough for Petrarch; and it is good enough to hold all that is mortal of John Stuart Mill and the woman who loved and helped him. Is it not good enough also for you? Or will nothing content you but a night in a Pullman car —hot, stuffy, and stinking? Even if the memory of Donna Laura have no charms for you, then by all means hurry on to Marseilles. You reach it at midnight, and there, in the station itself, is the *Terminus Hotel*, with a bed ready for you. But no! people prefer to hurry on, in the dark, through all the lovely country that lies between Marseilles and Cannes! in a word, to escape seeing the very sights that alone made it worth while to leave England. By sleeping at Marseilles, one has ample time in the morning to breakfast leisurely, to walk through its main streets down to the port, buy a huge bunch of violets, and take a seat in the train for Cannes, Nice, Monaco, Mentone, at 11.20 *a.m.*

And what a progress it is, whether made under untempered sunshine or sunshine chequered by soft white clouds, past mountains escarped into vineyard terraces, through strips of fat, red-looking plains where the fig is burgeoning and the green corn is already more than a palm high, and along a blue expanse of sea fringed with a shifting lacework of fretted foam! One feels that one would like to halt, descend, and sojourn at every spot one comes to; for everywhere there are shining white houses, with green *persiane*, everywhere there are mimosa trees in the heyday of their golden beauty, everywhere are anemones growing, tulips flaming, and zephyrs blowing from a gentle sea. We grow the white heath carefully in England, and, where not in our greenhouses and conservatories, in places thoughtfully sheltered. Look at it here, as the train glides along! There are forests of it, and it grows taller and more luxuriantly, and flowers more profusely, even than laurel or arbutus in Devonshire or the West of Ireland. Surely it is a thankless and a stupid thing to sleep past this zigzagging panorama of loveliness in a *coupé-lit!* How much less pretty than it really is, looks Saint Raphael as you halt a couple of minutes at the little station. But I see they have finished the exterior of the church they have been building there, and an imposing edifice it is. In time, perhaps—though let us hope it may be spared that fate—Saint Raphael will become one of the rivals of the Riviera. Now, I suppose, there are four: Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, and Mentone, unless, indeed, the recent earthquakes have ruled Mentone out of

the competition. The other three are rivals by contrast rather than by similarity. Cannes is rich, beautiful, and unimpeachably respectable. Cannes goes to church with well-dressed regularity, listens to sermons, plays lawn-tennis, holds five o'clock tea-parties, even gives dinners, aspires to be aristocratic, and perhaps is as much so as is attainable in this "a little mixed" generation. Nice is likewise rich, beautiful after a fashion (as one who has been made "beautiful for ever" is), not emphatically respectable nor particularly caring to seem so, worldly, cosmopolitan, tolerant of shady reputations, much addicted to gambling on a handsome scale, and indeed to everything that keeps a life of artificial amusement at high pressure. Monte Carlo—well, Monte Carlo has now, as Pope said of most women, "no character at all." "I wish they hadn't," a witty lady once replied to one who quoted Pope's line,

Most women have no character at all,

"for then it could not be taken away." Its character has been taken away from Monte Carlo by invasion from Cannes, Nice, and Mentone. Thus it now contains all sorts and conditions of men and women; and this year, after its immunity from earthquake effects and the inroad of people from Nice and Mentone, seems to consist of a singular medley of the frail and the frumpy—the frumps prevailing. Indeed, I see the day, in no dim nor distant future, when Monte Carlo shall wear the same semi-invalid, semi-sabbatical aspect which Mentone has hitherto divided with Hastings. Eminently respectable people like to get their music and their newspapers for nothing; and they have discovered, by this year's accidental experience, that these are to be had gratis at Monte Carlo. Having fled to what I heard a lively young American lady call "this heavenly hell" from sheer fright, they will revisit it, partly from thriftiness, which, after cleanliness, is unquestionably next to godliness, and partly from the fascination which notorious naughtiness has for the specially virtuous. They will bring their uncles, their cousins, and their aunts—not being quite the kindred whom people used to take with them to Monaco—and end by driving out the devil and enthroning dulness in his stead. Perhaps, too, they will revise and reduce the exorbitant charges of the restaurant of the Hôtel de Paris and the Grand Hôtel, and enable a modest wayfarer to dine comfortably for less than eighteen francs, without having to undergo the Caudine forks of a *table d'hôte*.

The same monomania that possesses people when they start from home to travel as fast and as long as they possibly can, is exhibited by them throughout their holiday. If, after a fortnight or so at any of the Rivals of the Riviera, they purpose going on to Italy, they again almost invariably subject themselves, quite

gratuitously, to the horrors of a night journey; leaving Nice or Monte Carlo, let us say, between five and six in the afternoon, and travelling "on end," till they reach Florence, at about the same hour, or a little later, the next morning. Now why? They can, if they choose, make the journey to Genoa in the day-time, passing through a certain amount of uninteresting, but through much interesting and beautiful scenery, and always skirting the Mediterranean; and they can dine and sleep, in comfort, at Genoa. I do not say Genoa is a very attractive town, for an Italian one; for it has taken on itself too much of the modern air, and has lost almost everything of its old "superb" aspect, save when one gazes at it from the sea. Genoa has marched with the times, as the phrase is, even as though it were in Cheshire or Staffordshire. Sestri-Ponente, and even Pegli, and the six or seven miles that lie between them and Genoa, are little more now than suburbs of the busy Ligurian capital. A tramway is laid the entire distance; and omnibuses, largely patronized, and that pay to the company that owns them a huge dividend, run every twelve minutes. These tram-cars are a striking feature in all the large Italian cities. They may be very ugly, and a source of irritation to the owners of private vehicles. But Italian cities always were ruled and regulated "by the people and for the people," and are so still; and the æsthetic fastidiousness of the opulent burgess or the sight-seeing tourist counts for nothing in Genoa, or Rome, or Milan. The greatest convenience of the greatest number is what is aimed at; and taxation, moreover, is lightened—yet how heavy it still is!—by the sums paid by the Tramway Companies to the Municipalities for permission to lay their rails along the public ways. You are carried most commodiously from Sestri to Genoa, a distance of six miles, for fourpence; and, in immemorially democratic Italy, finely-dressed ladies and dapper young gentlemen have no objection to travel side by side with the mechanic in his fustian jacket or the peasant girl with her basket on her arm and no bonnet on her head. There is no artificial exclusiveness, no cocking of noses nor brushing aside of skirts, among the well-bred Sub-alpine race; though nowhere is more deference shown, in an unostentatious way, to superior station than in Italy.

Another advantage derived from halting at Genoa for the night, over and above likewise the two or three hours one has to spend the next morning in sauntering about its streets, is that you can start from it at a quarter past one, and, after a six hours' journey through a country of almost every kind of natural and artificial loveliness, reach Florence at an appropriate hour. If you have never been to Pisa, better still to make your halt there, for you

reach Pisa between five and six. I remember, on one occasion, the only other occupant of the compartment in which I was travelling to Florence was an American tourist, who asked me if I could point out Pisa to him as we passed. We were then about Viareggio, and I said I would do so when the time came. In due course we approached the famous town which, at the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries, was such a thorn in the side of Florence. "There it is!" I said. He rose, opened the window, and looked at it for about three minutes. Then returning to his seat, he observed: "I am much obliged to you, Sir, and I am very glad to have seen Pisa. I should not have liked to go back to America without seeing Pisa." He evidently imagined that he had seen it; and, sure enough, he had caught the outlines, for a certain number of seconds, of the leaning Tower, the Duomo, and the Baptistery.

Indeed, it seems a shame to pass through such a country as lies between Massa-Carrara and Pisa, and again between Pisa and Florence, in a railway train at all. Fortunately, trains in Italy move very leisurely, twenty-five miles an hour representing express speed, and sixteen miles an hour being the commoner rate of progress. Indeed, I have been conveyed less than twelve miles in forty-seven minutes: and that not because there was any obstruction, but because that is deemed a pace quite fast enough for all that is in the day's work. This is all the more singular as the Tuscans, at least, are passionately addicted to what, in England, we call furious driving. I am not speaking of carriages the stranger hires in the public streets, but of those *barrocini* in which businesslike-looking ponies of about fourteen hands disport themselves, to the infinite pride and delight of their childish owners. We wanted one day at Florence to catch a train to Prato, and the road to be traversed was from a villa on the *Via Bolognese*, a mile and a quarter outside the Porta San Gallo. The railway station is at the other end of the city, beyond the Piazza Santa Maria Novella. On the lowest computation the distance must have been two miles, and in a quarter of an hour the train was to start. My host asked for the pony and trap belonging to the *contadino* of the *podere* attached to the villa he was renting. They were round in double-quick time, and away we went at break-neck pace down the hill, the driver talking and whistling to his little steed by fits and starts, and thereby causing it to hasten or slacken speed as no rein or bit could ever have made it do. We accomplished that two-mile journey in seven minutes, half of it lying through narrow Florence streets. Then came the eleven and three-quarter miles to Prato in the train; and the contrast was great indeed. Still, I say, in Italy one need rarely complain of the deliberate

crawl of the locomotive, for there is always dimpled hill, or rich green plain, or both to gaze on. The approach to Florence, by the flourishing Val d'Arno, after passing through the pine-woods around Pisa, never fails to give one the feeling that one is nearing the fairest and gentlest-looking city in the world.

To be welcomed in a villa overlooking Florence, by refined hosts of one's own race, the "true heirs of all the ages," or, as Macaulay said, with just pride, "the hereditary aristocracy of mankind" —instead of having to abide in the city itself, in an uncongenial hotel, does not fall to everybody's lot, nor to the lot of anyone always. But when it does, then Florence is visited in the way in which it should be visited, if you are thoroughly to appreciate it, and to extract from it all the delights it has to offer. Of course, your entertainers, though English, and having English traditions, must not be insular Britons, or wish to transplant the arrangements of an English country house into a villa on a Tuscan hill-side. Something of the comeliness, and even of the comfort of English ways, are never out of place. But an Italian garden is not an English garden, and there should be no attempt to make one resemble the other. I remember, more than twenty years ago, seeing, in the garden of an Englishman, near Florence, a reproduction, in May, of the English bedding-out system, in its worst and most aggravated form, as it reaches its maturity with us in August. The result was dazzling but lamentable. It is better, too, to take Italian servants more or less as you find them, whether in the garden, the stable, or the household. You will never get them to work to "the pin of the collar"; and, in attempting to do so, you will only deprive them of their natural virtues, which are many and useful. In England, we keep the machinery of service as much as possible out of sight. In Italy, you must be content to see it at work, and sometimes, according to English ideas, a little inefficiently at work. In England, everything is more or less finikin, and there is a constant attention to detail. In Italy, things are large and broad, and done in the manner of a scene-painter who knows his business. The sky is bigger, the atmosphere is more spacious; you are not cabined, cribbed, confined. Ease, liberty, and absence of solicitude attend villa life in Tuscany; and when these are accepted and enjoyed by English men and women, who know what is best in Italy as well as what is best in England, then, I think, one sees life to the greatest advantage, for there is the just combination of refinement with freedom.

It is, moreover, only in a home outside the city that the stranger has an opportunity of observing the real life of a country. London tells you little of England; and Florence tells you little of Tuscany.

The character of every nation is to be sought, not in towns, but away from them; and, in Italy, the distance from streets need not be great. What would be only suburb in England, is, in Italy, pure and unadulterated country. There are parts outside Florence where country life is very quickly reached. Perhaps the greatest number of large, handsome, and well-known villas are on the hill-slopes that conduct to Fiesole, or through which passes the road to Bologna. But a wise person will not find his perch in that quarter. The country-folk thereabout have become more sophisticated, and all the high-roads and bye-roads are lined with exasperatingly high walls, over which you cannot possibly see unless you are perched on the summit of a drag. You know there are exquisite views of Florence to be had, if you could only make a breach in these walls. Moreover, seen from the gardens of most of the villas on that side of Florence, the city does not "compose" well, as an artist would say. However, if anybody prefers that side, he can have his choice, from the huge Villa Salviati, once the abode of Mario and Grisi, at a selling price of £32,000, down to pleasant and spacious ones at a tenth of that figure. By the way, the historical villa of Careggi, where Lorenzo de' Medici died, after the famous interview with Savonarola, is also supposed to be in the market; but the prohibitive price of 950,000 lire, or nearly £40,000, is asked for it. Then there is Quarto, whose owner is also open to an offer; and not far from Quarto is the loveliest site of all, viz. Petraia, which belongs to the Grand Duke, and where the King and Queen of Italy, I am told, will stay, after the forthcoming May festivities in Florence. Bellosguardo still maintains its reputation for villas that have the most perfect views of the City; and certainly from the Torre del Gallo—Galileo's watch-tower—which is also at present in the market, one commands the most extensive and surprising prospect of all. But my own taste would be for a villa outside the Porta San Niccolò; for there you are surrounded by *poderi* farmed and cultivated in the good old simple picturesque fashion, and among which you may easily contrive to get permission to wander as though they were your own. They are intersected by broad grassy walks, mounting and zigzagging up easy declivities; and ever and anon you are refreshed with the sound of a little hurrying runnel. The stroll through the burgeoning vines, swelling fig-trees, and blossoming *duracci* peach-trees, up to the Villa Della Bugìa, where Guicciardini wrote his famous history, is not to be surpassed for the sense of homeliness it excites, combined with views of city and mountain not to be transcended in loveliness. This villa, too, is to be let, if not to be sold; at least, such was the case a few weeks back. But what is in the market one day may be withdrawn

from it the next. The Villa Emilia, as it is now called, was built by Mr. Thomas Adolphus Trollope, the author of the *History of the Commonwealth of Florence*, and was lived in by him for many years. Its present owner is the widow of General Medici, who was aide-de-camp to Prince Humbert. Last winter she resolved to part with it and its adjoining *podere* for £12,000. But coming to take away her furniture, she happened to arrive on one of those lovely spring days which no sensible person will attempt to describe, but no sensitive person can once forget if he has known them in, or rather outside, Florence. She at once changed her mind, saying that if she could be there only three days in the year, the villa was worth keeping. And I own I am of her opinion.

Another great advantage that accrues to one from staying in a villa instead of in the city itself is that you are not induced to spend too many hours at a time in sight-seeing. One nail drives out another; and so does one church, or one picture, or one gallery, drive out another from the mind. To enjoy either cathedral, or fresco, or palace treasures, the mind must be fresh and so must the eye. How much better is it to turn into the *cortile* of the *Ospedale degli Innocenti* out of the Piazza of the *Santissima Annunciata*, and to receive a deep and lasting impression of the exquisite "Annunciation" by Luca della Robbia, than to tear about from church to church, and from street to street, with the feverish desire to "see" all the works of that great artist. There is no harm, after long gazing at the work just named, in passing into the courtyard of the *Accademia delle belle Arti*, which is hard by, and comparing it with other and inferior though still most beautiful specimens of the same ware let into its walls. We lead in these days so precipitate a life, and are so greedy in our search after sensation, that most people can hardly be said to taste life at all: they *bolt* it. Most persons treat Florence in the same greedy manner, and, in consequence, fail to relish its charm. The common plea of want of time is irrelevant; for surely it is better really to see the Church of San Miniato and not see the Carmine at all, than to see both in such a way that practically you have seen neither. If a person were to tell me that he had only one day to spend in Florence, and to ask what he had better see in that brief space of time, my answer would be: "See nothing. Walk about the streets, and squares, and bridges of Florence, and receive from them such impression as in so short a period is possible; and on no account be in a hurry because you feel your time is short. Halt when you are struck; linger when you are pleased; stand and feel and meditate when you are enchanted. You will not have seen the Tribune of the Uffizi, nor the frescoes of Masaccio, nor the Dawn of Michael Angelo in the

Sacristy of San Lorenzo. But you will have done the best and the most you could do in the permitted time, and what you have seen and felt you will never forget."

Perhaps one exception ought to be made, and even the visitor to Florence most pressed for time should enter the cells of the Convent of *San Marco*, with its frescoes by Frà Angelico, and its undying memories of Savonarola. One afternoon this spring, as I walked down the Via Calzaioli, I heard to my surprise the itinerant vendors of the daily papers calling out, not as I expected, the latest news from Massowah, but, in stentorian tones, "*La predica d'ieri! La predica d'ieri! Riassunto della ventisettesima predica del Padre Agostino, sopra l'Eucarestia! Cinque centesimi! Chi commanda la predica d'ieri?*" I paid my halfpenny, and found, sure enough, that my evening paper consisted of a report of a sermon preached on the previous day in the Duomo by Padre Agostino, of Montefeltro, and a very powerful sermon it seemed to be. On inquiry, I learned that Padre Agostino is making as much *furore* in Florence as only *primi tenori* have of late years been able to make; and many will have it that the mantle of Savonarola has descended on his shoulders. He was preaching every day in the Duomo at eleven o'clock, and two hours before that time crowds were hurrying to the spot. Forcible in gesticulation, rapid in delivery, fearless in language, Padre Agostino quotes Darwin and Renan, and, like his great prototype, calls on the Florentines to repent. Will they have another "Burning of the Vanities"? The loss would not be so great as it was four centuries ago. Nor is there now a Pope Borgia to denounce; and racks and martyrdom have grown obsolete. But even a *postiche* Savonarola—by the way, Professor Villari is bringing out, and Madame Villari is rendering into English, a new edition of the life of the great Dominican—is something in these degenerate days, and makes Florence feel yet more like Florence.

In the course of the present month, the Façade of the Duomo, now at last completed, will be unveiled, and Florence will hold high festivity, in the presence of the King and Queen. One of the features of the programme will be a *cortège* to represent the passage of Amadeus VI. of Savoy through Florence in A.D. 1367. Amadeus was known as Count Verde, from the colour of the garment and device worn by him in the great Tournament at Chambery in 1348. Victor over all competitors on that occasion, he henceforth was always arrayed in green, and it was on returning from the Holy Land, where, as a Crusader, he performed prodigies of valour, that he went to Rome to pay homage to Pope Urban V., and thence, on his way back to Piedmont, passed through Florence. The city and its suburbs will be illuminated as they were in May

1865, on the celebration of the Sixth Centenary of the birth of Dante; a spectacle of loveliness never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it.

At the close of a lazy but not unprofitable afternoon, passed in the streets of Florence, it is well, as I have said, to pass out of them, mount the gentle ascent to where stands some hospitable villa, and, in the sunset or twilight glow, gaze down upon the marble silence of the fair city. Thus one escapes, not the *fumum* —for smoke there is none—but the *strepitum* of Florence. Once on a time, the beautiful Church of *Or San Michele* was held in such veneration that people were fined if they shouted in its vicinity. Now men and boys shout in front of it all day long. All Italian towns are noisy. Indeed, I think there is more noise made in Italy than in all the rest of Europe; and most of it is gratuitous noise. At Pistoia, where the train leaves the valley of the Arno, and begins the ascent of the Apennines, there is a halt of ten or twelve minutes. But long before the halting-time is over, someone—probably someone who has no right to do anything of the kind—begins shouting: "Pracchia! Porretta! Bologna! Milano! Venezia! Torino! Partenza!" Then some other voice takes it up, and the vowelled names are shouted forth for the mere pleasure of shouting. Delightful names! One always hears them with pleasure; and when the train does at length start, and carries one away, one counts hopefully on some day hearing them again.

RAMBLER.

ON THE DIRECT INFLUENCE OVER STYLE IN POETRY, EXERCISED BY THE OTHER FINE ARTS, SCULPTURE AND PAINTING ESPECIALLY; WITH ILLUSTRATIONS ANCIENT AND MODERN.*

My second Introductory Lecture† offered a brief comparison of the other Fine Arts with Poetry. Such a survey perhaps could hardly be other than dry and abstract. We were outside the Muses' temple; we walked round rather than entered it; we came as surveyors, not as worshippers. To fill-in and colour that outline by some details which may bring us nearer to the heart and soul of the matter, and put us in directer contact with the Power of Poetry, is now my aim.

In that former attempt I examined how the other fine arts differed, in regard to their respective spheres and powers, from the art of poetry. In this and another lecture I wish, on the other hand, to set forth the relation of Poetry to her sister arts:—to show by examples, ancient and modern, that poetry has a certain, though limited power, to reproduce in words something of their method, spirit, and effect. This is rather an intricate and novel inquiry; it leads us among delicate distinctions, and the most refined regions of song; but if I can manage it with success, I hope that the attempt may be of use in adding to the knowledge and discrimination, and so to the pleasure with which we read the poets. That all really fine art at the same time is delicate art, is one of Mr. Ruskin's best and truest sayings. Strength and originality have many to praise them; refinement and distinction, through their very nature, are less studied and noticed. Any attempt, however, to deal with such points is obviously difficult. I will therefore ask at once for some closeness of attention among those who favour me with their presence, and will only add to my preface that if I fail in this attempt it will not have been from want of will; as I have written most of my essay three or four

* A Lecture delivered in the Theatre of the Museum by F. T. Palgrave, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, 25th Feb. 1887.

† Published in the *National Review*, July 1886.

times over in hopes of clearing up the subject to myself as well as to those whom I hope I may call my indulgent hearers.

Poets have been often compared, though in general, perhaps, rather vaguely and uncritically, to sculptors or to painters; the qualities mostly thought of in this comparison being severity and calmness of diction,—contrasted with passionate movement, descriptive detail, and wealth of ornament. Sculpturesque style and Pictorial style are, thus, I think, phrases sufficiently distinct to indicate generally the idea and tenour of my attempt. And although analogies with the other Fine Arts will not be excluded, yet it is these two styles which will be mainly before us:—Man and his works,-Man and the landscape about him and in relation to him, which form, briefly, the provinces of sculptor and painter, being obviously much more akin to the sphere of Poetry than anything which Architecture or Music can offer.

This subject, you will perhaps recognize, is in fact an attempt to carry farther, and into fuller and more varied details, the inquiry which Lessing, the celebrated German critic of the last century, initiated in his essay named *Laocoon*. And as it is one which spreads rather wide and deep, let me first outline its limits and its general direction.

The limitations I take first. Although the sculpturesque and the pictorial styles in verse can be traced together from very early days, yet it would be fanciful and incorrect to look for examples of these styles *everywhere* in poetry. They do not form, they are far from forming, a complete, exhaustive division of style.* The poet, on the one hand, has in words a material incomparably more fertile and varied than his fellow-artists. On the other hand, his art in its spirit and its expression is by far the most receptive, the most representative, the most intellectual;—if we put aside Music,—that sweet exceptional Sister-Muse,—the most emotional. Poetry hence covers regions of thought and feeling, it sets before us situations and motives, which lie altogether beyond the range of the other Fine Arts of Design. For example; we shall scarcely find analogies with painting or sculpture in the whole field of didactic, moral, or satirical verse; as these forms, in general, lie farthest away from imaginative treatment, and belong, as it were, to the prose side of poetry. Nor, for an opposite

* Even Lessing, although his *Laocoon* is mainly an effort to liberate the Fine Arts, and Poetry in particular, from the too close alliance in which they were bound by the criticism of his day, is yet, I think, greatly hampered throughout the essay by that ancient definition which always speaks of Art as an "imitation." Hence his demand that Poetry "must *always* produce a picture," or, as he also calls it, an "illusion." We should here more commonly use the word "creation":—a definition which, in its turn, is open to abuse. Yet, if applied to Poetry, it seems on the whole nearer the truth, more expressive, than the Greek phrase "Imitation."

reason, can we ordinarily trace these artistic analogies in the intensely personal and self-analysing lyric of modern days, *la poésie intime*, as it has been called; this style having too little substance, too airy a form, to admit of such resemblance: whilst dramatic poetry, as such, for obvious reasons, falls almost entirely without our survey.

Poetry, in short, has a voice of its own, what may be named a *literary* style, irreducible to the methods of the other arts. Those resemblances which we are in quest of must be looked for chiefly in verse of high, imaginative, finished, order; when the poet's work is to set off human action or passion, to paint the drama of life;—or, again, we shall find them when he makes free use of decorative details, and illustrative metaphor or allusion. Hence we may fairly say, that Poetry is sculpturesque or pictorial in style, when she is at her true natural function of translating ideas and feelings into sensible images; when, in the old-fashioned phrase, she works as an imitative art, realising thus and embodying in living words the subject or idea given to the Maker's mind by the creative imagination;—putting things before us objectively; when, in short, Poetry is most at home, most herself.

We shall also find that whilst the likeness between Poetry and Sculpture will be more marked than the likeness to Painting, the sculpturesque style, in its finest sense, is far rarer than the pictorial. That severe simplicity which is always thought of as a chief characteristic of sculpture, in a broad way may be said to answer to Sublimity; and this mode of the Beautiful, as I have ventured to call the Sublime, is well known to be much less common than beauty of a kind more varied, more coloured; whence also the painter has a far wider range, (and in the modern world a far more fertile and popular function,) than the sculptor.

Lastly; we cannot recall to mind too often "how closely," in Schiller's phrase, "Substance and Form are connected in Poetry." It is through words only, not through form or colour, that poetry reaches us. Hence I have defined my essay as the Sculpturesque and Pictorial *Styles* in verse. Style, indeed, is often used in a narrow, technical sense, as if, in the common phrase, it was a mere "matter of words," not connected with the message which they convey. But in its deeper and truer meaning, Style is no voluntary dress chosen by the poet; it is the immediate vesture or manifestation of the soul of his art; the bodily form, as it were, secretly moulded by the indwelling spirit, whilst enclosing it and making it perceptible to us.

Thus much as a general prefatory definition of my subject. But, whilst pursuing it, we shall find that it opens to more and wider

horizons than are at first implied by this question of style, even in its largest significance—that, at the same time, by a true though narrow path, whilst looking for Sculpture and Painting as they reproduce themselves in verse, we are following the inward development of poetry from pre-historic Greece to nineteenth-century England. For the Fine Arts owe their real importance to this, that each of them answers in turn to some widely-felt or permanent demand of the human soul; that each satisfies our thirst for certain forms of beauty and for certain channels through which our thoughts, regrets, and longings may express themselves. They live only whilst this vital correspondence lasts; whilst, as we say, they are in touch of their own time:—whilst the Poet, in Schiller's fine phrase, is "the child of his age." And it is this vital correspondence (and this only), that makes Art the really important thing in human life which you, I think, will agree in holding it. For I at least reject, as mistaken and inadequate, the Circean voices of that modern teaching which, after the alleged example of Goethe, in unmanly despair at the perplexity of thoughts and things around us, at "the riddle of the painful earth," finds its consolation and creed in an "Art still is true"; —turning as it were into a sort of Epicurean refuge for the destitute this great and Heaven-sent source of ennobling pleasure.*

Returning now to my immediate subject: I have remarked that, whilst we try to trace the Sculpturesque and Pictorial styles in verse, at the same time we shall find ourselves also tracing the inward development of Poetry, in its main current, from Homer to our own day. For although sculpture and painting have probably been practised together from remote antiquity, yet we commonly and correctly recognize that the first is the characteristic art of the old world,† the other of the new. Sculpture, looked at as a whole, was the natural way in which the Greek realised through visible form his deepest thoughts upon religion and morality,—upon the heroic and the beautiful,—in a word, upon Life in her highest aspects: and it was the same with the Roman, so far as he was educated by Greece. In the pathetic silence of their shattered beauty, the marbles of Vatican and Louvre, and, even more, our

* This theory, in fact (though seemingly antagonistic), is only our old acquaintance, the "didactic" heresy, reappearing under other colours.

† This remark is only general and approximate. Here, as everywhere when we deal with the art or literature of the old world, we should call to mind the painfully fragmentary way in which they have reached us. Thus, Greek painting is hardly known to us except through vague or imperfect description, although this appears to be sufficient to justify us in classing it as subordinate to Greek sculpture in style and in importance.

External causes, also, have played some part in the development of these arts. Such is climate, which familiarized Hellenic craftsmen with the human form, whilst in more northern Europe it naturally encouraged the more perishable and indoor art of the painter. Upon the sculpture of the Renaissance I have touched afterwards.

own Parthenon treasures, are the great visibly surviving symbols of Pagan civilization.

Painting has done a similar interpretative work for that much more complex world, moulded from many mixed races, which followed the Teutonic conquests of the Western Empire: from the revival of art nine hundred years ago, through Mediaeval and Renaissance days to our own. Painting has thus been successively the art of Christianity, of domestic life, of landscape;—in each of these phases answering closely to the inner, spiritual development of Europe.

The fine arts are united by a common bond, not only through the pleasure which is their aim, but through the expression which they all give to human sentiment. This, to take the current phrase, is the groundwork of the *solidarity* between them. When, therefore, we find Poetry now essentially Sculpturesque in style, now Pictorial, we are justified in looking for some general inward sympathy at once with the method and the spirit of the two corresponding arts. This is the ground upon which I have ventured to assert, that whilst tracing these two great poetical styles, we are also tracing, as in a figure, the great evolution of Poetry itself from Paganism to Christianity, from that old limited civilization to the new,—less definite than the classical, if broader and deeper. But into this vast and terrifying subject,—which is, indeed, little less than the secret, vital history of Europe from pre-historic times downward, it is happily not my business, as it is not within my power, to enter. My wish is only that we should keep in mind how much is implied by what, at first sight, may seem merely matter of taste or fashion or fancy; what deep and solemn problems are looking at us through the veil of poetic Style; how, even in this low valley of life, we cannot evade the sight of the eternal mountain-summits. And another lesson, also, may perhaps be learned, namely, that the power of no art can be fully felt or enjoyed if we study it by itself. Only when taken together can the Arts free us from the danger of cliques and dilettantism; only thus can they really justify their claim to rank among the essential elements of Culture.

This being the full scope of our inquiry, we have next to define more closely: to ask what are the specific qualities in architecture and music, sculpture and painting, which poetry can reproduce, and how it effects this reproduction.

First, then, Poetry replaces the materials which the other Fine Arts use by words; substituting these airy symbols of thought and feeling, these unseen mental images of man and nature, for the actualities of stone, colour, and music. Here we are first struck by the trenchant limitations of Poetry. That visible, sensuous result,

with the special pleasure which eye and ear hence receive, words clearly cannot touch. The merest sketch will put a face or a view before us with an immediate power which the greatest of poets is unable to approach: for the painter's landscape is seen at once, and seen in actual form and colour: the poet's only by successive steps, and through images called up by the mind. Music, it is true, like verse, passes before or through our souls in time-succession; and Music also is absolutely essential to Poetry; yet even here, in this single case, where Poetry (as noticed in my second Lecture) is physically and materially identified with one of her sister Fine Arts, she contends with Music on very unequal terms! One melody of Mozart's orchestra will have more entrancement in it than all the "deep-enwoven harmonies," even of *Paradise Lost* or the *Georgics*.

But, if such are the limitations of Poetry, this art has its revenges: "what poetry lacks of sensuous fulness, it more than balances by intellectual intensity." And hence, by her subtle power of presenting analogies, by the wonderful flexibility possessed by style, by the vast range of her word-material, in which all we do or think or feel more or less clearly clothes itself, poetry can repeat something of the character of her sister arts to us, through the channel of the mind. This imitation or reproduction can be effected by the poet in two ways, corresponding broadly to those two great elements combined in every art, on which I dwelt in my second Lecture: the substance and the form; the material and the spiritual; the vehicle which the artist uses, on the one hand: on the other, the human sentiment, thought, scene, character, whatever it be,—the message which he desires to express. Thus the poet may have before his mind (perhaps unconsciously), some example of that particular art to which his genius inclines him at the moment; some actual statue or picture. The calm of the sculptor's marble, or the vivacity and depth of the painter's colours, fill his "inward eye"; he tries, as it were, to chisel or to tint his verse accordingly, so far as words or metre can be bent to the purpose. He can deal with words, for example, in a manner parallel to that with which a sculptor manages his material, severely and reticently; and this, as we shall see, especially if the structure of his native language have analagous sculptural qualities. And such, I cannot help believing, was the mood of Keats when he wrote the lovely *Ode on a Grecian Urn*; although, even here, he is unable to restrain always the essentially pictorial quality of his genius.

This first mode of imitation, for clearness' sake, though the word is somewhat pedantic, may be named the technical reproduction of another fine art by poetry. But the poet may also choose to pre-

sent the *kind of subject* proper to sculpture or painting; the special forms of human emotion which those arts most effectively render. He may think *through* light and colour, if I may use the phrase, rather than *in* light and colour; the method of which Pindar and Dante supply splendid examples. And this, in contrast with the technical or material imitation just named, I should call inner or spiritual reproduction.

This interplay of the arts (some portion of which, as I have noticed, is the subject of Lessing's *Laocoon*), is so intimate and so subtle,—so many elements, physical and mental, unite in it, that I know not if, even after many efforts, I have found words to make it tolerably clear.* And, when we turn to illustrations, we shall find that the Poets,

> Among the many movements of their minds,

deal so freely with their matter, shift so often from one style to another, that to distinguish between the styles without fancifulness, to "know the change and feel it," is a difficult work. The structure of poetry is far more intricate than it may seem at first sight. It has the complexity of all living organisms, and it is hence a delicate task to analyse its many elements. But this task should be interesting and profitable in proportion to its delicacy.

We have now briefly seen how Poetry is limited in reproducing the effects of Sculpture and Painting, and what are its general powers and methods of so doing. It remains, lastly, before I attempt to illustrate these positions, to define, as best I can, those qualities, material and spiritual, in the sister Fine Arts, which Poetry can transmute and transmit in her own fashion. Without some idea, as clear as we may be able to form, upon these points, no comparison between poetry and the other arts can be drawn. And this, I hope, will be my excuse in your eyes for the somewhat tedious length to which my preface must extend itself.

Powerful as a great building is to impress us, the emotion roused by it is vague and, as it were, diffused through the whole mass of the structure. The impression of beauty or grandeur which it makes on the soul is intertwined, further, with the practical purpose of the building, or with that magical sentiment which I spoke of as due to antiquity. Hence, resemblances in style between poetry and architecture are scanty and general; we can hardly

* Even Lessing is not, as I understand him, perfectly clear and consistent in his definitions of the two-fold manner in which poetry may imitate sculpture. He speaks of the poet who employs what he names the first mode of imitation as "original"; of him who follows the second as a "copyist" (Ch. VII). The example Lessing gives of the first mode is Vergil's description of the Shield of Aeneas. Yet when afterwards (Ch. XVIII), he contrasts with this the Homeric Shield, he treats Vergil's "imitation" as false in idea and inferior in effect.—The "spiritual" reproduction of which I speak above, is not dealt with in the *Laocoon*.

reduce them under the two forms of imitation just specified. They are to be traced in poems where symmetry, proportion, and grandeur of parts, combined by unity of plan, are conspicuous.

Music, as I noticed before, has this peculiarity, that it enters *directly*, not as the other arts, *figuratively*, into poetry; to which harmony in words, melody in rhythm, are necessaries of life. But Music, in its own message to the soul, calls up formless feelings, ideas indefinite though deep, images that pass before us as in a dream. In contrast with Poetry, the voice of Music is wordless, its cry inarticulate. Yet the poet's robe, like that of Nature herself, is so variegated, that we shall find that an analogous style has sometimes made itself felt in verse.

But it is in the two arts which render natural form,—the Plastic Arts as they are often named,—that the resemblances which we seek are far most frequently discoverable.

In the case of sculpture these resemblances will be most clearly seen if we look at that art in its purest, its most impressive form; that in which it presents whole figures, figures "in the round," as the phrase is. Severity, simplicity, repose,—these are the first words by which sculpture is always, and rightly, characterized. For these qualities flow immediately from the materials, the stone or metal, to which it is mainly limited. Pure sculpture can give no landscape, no sky or atmosphere; architecture is its only suitable background. It has few mere accessories, and even those, less ornamental than symbolical. Whatever scene or sentiment the artist aims at rendering, with little exception must be embodied in the human form. His figures also can rarely express movement, still less, violent action. Immense technical difficulties, on which I cannot here enlarge, practically forbid such effects. Nor, if his material allowed him, would the sculptor do wisely to aim at them. Our minds at once feel a contradiction, when the marble or bronze, ponderous and stable, try to show rapid, transitory expression. The absolute height of passion is hence hardly within the sculptor's power: it is his, rather, to give the pause of arrested movement; the wave, as it were, before it breaks; the energy concentrated for the last leap:—the climax must be left to the spectator's mind. The peculiar technical virtue of sculpture,—that which natural law and necessity impose on it,—may be therefore summed-up as Reserve or Self-restraint. The work must tell its story by its own inner, vital, impressiveness; the figure stands before us with the dumb petition that we should seize and be penetrated by its beauty. In its own nature, sculpture is hence a strictly objective art.

Passing from the technical to the spiritual aspect of sculpture, from the marble to the message which it conveys to our minds;

this art necessarily rejects mixed motives, subtle thoughts, feelings which must be analyzed before they can be understood, not less than it rejects complicated or vehement external action. The sculptor's stage being thus limited, the persons of his drama will generally express passions common to mankind from the beginning, feelings deep and silent, thoughts of the widest appeal. What is transitory and accidental, like what is intricate, are alien from the eternal marble.

These conditions, technical and spiritual, but imposed by nature itself, all narrow the range of Sculpture. But I may here recall the phrase I have already used, that beneath all the fine arts lies that great contest between freedom and necessity which pervades human life. "Art is then perfect," as a celebrated ancient critic notes, "when it seems to be nature." * But Art only seems such and is at its greatest when we see at once the most perfect seeming spontaneity and freedom, combined and identified with the most imperative natural restrictions. I insist upon this great underlying law, because we spectators or readers are apt to be much less alive to it than the artist himself. What he feels, are his ever-present, ever-pressing, limitations: the spectator is moved by his range, his freedom, his apparent infinity of resource and imagination. So the bird in the air looks like the embodied spirit of liberty, whilst its own effort all the while is to resist and conquer the ever-depressing weight of gravitation. Thus under the coercion of these very limitations sculpture has developed for itself its highest and most distinctive qualities: Unity of idea, embodied in Beauty of form. It is through Unity and Beauty that the severity, simplicity, repose, self-restraint, which are its technical characters, find their spiritual and emotional expression. And this beauty will, necessarily, at once be of the most impressive and the most inward nature: the most reserved, and hence the most permanently powerful. And when with this the sculptor can unite the look of living tenderness; when his "fine chisel," in Shakespeare's phrase, seems as if it could almost "cut breath,"—he has spiritualized his brute material to the finest point, his art has risen to its supreme moment of triumph.

It is, doubtless, not probable that Shakespeare in the statue-scene of *The Winter's Tale*, which I have just quoted, was really giving us his criticism upon the art of Sculpture, any more than upon the style of "that rare Italian master, Julio Romano," to whose hand, in fact, with Elizabethan dramatic license, the figure of Hermione is assigned in the play. Yet as Homer, by force of

* Τότε γὰρ ἡ τέχνη τέλειος, ὁπόταν φύσις εἶναι δοκῇ. (Longinus, ch. xxii.)

penetrative imagination, in his Shield of Achilles foresaw the achievements destined to the art of Phidias, so here has our Homer penetrated to the soul of sculpture. Listen to Paulina, as she withdraws the curtain and shows the Queen as a statue to King Leontes, who for many years has believed himself widowed of his fair Hermione :—

> Here it is : prepare
> To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
> Still sleep mock'd death : behold, and say 'tis well.
> (*Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers Hermione standing like a statue.*)
> I like your silence, it the more shows off
> Your wonder : but yet speak ; first, you, my liege.
> Comes it not something near ?
> *Leontes.* Her natural posture !
> Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
> Thou art Hermione ; or rather, thou art she
> In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
> As infancy and grace.

Then again, when Paulina prepares to close the curtain ;

> No longer shall you gaze on 't, lest your fancy
> May think anon it moves.
> *Leon.* Let be, let be.
> Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
> What was he that did make it ? See, my lord,
> Would you not deem it breathed ? and that those veins
> Did verily bear blood ?
> *Polixenes.* Masterly done :
> The very life seems warm upon her lip.
> *Leon.* The fixure of her eye has motion in 't,
> As we are mocked with art.

I have dwelt here on sculpture at greater length, partly because it is at once so profoundly interesting, and so little studied in comparison with Painting in its principles ; partly also because its distinctive qualities are more clearly transferable into poetry than those of painting ;* to which art we now turn. The painter's technical methods, as distinguished from the scene and sentiment which he conveys, verse cannot reproduce in the same degree as the sculptor's. The common and convenient word *picturesque* has a tendency to deceive us on this point. The picturesque may,

* In his third Lecture Keble has a brief but interesting episode on the poetry traceable in the other Fine Arts, marked by his characteristic modesty (*sicut unus de plebe dicam*, is his preface), and equally characteristic fineness of criticism. I am glad to be able to quote his authority for the opinion here expressed. Of Sculpture he says, "id jamdudum vetus est ac tralatitium, ut quæque cum Poesi maxime congruant, ita studiosissime plerumque laudari : *cælata nimirum propius aliquanto Poesin attingere, quam picta*" :—assigning as the reasons for this the severity, simplicity, and objective nature of the art.

Let me respectfully suggest to the authorities of the Clarendon Press that a careful translation (no easy task) of Keble's *Praelections* would be a most valuable addition to our stock,—by no means copious,—of truly standard criticism ?

indeed, include the pictorial; but its meaning is generally wider and vaguer, and may imply much which has only a metaphorical likeness to art. *Word-painting*, a phrase as old as Simonides, as we now hear it used, is even more deceptive. For description in verse, which is meant, I suppose, by word-painting, landscape description especially—because it is descriptive, is by no means necessarily pictorial. Descriptive passages are pictorial, only where the essential principles of Painting as a special art are followed; not those, always, where the poet sets himself to *make a picture*, or is trying to force his words to create in the mind's eye the actual, sensuous effect which the painting itself would convey. Hence that eminently modern style of descriptive poetry, in which the writer successively sets forth all the details of a scene, as if transferring to language what he sees before him on canvas, can hardly be pictorial in the true sense. This style is only disguised realism; it is like photography compared to genuine art; imitative word-painting is substituted in it for imaginative reproduction. But I shall hope to recur to this curious point later on.

The spirit, rather than the actual manner, of painting, is what must be looked for in the pictorial style of poetry; for which the chief reason is that both the style and the subjects of painting are much less limited and definite than those of sculpture, much wider and more varied. I shall therefore be best able to point out the elements of painting which we may expect to find in poetry, by comparing the painter's art with the sculptor's.

Pictures can tell a more intricate story, suggest subtler thoughts, enter more closely into the workings of the heart. Canvas and wall invite discursiveness, the marble inculcates concentration: whilst to render repose is eminently the sculptor's province, Painting can at least suggest movement. It gives human characters where sculpture tends to giving types. It relies less on form than on expression, admits a little, (though only a little,) display of the comic, is nearer common life, and is hence less bound to be above all things, beautiful. Hence also painting is more apt to overwhelm and lose its subject in mere decoration than sculpture; it falls oftener into the vice of ornamentalism: it sacrifices meaning and soul to the luxury of the eye. Painting, further, by its landscape, its perspective, and distance, its power of contrast in form and colour, explains itself much more than sculpture; these things, like metaphors and side-allusions in verse, in a picture help to interpret and to emphasize the main subject.

To sum up in a few words (which I offer rather as hints than as definitions, efforts to express what really can be only felt, in the hope that we may thus feel more truly and enjoyably),—Painting, compared with Sculpture, in the broad sense is a subjective art.

It appeals more overtly to our feelings. Sculpture tends to address the understanding; painting the heart. They are sisters; but the one is Classical, the other Romantic; they differ, as Antigone and Imogen differ, though with a family likeness; *qualis decet esse sororum.* Sculpture* favours definiteness, repose, "all passion spent":—painting mystery, regret, aspiration. Sculpture is at once more restrained, and yet more sensuously real: painting has more freedom, more spirituality, precisely because the representation of any subject upon a plane surface is more abstract, more symbolical than the figure we can touch and walk round. The characteristic weakness in sculpture is to be limited and cold: of painting to be rambling, sentimental, or merely decorative. Hence, lastly, it is more akin to poetry, the course of which, both for gain and for loss, shows a constantly increasing predominance of the Pictorial style over the Sculpturesque: Ancient poetry as a whole, laying its stress on setting forth the situation in pure light and shade; Modern relying upon the sentiment by which the situation is coloured.

Let me hope that this introduction, (too brief indeed for its intricate and finely-shaded subject,) will have made fairly clear the general character of those points in the four other fine arts, which may be also found in poetry. I have had some forerunners in an attempt of this kind; Lessing in his essay, already named: Leigh Hunt in his valuable book on "Imagination and Fancy." What, however, I have aimed at, is something more precise and complete: and I hence beg a lenient judgment on the difficulties of an explorer: "it is no easy thing," as an old poet says, "to find a gateway for words hitherto unspoken."

Let me now turn to the more pleasant task of illustrating my theory by examples. But as we must naturally begin with sculpturesque style in poetry, I had best note first, a subtle, general influence in favour of that style lying in the structure of language of itself; which, as I have already remarked, may possess inherent qualities analogous to sculpture, above and irrespective of the poet's own treatment. The Greek and the Latin possess these sculptural qualities; and their literature, prose and verse, is hence broadly marked off from modern literature as sculpturesque. No one can read a speech in Sophocles, a stanza of Horace, without feeling this difference; and if he can read them only in a literal English version, he will most probably be conscious of a bareness,

* Sculpture in the ancient sense is here always intended. The work of the Gothic artists, with the lovely development which the earlier Italian Renaissance produced, under the form of Sculpture, is essentially Painting: sometimes even (as by the essentially pictorial genius of Michael Angelo) confused with it.

a want of colour, a something cold and repellent in the ancient style. The modern medium, in fact, cannot do justice to the peculiar quality of the old. We can paint better than we can carve, whether in words or in marble. And the trace of harshness which is perceptible in my latter metaphor—*carve in words*—of itself betrays the deep divergence in this matter between the word-material of the classical and the romantic languages. This general sculpturesque tone, from which the poets of Greece and Rome could not escape, of course did not forbid them from giving their style a pictorial character, when this chanced to suit their taste as a matter of art, or was sympathetic with their subjects. Yet, as their material was by its own nature inevitably sculpturesque, their word-painting (to use in a strict sense that often-abused phrase), will always seem to us in some degree severe and low-toned, if compared with modern pictorialism.

If we now look close at this sculptural quality inherent in the Greek, and still more, in the Latin language, I think we shall find that it is largely, though not wholly, derived from the simple fact that these languages are highly inflected. Hence their syntax (to take the definitions given by Mr. Earle, in his admirable book on English Philology), is *flexional*, not, as mainly in modern languages, *collocative* and *phrasal*.* The significance of this in regard to poetical style may be shown by a single example. *Man loves pleasure* can only be expressed by us in this particular order: syntax and sense depend absolutely on the arrangement of the words. But Greek and Latin can arrange them in six different ways, and they will yield the same meaning:—the form of the words, not their order, conveys it; and this plastic facility is enjoyed by prose, as well as by poetry. The Greek and Latin words, further, not only have accent, like ours, but also a pretty strictly defined quantity, long or short, for each syllable: and upon quantity their metrical forms were based. By the union, then, of an inflected vocabulary and a quantitative metre, a poetical style became possible more severe, more sharply cut, more concentrated, more simple and direct in expression, than any which modern language can offer. The old poets could hence trust to metrical form alone, without the colouring, as I called it, of rhyme; they could use metres much more varied and flexible than ours, because they were infinitely more at liberty in the arrangement of their words.† Their word-material is more plastic; more free, in a certain sense; and yet, more self-restrained.

* *The Philology of the English Tongue*, by John Earle: chap. x, ed. 1873.

† The fact appears to form a great additional obstacle to the attempt to transfer to English verse the ancient quantitative metres.

Milton, of all modern poets known to me, has approached nearest to the freedom in the word-order which belongs to the inflected languages: Dante next after him.

These qualities all look towards Sculpture; and I might argue also that the same tendency appears in the classical vocabularies. Their words seem to be used more in the "first intention" than ours; to be less tinged and aided by association, more distinct, more "presentive," as Earle names it; more like coins, not so worn by long use into counters. "Modern languages," on the contrary, "have a continuity of development and a flexibility of action, and growing out of these a power of following the movements of the mind, such as was never attained by the classical."* Hence, they are also more pictorial in general tone. But this subject would lead me far, and out of my depth. It is enough that we should clearly note the twofold source of Sculpturesque style in classical poetry:—the special source derived from imitation of the art itself, the general, from the language,—and try to keep them well apart in our criticism.

Homer,—if the use of that honoured name may be permitted to one who cannot help believing that a true poem is the work of fervent creative art, not of ingenious agglomeration, still less of imitative artifice,—Homer, by natural right of his poetic primacy, seems to offer the purest examples of the Sculptural style in its deepest essence. And he has this quality, perhaps, in more absolute purity, because Iliad and Odyssey are allowed, except by one extravagant theory, to date before Greek sculpture could have supplied much suggestion to Greek poetry. Indeed, the influence was, here, in the contrary direction; what the ancient critics noted as characteristic of Phidias, the "united grandeur and accuracy of his art,"† being precisely the qualities to which that great sculptor's widely-attested admiration of Homer would lead him. Simple grandeur,—direct and impersonal presentation of images and scenes,—intensity of tenderness, restrained, but more intense through its severe restraint,—these have always been among the best recognized "notes" of Homer: and these I claim as of the very essence and soul of sculpture. Well-known examples are the scenes where Helen and Priam stand together on Troy walls, surveying the besieging Achaean chieftains,‡ and the visit of Priam

* Earle, as before, § 654.

† Τὸ μεγαλεῖον καὶ τὸ ἀκριβὲς ἅμα: *Demet. de Eloc.*, 14, quoted by C. O. Müller, *Ancient Art.*

‡ This is not the place to enter on the great Homeric controversy,—the hundred years' war round Iliad and Odyssey. Yet, from the view-point of poetry, I will indulge myself in protesting against that mode of criticism which attacks the integrity of the Iliad on the ground that the exquisite scene referred to has been "misplaced" from the beginning of the siege, and is wholly improbable when transferred to the last year of the war. Homer, may, indeed, have regarded that war as a real series of events. But, as a poet, he knew how greatly this picture would add to the interest and the pathos o

to beg Hector's body of Achilles. Let me quote two simple specimens.

In the first, Homer is describing how, when the perilous night-foray of Diomedes into the Trojan extramural camp was planned, the Grecian chiefs crowded forward to follow,—Meriones, the two Aiantes, Odysseus, and Menelaos, Agamemnon's brother. Diomedes is to select his comrades. Then Agamemnon the King gives his final counsel. He must wish Diomedes and the Achaean cause success; but his dominant feeling secretly is love for Menelaos, whom he knows to be at once eager and unequal to such an enterprize. Yet Agamemnon cannot directly command Odysseus' choice; he cannot, either, openly avow a conviction which might seem dishonourable to his brother; he can make no open pathetic appeal. This is a complex, a modern situation: even to sketch it out I have used many more words than Homer. He says only:—

"*Diomedes, dear to my heart, among the many who are longing and offering themselves, choose, as thou wishest, the best companion. But do not put aside the bravest and select the weaker man; do not yield to thought of reverence and regard for his birth, even though he be born more royal.*"

*Thus Agamemnon spoke. But he was fearing for the bright-haired Menelaos.**

With what delightful simplicity is the little scene set forth! We might say of it, as Wordsworth said of one of his own exquisite ballads:

> It is no tale; but, if you think,
> Perhaps a tale you 'll make it.

What disinterestedness, if I may be allowed the word, is there in the representation; how left to tell its own story, to affect us like a statue, by its bare, colourless, form, unhelped by comment or pathetic epithet. Only at the last the underlying sentiment of love reveals itself: *Thus he spoke, but was fearing for the bright-haired brother.*

his narrative; and, in the exact manner of Shakespeare, he has set aside, without remorse, annalistic treatment and the anachronism which shocks dogmatic pedantry, in favour of a scene which Nature and Art alike demanded.

English critics who find sceptical stumbling-blocks in discrepancies of this nature, must have Teutonized away their natural instinct for poetry.

* Τυδείδη Διόμηδες, ἐμῷ κεχαρισμένε θυμῷ,
τὸν μὲν δὴ ἕταρόν γ' αἱρήσεαι, ὅν κ' ἐθέλῃσθα,
φαινομένων τὸν ἄριστον· ἐπεὶ μεμάασί γε πολλοί.
Μηδὲ σύγ', αἰδόμενος σῇσι φρεσὶ, τὸν μὲν ἀρείω
καλλείπειν, σὺ δὲ χείρον' ὀπάσσεαι, αἰδοῖ εἴκων,
ἐς γενεὴν ὁρόων, μηδ' εἰ βασιλεύτερός ἐστιν.
Ὣς ἔφατ'· ἔδδεισεν δὲ περὶ ξανθῷ Μενελάῳ.

Il. x: 234–240.

Those who remember the not uncommon Athenian sepulchral slabs, upon which we see father or child moving off as if on a journey, and just looking round upon those they leave,—upon the survivors,—will perceive how near in style these bas-reliefs are to Homer's scene, will feel why I call it sculpturesque in the finest sense. It would be foolish dogmatism to set up one style against another, to back the old world or the new. Yet,—as I argued when speaking of William Barnes of Dorset, whom in this respect I boldly claim as truly and nobly Homeric, —I think we must confess that this mode of the pathetic, where the poet's words only tell the situation, and the reader's soul supplies the sentiment; this sculptural form of pathos, when once we seize it, has a peculiar power to move us, in the most pleasurable way; whilst also, as not depending for effect upon the use of picturesque or pathetic epithets, it has a more lasting appeal to the human heart.

My next example is of the same class. But, here, the situation and sentiment are impressed on us by the simple contrast of two scenes. Perhaps this device of gaining effect through a contrast, in itself belongs more to painting than to sculpture. So the arts blend; or, rather, Homer is so great a master that he has a full measure of the pictorial quality at command also; as the ancients said, one finds everything in him: ἅλις πάντεσσιν Ὅμηρος. The moment here is, when Patroclos, through the withdrawal of Achilles in his anger from the war, has just fallen by the hand of Hector. I quote from Lord Derby's version; it is a little cold, but has the great merits of simple fidelity and freedom from affectation: perhaps the worst fault in translation from Homer.

> But of Patroclus' fall no tidings yet
> Had reach'd Achilles; for the war was wag'd
> Far from the ships, beneath the walls of Troy;
> Nor look'd he of his death to hear, but deem'd
> That when the Trojans to their gates were driv'n,
> He would return in safety; for no hope
> Had he of taking by assault the town,
> With, or without, his aid; for oft apart
> His Goddess-mother had his doom foretold,
> Revealing to her son the mind of Jove;
> Yet ne'er had warn'd him of such grief as this,
> Which now befell, his dearest comrade's loss.

With this pathetic ignorance on Achilles' part of his friend's fate,—intensified in its pathos by the allusion to his own death, already revealed to him,—is set in contrast the conscious agony of his famous divine chariot-horses, driven before by Patroclos.

> But from the fight withdrawn, Achilles' steeds
> Wept, as they heard how in the dust was laid
> Their charioteer, by Hector's murd'rous hand.
> Automedon, Diores' valiant son,
> Essay'd in vain to rouse them with the lash,

In vain with honey'd words, in vain with threats;
Nor to the ships would they return again
By the broad Hellespont, nor join the fray;
But as a column stands, which marks the tomb
Of man or woman, so immoveable
Beneath the splendid car they stood, their heads
Down-drooping to the ground, while scalding tears
Dropp'd earthward from their eyelids, as they mourn'd
Their charioteer; and o'er the yoke-band shed
Down stream'd their ample manes, with dust defil'd.

It is of the essence of Sculpture to deal with the elementary, the permanent, passions of mankind. Such passions, and the situations arising from them, will hence be true for all time, and if so, for ourselves: they will have a strange, distinct modern air through all their antiquity. I hope this quality will have been felt in the passages now quoted. The life and ways of an Achilles, —how far away are they already from us! Even farther from our mode of thought are these immortal weeping steeds, servants to man, but superior to man, as Zeus here points out, in a passage which I have not time to quote, through their immortality. Yet the truth of the underlying emotion in the examples which I have given will assuredly be felt in English schools, whilst the higher culture survives in English education. We find our own feelings, our own selves, under Homeric disguise. And this modernness would be more perceptible, more marked, if we compared the average tone of Greek poetry in the later historical period. Homer is far nearer to us, for example, when dealing simply with Humanity, "with men as they are men within themselves," than we ordinarily find the lyrists and dramatists: he feels more with us, and we with him.

Now against his sculptural art let us set a contrasting passage from our own great early poet:—asking pardon of Homer if, whilst he be represented only by translation, I quote Chaucer in his own beautiful words. It is the lament of Arcite when dying, from the *Knighte's Tale* in the Canterbury Pilgrims. Arcite commends his soul as a legacy to his love Emelie.

Alas the wo! alas the peinës stronge,
That I for you have suffered, and so longe!
Alas the deth! alas min Emelie!
Alas departing of our compagnie!
Alas min hertës quene! alas my wif!
Min hertës ladie, ender of my lif!
What is this world? what axen men to have?
Now with his love, now in his coldë grave,
Alone withouten any compagnie.

Painting is the characteristic art of the Middle Ages, as Sculpture was of Hellas. And these lovely lines (for which, I may add, Tennyson has a special fondness), seem to me as distinctly pic-

torial as those from the Iliad are sculptural. The plaintive cry, the reflections on life and death, the conscious pathos, the general tone, in short, are thrown into even more emphatic contrast with Homer by the very likeness which, in many ways, unites the two poets in genius, in power over character, in simplicity of language. Yet a wide gulf parts the pure directness of the Greek from the sweet *naïveté* of the English.* All that is implied by Christianity, by Teutonic sentiment, in fact, lies between them.

Other scenes might be quoted, such as Odysseus landing after the wreck in Phaeacia, in proof of Homer's place among sculptors. But the speciality of Poetry, as against the Fine Arts of Form, is to present images, not abiding in space, but passing before us in time-succession; and no poet has availed himself of this method more magnificently and perpetually than Homer. His rapidity of movement leaves little room for these situations of restrained pathos, of calm silent appeal. The straightforwardness of his language, the reserve in epithets, the preference of simile to metaphor, the absence of personal utterance, the poet latent and lost in his work—these are his constant sculptural qualities. But that peculiar power over pathos which marks the scenes I have quoted from the Iliad seems to me rare, comparatively, in later Greek poetry. I claim it as one of the most distinctive notes of Homer's own individual genius—as a proof of his true personality.

* Childhood is always the same: and some tinge of Chaucerian *naïveté* may hence, perhaps, be traced in the pretty Swallow-song, Ἦλθ', ἦλθε χελιδών, which the Greek children used to chant in Spring-time, begging for little gifts. The threat to "carry off the little wife," if they are churlishly denied, is in true mediaeval style:—

ἢ τὰν θύραν φέρωμες . . .
ἢ τὰν γυναῖκα τὰν ἔσω καθημέναν·
μικρὰ μέν ἐστι, ῥᾳδίως μιν οἴσομεν.

F. T. Palgrave.

THE LAW OF THEFT.

We have chosen this special subject as an illustration of the urgent need of codification, and we think the few cases we have brought together from the Law Reports will, perhaps, induce some of the readers of this paper to follow with interest the fate of the Criminal Code (Indictable Offences) Bill. At the close of this article we refer to its history up to the present time. We fear that that history is only a warning of the fate that attends upon great measures which are not of a contentious political character. And yet almost every person in the United Kingdom is really affected by such a measure as this far more than by any of those showy measures which occupy so much time and talk.

Is it not important to you that a thief should not escape on the ground that he did not take your money against your will, but imposed upon you by some false pretence? That a person you have employed to collect debts due to you should not be able to abscond, and defy you on the ground that he was not your "clerk or servant"? That the treasurer of your society should not run away with the money-box, and plead successfully that he was not a "bailee," because he had not to render up the specific coins? That your solicitor should not be able to keep the money for his own uses you have entrusted to him to find a mortgage with, and plead that he had no "written direction"?

To a Conservative and to a Radical the reform of our Criminal Law ought, alike, to be a subject of the greatest importance; and it would be well, indeed, if we could find time to pass such a measure of a non-contentious character, and of the first importance to the whole community, instead of wasting our energies in flying at each other's throats.

Our laws are made up partly of precedents to be found in the bulky volumes of the Law Reports, and partly of statutes no less bulky, inasmuch as very many of them proceed upon no principle but that of introducing a vast variety of exceptions to the precedents of the common law.

The subject of theft is a very good case in point; its treatment is governed by a mass of precedents, followed by a variety of statutes, consolidated in the Act of 1861. There is a common-law view of a thief, and a statutory view of a thief; and the common law regards as no offence what the statute law, in certain cases, treats as a felony. We cannot be surprised, therefore, that an immense amount of argument should be expended upon particular cases, as to whether the statute law applies or not, and that the principles of the common law extracted from such a mass of cases should also be open, in their application to exceptional circumstances, to much doubt and ambiguity.

These are days when every conceivable subject is taught even in our primary schools, and a little knowledge on almost every subject is regarded as indispensable. But the study of the law still remains for ninety-nine Englishmen out of every hundred in the deepest shadow. Let the reader glance at the three illustrations we here give, and apply his knowledge of the law to those simple circumstances.

(1.) A. enters an upholsterer's shop, and orders verbally a book-case, priced at ten guineas, to be sent home to him. When the upholsterer's man brings it home he sends it back with him, saying he has changed his mind, and won't have it. Is A. liable?

(2.) On Monday, B. offers his horse to Captain X. for £100, and gives him a note in writing to the effect that Captain X. has the refusal of the horse at that price until Wednesday evening. When Captain X. comes on Wednesday morning with a cheque, B. tells him he has sold the horse on Tuesday to Colonel K. Is B. liable?

(3.) C. orders a boat-builder to build him a boat, and pays for it in advance. When the boat is nearly ready, and C.'s name is painted on the stern, the boat-builder is made a bankrupt. Has C. a right to the boat?

It may, perhaps, surprise some of our readers to learn that neither A. nor B. are liable, and that C. has no right to the boat. As in civil law, so in criminal law, and as in all branches of criminal law, so especially in the subject of theft there is great ignorance of the principles of the law, and very few people realise how ignorant they are until they are involved as parties or as witnesses in some special case in which they are forced to take an interest.

In examining the subject of theft we are compelled briefly to review the principles of the common law. Criminal violation of Property Rights may occur in one of two ways. The property may be misappropriated, or it may be wilfully damaged. My

corn may be stolen, for instance, or my ricks may be set on fire. Dismissing from view the latter class of offences, we have to inquire what the common law decided about the former.

To constitute theft it was always held in our courts that there must be an *animus furandi*, an intention to steal. Let us apply this. If a man walks into a livery stable, and purloins a horse for a day's hunting, he is liable, indeed, to an action for damages, but for nothing more; but if the same man were to hire a horse, really intending at the time to steal him, and, having hired him, were to keep him, this would be theft.

Intention plays a most important part in our criminal law. In our civil law, if you break your contract, or trespass on another man's ground, it is no answer to say that you never intended to do it; but in cases of crime, such as murder or theft, the answer is a most pertinent one. On the other hand, our English law never takes any account of a man's *motives*. The recent trial of Mr. Stead affords an illustration. Motive, indeed, may mitigate the punishment, but it does not remove the act from the category to which it belongs.

The common law will take us some way farther in our definition of theft, and requires us to divide "things" into two classes; one, of things capable of being stolen, and the other not.

All property was supposed, in ancient times, to consist of things. The modern idea has risen rather to the conception of property as consisting in rights over things. Blackstone, indeed, cannot avoid taking some account of rights, but he cannot emancipate himself from the old division into things movable and immovable; he is forced, therefore, to adopt a division partly based on rights, and partly on things the subject of rights. Hence we have in real property the curious division into corporeal and incorporeal hereditaments; the former being really a right to an estate in land, and the latter a right to some limited uses of the land, such as a right of way—both equally rights, and equally incorporeal. So, in personal property, we have a division into things in possession, and things in action; but the law in each case protects not the *thing*, whether it be in your pocket, or out of your control, but only your *right* to the thing. The exhaustive division of every scheme of jurisprudence is, therefore, into *rights jura in rem*, rights against all the world, and *jura in personam*, rights against particular persons.

But to understand the common law on the subject of theft we must go back to the old view, and look at property as divided into things movable and things immovable, and it is especially to be remembered that theft never affected the right of owner-

ship, but only the possession of the thing in question. There are, indeed, some cases in which a thief can transfer a right to the property from one person to another: a shilling, for instance, may pass through a thief's hands to the hands of an honest man, who acquires a complete title to it against the earlier lawful owner; so with a bank-note; but these exceptions are for the convenience of commerce. But in most cases a thief can give no title: a stolen horse, for instance, bought *bonâ fide* from a thief, must be restored to the lawful owner.

Theft, then, is a deprivation of the owner's *power* over the thing, rather than his *right* to the thing. It is, in fact, a "taking out of possession." And this idea limited the kind of things of which theft was held to be possible, while the idea of "taking," and the idea of "possession" introduced a number of refinements into the law, which subsist to the present day.

Things immovable can certainly be fraudulently misappropriated as well as things movable. Land cannot be carried away, but the owner can be wrongfully ejected, or a deed or will might be forged or destroyed with the same effect as if the land could really be stolen from the rightful owner. But as theft involved the idea of "taking out of possession," it was from the earliest times limited to movables, that is to personal chattels. Bracton thus defines theft: "Furtum est secundum leges, contrectatio rei alienæ fraudulenta, cum animo furandi, invito illo domino, cujus res illa fuerit."

Note the three points: (*a*) the taking; (*b*) the intention; (*c*) the absence of consent in the mind of the person from whom the property is taken. In the *Mirror* the limitation of things that can be taken, to movables, is clearly expressed. And it is to be noticed how the Courts endeavoured to confine the offence of theft within the four walls of this definition. As to things which could not be stolen—anything which savoured of the realty was added to the list; anything that grew upon the land, or was built upon the land, trees, fixtures, lead from the roof of a house, any deeds that related to the land; and even, in one case, the box which held the title-deeds. Coke brought all *choses in action* within the same rule as title-deeds, partly because they were of a somewhat similar nature, and because they were of no intrinsic value, but only symbols of rights. Hence the absurd conclusion that a bank-note could not be stolen.

Then, again—animals, unless kept for food or profit, could not be stolen. A dog could not be stolen; and this illustrates the mischief still wrought by the common law, for although now a dog can be stolen, yet it is no offence to obtain a dog under false pretences.

There were doubts whether a peacock could be stolen, the idea being that dogs and peacocks were kept for pleasure rather than profit.

But the conception of theft was narrowed very much more by the doctrine of which we must now speak—namely, that the original taking, *contrectatio*, must be felonious—than even by the limitations upon the things that could be stolen.

The Roman law made an innocent taking, followed by a felonious conversion, to be theft; and in all cases to which the common law does not still apply, this sensible view of the civil law has been adopted into our statutory legislation. But by the maxims of the common law which governed every case of theft for centuries, he with whom goods had been deposited, or he to whom they had been lent, the carrier who engaged to convey them from one place to another, even the servant who had the custody of them, could not be indicted for stealing them. The goods in all these cases came into such persons' possession without a felony, and no subsequent wrongful dealing with them could be felonious. The more complicated relations of trust in modern society had not arisen. Factors, brokers, solicitors, agents, and the like, formed no part of the machinery of ancient society; but even in a rudimentary stage of society this false conception of theft must have had serious consequences.

The following considerations no doubt induced the legal profession and the public to acquiesce in those principles of law which appear to us to be quite intolerable.

In the first place it must have been a serious nuisance to be forced into proceeding against a thief at all, for the appellant had to abide the wager of battle, and the stolen property was not restored even if he won, although the appellee was hanged. Whereas, if the appellant confined himself to a civil process, and brought an action for trespass, he had a chance of recovering his property. If the theft was treated as a debt, the thief, instead of being hung, could be imprisoned until the debt was paid.

It is true that a thief, in all cases of grand larceny, *i.e.* above the value of one shilling, could plead his benefit of clergy, and this plea was extended by the beginning of the eighteenth century to all people whether they could read or not; but by this time the great majority of the worst felonies, and among them a great number of special cases of grand larcenies, had been expressly exempted from benefit of clergy. The severity of the criminal law had much increased, and ordinary cases of larceny were punished by seven years transportation; while special cases, such as sheep-stealing, were punished by death.

It is no wonder, then, that there was no general desire to extend

the definition of theft; and until a more humane spirit was breathed into the law, it was well that such technicalities should have restricted its operation. However, even in very early days the law was stretched a little, by a legal fiction about "possession."

Sir Henry Maine has pointed out the fact that legal fictions have played a great part in the early history of legal improvements. The legal theory of "possession" is an apt illustration. The master who had put a servant in charge of his plate, or horses and carriages, is supposed still to retain possession, the servant having only the custody. Nay more, an owner of lost property is supposed still to be in possession; so that a servant may be punished for stealing, and a person who finds the goods of another, knowing or being in a position at the time to know the owner and intending, at the time of finding, to steal the goods, may be declared to be a thief.

The common law appears to have exhausted itself at this point, or, as we have intimated above, there was a reluctance to multiply crimes, for there was no punishment, until the year 1757, for obtaining property under false pretences; and it was not until 1799, that clerks or servants who embezzled property handed to them for their employers could be punished; and by successive statutes, passed during the present century, brokers, factors, agents, trustees, and bailees, misappropriating property entrusted to them, have been brought within the reach of the law.

The Act of 1861 has consolidated previous statutes and simplified the law very much; but, unfortunately, the root idea of the common law as to "taking out of possession" was retained amid a mass of statutory exceptions; also the distinctions between larceny, embezzlement, and obtaining by false pretences, were suffered to remain, so that many a conviction for theft or false pretences has been set aside on purely technical grounds in the Court for Crown Cases Reserved.

The following cases are taken from our Law Reports, and give the exact state of the law as it exists at the present moment. We venture to think that the conclusion arrived at would be a complete mystery to anyone who had not studied the peculiar principles of the common law which we have sketched out.

R. v. Mole.—A. finds a purse and three sovereigns on a turnpike road. There is no mark upon the purse, and no owner known at the time to A. But almost immediately afterwards, A. finds out who the owner is; but A. denies having found the purse, and it is found by the jury that he intended to steal it from the first. A. is not guilty of theft.

But where the original taking, although not fraudulent, is a

trespass, there can be theft by subsequent fraudulent conversion. *E.g.* A. takes home B.'s umbrella by mistake from the club, and subsequently knowingly misappropriates it. This is theft. But if B. had left the umbrella by mistake in A.'s house, this would not be theft.

R. v. Garrett.—A collection was made in church for the Church Missionary Society, and £18 3s. 9d. was collected. The vicar paid the money into the local bank, but the curate, who was treasurer of the Society, advised that the money should be lodged in the savings bank; the vicar, therefore, gave him a cheque upon the local bank for that purpose. The curate took the money out of the bank and kept it.

This case occurred subsequently to the Act of 1861, and illustrates the present state of the law. The curate went unpunished, for it is by common law no theft; the original receipt of the cheque given him being no felonious taking. It is not embezzlement, for the curate was not "a clerk or servant." He was not a trustee, for there was no express trust in writing, nor was he a bailee, for he had not to pay over the specific coins which came into his hands.

R. v. Negus (decided in 1873).—Prisoner was employed to solicit orders and was paid by commission. His time was at his own disposal; he used his position to apply for payment of £17 due from customers of his employers; this money he misappropriated. He was convicted of embezzlement, but this conviction was quashed, as prisoner was not technically "a clerk or servant."

R. v. Tyree (decided in 1869).—The treasurer of a friendly society, who—by the Friendly Societies Act 18 & 19 Vict. c. 63, as well as by the rules of the society—was bound to account to the trustees for all the money that passed through his hands, failed, on producing his accounts, to account for £186 5s. The Court for Crown Cases Reserved held unanimously that the treasurer of a friendly society is not "a clerk or servant." Conviction quashed.

The next case illustrates the uncertainty that prevails when the "taking" really amounts to nothing more than taking advantage of a mistake.

R. v. Middleton (decided in 1873).—Prisoner was a depositor in the Post Office Savings Bank, and he brought to the office a warrant for payment to him of 10s. The clerk at the post office gave him by mistake £8 16s. 10d., which prisoner took up from the counter and went away with. The Central Criminal Court found him guilty of larceny, and the case gave rise to much difference of opinion in the Court for Crown Cases Reserved. The case was considered by fifteen judges, and it was decided by eleven

to four that the prisoner was guilty of larceny, and that the conviction must be affirmed.

But the affirmation was held by the eleven judges upon different grounds, for eight of them considered that the clerk fully represented the Postmaster-General, and was in a position of authority to decide under what circumstances he would part with the money with which he was entrusted. Also that he handed over the money under a mistake, and that to take advantage of this mistake with a felonious intent was larceny. Two of the eleven judges held, on the other hand, that the case was one of larceny solely because the post-office clerk had no authority under the circumstances to part with the property; that he did not represent the Postmaster-General, and could only transfer the possession, and that, therefore, it was larceny, because there was a taking possession without the consent of the real owner. The remaining judge upon the side of affirming the conviction, took the ground that manual possession was never given to the prisoner at all, but that he seized the opportunity to take up money which lay within his reach.

Four judges dissented from the majority, and Baron Bramwell delivered a powerful argument against the conviction, pressing the point, *volenti non fit injuria*, and arguing that the exceptions to this sound rule should be construed strictly. There was no "taking" in the case; a receipt was not a taking, and the opportunity for the offence was afforded through the fault of the complainant.

Another case argued upon the same lines is the very recent one of *The Queen v. Ashwell*, decided last June in the Queen's Bench Division. The prisoner had asked for the loan of a shilling, and the prosecutor by mistake gave him a sovereign. The prisoner had not noticed the mistake at the time, but when he discovered it he appropriated the money to his own use. The same arguments we have already considered were fully weighed. With one half of the Court the legal theory of larceny, that there must be a felonious taking, prevailed; with the other half, the unwelcome conclusion that this was not a larceny was evaded by the theory that the prisoner could not be said to be in possession of the sovereign until he knew it was a sovereign, and that then the felonious taking really came in, when he knew that he had a sovereign to take. This judgment has therefore carried the refinement away of the common law view of larceny one step farther than in *R. v. Middleton*. There being seven judges for the conviction being affirmed and seven for its being quashed, the conviction was affirmed.

The next case illustrates the defects of the statute law 24 & 25

Vict. c. 96, ss. 75, 76. These sections were intended to protect the public from frauds by bankers, factors, agents, and solicitors. Section 75 refers to money entrusted for investment, and section 76 refers to money entrusted for safe custody.

R. v. Newman.—Came before the Queen's Bench Division on a case reserved by Justice Bowen, at the Winchester Assizes, in 1881. Prisoner was a solicitor, who had from time to time been entrusted with various sums of money by one Thomas Dawkins, a client of his, in order that the same might be invested upon mortgage. During the life of his client fictitious payments of interest were kept up, but after his death his executors discovered that the prisoner had misappropriated the money to his own uses.

The question before the Court was as to the interpretation of section 76 of the Act of 1861, and a distinction had to be drawn between money entrusted for investment and money entrusted for safe custody. In the latter case there need be no written directions, but in the former case the solicitor is not responsible criminally for the money unless it is accompanied by written directions to invest, or is intended to be held in safe custody until a date fixed for investment. The conviction, therefore, was quashed.

Such, then, is the present unsatisfactory state of the law. By a series of exceptions to the common law rule that there must be a felonious taking to constitute theft, servants, brokers, factors, attorneys, and other agents, trustees under express trusts, bailees and co-owners have successively been brought within the reach of the criminal law; but still dishonest persons who find property, and persons in various positions in which they acquire the property of others rightfully, and then misappropriate it, still find the common law a great protection for their misdeeds.

It remains to give a brief account of the attempts that have been made up to the present time to bring the law into harmony with the dictates of common-sense.

To do this effectually would be to enter upon a discussion of the labours expended upon the long-promised criminal code. We will give the merest outline of those labours, and show in what way they deal in the modern spirit with the offence of theft.

Codification of any branch of the law means its reduction to an orderly-written system. The criminal law lends itself more easily than any other branch to codification, because it is more complete in itself, but even in this branch there is a close connection with other branches; for instance, the question of bigamy presupposes marriage, and therefore a knowledge of the law of marriage is required, and the question of theft often involves a knowledge of the laws of property and contract.

Numerous attempts have been made to codify our criminal law.

In 1833, 1836, and 1837 commissions sat and furnished eight separate Reports. A draft code was then introduced into the House of Lords by Lord Brougham, but it came to nothing. In 1852 Lord St. Leonards prepared Bills dealing with separate subjects of criminal law, and one referring to offences against the person was referred to a Select Committee, but, upon a change of Government, it was abandoned.

In 1856 nine Bills were prepared, and the results of some of them are embodied in the Acts 24 & 25 Vict. cc. 94–100. But this is no attempt at codification, rather a vast mass of exceptions to existing common law rules.

In 1878 a code was drafted by Sir James Stephen, and on the 17th of August in that year a Royal Commission was appointed, consisting of Baron Blackburn, the Right Hon. Charles Robert Barry, Sir R. Lush, and Sir James F. Stephen. This Commission sat from November 1878 to May 1879, and finally appended a draft code to their Report.

In May 1879 this code, embodied in a Bill, proceeded to a second reading in the House of Commons. "The Bill," said Sir John Holker, "is substantially drawn upon the lines of the code of Sir James Stephen, to whom the greatest credit is due. Besides codifying and simplifying the law, the Bill is designed to improve and effect many marked changes in the law." Sir Henry James pointed out the difficulty of passing such a Measure, of some 600 clauses, in one Session, and suggested that the Bill should be disposed of in parts. In that year the Bill fell through, but in the year 1880 the Criminal Code (No. 2) Bill was introduced. Certain criticisms of Sir Alexander Cockburn, the Lord Chief Justice, had been accepted by the Attorney-General. The Bill, as amended, was read a second time in February 1880, but with the defeat of the Conservative Party at the polls it again fell to the ground. During the existence of the Parliament of 1880 other subjects have crowded out this great Measure. The work of the Grand Committee on Law has come to nothing. Separate measures, dealing with parts of the subject, viz. Criminal Procedure, and a Court of Criminal Appeal, have been introduced as Bills, but have not found a place upon the Statute Book.

The Criminal Code (No. 2) Bill consists of twenty-four chapters. The first twelve are devoted to the Trial itself, and deal, among other things, with applications in reference to new trials. The next six chapters relate to offences and punishments, and the concluding chapters deal with qualifications of jurors, protection of persons acting under the Code, and the repeal of existing statutes. The alterations made in the law relating to theft amount to a complete abolition of the rules as to things savouring of the realty,

and documents which cannot be stolen. This part of the subject, however, had really been revolutionized by the Act of 1861. A word about "animals" as property may not here be out of place.

At common law those tame animals which were kept for food, labour, or profit, were alone capable of being stolen: hence a dog, or a peacock, could not be stolen. By statute law, all animals kept in confinement for domestic purposes were rendered capable of being stolen. As regards animals *ferœ naturæ* not in confinement, the owner of the land on which they happen to be has a limited property in them: for instance, if a poacher takes upon his land hares or rabbits, the owner can recover the dead animals in an action for trover, but cannot bring an indictment for stealing; but if a poacher kill rabbits and leave them dead upon the land, and another person find them and carry them off, that person can be prosecuted for theft. The proposed code does not apparently alter the law in this respect, but surely it is a point to which the attention of the Legislature should be called. Then, as to animals *ferœ naturæ* in captivity—for instance, in the cages of the Zoological Gardens, or in a menagerie—the present statute law or common law does not deem them capable of being stolen. The Code, as it came before the House of Commons in 1879, included, as capable of being stolen, animals *ferœ naturæ* not only when actually in confinement, but also if they were such as are not ordinarily found abroad when they have made their escape. A crocodile, some time ago, escaped from confinement into the Thames, and was captured. This code would have protected the owner, but we cannot see that the revised code alludes at all to the subject of animals. But by far the most important alteration in the law is that of making a fraudulent conversion indictable as an original fraudulent taking. Criminal breaches of trust, embezzlement in every form, are punished just as if an actual felonious taking had occurred, and obtaining by false pretences is made to fall under the category of theft.

The distinction between felony and misdemeanour is abolished. In early days felony was punished by death, and misdemeanour by a light punishment, but the names remained long after this distinction was abolished, and resulted in arbitrary rules as to right of bail, arrest without warrant, payment of costs of prosecution, and other matters. Not the least benefit of a code will be the abolition of such a distinction. Then, as to "attempts," the law is defined anew. In the case of attempts at theft, it was decided in R. *v.* Collins, that to put the hand into another's pocket, with intention to steal, was not an indictable "attempt" *if there was nothing in the pocket.* This absurd conclusion will not survive the promulgation of a code. It is earnestly to be hoped that the

codification of the criminal law will be seriously undertaken when the Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland is able to spare some time and attention for English affairs. Such a reform does not work up into a good electioneering cry; it would not be easy to find any allusion to the subject in electioneering speeches. Sensational legislation, such as we have recently been threatened with, is apt to dull the appetite for homelier fare; but that Minister will confer a valuable service on the public who shall succeed in bringing to a successful termination the labours of the many eminent lawyers which have already been unsparingly devoted to the formation of a Criminal Code.

HUGH HALL.

LOTHAIR AND ENDYMION.

THE literary life of Lord Beaconsfield is a story which has yet to be told. Attempts have been made to tell it, but they have invariably been, of necessity, most imperfect, and also, without necessity, most unfair. The world has been told of the *Revolutionary Epick*, but, perhaps, not one in ten thousand of those who wear the primrose on Primrose-day knows what the poem is about, or has ever seen a single one of the fifty copies which formed the first edition. So again with *Vivian Grey*. That novel was declared by its author to be "as hot and hurried a sketch as ever was penned, but like its subject (for what is youth but a sketch?) a brief hour of principles unsettled, passions unrestrained, powers undeveloped, and purposes unexecuted." But it still sells. It has long passed out of the stage of editions. It has been stereotyped in more than one form, and even now, more than sixty years after its first appearance, there is a steady demand for it. If the publishers would only condescend to print it in legible type, and on decent paper, the sale might be doubled. These were amongst the earliest works of our great "lost leader." His middle period, as a "literary man"—the phrase is odious, but it must serve—was marked by the production of that trilogy of romances which would have made the fortune of a popular novelist, but which were read rather as political pamphlets than as studies of incident and character. The world outside the sphere of politics, however, is not deceived. *Coningsby*, *Sybil* (so spelled by Disraeli in defiance of etymology), and *Tancred* are, perhaps, the three novels of the century which have had the largest circulation, and which have best deserved their popularity. They have not, of course, attained the phenomenal success of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, or Mr. Fargus's *Dark Days*, but they have attained a position which neither of those works of genius has reached or is likely to reach—they have become classics, and are read and quoted wherever the English language is spoken. The same fate, to all outward appearance, seems likely to

await the two romances whose names head this page, though at the present moment they attract less attention than they deserve.

Both *Lothair* and *Endymion* were the fruits of retirement from public life. The former was published in the middle of 1870; the latter about ten years later, and it may be safely said of both that they reflect the author's mind to an extent and in a way that is interesting in no ordinary degree. The mottoes of the title-pages explain them. "*Nosse omnia haec salus est adolescentulis*" is the key to *Lothair*, as "*Quicquid agunt homines*" is to *Endymion*. The design of the former is to enforce a great political lesson; that of the latter is to hold the mirror up to nature, and to show the world what men, and, more than men, what women have to do in its government. Both books have suffered from the way in which the critics dealt with them. "You know who the critics are?" says Mr. Phœbus in *Lothair*. "The men who have failed in literature and art,"—a saying, by the way, which is an echo, though probably an unconscious one, of the aphorism of Dryden—himself a critic—"The corruption of a poet is the generation of a critic." Both books were issued at mid-day on a Thursday, and were given out by anxious and impatient editors for instant review. Notices of from two to five newspaper columns in length appeared on the following morning, and the weekly papers delivered their judgments on the evening of the same day. It is hardly surprising if the British public, which loves to have its opinions ready made, has misjudged and contemned both novels. "The men who had failed in literature and art," and, it may be added, the aspiring compositors and junior reporters who in some newspaper offices are from time to time "put on to do a par," had not the time necessary for the appreciation of these books. They "cut the leaves, and smelt the paper-knife"; they saw the defects which lay upon the surface; they could not discern the beauties which lay beneath; and, as a result, both *Lothair* and *Endymion* are commonly regarded as mere novels, and novels of the second order.

They are, however, much more than this. *Lothair* came as a sort of successor to *Tancred*, and its surface faults are precisely those which spoiled the earlier novels, and exposed their author to a good deal of humorous, and perhaps not altogether undeserved, satire. *Codlingsby* is a caricature; but there are things in *Lothair* which are almost as absurd as anything in Thackeray's famous parody. The "ropes of pearls" which Lothair gives to Theodora; the crucifix of gold and emeralds, with its earth from the holy places covered in with "slit diamonds"; the tomb of alabaster, with its encircling railings of pure gold; Mr.

Phœbus with his steam yacht *Pan*, and his Ægean island, his colossal wealth, and stupendously beautiful womankind; the extremely gorgeous society of dukes and their daughters, marquises, and merchant princes—all these things are, we venture to think, faults of taste, and are rather out of place in matter-of-fact England in the nineteenth century. But though we may dislike these things, it is impossible to contend that they justify the torrent of abuse with which *Lothair* was received. Much of it may, of course, be traced to the violent prejudice which dogged every step of Lord Beaconsfield's career—a prejudice by no means confined to his political opponents, but fully shared by many of the representatives of the old Conservative party. Never, in fact, was the saying, that "a man's foes should be they of his own household," more emphatically verified than in his case. Some, indeed, there were who, like Lord John Manners, never wavered in their faith and affection; but others—and these, too, by no means the least influential members of the party—distrusted him, until they were conquered by the splendid achievements of his Second Administration. The last of his "candid friends" to surrender was the *Quarterly Review*, which followed up the famous attack on the "Conservative Surrender" of 1867 with a review of *Lothair*, in which the novel was described as being "as dull as ditch-water, and as flat as a flounder," and also as "a bid for the bigoted voices of Exeter Hall"—a verdict which probably few people at the present day could be found to endorse. Whatever the faults of *Lothair* may be, it is certainly not dull. Much of it is singularly amusing, and so the people of both hemispheres speedily found out. The fact has been mentioned before, but it is worth repeating, that the three-volume edition went to press seven times, each edition numbering about as many as the entire twelve editions of a certain popular Radical history of our own times. In the United States and the Colonies it has been reproduced many times over, and on the Continent it has been repeatedly translated and adapted.

The reason for this popularity is that the book, in spite of its surface faults, is such a one as only a man of real and striking genius could have written. For a while people were content to ascribe its success to what were considered its personalities, but, in doing so, they forgot that though Lord Beaconsfield might take a character or an incident from real life, he never made a slavish copy. When his earlier novels first appeared, every character was seized upon and appropriated. *Coningsby*, for example, was dealt with by the critics as though it were a portrait gallery of contemporary society, and "keys," each differing from all the others, and appropriating each of the *dramatis personæ*, were

published before the first edition of the novel was exhausted. Similar appropriations of character were made the moment *Lothair* was issued. The Marquis of Bute had lately ended his long minority, and had startled society by "going over" to Rome. Lothair is a young peer of immense wealth, who has just completed a long minority, and before the middle of the first volume is reached, he is shown under the influence of his guardian, Cardinal Grandison, and a host of monsignori. Therefore, argued the critics, Lothair must be intended for the Marquis of Bute, and Cardinal Grandison must perforce be a photograph of Cardinal Manning. Certain accidental circumstances favoured this theory; and the triumph of those who held it was complete when they discovered, at page 254 of the third volume, a misprint of "Capel" for "Catesby"—Monsignore Capel being in 1870 one of the most conspicuous personages in London society. Other characters were appropriated in the same way, and even the localities were identified. It is, however, idle to repeat these tales. That there were abundant points of contact between real personages and places and the creations of the novelist's imagination may at once be granted, and it may be admitted as well that a host of incidents in the book were unquestionably suggested by events in the social history of the past decade. But to contend, as has been done, that *Lothair* is a travesty of history for malicious or party purposes, is as absurd as it is ungenerous. A great excuse for this belief may, however, be found in the conduct of Mr. Goldwin Smith—one of the many "coming men" of the Liberal party who have never arrived anywhere—who, finding a certain Oxford professor described as "a man of advanced opinions on all subjects, ... unable to profit even by his limited experience of life from a restless vanity and overflowing conceit, ... gifted with a great command of words which took the form of endless exposition, varied by sarcasm and passages of ornate jargon," was weak enough to take up the fool's cap, and fit it to his own head.

So far, in fact, from deserving this character, *Lothair* is a novel which has a deep and serious meaning and purpose, which, however, can only be understood by a reference to the history of the ten or twelve years preceding its publication. The years 1860–70 were times of storm and stress in England. In 1859 the factitious eagerness of the Liberal Party on the question of reform had forced on a dissolution, and displaced the second administration of Lord Derby. The results, so far as Europe was concerned, were pretty much the same as those which followed the expulsion of the Conservative Administration in 1852. That event was, as Mr. Cobden ruefully admitted, the cause of the Crimean war; the catastrophe of 1859 gave to England six years of Lord Palmer-

ston and eight months of Lord Russell, and witnessed the opening of that struggle which culminated in the independence of Italy and the destruction of the temporal power of the Papacy. When, after the death of Palmerston, Lord Russell succeeded to office—though hardly to power—he found the Continent in a state of confusion which his vacillating and half-hearted intermeddling certainly did nothing to banish. Feeling their weakness and loss of touch with the constituencies, the Ministry did all in their power to stimulate the agitation for a new Reform Bill, on which subject, however, there was great apathy amongst the electors — a fact which is hardly surprising when the actual attitude of the Whigs upon the subject is considered. The result of the elections of 1865 was to show that, in spite of the feebleness of Lord Russell, the spirit of Palmerston, who notoriously cared nothing for Parliamentary Reform, though he was willing enough to use the question as a weapon of political warfare, still prevailed in England. Lord Palmerston was, however, dead when the seventh Parliament of the present reign assembled, and it soon became evident that without his leadership his Cabinet must collapse. Lord Derby succeeded to office in July, and—as was not the case in 1858—to power. It was not, it is true, power without its difficulties and drawbacks, but it was great enough to carry through that measure of Reform with which Lord Beaconsfield's name will be for ever associated, and in which Lord Derby had assuredly no contemptible share. Faction is sometimes, however, stronger than statesmanship, and so it proved in this instance. So long as Lord Derby retained the Premiership, its "whisper," to use Lord Russell's famous phrase, was stilled; but no sooner had he retired in February 1868, to make way for Mr. Disraeli, than it was heard once more. On the 5th of March Mr. Disraeli took his place as First Minister of the Crown; on the 10th, a discussion on Irish affairs was raised by Mr. Maguire, who profited by the success of the Fenian conspiracy to paint the condition of "the most distressful country the world has ever seen," in the blackest colours. In the course of that debate Mr. Gladstone announced his opinion "that in order to the settlement of the question of the Irish Church, that Church as a State Church must cease to exist." The change of front was the more remarkable from the fact that, on the 9th June 1865, Mr. Gladstone had written a letter to Dr. Hannah, the Warden of Trinity College, Glenalmond, expressing his opinion that the question of the Irish Church was totally outside "the range of practical politics."

It is unnecessary in this place to go into the detail of the overthrow of the administration of 1868, on the famous resolutions of the 23rd March—it is sufficient to recall the fact that, by the

beginning of December, the Conservative Government was at an end.

Driven thus into seclusion, Lord Beaconsfield meditated for eighteen months. One of his friends has told the world of the exquisite patience and temper of these days, and of the calmness with which, while doing his duty as leader of "Her Majesty's Opposition," he refrained from all manifestations of that spirit which his opponents might construe into factiousness. Without ostentation—without the pretence of retiring from public life—he gave himself to literature. *Lothair* was the result, and, "as in a glass darkly," the student may see the opinion of the Tory leader on the great questions of the day. In his view, there are two great forces ever at work with which the statesman has to reckon. One is the Church; the other the Secret Societies. It is for those who are outside the influence of both to regulate and to control those forces. Lothair is alternately swayed by both. In his earlier years, Cardinal Grandison, with his ever-present and most potent Monsignori, draws him to the Church. The hoarded millions of his long minority are to be devoted to the building of a cathedral. Plans and a model are prepared, but, before the scheme can be put in execution, Theodora—the incarnation of the Secret Societies of Europe—appears on the scene, and Lothair, falling under her influence, promises never to enter the Roman Church. Which things are an allegory. The whole romance is one in fact, and just as Theodora stands for the Secret Societies—not that she is, as a certain reviewer sapiently remarked, "an Italian revolutionist known among French Secret Societies by the name of Mary Anne as their eponymic saint"—so Corisande represents the sweet reasonableness and sound sense of a high-born English lady. She anticipates evil: "I know not how it is . . . but I frequently feel that some great woe is hanging over our country. . . . When I hear of young nobles, the natural leaders of the land, going over to the Roman Catholic Church, I confess I lose heart and patience. It seems so unpatriotic, so effeminate." In those words Lord Beaconsfield himself spoke as plainly as he had done in the now famous "Maundy Thursday" letter of 1867, and in the speeches which he made in support of the Public Worship Regulation Act seven years later.

His attitude as regards religion has, in truth, been always misunderstood and misrepresented. Associated in early life with the "Young England" party, his aspirations were naturally in the direction of the more advanced school of Anglicanism. His father, Isaac Disraeli, had been a Deist of a somewhat dry and cold type: he, in obedience to a natural law, became a sincerely though not

ostentatiously religious man. The events of 1840 to 1850, however, disappointed him most grievously. Those whom he had looked to as the appointed saviours of society—the missionaries from whose devotion and whose sense of the lofty mission of the Church he had hoped so much, had fallen away from her tradition, and, giving themselves up to speculative theology, had passed over to Rome. The popular movement in the Church, which he and his associates had hoped might be a new Reformation, greater, sounder, and more fruitful than the first, fell—to use his own words—"into the hands of monks and priests," by whom a blow was dealt at the Church of England, under which she still reels. During the succeeding years of the century the religious ideas of which *Coningsby* is, in part, an expression, were deepened and intensified in the mind of its author, and they were not weakened even by his association with the late Lord Cairns, who was a man of extraordinary professional and political abilities, but who by birth, education, predilection, and especially domestic influences, was allied with the narrowest school of English theology. To this association may be traced not a little of the religious side of *Lothair*, as well as those ecclesiastical appointments which offended so many of the High Church party at the close of Lord Beaconsfield's last administration, and converted the entire Ritualistic party into supporters of Mr. Gladstone. Nor had Lord Beaconsfield a less profound distrust of the Secret Societies which figure so largely in *Lothair*, although, curiously enough, he uses their machinery for the redemption of his hero from the ecclesiastical toils into which he had fallen. At the time of the publication of the romance, a great deal of criticism was wasted upon the alarmist character of Lord Beaconsfield's views on this subject; and the admirers of Mazzini, Garibaldi, and the Italian revolutionists generally, expressed infinite contempt for the notion that so "high and holy" a cause as that of Italian Unity could ever have been polluted by the association of its leaders with Hungarian and Polish conspiracies, with the French Commune, and with Irish disaffection. Events have marched rapidly since 1870, however, and there are now probably few observers of European politics who will not admit, without hesitation, that the ramifications of the revolutionary system in Europe and America were much better appreciated and understood by the author of *Lothair* than by his assailants.

Endymion stands in a very different position from that which is occupied by its predecessor. *Lothair* is a romance; *Endymion* a novel of society and of contemporary politics, and as a piece of literary art it unquestionably stands on a much higher level than the earlier work. The faults of taste which grate upon fas-

tidious ears in *Lothair* are conspicuously absent, while the beauties of expression and of epigram, of witty characterization and humorous description, are infinitely more numerous. *Endymion* is, in short, the very crown and flower of Lord Beaconsfield's literary life, and quite the most perfect novel that he produced. Fifty-four years had elapsed since he startled the world with the first instalment of the audacious *Vivian Grey*. In that prolonged period he had lived through a most busy and diversified career, both literary and political; he had produced at intervals ten of the most successful novels ever given to the public; he had distinguished himself as the statesmanlike leader of a great Party in Parliament during a period of over thirty years; he had twice held the position of First Minister of the Crown with singular success; he had risen from the depths of unpopularity to unrivalled favour with his fellow-countrymen; and, finally, he had been rewarded not merely with the highest public honours, but with the personal friendship of his sovereign, fairly won and modestly carried. After such a career, and at the advanced age of seventy-seven, it would not have been surprising if Lord Beaconsfield should have found his power failing, and if his work should have been wanting in freshness. Singularly enough, however, it is precisely by the qualities of vigour and freshness that *Endymion* is chiefly distinguished, though, as has been very justly remarked, "advancing age has mellowed and enriched the style, and has imparted a restraint which was the only thing wanting to those earlier romances by which Lord Beaconsfield made his reputation."

The appearance of the novel was, as on other occasions, the signal for a host of "keys" of the usual personal sort, most of which were distinguished by more than common fatuity. Still quite enough was drawn from real life to give piquancy to the story amongst the votaries of "Society." The real key is, however, to be found in the author's love and reverence for women, and cordial recognition of their power and influence in public affairs. With them, indeed, his relations throughout his life were as fortunate as those of Lord Melbourne were the reverse. His sister, Sarah Disraeli, whom some profess to see depicted in the fine character of Myra, Endymion's devoted sister, was throughout her life his most attached friend and counsellor, as may be seen in the lately-published volumes of his correspondence with her, though, unlike Myra, she did not make a brilliant marriage to secure his advancement. Later on his political fortune was assured by the generosity of a lady whose anonymity has always been respected, though her action has been made the foundation for one of the most striking incidents of *Endymion*, while Mrs. Brydges-Williams, of Torquay, who died in 1853, by constituting him her heir, saved

him from "that accursed want of pence which vexes public men." From the material point of view, therefore, Lord Beaconsfield had ample reason for gratitude to women, but it may be questioned whether he ever looked at the matter in that way. The influence he was most ready to acknowledge was that commemorated in the dedication of *Sybil*— that of "one whose noble spirit and gentle nature ever prompted her to sympathise with suffering. . . . whose sweet voice often encouraged, and whose taste and judgment ever guided its pages; the most severe of critics—but a perfect wife!" Other influences undoubtedly environed him, however, a hundred traces of which may be found in these pages; but it is really very curious to remark that these influences, with hardly a single exception, are feminine. It is always the women who pull the strings; always the men who yield to their leading and guidance. Not, indeed, that the men are uninteresting. Lord Rockhampton, the Irish peer with a seat in the House of Commons, in whom those who profess to be behind the scenes recognize a genial portrait of that most *bonhomme* of statesmen, Lord Palmerston; Simon, Earl of Montfort, who resembles not a little the Marquess of Monmouth in *Coningsby*; Waldershare, usually identified with a living Whig statesman of exceptional powers; Sidney Wilton, the modified portrait of the late Lord Herbert of Lea; Neuchatel, Lord Hainault, curiously like Lord Rothschild in some respects; Prince Florestan and Queen Agrippina, who need no identification: all these are charming as portraits and interesting as studies; but their action really affects the fortunes of the hero in only a secondary degree. The text of the book will be found in the nineteenth chapter, where Endymion leaves home. His father, the man "who had claims," had left Hurstley five months before to become Governor-General of India, and had returned to his home with a clerkship for his son in a second-rate Government office. Endymion is going up to London to commence his duties, and his twin-sister consoles him with one last speech: "Things are dark, and I fancy they will be darker; but brightness will come, somehow or other, to you, darling, for you are born for brightness. You will find friends in life, and they will be women." And so it was. Endymion's whole life is moulded and governed by feminine influence. His mother has, indeed, but little to do with it, save as is implied in a certain bizarre and fantastic affection. (Mrs. Ferrars, by the way, is a character which curiously indicates how certain types dwell in the mind of the creative novelist. Lady Caroline Lamb figures in more than one of Lord Beaconsfield's earlier stories, and, if an opinion may be formed from the memoirs of the time, many of the most striking points of Mrs. Ferrars' character are reproductions of those of Lady Caroline.) The first influence to which

Endymion yields is that of his proud and ambitious sister—a far stronger and more remarkably individualized personage than himself.

He comes up to London and at once succumbs, to a certain extent, to the charms of Mrs. Rodney and her beautiful sister Imogene. Mrs. Neuchatel and her daughter Adriana next influence him, then finally Lady Montfort—"Berengaria, the Queen of Society and the Genius of Whiggism"—who becomes his good angel, watches over him and assures his career, first by her anonymous gift of a modest competency,* and next by marrying him and devoting her unrivalled talent for political intrigue to his service.

Whilst dwelling upon feminine political influence, however, the reader must not omit to notice the way in which the great question of the Church is raised once more in *Endymion*. As in *Lothair* we had a cardinal whom the outer world persisted in imagining to be intended for Cardinal Manning, so in *Endymion* another cardinal is introduced, who is, with just as much and just as little reason, believed to stand for Cardinal Newman. Partly through his utterances, and partly through the reflections of the author in his own proper person, we have a reflection and an enforcement of those ecclesiastico-political views, of which we saw so much in *Lothair*. The resemblance is, however, very subtly and artistically differentiated. Cardinal Grandison's great aim is to draw Lothair within the pale of his church, and to attain that end he shrinks from no intrigue, and from the employment of no unworthy means. The reason is not difficult to fathom. Lothair is so very glorious a prize that it is worth while to make every effort to secure him. With Endymion Ferrars the case is different. He is comparatively a very insignificant personage—a mere clerk in a public office of no great importance, whose capture would be a matter of no particular moment; wherefore Nigel Penruddock confines himself to assertions and contentions of a kind which a good many of us have heard a good many times, and which, curiously enough, are to be heard from the mouths of those whom men call "'verts," more often than from members of the ancient Catholic families. The keenest and the most far-sighted of the ecclesiastical politics of *Endymion* are to be found, however, not in either the character or the utterances of Cardinal Penruddock so much as in those of Lord Beaconsfield himself. Take, for example,

* It should be remarked in this place, however, that from first to last the reader is left in amused perplexity as to whether the "scrip receipt for £20,000 Consols, purchased that morning in the name of Endymion Ferrars, Esq.," was not the gift of Adriana after all. It certainly might have been, for Adriana's affection for Endymion is more than hinted at, and to the Neuchatel's £20,000 was the merest bagatelle.

the following from Chapter VI. where he is speaking of Catholic Emancipation :—

When it was known that the head of the Cabinet, whose colleague had been defeated at Clare, was himself about to propose the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, there was a thrill throughout the country, but after a time the success of the operation was not doubted, and was anticipated as a fresh proof of the irresistible fortune of the heroic statesman. There was some popular discontent in the country at the proposal, but it was mainly organized and stimulated by the Dissenters and that section of Churchmen who most resembled them. The High Church party, the descendants of the old connection which had rallied round Sacheverell, had subsided into formalism and shrank from any very active co-operation with their evangelical brethren. The English Church had no competent leaders among the clergy. The spirit that has animated and disturbed our latter times seemed quite dead, and no one anticipated its resurrection. The bishops had been selected from college dons, men profoundly ignorant of the condition and of the wants of the country. To have edited a Greek play with second-rate success, or to have been the tutor of some considerable patrician, was the qualification then deemed desirable and sufficient for an office which at this day is at least reserved for eloquence and energy. The social influence of the episcopal bench was nothing. A prelate was rarely seen in the saloons of Zenobia. It is since the depths of religious thought have been proved, and the influence of woman in the spread and sustenance of religious feeling has again been recognized, that fascinating and fashionable prelates have become favoured guests in the refined saloons of the mighty, and, while apparently indulging in the vanities of the hour, have re-established the influence which in old days guided a Matilda or the mother of Constantine.

There are, it may be, some to whom these matters of the Church and the influence of women in politics may seem abstract in character, and of but small interest in the present day. To all such the third part of *Endymion* beginning with, say, Chapter LXXVIII. may be strongly commended. From the opening of that chapter to the end of the book its interest—leaving the mere details of the story, some of which are sufficiently extravagant, entirely out of the question—culminates. In one focus we have a most clear and statesman-like view of the political history of England with hints and "bits" of personal interest which there is now little possibility of mistaking; and it is curious to remark how, in this year of grace 1887, the lessons of *Endymion* in 1880 seem to be forgotten. An example or two may be worth citing. Speaking of 1842, when the commercial depression was at least as great as it is to-day, the author of *Endymion* refers to Peel's revision of the tariff, and, in the person of Mr. Neuchatel, says, "We do not want measures; what we want is a new channel"; and he goes on to show how neither the revision of the tariff, nor the panaceas of the Anti Corn Law League produced the smallest effect on the miseries of England until the railway mania covered England with a network of iron roads, a point which, it may be remarked in passing, was not made for the first time in *Endymion*. Two or three pages farther on we find that "the great man" (Peel) "made him (Endymion) friendly and earnest overtures, and offered, if he would give his time to business, which, as he was in

opposition, would be no great sacrifice, to promote and secure his fortune. But Endymion after due reflection declined, though with gratitude, these tempting proposals." On reading such a passage as this one is tempted to ask whether a solution may not be found here to the mystery which ever hung about Lord Beaconsfield's relations with Peel. On the night of the 15th May 1846, the former delivered his bitterest and most successful attack on his quondam leader, in the course of which he called him "a burglar of others' intellects," declared that there was "no statesman who had committed political petty larceny on so great a scale," and wound up by calling the Peelites the "political pedlars that bought their party in the cheapest market, and sold it in the dearest." Peel's reply was an unworthy insinuation—it was hardly a charge—that Mr. Disraeli was a disappointed candidate for office, which brought up the latter with a most indignant denial that he had ever applied for office directly or indirectly; whereupon Peel drew in his horns and explained that he had but meant that Mr. Disraeli had been mentioned to him as one of those who were willing to serve under him. Yet again, we turn over half-a-dozen pages and find a very amusing description of Waldershare's rage at having been set aside by his Parliamentary chief—Waldershare being at the time an Under-Secretary with a chief in the Upper House—followed by this comment:—

> The Minister was wrong. He was not fond of trusting youth, but it is a confidence which should be exercised, particularly in the conduct of a popular assembly. If the Under-Secretary had not satisfactorily answered Endymion, which no one had a right to assume, for Waldershare was a brilliant man, the Minister could have always advanced to the rescue at a fitting time. As it was, he made a personal enemy of one who naturally might have ripened into a devoted follower, and who, from his social influence, as well as from his political talents, was no despicable foe.

One last quotation, and we have done with *Endymion*. The book practically ends, as everybody knows, with the accession of Lord Derby to office in 1852. This is how, more than a quarter of a century afterwards, Lord Beaconsfield described a scene in which he took so great a part:—

> The Whigs tottered on for a year after the rude assault of Lord Penruddock, but they were doomed, and the Protectionists were called upon to form an Administration. As they had no one in their ranks who had ever been in office except their chief, who was in the House of Lords, the affair seemed impossible. The attempt, however, could not be avoided. A dozen men, without the slightest experience of official life, had to be sworn in as Privy Councillors, before even they could receive the seals and insignia of their intended offices. On their knees, according to the constitutional custom, a dozen men, all in the act of genuflexion at the same moment, and headed, too, by one of the most powerful peers in the country, the Lord of Alnwick Castle himself, humbled themselves before a female Sovereign, who looked serene and imperturbable before a spectacle never seen before, and which, in all probability, will never be seen again. Out of this band a gentleman, without any official experience whatever, was not only placed in the Cabinet, but was absolutely required to become the Leader of the

House of Commons, which had never occurred before except in the instance of Mr. Pitt in 1782.

It is not, however, necessary to write what is commonly called a "review" of either *Lothair* or *Endymion*. What does seem necessary is to point out the real character and meaning of both works—matters which seem to have been somewhat strangely lost sight of in the period which has elapsed since the death of their author. If they are properly understood, both equally deserve to be studied, and studied together. If this be done, it will, I think, be seen that the mottoes on the title-pages may well be regarded as interchangeable. Both show the world, when properly regarded, *Quicquid agunt homines*, and of both it may be said, *Nosse omnia haec salus est adolescentulis*.

FRANCIS HITCHMAN.

THE RE-ORGANIZATION OF THE INDIAN ARMY.

For close on five-and-twenty years the constitution of the Indian army has been subjected to the most hostile criticisms. It is asserted, on the one hand, that it combines the most extravagant expenditure with the minimum of efficiency; whilst its supporters —and they are few in number—maintain that it has stood the test of one large, and some twelve or fifteen minor campaigns, without any glaring failure. That there are weak, and very many weak, points in the organization of that army, few can deny; and the announcement that the visit of Sir Frederick Roberts to England was for the express purpose of conferring with the Secretary of State and with the Council on the subject of the necessary reforms, was hailed with universal satisfaction. There are many points which demand searching attention. The strengthening of the British forces in India, the construction of defensive works on the North-West Frontier, the redistribution of our permanent garrisons, the reduction of an extravagant pension list, all call for reform; but first and foremost, the re-organization of the native army is the one great question with which the authorities have to grapple. Fortunately, Sir Frederick is a soldier of ability, wide war experience, and sound common sense; he has on his staff men of sterling merit, men who have seen the native soldiery in modern campaigns, and who realise the extreme frailty of the machinery which supplies the motive power to our sepoy regiments.

In discussing these reforms it is necessary to bear in mind the many duties which the Indian army is called upon to perform.

First. It has to maintain order in a country with a population exceeding two hundred and fifty million souls, and embracing an area of a million and a half square miles; a country in which, for the greater part of the year, military movements are difficult, and in which military communications are still gravely precarious.

Secondly. It has to stand ready to guard against the possible outbreak on the part of the independent princes, whose armies number close on four hundred thousand men.

Thirdly. It has to defend a land frontier several thousand miles in extent, threatened now by the advance of a powerful civilized army, and to defend seaports the trade of which exceeds £140,000,000 per annum.

Fourthly. It has to be prepared to furnish contingents for any foreign expedition in which Great Britain may be engaged, as well as to undertake the sole conduct of wars outside the immediate limits of the Indian Empire. Thus during the present century the Indian army has been employed thrice in Egypt; it undertook the reduction of Bourbon, Rodriguez, the Mauritius, and Java; it has twice despatched divisions to China; its regiments have fought in Persia and Burmah, Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, and in Abyssinia; whilst in 1878 the division which Lord Beaconsfield ordered to Malta performed a great political service.

Unfortunately, owing to that spirit of false economy which successive Ministers, irrespective of party, introduce into the management of our naval and military affairs, we have seen the Anglo-Indian army steadily diminish in numbers since the great wave of rebellion swept over the country in 1857. Immediately after the Mutiny we maintained in India an army of 108,000 British and 200,000 native soldiers; but when the large bodies of mutineers had been chastised and dispersed, the feeling of security returned, and gradually, year by year, the strength of our forces has been reduced, until now there are but 52,000 British and 125,000 native soldiers in the country.

Since the year 1861, when the last remnants of the European portion of the Company's army were transferred to the Crown, and the White Mutiny quelled by the stern determination of Lord Clyde, all the British troops in India have been furnished by the regular army. They are periodically relieved from home, and, as regards organization and discipline, are on the same footing as Her Majesty's troops elsewhere. Consequently they need but passing notice.

The British element in India is thus composed:—

Artillery—10 horse batteries, 44 field batteries, 4 heavy batteries, 9 mountain batteries, 15 garrison batteries; 9 regiments of cavalry, 49 regiments of infantry; and the established strength of these forces is laid down at—

	Officers.	N.C.O.s and Men.	Horses.	Total.		
				Officers.	N.C.O.s and Men.	Horses.
10 Batteries Horse Artillery .	5	167	178	50	1,670	1,780
44 „ Field „ .	5	157	110	220	6,908	4,840
4 „ Heavy „ .	5	95	5	20	380	20
9 „ Mountain „ .	5	94	5	45	846	45
15 „ Garrison „ .	5	115	—	75	1,725	—
9 Regiments Cavalry . .	22	454	396	198	4,086	3,564
49 „ Infantry . .	28	884	—	1,372	43,316	—
Total . .	—	—	—	1,980	58,931	10,249

It is, however, notorious that regiments and batteries are never

kept up to their full establishment, and it recently transpired, from an answer made by Lord Hartington in the House of Commons, that the British army in India was some 6,000 men short of its establishment.

The native element consists of :—

Artillery—4 field batteries, 4 mountain batteries, 1 garrison battery; 38 regiments of cavalry, 125 regiments of infantry: the establishment of the above being laid down at—

	Regimental Establishment.				Total.			
	British Officers.	Native Officers.	N.C.O.s and Men.	Horses.	British Officers.	Native Officers.	N.C.O.s and Men.	Horses.
17 Regiments of Bengal Cavalry	8	13	537	558	136	221	9,129	9,466
4 Regiments Madras Cavalry .	8	13	537	558	32	52	2,148	2,232
6 Regiments of Bombay Cavalry	8	13	537	558	48	78	3,222	3,348
4 Regiments Punjab Cavalry .	8	13	537	558	32	52	2,148	2,232
1 Cavalry Corps of Guides .	4	9	328	341	4	9	328	341
2 Regts. Central India Horse .	6	13	480	499	12	26	960	998
4 Regts. Hydrabad Contingent	4	14	537	555	16	56	2,148	2,220
1 Deoli Irregular Force . .	1	4	160	165	1	4	160	165
1 Erinpurah Irregular Force .	1	4	160	165	1	4	160	165
1 Viceroy's Body-Guard . .	2	3	114	119	2	3	114	119
4 Punjaub Mountain Batteries.	3	2	164	—	12	8	656	—
4 Field Batteries (Hydrabad Contingent, Bombay Mountain Batteries).	2	2	128	—	8	8	512	—
1 Punjaub Garrison Battery .	1	2	73	—	1	2	73	—
44 Battalions Bengal Infantry .	8	16	816	352	352	704	35,904	—
32 Battalions Madras Infantry .	8	16	816	256	256	512	26,112	—
25 Battalions Bombay Infantry.	8	16	816	—	200	400	20,400	—
11 Battalions Punjaub Frontier Force.	8	16	816	—	88	176	8,976	—
1 Infantry Corps of Guides .	5	16	816	—	5	16	816	—
1 Malwa Bheel Corps . .	3	16	598	—	3	16	598	—
1 Bhopal Battalion . . .	4	20	922	—	4	20	922	—
1 Infantry Deoli Force . .	2	16	696	—	2	16	696	—
1 „ Erinpurah Force .	2	16	696	—	2	16	696	—
1 Meywar Bheel Corps . .	4	16	696	—	4	16	696	—
1 Merwara Battalion . .	3	16	696	—	3	16	696	—
6 Battalions Hydrabad Contingent.	4	16	741	—	24	96	4,446	—
Total . .	—	—	—	—	1,248	2,527	122,219	—

There are certain points in connection with the executive control of this large force which need careful elucidation, tending as they do to weaken the bonds of discipline, and to sap the efficiency of the army. It is well known that there is a Commander-in-Chief in India, as well as two officers junior to him in rank, and to a certain extent independent of him in power, who exercise the office of Commanders-in-Chief in Madras and Bombay; but it is not so generally known that 11 regiments of native cavalry, all the native artillery, and 24 battalions of infantry have no connection whatever with any high military authority. In fact, in India there are a multitude of commanders.

First, we have the Commander-in-Chief in India, who nominally

commands the whole army, but who is powerless to issue directions to the armies of Madras and Bombay, except such as affect the discipline of British troops. This officer is *ex officio* an Extraordinary Member of the Viceroy's Council.

Next we have the Commanders-in-Chief of Madras and Bombay, who exercise their commands, so far as native troops are concerned, under the Government of their Presidencies; and so far as the discipline of British troops, under the direction of the Commander-in-Chief in India.

3. Then we have the Punjaub Frontier Force; a compact, well-disciplined body of men—perhaps the finest Oriental troops in the world—which is immediately under the orders of the Punjaub Government, though the patronage is in the hands of the Viceroy. It is commanded by a brigadier-general, with an assistant adjutant-general as his staff officer.

4. The Hydrabad Contingent is similarly situated. It is supported by funds furnished by the Nizam, and as a rule it serves only within his dominions. It is commanded by a brigadier-general, who is under the orders of the Resident at Hydrabad; but as regards patronage, the force is under the Viceroy.

5. The Governor-General's Agent in Central India is virtually the commander-in-chief of the Central India Horse, the Malwa Bheel Corps, and the Bhopal Battalion, but he in his turn has to report to the Secretary of the Foreign Department.

6. In Rajputana we find the Deoli and Erinpura Irregular Force, with the Meywar Bheel Corps, under the orders of the Governor-General's Agent.

A system which removes one-fifth of the entire military forces of the Empire from the control of the military Commander-in-Chief, must surely be a pernicious one. Would His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge care to assume the responsibility for the efficiency of the British army, if the troops serving in Ireland and Scotland were entirely removed from his control and placed under the orders of the Lord-Lieutenant and of the Secretary of State for Scotland? Yet such is virtually the case in India, where a complete army corps exists which owns no allegiance to the head of the army.

Under the Commander-in-Chief, besides the personal staff, which consists of a military secretary, Persian interpreter, aide-de-camp, and surgeon, is a strong staff comprising the Adjutant-General, Quartermaster-General, and Judge-Advocate-General, with their numerous subordinates; an inspector-general of artillery, officers of garrison and of musketry instruction. Similar staffs, though on a smaller scale, are attached to the Commanders-in-Chief of Madras and Bombay.

As a rule, the administrative department of the army are not subordinate to the Commander-in-Chief; and in order to check his aspirations towards the improvement of the troops, and to thwart any inclination he may have to indulge in expenditure, the Viceroy is furnished with a Military Member of Council, a Military Secretary, with his deputy and assistants. The main business of these officials appears to be to veto every proposition advanced by a Commander-in-Chief, and to keep up continual friction between the chief of the State and the head of the army. The Ordnance, Commissariat, Clothing, Remount, and Military Accounts departments are, under the Government of India, removed from all control of the Commander-in-Chief.

It is true that the Viceroy of India, like Her Majesty the Queen, is virtually head of the army, and it is probable that in matters of grave military moment he would afford such aid to the Commander-in-Chief as to mitigate the inconveniences otherwise found in the restriction of that officer's powers; but we must remember that there have been Viceroys who have acted in military affairs in direct antagonism to the representation of the Commander-in-Chief. The abolition of the Presidency commands and the welding of all the military force in India into one homogeneous whole under one commander-in-chief, will be a great step towards securing greater efficiency in the Indian army. We shall then have one series of army regulations holding sway from Peshawur to Cape Comorin. Petty jealousies will be forgotten, petty rivalries will cease, the Madrassee will be looked upon with as much favour as the Punjaubee, and the honours of sharing in campaigns not be limited to favoured regiments.

But there are other and graver reforms which Sir Frederick Roberts has to face, and which have already claimed his attention. A permanent and very substantial increase in the number of British officers with native corps, and the maintenance of a close connection between these officers and their regiments; the improvement in the status and position of native officers; the amelioration of the condition of the rank and file; the formation of an army reserve; the opening up to pensioners suitable civil employment; the elimination from the army of those regiments composed of non-fighting classes; and the relegation to the Civil Lists of that unwieldy army of amateur soldiers who oust the covenanted civilians from their legitimate appointments, and then fall back on the military budget for their easily earned "off reckonings."

The question of officering native regiments has been discussed *ad nauseam*. With the exception of one or two able men who quote the gallant deeds of the Punjaub Frontier Force, and of the

financial wire-pullers of the army, every Indian soldier of note, and we believe all regimental officers without exception, are in favour of the permanent posting of officers to regiments, and of the number of British officers being very considerably increased. As a general principle it may be accepted that troops and companies are commanded by native officers, squadrons and half battalions being tactically and administratively commanded by Englishmen, the number of British officers to a regiment being eight; and that, be it minded, includes commanding officer, adjutant, quartermaster, and paymaster. Admirable soldiers and gallant men, as many of our native officers are, we may take it as a broad rule that under the present system they are too old for their work, and neither in military education nor in promptness of execution are they fit substitutes for English gentlemen. The upholders of the present *régime* ignore the terrible losses sustained by regiments under modern conditions of warfare, and they forget that prior to the Mutiny, and under its old organization, the Punjaub Frontier Force never saw any serious fighting. In the Bozdavi and Mahsood Vaziri affairs, the two most sanguinary campaigns in which it was engaged under the old conditions, the casualties in officers per regiment were represented by some minute decimal: in the latter campaign one officer was killed, in the former not one. In the mutinies and at Umbeyla, when the losses in officers were undoubtedly heavy, large reserves were available whence fresh men were freely drawn. In Abyssinia Lord Napier, an officer peculiarly well acquainted with the doings of the Frontier Force, and equally alive to the defects as he is to the merits of the irregular system, was careful to insist on the total number of officers with regiments of the Expeditionary Force being increased to ten. Fortunately the campaign was a bloodless one, and so corps, even under this favourable organization, were never really tested. In the last Afghan war the present system broke down fatally. A regiment of Punjaub Infantry, within a week of the opening of the campaign, found itself commanded by a subaltern; this gallant youngster, a veritable Pooh-bah, filling the functions of commandant, adjutant, quartermaster—commander of two half battalions, and two-wing subaltern at one and the same time. In the recent expedition to Suakim we have two notable instances of the rottenness of the present system. The 9th Bengal Lancers left Bombay with a strength of two lieutenant-colonels, a major, three captains and three subalterns, a third lieutenant-colonel being left in command of the Depôt Troop in India. In the engagement of the 20th March, Major Robertson was severely wounded and invalided home; within a week one captain and two subalterns were sent on board the hospital ship as unfit for duty. On the

application of the commanding officer, who found his regiment dangerously crippled for want of British officers, Sir Gerald Graham sanctioned the transfer of a subaltern from the Transport Department; but the Indian Government refused to confirm the appointment, and then at a most critical period of the campaign the regiment was left with five English officers including the commandant and his adjutant. Could a corps thus situated be expected to face one officered on the model of European regiments? The state of the 17th Bengal Infantry was even worse. It sailed from Bombay under the temporary command of an officer who unfortunately had not only never seen any war service, but who was also fresh to command. As second in command a strange officer was brought in; he too had seen no war service. In addition to these there were four other officers of varying calibre. At the affair of McNeill's zareeba, the commandant was killed, a second officer badly wounded, a third had already been struck down with enteric fever, and two others were *hors de combat* from other causes. The regiment consequently was reduced to such a condition that Sir Gerald Graham was compelled to relegate it to garrison duty; and the General commanding the Indian Contingent forced to telegraph to India for a new commandant and new second in command, none of the regimental officers being deemed eligible for advancement. Facts like these speak for themselves, they point in unmistakable terms to the inefficiency of our native regiments, and we trust that no plausible reasons of false economy will stand in the way of the completion of the most necessary measure. The regiments of our Indian army must be placed on a footing to enable them to cope successfully with those of any European nation they may be called upon to meet.

The evil of shifting officers from regiment to regiment is one which will to a great extent be obviated by the proposed linking of battalions. Hitherto officers have been hunted from corps to corps to the detriment of discipline, and at great expense both to the State and to the individual. To cite one instance. In the Perak expedition of 1875, Captain C—— served with a Goorkha battalion, he having previously served many years with a corps recruited in Oude. The Afghan war of 1878 saw him in a regiment of high-class Punjaubees; thence he was transferred to one of low-class Mugbees; and now he is in commend of a crack Sikh corps. How is it possible for this officer to have mastered the idiosyncrasies of five different races, or even their dialects, in ten short years?

When it is realised that no native of India can rise to higher rank in the army than that of company or troop commander, we can scarcely express surprise at the difficulty experienced in inducing good men to enter the service. Until Lord Napier of

Magdala offered commissions to young men of good family, the only means of obtaining advancement to the higher grades was by enlistment, followed by a patient period of probation in the ranks, extending, more often than not, to twenty years. In the old sepoy regiments, promotion was almost invariably given by seniority. Selection was practically unknown; and so long as officers brought up in the old school retained command of native regiments, the old system of promotion held sway. Now matters are advancing, it is not always the senior private who is promoted corporal, or the senior sergeant given his commission. Still, even now, the native officers are, as a rule, far too old for their work. According to the regulations in force in the British forces, we place captains on the retired list on attaining the age of forty-two years, in the native army no such rule holds good; indeed, there are few company commanders who do not exceed this age. Taking up a Bengal Army List, we find that there are twenty-three troop or company commanders, and forty-eight subalterns who have upwards of thirty-five years' service, whilst 1,169 company officers have served more than twenty years. These native gentlemen, who have all performed long, faithful, and gallant service, have reached the summit of their ambition; nothing remains for them but the obscurity of the pension list in their own villages. There they are at the beck and call of every civilian underling; and if they emerge from their retirement to present their "nuzzur" at the durbar of a passing Governor, they find their chairs placed below those of the meanest official in civil employ. When we say that there is no future for a native officer beyond the command of a troop or company, we are not quite within the mark, for six of these gentlemen, out of a total, be it minded, of 2,500, find employment as aides-de-camp to the Viceroy, Governors, and Commanders-in-Chief of the three Presidencies, and one is now employed as Political Officer at Cabul. There is no valid reason why these appointments should not be extended to the staffs of all divisional and brigade commanders, and even to officers commanding those stations where British staff officers are sanctioned. During the Soudan campaign Sir Henry Ewart, who was commanding the cavalry brigade, had a native officer of Hodson's Horse attached to his staff in an honorary capacity; and we feel sure the Indian Contingent would have appreciated the compliment if Sir Gerald Graham and Sir John Hudson had conferred similar rank on members of that gallant Contingent which did so much for the mother country on the shores of the Red Sea. There may be political reasons which have determined the Indian authorities to limit the status of the native soldiery; but so long as a native is permitted to sit in the High Court of Calcutta, or to wield undisputed judicial authority

in a district, it seems an act of injustice that the man who gives his life for his Queen should always be subordinate to the last joined British subaltern attached to his regiment. We feel convinced that no harm, and very much good, could be done by attaching a native aide-de-camp to the staff of every general officer in India, as well as to station commanders. These officers might be supernumerary in their regiments, and granted an additional pension and some step of honorary rank on retirement.

When we realise the extent to which Russia utilizes the services of the natives of those countries over which she holds sway; when we consider the tactical and strategical skill displayed in recent wars by orientals; the question forces itself upon us whether we are not wasting the material at our disposal by thus cramping the energies and restricting the services of our native officers. By opening up a wider career, we might induce well-educated men of good families to enter the army; and as these men in a war with Russia would ofttimes find themselves opposed to Cossack regiments officered entirely by orientals, there is no reason why we need fear that those in the Anglo-Indian army would prove the worse leaders. Tergoukassoff, the one Russian general in the Armenian campaign of 1877 who showed tactical skill of a high order, was an Armenian born and bred; Lazareff, who executed the trying flank march round Moukhtar Pasha's flank at the Aladja Dagh, was of the same nationality; Osman and Moukhtar, the two Turkish leaders on whom the Sultan bestowed the title of Ghazi in recognition of their skill and gallantry, were not one whit more highly educated than the high-class native of India, and possess no higher military talent than did Tantia Topee, or the Afghan leader who drove Roberts into the entrenchments of Sherpore. It is true that the oriental does not look for the same high state of efficiency as the European, and that, were we to permit regiments to be officered entirely by native gentlemen, we should have to rest content with a lesser degree of smartness than we at present demand; but there is no reason to suppose that these men would not fight well, and would not perform the duties of irregular cavalry as well as regiments similarly officered in the Czar's service. The Indian army, as at present constituted, holds out no career to an educated native, and though the raising of a few corps officered entirely by native gentlemen would afford employment to but a few score out of the many thousands fitted for such work, it would undoubtedly show our fellow subjects that their loyalty is appreciated, and that we look to them to assist us in maintaining inviolate the Indian Empire. There are, it must be confessed, many difficulties in the way, but they are difficulties to be overcome with tact and forbearance, and which, when overcome, would

tend not merely to the strengthening, in an economical manner, of our Indian forces, but to the knitting together in one common field of action of the two races, and to the satisfying of the legitimate aspirations of the descendants of warrior princes. We might, in this way, utilize the services of several thousands of men now enrolled in that vast body known as the Armies of the Native States of India, and, by diplomatic pressure, induce the semi-independent princes to disband by far the greater portion of the rabble which recent writers have magnified into armies. Of the force of the minor chiefs no notice need be taken, but I believe no difficulty would be experienced in inducing the Guikwar of Baroda, the Begum of Bhopal, the Maharajahs of Bhurtpore, Scindiah, the Nizam, Holkar, Jodhpore, Jaipore, Kashmere, Udipore, and the Sikh chieftains, to raise each a regiment of cavalry, and one or more battalions of infantry, for general service in Hindostan. Honorary rank in the British army might be conferred on the officers, who, it must be understood, would never exercise any command over British troops; and the whole expenditure attendant on arming, equipping, and maintaining the corps would be borne by the Imperial Exchequer. A healthy rivalry would thus be created between the various States; and their armies, instead of being looked on as a source of danger, would be considered a serious acquisition to our fighting strength.

Many reasons may be advanced to account for the difficulty experienced in raising the new regiments in India. The inadequacy of the pay, the lack of prospects of advancement in the service, parsimonious treatment of soldiers and of their families when the bread-winner is on active service, difficulties thrown in the way of drawing pensions, utter neglect of old soldiers, and more especially of native officers when on the pension list. All these are questions which will have to be taken into consideration by Sir Frederick Roberts and by his advisers when drawing up a scheme for the re-organization. He will, without doubt, meet with severe opposition from the hands of the Military Member of Council and his financial assistants, but the evil is one which requires drastic remedies. The treatment of the sepoy in the Soudan has done much to disseminate discontent. It will need all Sir Frederick's great popularity to remove all cause for grievance. We may instance one or two cases which have come under personal notice. On the departure of the Indian Contingent for Suakim, an order was published sanctioning the issue of free rations to all camp-followers, and increasing their pay by fifty per cent.; fighting-men, on the contrary, were required as in times of peace to feed themselves, and their pay remained unaltered: thus the followers received higher wages than the soldier. It was unfortunate that

the 9th Bengal Cavalry when despatched to Malta should have received pay in sovereigns, which on return to Bombay they sold at twelve and a half rupees, whilst at Suakim they were paid in rupees, which there were at the nominal value of about one shilling and seven pence.

The formation of a native reserve and the opening up of civil employment to pensioners are subjects which have already received Sir Donald Stewart's careful consideration; and we believe that, thanks to the energy and ability displayed by his late military secretary, schemes have been drawn up which only require final sanction. The question, of all others, which demands immediate attention, is the elimination from the army of those regiments on which no dependence can be placed in the heat of an engagement. The subject is one of some delicacy, but we have Hodson's word that the old Pandy did not face the Sikh with much heroism in the Punjaub campaigns, and in the last Afghan war we saw a Sikh regiment sent up from Calcutta to the Khyber, passing *en route* many Poorbeah corps which could have reached the point, had the Commander-in-Chief been so minded, far more quickly. Roberts chose none but up-country battalions for the force he took down from Cabul to Candahar, and Sir Donald Stewart in his equally successful, but less famous march from Candahar to Cabul, followed the same plan. The unfortunate mishap at McNeill's zareeba has not done much to rehabilitate the Oudh sepoy in the eyes of the Indian officer. More than once the remark was heard at Suakim, "It 's little short of murder expecting a fellow to serve with those men."

I am by no means desirous of seeing the Indian army recruited from one class. There are fighting men enough and to spare in the peninsula of Hindustan for all our needs. The addition of five Goorkha battalions to the army gives us half an army corps second to none in the world, and if we drew 30,000 from the 500,000 Sikh adults in the Punjaub, instead of the 15,000 now in the ranks, we should be strengthening our force to a marvellous extent. There are other clans in Northern India; hardy, gallant men, who, were proper inducements held out, would be willing enough to replace the riff-raff of which too many regiments are composed. The sturdy Khuttuk from the Kohat district, the Punjaubee Mahomedans from Jhelum and the Salt Range, the Dogra from Kagra, are amenable to discipline. Loyal under the greatest privations, endowed with great marching powers; possessing, indeed, all the qualities of a good soldiery. Farther south we have the mountaineers of Beloochistan, men from Rajputana and the Deccan, all worthy to stand side by side with our own British troops in time of battle. From these and other

fighting classes we have drawn too few recruits. Hitherto the honours of campaigning have been confined to a select few; henceforth every regiment in the three Presidencies must be called upon to do its fair share, and this can only be accomplished by greater care in recruiting and greater care in officering the Indian army. The first can be accomplished by a little loosening of the purse-strings of the Empire ; and as the money thus spent goes to the pockets of the native, but little harm can be done. The second will demand a thorough change in the system of promotion in India. The plethora of field officers must be removed, individual interests must be sacrificed to State necessities, the pension lists must be modified, and none but soldiers pure and simple be borne on the rolls of the army. It certainly seems anomalous that the military budget should be held responsible for the pensions of the 360 military officers in civil employ; and more than anomalous that whereas the covenanted civilian finds four per cent. of his pay deducted as a contribution towards his pension fund, the soldier-civilian holding a like appointment escapes all deduction, and finally retires with high military rank and a maximum pension larger than that of his less fortunate brother. If the pensions of these military civilians were eliminated from the military budget, the reforms necessary to place our Indian army on a thoroughly efficient footing could be carried out without the additional expenditure of a single sixpence.

C. B. Norman.

A FRENCH CRITIC ON VICTOR HUGO.

MANY a poet, painter, sculptor, and musician has had to pay dearly for the indiscriminate encomiums of his admirers. Indeed, they who minister to what beautifies our life are, by the very enthusiasm their art inspires, more subject than other human beings to the form of punishment attendant on exaggerated praise. We accept the services of those who are merely useful to mankind with less discussion. Deeds of heroism, practical scientific results, triumphs of industry and patience, need no apology, and provoke no detraction. We are content to benefit by them; and the debt we owe to the soldier, the discoverer, or the worker, is not discounted by the jealousies of rival schools and jarring sects. So narrow is the sectarian's vision, that to extol one type of excellence is very often to offend the susceptibilities of another: your praise of Wordsworth may exasperate the lover of Keats and Shelley; your delight in Mozart may ruffle the equanimity of a Wagnerian. Alas for the dignity of art and of its priesthood that it should be so! The chief sufferer in an æsthetic squabble is the very person who has the greatest claim on our forbearance and our reverence. Between two wrangling schools an idol may fall to the ground, and the idol frequently breaks its neck, not from any fault of its own, but in expiation of the fanaticism of its votaries, and because exaggeration is one of those evils that carry their own antidote. Probably the explanation of this fact is to be found in the constitution of the human nature itself, in which the love of justice is inherent. Exaggerated praise is a more aggressive form of injustice even than exaggerated blame; hence the swiftness of the attendant reaction.

No poet, ancient or modern, has had more indiscriminate praise lavished on him than Victor Hugo, even in France, the classic land of criticism. But, despite Goethe's dictum that a poet must necessarily end by becoming a critic, France is still what she was in the days of Dryden, as much superior to England in criticism as she is inferior in poetry. Therefore the praise lavished on him has never so outrun all measure in his own country as it has among those foreign disciples who habitually speak of him as that "dearest and most mighty master." Their pæans have rung as a war cry, have reached paroxysms of ecstatic fury, and have degenerated into spasmodic rapture and delirious raving. The writers of this school have never attempted to draw any distinction

between the merits of Victor Hugo as a lyric poet, a satirist, a dramatist, a politician, or a moralist; they have taken no heed of his dawn, of the distance between his rise and his zenith, of the decline of his power, and of the darkening shadows of his long decadence. Such criticism would have found no listeners in France, where its originators would have been looked upon as fitting candidates for M. Charcot's ministrations; while in England zeal has so far overstepped the mark, that it has deterred many from seeking to discover for themselves the real quality of the genius, used as the pretext of so much rodomontade.

Must not he to whom such altars were raised (people not unnaturally asked themselves) be a false god? and to justify this question we have only to recall some of the raptures to which we have referred. Were it not for the sincerity for which we willingly give it credit, it might appear to us that the gush of this school has sought to exalt the very failings of its chief in sheer defence of its own defects, so pertinaciously have his weakest points been held up for our admiration. When we are told that "if the sense of stupefaction could become one with the sense of rapture, and find for itself utterance, or make for itself expression in words where judicial comment should be summed up and swallowed up in spiritual thanksgiving, this would be the mood and this the method in which, if in any, we might without over-much misgiving undertake at the present date to approach the work and the name of Victor Hugo,"—the date being the 80th year of the poet's life, and the poem *La Réligion et les Réligions*—we are perforce reminded that this is one of those monuments of his decadence over which time, with a more reverent hand than his reviewers', must in due course draw a veil. Personally, the deference inspired by our gratitude to the poet to whom we owe the *Odes et Ballades*, the *Légende des Siècles*, and the *Châtimens*, would almost make us wish, for love of his memory, that this time were come, were it not that we should no longer be here ourselves. Fortunately, thanks to M. Renan, a vision has been vouchsafed to us of Victor Hugo's reception by his peers and predecessors on his arrival at the Elysian Fields.

Therefore we take comfort in the reflection that in that place the wicked must perforce cease not only from troubling but from twaddling, and that no blasphemer may trouble its august repose by praise bearing a provoking family likeness to his twin-brother, derision. When, further, we are told that "the very shadow of this man's presence is a sunbeam of very light indeed," are we not irresistibly reminded that, although France has basked in those sunbeams for nearly threescore years, she has not been so blinded by them as to mistake the one for the other, the shadow for either the sunbeam or the substance?

It is, therefore, with no small measure of relief that, in turning over the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, unquestionably the first magazine of the age, an oracle worthy (to borrow Victor Hugo's phraseology) of the "capital of the world," that we light upon the calm, dispassionate, and yet adequate comment of one of its most distinguished ornaments, M. Ferdinand Brunetière. M. Brunetière is pre-eminent among his contemporaries by right of erudition, and an acumen that lends a singular authority to his judgment. He is not only a competent critic of whatever subject he tackles, but his writing, in its vigorous seventeenth-century form, never fails to give us the impression of a width of vision peculiar to the scholar who has drunk deep of the knowledge of all nations and epochs. There appears to be no *terra incognita* in the field of his researches; he is not merely an admirable judge of whatever he discusses, but of anything to which he or his reader may choose to compare the subject of his discussion. It may well be said of him that he not only knows his own ground thoroughly, but all his surroundings, and that he is neither the dupe of men or of words, of fashions or of reputations; he goes straight to the heart of things, without respect of persons or circumstances; and it is this master critic who says of Victor Hugo, thereby indicating the limits of his genius, "Victor Hugo fut un génie lyrique."

Verily, his is lyric genius; the harmony of his verse is more complex and more scholarly, besides being profounder and more resonant, than the mellifluous music of Lamartine, or the spontaneous sweetness of Musset. The French language does not boast finer imagery, clothed in more perfect verse. The powerful, but uncurbed phraseology, to which his followers have raised altars, and hailed with hymns of praise as the one essential gift of the poet, erring therein but in one word (for poet read verse-maker), vitalized his rhymes. It invested them, for French-speaking peoples, with a measure of delight as unparalleled as it was unusual and surprising. A wit once said of his rhyme, that "the greater its perfection, the greater was the surprise of the two words forming it, to find themselves brought together." None but he have rhymed with so felicitous daring, neither has any other lent such vitality to the most common-place rhymes, or taken such note of the mysterious links between sounds and ideas.

As an instance of melodious verse, our commentator quotes the following lines:

> La borne du chemin qui vit des jours sans nombre,
> Où jadis pour m'attendre elle aimait à s'asseoir
> S'est usée en heurtant, lorsque la route est sombre,
> Les grands chars gémissans qui reviennent le soir.

Of these lines Monsieur Brunetière writes, that "long after we

have read them, their echo rings and vibrates in our ear, until it enters there to strike the most secret chords of our very being." An English critic, between whose views and those of M. Brunetière there is a certain analogy, avers that the magnificent music of the Alexandrine, as here discoursed,—

> Et la Seine fuyait avec un triste bruit,
> Sous ce sombre cavalier du gonfre et de la nuit,—

suffices to produce "*l'ivresse de Victor Hugo*," even in an alien. "In no French poet," says this English writer, "is to be found a rhythm comparable for freedom of motion, ease and powerful effect, to the fine rhythm of Victor Hugo. This it is which makes the blood (compounded of water and ink) of veteran writers to run quicker, and tears to rise to eyes which are bleared with the perusal of ten thousand volumes of dull prose and duller verse."

But the intellect of Hugo has never been commensurate with his imagination; rhyme and rhythm are the motives and the aim of his verse. Metaphor, which but serves to illumine the prose and verse of Lamartine or Musset, seems actually to give birth to the idea in his, instead of illustrating it, and but too often offers us but its wraith. Although his finest verse may compel our admiration by some grand and marvellous metaphor, embodying instead of illustrating that which "has hardly curdled into thought," it too often, when sifted, yields but little "subject matter."

The most remarkable and dangerous of his gifts, after the one of a too luxuriant imagination, is that of rhetoric. But while competent judges signalled this defect, not only in *Ruy Blas* and *Marion Delorme*, but in the *Odes et Ballades* and the *Orientales*, they could not fail to detect in these forerunners of his long career something of a different order, of a fresher, stronger, and more penetrating ring. The trail of the rhetorician was over them all; there might be differences of opinion as to the faithfulness of his pictures of Greece, Italy, or Spain, and later on of his Egypt, his Palestine, and his Chaldea, where he had never been; but, whether his subjects were chosen or created by him, there could be no doubt of the dexterity and originality of his treatment of them, of its brilliancy of colour or breadth of design. Later on, at his best, in the *Feuilles d'Automne*, the *Chants du Crépuscule*, and the *Contemplations*, the rhetorician outran his rhetoric, and surpassed himself; and though he embodied in splendid verse some of the most wondrous visions ever vouchsafed to a great poet, yet he never really got the better of his declamatory temperament. His power and originality attained their highest development between 1852 and 1865, where, in his voluntary exile, the Hermit of Hauteville House threw off the trammels which contact with the world, regard to the dignity of

his reputation, and perhaps a short-lived but wholesome fear of ridicule, had imposed upon him. At that period, in some verses of the *Châtimens*, and in some chapters of the *Misérables*, his genius soared higher than it had ever attained before; and then lo! with the *Chansons des Rues et des Bois* came the beginning of his decadence. Woe, says M. Brunetière, to the poet who has not stored up for the winter of his days a good stock of common sense and experience. Fancy is a butterfly apt to be scared away by the first snows. Victor Hugo's imagination had been served by an unparalleled capacity, fecundity, and richness of verbal invention; but after he had found the limit of his horizon, this left him, just as it will turn its back on lesser mortals, when the advent of the first white hair brings with it a gradual blunting of the senses and a decrease in the keenness and fineness of the perceptive faculties.

So that, because the reasoning power was wanting in this mighty poetic organization, gradually, insensibly as the imagination which was its mainspring began to wane, all that it left behind in the poet Hugo was an unrivalled verse-maker, an incomparable rhetorician, and, alas! the old satyr who had been half visible amid the *Feuilles d'Automne*, half audible in the *Chants du Crépuscule*, who lurked in the "woods" and the "streets" of his later lyrics, to revel at last unchecked and unveiled in the "*Théâtre en liberté*." It was hardly worth while, ejaculates M. Brunetière somewhat plaintively, to have shed so many "tears in the night-time" (*Pleurs dans la nuit*), to have written the *Tristesse d'Olimpio* and the *Rose de l'Infante*, to have appeared to us as the "august being" (*L'être incliné*) "who craved of the night the secret of its silence"—

Demandait a la nuit le secret du silence,

to end like the *Chantre de Lisette*, without ever having possessed his light-heartedness. The *Fôret Mouillée* is an additional proof that the weird visions of the seer did not preclude his being visited by very material ones, and it would seem that they were by no means repellent in the sight of him whose eye was ever "clouded with the mist of fancy."

Yet although, amidst its many blemishes, the one it pains us most to dwell upon is this moral and mental aberration of the work of his old age, the *Théâtre en liberté* may not be passed over in silence. We read it with less pleasure, yet scarcely with less profit than the *Chants du Crépuscule* and the *Feuilles d'Automne*. It may be safely predicted that the *Grandmère*, *L'Epée*, and *Mangeront-ils* will find their way into the waste-paper basket of posterity, "if, indeed, the posterity which is being prepared for us will take the slightest interest in art, and especially in poetry"—

a matter of some doubt to our critic; and although the *Grandmère* evidently pleases him, since *L'Epée* contains some fine lines, and *Mangeront-ils* some amusing scenes, it is not to save them from oblivion that M. Brunetière consents to discuss *The Drama Unfettered*. He considers it fairer to assert that he does so because the very errors of genius best serve to teach us its true quality, and because the mere criticism of its beauties is as sterile as it is dangerous. The interest of the *Drama Unfettered* is, therefore, not to be sought in the after-glow of some of those fine qualities which we have admired long ago in the *Légende des Siècles* and the *Chansons des Rues et des Bois*, but in the fact that it is the key to the "entire comprehension of Victor Hugo, of the nature of his poetic genius," of the long drawn-out decadence of his latter years, of his unwieldy form of humour (in which, as M. Brunetière points out, he was not wanting) and of what he aptly calls his "Cyclopean playfulness."

The *Drama Unfettered* contains no evidence of new thought, but is built up entirely on a groundwork of those three or four ideas upon which the poet subsisted for nearly threescore years. They were far from new when his "rhetoric seized on them" and made them his own; his very development of them has turned them into absolute platitudes. As far back as the beginning of the century it mattered little to the rhetorician whether he tuned his lyre to the name of Charles X. or of Napoleon; either the democratic hymn or the royalist chant served excellently and equally well as a pretext for wordy and endless harangues clothed in the flowing verse we wot of. His insufficient sense of humour, and the want of that perception of the true proportion of things, which can only be compared to colour-blindness, prevented him from being a successful satirist, but could not debar him from revelling in derision and invective, for the sole reason that one *word* is the pretext for another, "one rhyme calls for another rhyme, one insult for another insult . . . . Given a theme, he will rhyme on it to the length of a hundred, two hundred, three hundred verses, adding nothing to what he has said, but exhausting his stock of synonyms, inventing maybe new ones, revelling in epithets, paraphrases, and *calembredanies* until, so to speak, he comes to the end of his tether with his dictionary, and of his big words with his breath. . . . Thus have we all learnt that a king is a bandit when he is not an idiot, a priest is a charlatan when he is not a brute or a fool, and that greatness of soul, generosity, supreme pity, all nobleness of heart exiled from amidst the rest of mankind, have found refuge under the lacquey's livery or the convict's blouse."

Pierre Corneille wrote, besides the *Cid* and *Polyeucte*, about thirty comedies and tragedies, which possess in our day but little interest

even for his countrymen; not necessarily because France is wanting in gratitude or reverence to one of her greatest sons, but because, though *Attila*, *Pertharite Roi des Lombards* and *Suréna Général des Parthes* are unmitigated bores, they can neither add to nor lessen the fame of the elder Corneille by one fraction, any more than ten thousand masterpieces could add to it. So is it with Victor Hugo. Our descendants will marvel that we can have tolerated *Marion Delorme* and *Ruy Blas* on the stage, how we can have waded through *L'homme qui rit*, what we can have found to admire in *l'Ane*, and why *Le Pape* and *l'Art d'être Grandpère* have appeared to Mr. Swinburne to be "gifts too precious for estimate of human speech." It is certain that the *Théâtre en liberté* appeals solely to the contemporary, and more especially to the critic, because it condenses and focusses so much which during a lifetime of eighty-three years has in turn or together swollen the enormous production of the poet.

Still, when all is said and done, despite this last work, and much besides which we leave to the future to weed out, Victor Hugo will remain "what he is, all that he is, what it is safe to predict he will remain for a long time to come, the greatest, and, above all, the most marvellously gifted of French lyric poets." Our commentator fears not to claim for him the highest lyric rank among moderns, not even excepting Goethe or Byron, a judgment which neither English nor German nor any foreign critic of the same calibre will for one moment endorse, but which we cheerfully attribute to M. Brunetière's natural patriotism.

M. Brunetière tells us that in a sketchy preface to the *Drama Unfettered*, its author says: "Only two of the following short pieces could be given on our stage, *as it now exists*; the others are actable but on that ideal stage which has its being in the mind of all men." This proves that in giving to the world a form of dramatic action freed from ordinary conventionalities, to which, however, the contemporary stage is liable, Hugo believed himself to be possessed of the dramatic instinct in all its fulness, and the actual conditions of the existing stage to be alone to blame for clipping the wings of his sublimest conceits.

Nevertheless, let the stage-manager of the future be warned by the reception a cultivated audience accorded but the other day to *Marion Delorme* and *Le Roi s'Amuse*, should he contemplate the production of *La Forêt Mouillée* or *La Grandmère*; "for there is a keener dramatic instinct in the most trifling vaudeville by Duval or Bayard" than in the combined results of the entire dramatic work of this great genius, notwithstanding the asseverations of his idolaters to the contrary.

It even appears to M. Brunetière, that the possession of the lyric

gift implies the absence of the dramatic one, that the two gifts are as incompatible as is genius of form with that of colour. We cannot accept M. Brunetière's excuse for the infirmity of the greatest French poet. Memories of great masters crowd upon us, to prove the inadequacy of the latter comparison; but although a shadowy procession of calumniated ones, headed by Raphael, Titian, Leonardo da Vinci, Velasquez—a very legion—pass before our mind's eye, they shall not tempt us to digress. But to the proposition which precedes it, we must respectfully take leave to demur.

Surely at this point Homer chooses to nod, sooner than accept the fact that the greatest French poet is but a secondary one. Is Victor Hugo the foremost French poet? That is what he appears to us, to whom a secondary poet is a very considerable person. But in a subsequent, and equally interesting paper on Lamartine, M. Brunetière lets us perceive that he should not be surprised if posterity should award the palm to the latter, and is not quite sure that he is very averse to endorsing its verdict, even before it has been delivered. France, foremost in every field but the poetic, has not yet produced a poet of the first order, and it is, perhaps, natural that if Hugo can neither be compared to Homer, Dante or Shakespeare, a Frenchman would prefer to consider him of a different rather than of an inferior species.

We need look no farther than Shakespeare or Goethe, to dispose of the amazing assertion that lyric and dramatic gifts are incompatible. Who knows better than M. Brunetière that lyricism is but the first lovely stage on the poet's way?

O primavera gioventù del anno!
O gioventù primavera della vita.

The lark sings, the lyric poet awakes; onward and ever higher and farther, from spring, through epic summer, to ripe autumn, soars the song of the master singer, and in his endurance in this progression lies the test of his greatness.

Musset was a sweet singer, Heine a musician of a yet more potent sorcery. They sang to us divinely of the pains and pleasures of Alfred de Musset and Henri Heine. They scarcely outlived the spring-tide of their art and their life. Their melodies fell upon our ear like the sweet, irresponsible strain of the Æolian harp. Do we murmur against its charm, because it can never attain the power of knowledge, the majesty and the grandeur of a Beethoven? But the harp, the lark, and the nightingale have no secrets for the master-musician, in him are merged all mysteries of harmony, all splendours of sound, all powers of utterance.

Victor Hugo not only outlived his imagination and lyric *verve*, but was for ever losing his way in regions where his Pegasus was

too weak to carry him. This is why he failed, and not because of excess of lyric genius. For to hold his own on dramatic ground a poet must, in addition to harmony, imagination, rhyme and rhythm, be endowed with "sincerity and depth of vision," the common sense and experience of the man of the world, the keen and profound insight of the philosopher, and an intuition bordering on the prophetic. In a word, his must be the breadth of vision of one to whom it has been granted, albeit "it may not always be required of him to dwell upon the heights," at least to breathe there long enough to judge men and things from the highest standpoint of all. Victor Hugo had no knowledge or discernment of truth, in history and nature, because he never trained his mind to the study of all they might have taught him. He could not accept a fact pure and simple without the hallucination of an arbitrary contrast. His craze for antithesis and repetition reminds one irresistibly of the false doors and windows to match the real ones of rococo decorators. Except in the conciousness of the power of his own imagination (one of his favouaite themes in prose and verse) there is no evidence that he really knew himself, or that he ever realised the nature of his antecedents or of his actual surroundings. And yet there is no trace of concious insincerity in what he wrote or allowed others to write about himself; the visionary only saw facts, personal or otherwise, through the mist of his dreams. Accidental circumstances clouded his vision as to permanent facts. Thus it was that at the beginning of his royalist career he loved to recall his proletarian forebears. But when he changed his political creed, the Radical, from sheer love of contrast, harked back to a long line of noble ancestry.

He instinctively abounded in enumeration and repetition, and the grotesque stringing together of names and dates (*vide* some of his private letters, *L'homme qui rit*, and the monologues of his dramas) to corroborate these artificially contrasted facts, because that was his idea of producing the hall-mark of time and place and local colour; he never wilfully distorted the truth, but it was not in him to see it as it was.

Therefore, his theatrical masks, monsters, and chimeras neither lived, breathed, nor told the truth, but, serving to break with stale tradition, they cleared the way for better things. So that, as (although there was neither rhyme nor reason for their existence or their acts) they often discoursed admirable verse, we need not wonder that they were hailed with acclamation by the "Jeunes France" of the first quarter of the century, and by that portion of the public upon whom the dramatic and literary pleasures meted out to them by his classical predecessors had begun to pall.

Much had to be forgiven to the militant dramatic effort of the

Romanticists headed by Victor Hugo. There was so much to demolish, that, in the midst of the storm they raised, that peace could not abide which is essential to sane work, to creation strong and calm as Nature herself. But for the Romantic movement we might still have to bewail, with Madame de Stael, the eternal reproduction of increasingly insipid copies of the same classic masterpieces. We should, as she somewhere predicted, have ended by seeing "mere marionettes on the French stage, bearing no manner of relationship to the amazing creature called man." Tragedy and comedy had provided the French stage with simplified types of the human being, who had hitherto appeared either absolutely heroic or essentially ridiculous.

But who so imbued with the spirit of the monster he was fighting as the master himself? With characteristic love of antithesis, and in contrast to and reaction against the types of the classic school, Hugo's lacqueys, beggars, courtezans, and thieves absorbed the conventional virtues and vices of which he despoiled its kings and heroes, thereby raising up a *dramatis personæ* of monsters and puppets, infinitely more meretricious than the myths whose altars he laid low. The Romantic movement, after having blazed up rapidly and fiercely, subsided into an essentially transitory condition. It is at once an important factor in the relative artistic failure, as well as in the popularity of its originator. Had he been a poet of stronger dramatic fibre, it would have needed a stiller atmosphere to thrive in. His was, after all, the undeniable merit of sweeping away the cobwebs of classicism.

To return to the claims on popularity put forward on his behalf by M. Brunetière, we find we must add the rarest one of all, "that of having lived and worked for over four-score years. . . ." Such is the power of endurance that had "Methusaleh written verses, he would undoubtedly have taken rank as the greatest poet of the world. . . . An octogenarian, be he called Voltaire or Hugo, has every chance of triumph over those whom he survives"; and without being in every case the heir of all the ages, is often "the inheritor of those contemporaries who during their lifetime suffered most from his abuse."

Had he died after the completion of the *Misérables* and the *Chansons des Rues et des Bois*, leaving to the world all his masterpieces, as well as those works of his earlier decadence that were still vitalized by his waning genius, and were sufficiently potent in charm to be acceptable when he could no longer give us of his best; had death saved him from the lucubrations of his old age, from *L'homme qui rit*, *Quatre-vingt-treize*, *L'Art d'être Grandpère*, and the greater part of the "Four Winds of the Spirit"; had he refrained from dragging his name through the mire of

politics (and such politics!), his shadow would have been less, and popular opinion would have burned less incense before it. It is left for history and the critical faculties of the next generation to sift the real worth of Victor Hugo from amid the fictitious aggrandizement of circumstance and prejudice.

So says M. Brunetière, and perhaps this is so. But we think we may even now venture to proclaim that the praise and the censure of such criticism as M. Brunetière's do greater honour and better service to the memory of a great personality than the extravagant homage that has been offered it in *Perfide Albion*. The grotesque, notwithstanding its nearness to the Sublime with a capital S, is a drawback to High Seriousness, and we know how very seriously our poet took himself. If there be perfidy in Albion worthy the consideration of the manes of Victor Hugo, we fear he might be inclined to visit it on those of her sons who have dared to travesty "the splendours and the terror, the raptures and the rage, the passion and the *patience*" of the verse of him who is to them the master-poet of the world.

FRANCIS PAUL.

THE MUNICIPALITIES ON THEIR TRIAL.

EVERY institution is now on its trial. The House of Commons has long been standing at the bar of public opinion, and has not yet obtained a verdict of acquittal. The House of Lords, we know on excellent authority, wants "mending or ending." The merits of the monarchy are being weighed in the balance; all the Churches are required again and again to prove their right to existence; and in some quarters Religion itself is arraigned. Hitherto, municipal institutions have escaped observation. Certain scandals, however, have lately led people to ask whether it is not high time to summon the municipalities into court. There are ample materials to judge them by results. In the modern sense, they are about fifty years old; during those same fifty years the House of Commons has been twice reformed.

Something more than the peculation of an individual in a single town was involved in the verdict lately given in reference to the Corporation contracts in the Borough of Salford. The Salford case is generally believed to present a common type of municipal corruption. In Manchester, very grave charges of a similar character against the Corporation Health Committee are the subject of judicial investigation. The Corporation of London is defending itself against a charge of malversation of public money, in the committee-rooms of the House of Commons.

Disorderly scenes at the meetings of town councils and local boards are weekly chronicled in some local "advertiser" or another. They are too frequent to require lengthened notice. One or two examples will suffice for those who never read local prints. The Public Works Committee of the fashionable watering-place of Brighton, was the other day described by one of the Council as "an abominable and atrocious committee, on which there was not one straightforward or honest man." At the Holborn Local Board, the conduct of one of the members was voted "unbecoming a gentleman." Last month, a Wolverhampton town councillor was reported to have been sent to prison on a charge of stealing bicycles. Everyone who is at all acquainted with the sayings and doings of our local governors will readily call to mind plenty of cases equally distressing.

But there are other tests of conduct and of administration which should be applied. To municipal councils has been intrusted the execution of the Artizans' Dwellings Acts and the Sanitary Acts. The official report of Liverpool informs us that there "is frequent overcrowding in unwholesome tenemented dwellings, and that cellar occupation is still existent." This is nothing to the painful revelations of the sanitary condition of other municipalities. Dudley is in a dreadful plight, and some of the most unsanitary dwellings were reported to belong to an alderman of the Borough, and chairman of the Works Committee. Norwich was reported to be in a dangerous condition for the advent of cholera. The reports of some of the smaller municipalities were quite as bad as those cited of the great ones—Sandwich and Gainsborough were among the worst.

Taking again the dry facts from the official statement of the Local Government Board—a Board which certainly never exaggerates—it appears that the "Food and Drugs Act," which, it will be remembered, was passed to prevent the adulteration of food, has been "a dead letter in seventy boroughs, with an aggregate population of a million." The municipal councillors evidently have objections to putting into force a law against shopkeepers and publicans.

The disclosures in the report of the Departmental Committee on the accommodation provided for prisoners awaiting trial, has shocked the public mind. In it is to be found a long list of boroughs where "every requirement for decency and propriety is absent"; and Manchester itself, where a million of money has been lavished on a municipal palace and public offices, is cited as an example of a town in which "there is no provision made in the City Sessions Court for the separation of adults and children, of convicted and unconvicted."

From particular instances it is well to pass on to general observations. What is notorious demands not the same positive proof as that which has not yet imprinted itself on the public mind. The besetting sin of municipalities is jobbery: jobbery in contracts, jobbery in the sale and purchase of land, jobbery in politics. It is worse than useless to ignore the fact. He is no friend to popular government who does not honestly acknowledge its failures, and honestly endeavour, while there is yet time, to correct its abuses. Profuse expenditure, especially when provided by loan, is immensely popular all round, almost as agreeable to the local constituency as it is to the local contractors. Extravagance, until the crash comes, always reflects a sort of glory on the spendthrift. He is always surrounded by a crowd of admirers. Human nature is frail, and the moral fibre of town councillors is not stronger

than the moral fibre of average humanity, even though they are elected by popular suffrage. When they borrow a million, and spend it in a year or two, they are for the time very great personages, with an enormous amount of patronage at their disposal. It need cause no surprise that the friends of the town councillors usually profit by the contracts. We all know that jobbery by contract is the powerful lever of American corruption, both national and municipal. The New York Tammeny Ring was the greatest organization of municipal rogues whose malpractices have ever been recorded. This jobbery by contract is a fruitful and pernicious source of municipal extravagance in England.

Akin to it is the practice, believed to be very general, of using information obtained in the council chamber or the office, for the purpose of buying land, either to re-sell it to the Corporation at double price, or to realise the enhanced value accruing from intended street improvements. Some instances of this class of land-jobbing have been exposed. No one doubts the truth of the charge, but such cases almost defy legal proof, and the statement rests on moral rather than technical certainty.

The baneful intrusion of politics into municipal government is increasing. The more disorganized and ill-managed a municipality is, the more it will occupy itself with politics. The records of the Municipality of Dublin will show a whole volume of political subjects which have been discussed to the neglect of local affairs. So prevalent is this tendency, that there are some who openly advocate the introduction of politics into municipal administration. Let anyone who is of this opinion make himself acquainted with the ramifications of politics into the local management of affairs in America and in France. Mr. Firth declared in the House of Commons, with reference to a municipal election in the City of London, "that the votes had been bought and sold as completely as sheep in the open market." Everyone knows that the organizations of the political clubs are used, on both sides, for School Board elections, as well as for the elections to the town councils. Yet bribery at the elections is not so injurious to the welfare of society, as political partizanship in the conduct of local business. Birmingham is notoriously the head-quarters of municipal Radical organization, Liverpool of Conservative; all the other municipalities are, without exception, more or less tainted with the same vice.

In a review of the soundness of our municipal system, the effects of ignorance and incapacity must be added to the hindrances which come from jobbery and politics. This assertion does not necessarily involve a wholesale condemnation of our local administrations. It is unreasonable to expect men, whose lives are immersed

in special business, to acquire an acquaintance with sanitary science and its effects upon the health of the people. It implies rather the growing necessity of availing ourselves more and more, in carrying out the multifarious and difficult duties cast by law upon local governments, of men who have received a scientific training. The establishment of a highly-qualified and highly-paid local civil service, is one of the demands which the public will soon make of their local authorities. Such a civil service must not be supplied exclusively from the locality. Mr. Edwin Chadwick, C.B., shall speak in his own words on this point. In reference to sewerage works, undertaken some years ago by the Metropolitan Board of Works, he says:—

> Mr. Cresy, late clerk to the chairman, was a very intelligent engineer, and he told me that he could have cried at the waste which was going on, but which he could not stop. It were better, he said, that heaps of sovereigns should have been thrown into the trenches, than to be so expended. It was not that the members themselves participated in the expenditure, as is elsewhere commonly done, but it was from simple ignorance on the part of the representative members of the Board, that made them the victims of misrepresentations. They were mostly shopkeepers, whose habits of expenditure had been only in the management of small sums, and whose judgments were lost with large ones. They were characterized by parsimonious niggardliness in the expenditure of shillings and pounds, but by easiness and waste in hundreds and thousands.

It has been affirmed, by the same authority, that if the whole of the Thames Embankment had been built without coffer-dams, as a portion of it was built, a saving of two millions would have been effected; and if the error as to the scales had been avoided, the loss of two millions more, on the outfall of the sewers, would have been saved. These statements are the more valuable because they were made by an experienced civil servant some ten or twelve years ago, and not for any immediate or present purpose. They represent a state of things which prevails more or less throughout all the municipalities of the country at this day.

But finance is the surest and best test of administration. If the exchequer is well managed, there is not likely to be any grave mismanagement elsewhere. It was financial embarrassment in the rural districts which forced the new Poor Law on the country, and finally disposed of a system ruinous alike to the peasantry, the yeomanry, and the squirearchy. Since that famous Act was passed, and since a greater supervision has been exercised by the central authority, not only has the administration of the Poor Law been greatly improved in the interests of the poor, but the rates have both relatively and absolutely been reduced. Municipal reform dates from the same period as the new Poor Law. It was thought that popular election to the town councils would secure economical and prudent administration. The eloquent figures which follow will show how far this fond hope has been realised.

Since 1841, the increase of the rates in the municipalities has

been greater than the increase in the rateable value of property. The aggregate annual local expenditure of England and Wales now amounts to the astounding total of £51,000,000! The local debt now amounts to the astounding total of £165,000,000, and the whole assessable value of the country is only £143,000,000! The extravagance has been not in the counties but in the towns. What comment is needed? The rapidity which has marked the contraction of loans is the most dangerous feature of the case. The last thirty years have witnessed the rise and progress of municipal indebtedness; nor is there yet any sign of abatement. The free hand, which has been given to popularly elected municipal authorities, has been most freely used. Rates have risen in urban England from 2s. in the £ to 6s. and even to 8s. in the £.

In the face of this ever-increasing ratal taxation, the formidable fact must be faced that, of the latest returns, the rateable resources of the country have begun to decrease in no less than six whole counties, and in more than fifty boroughs. Thus, while the fruits of industry are becoming smaller, while profits are shrinking almost to nothing, the rates are becoming heavier than ever. In the melancholy list of towns which have begun to show symptoms of decay are to be found the names of Bacup, Barnsley, Barrow-in-Furness, Bradford, Coventry, Darlington, Dewsbury, Dudley, Gloucester, Manchester, Preston, Wakefield, Wigan, and the two London parishes,which are cities in themselves, Westminster and Whitechapel.

Such facts command the gravest attention of statesmen and economists. It is no longer a local question, it is a national one. Our local Chancellors of the Exchequer are, behind our backs, draining the resources of our Imperial revenue. It must be remembered that our municipalities cannot become bankrupt without affecting our national credit. In many cases the loans have actually been provided out of Imperial funds. Insurance offices are said to have already become alarmed at the condition of local securities, and to be no longer as ready as they used to be to make investments in them.

It is almost impossible to exaggerate the financial pressure which must inevitably arise from the difficulty of supporting a very heavy debt in a period of depression. Yet, strange to say, the local authorities have taken no heed of the depression, but have got deeper and deeper into debt, as the bad times have become worse and worse. In 1874 the local debt was £84,000,000; it is now £165,000,000. The periods for which the loans run vary greatly; some loans are perpetual, some run for 100 years, many for 60 years. Every municipality is anxious to pledge the resources of the future, in order that money may be freely spent

in the present. It needs not a prophet's voice to foretell that long before the expiration of the periods for which the loans have been made, the improvements for which they were contracted will be exhausted. In some cases, so reckless have been the local administrators, that they have contracted loans for the payment of the splendid furniture of their costly town-halls. In a time of prosperity, when everybody is making money, when a town is rising by leaps and bounds, such circumstances may be lightly borne; in times of depression they are ruinous to the town and to its inhabitants.

It is almost incredible that in the metropolis, since 1874, the rates have increased 60 per cent., and in the urban districts of England they have increased 52 per cent. Birmingham, which in 1841 had a debt of £160,000, now enjoys the dignity of a debt of £7,180,000, amounting to £17 10s. per head on its population. Liverpool, which in 1841 had a debt of £1,000,000, has now a debt of £8,000,000; equal to £13 15s. per head on its population, and its assessable value during the last two years has become stationary. Manchester has a debt of £6,800,000, equal to £18 13s. per head on its population, which has fallen off 5 per cent. in the last two years, while its assessable value during the same time has decreased by £500,000, or 17 per cent. The smaller urban authorities vie with their larger neighbours in their extravagance and their indebtedness.

It is vain to point to assets such as gas-works, water-works, and lands, and town-halls, as a sufficient set-off against these gigantic debts, because such properties are exactly the very class of assets which show the most depreciation when a town is decaying. The cost of keeping up these immense works is a charge upon the rates; and their existence in Corporation hands is a fruitful source of corruption. The possibility that some new light may, some day or other, supersede gas, is a very sufficient reason why the ratepayers' money should not be invested in such undertakings. The only chance of local government being efficient, and local taxation moderate, is that the ratepayers should know what they are spending, and what are their liabilities. It is impossible to test the value of Corporation assets. To some it is a matter of congratulation that we have paid off, since 1815, no less than £150,000,000 of the National Debt; let it be remembered that, in half that time, we have contracted a local debt of still larger amount, which presses still more heavily upon our national resources.

The object of this paper is to point out some of the imperfections of municipal government, rather than to put forward a complete scheme of reform. Space does not allow any adequate treatment of the questions which naturally suggest themselves.

It is well to discuss how may repudiation be averted; how may jobbery be kept in check; how may a higher level of administration be reached? A few suggestions may, however, be offered even here. Heroic remedies are out of the question, and practical reforms must be popular. We must stick to the representative principle; nay more, we must make our system more representative. Our existing methods have failed, because the very idea upon which they were based, namely, the due representation of all those interested, has been lost sight of. The owner of rateable property has succeeded in shifting his immediate and personal share of the rates on to the back of the occupier, and has, consequently, lost his claim to his due share in the control of the expenditure. In his case, permanent taxation is unaccompanied with adequate representation. At the same time, under the "Compounding Acts," the small occupiers have shifted their personal share of the burden on to the back of the owner, while nevertheless they retain, as heretofore, their right to vote. In their case, direct representation is unaccompanied with direct taxation. An obvious remedy presents itself, and has often been presented: Divide the direct payment of rates equally between the owner and occupier, and let the popularly-elected representatives of each class have an equal voting power in the local councils. The permanent and the transient interests of the inhabitants would thus be safeguarded on the "one man one vote" principle, and plurality of votes might be abolished, and there would be no need of *ex officios*.

But another factor has lately been introduced into local government. The demand that the taxpayer shall contribute his proportion to the local burdens, which are cast, by his own Acts of Parliament on the ratepayer, has become too strong to be resisted. Personal property must, in some shape or another, become liable to local taxation. This demand has hitherto been met by the expedient of Imperial subsidies, provided in such a form that they have not reduced the rates one iota, and, consequently, have been condemned by the best financiers, on the score of wasteful extravagance. They have created a dual control of a most irritating character. The taxpayer is bound to accompany his contribution to the ratepayer by an exercise of a certain controlling authority. No one has attempted to controvert this axiom. The principle that he ought to contribute is also conceded. The amount of his contribution is still, indeed, an open question; but most people agree that his present contribution is utterly inadequate. The superintendence of bureaucratic officials, however wholesome it may be, is resented by the ordinary Englishman.

Let, then, administrative co-operation be substituted for official supervision, and the objections to the dual control will disappear,

because its duality will exist no more. Let the taxpayer follow his contribution to the rates, not by Governmental inspection, but by actual representation at the local council, in exactly the same proportion as it is suggested that the owner-ratepayer and the occupier-ratepayer should be represented. Let Parliament itself elect persons to represent the taxpayers. Thus would an element, skilled, elective, and to some extent unfettered by local prejudices, be introduced into the local council-chamber, and the principle of popular choice would be maintained. Many precedents might be cited for the constitution of such a board. The Cinque Ports Harbour Board is manned under the presidency of the Lord Warden by nominees of the Government as well as of the Dover Corporation. The Local Government Board have the power of appointing certain gentlemen to act in connection with the Metropolitan Boards of Guardians. The "Endowed Schools" Schemes always provide for the infusion of an outside element into the local governing body. A town council composed of members equally divided between the representatives of the owners, occupiers, and taxpayers, would have some chance of dealing in a prudent and liberal spirit with the immense problems, social, sanitary and financial, which the local governments of the country are called upon to solve.

Other reforms have been suggested and are supported by arguments well worth attention. They shall not be discussed here at length, but some of them shall be briefly recapitulated.

1. An audit of local expenditure and receipts under a special board established in London, in substitution for the present method of auditing accounts by locally appointed auditors.

2. An annual statement on local finance, made at the same time as the budget, so as to bring local expenditure every year directly under the cognizance and criticism of Parliament.

3. A repeal of the "Compounding Acts." It is very unfair that the occupying freehold owner of a cottage should pay in rates 25 per cent. more than the non-occupying owner, who receives rent for a dozen cottages and puts the difference between the rates and the composition into his own pocket.

4. A limit to the rate in the £ which local authorities shall have a right to levy upon the inhabitants.

5. A limit of twenty years as the period duing which local loans shall run.

6. The combination of authorities and the re-arrangement of areas.

The first condition of reform is the consciousness that things want mending. Municipal administration and ratal taxation can no longer be considered merely matters for local consideration.

We require the most experienced and trained intelligence at head-quarters to grapple with the difficulties which are before us. The magnitude of local indebtedness, and the ever-increasing burden of the rates, are crippling our national resources. A master's hand is required, to re-construct without destroying. It is not only a rich man's question, or a farmer's question, or a shop-keeper's; it is, above all, a question which touches the people who have neither land, nor farms, nor shops; of the people who live on wages. Rates on farm-lands are taxes on the raw material of subsistence; rates on shops are taxes upon the distribution of the necessaries of life; rates on houses are taxes on shelter; and rates on railways are taxes on locomotion. The incidence of rates, albeit they may seem to be laid on the rich, fall heaviest upon the very poor. The industrial classes are at this moment receiving less for their wages, and paying more for their food, are higher rented and are worse housed, by reason of the rates. It is difficult to exaggerate the enormous consequences which a right solution of these difficult questions involves. There was cause for uneasiness ten years ago, when the wage-earning classes were prosperous; there is cause for positive alarm now, when every class is struggling for very existence.

STANLEY LEIGHTON.

POLITICS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

All sincere lovers of liberty, and all true friends of good government, have been gratified by the progress made in Parliament during the last month in protecting the one and reinforcing the other. The Criminal Amendment Bill is a Measure conceived in a spirit of determination that the Freedom which has for centuries been the boast and possession of the people of these Islands shall not be wrenched from them by the murderous tyranny of Secret Societies, and that the tie which binds Ireland to the Realm and the Empire shall neither be snapped nor weakened. Only the Rulers of a nation passionately devoted to liberty would have employed so much patience and ingenuity as the Government have displayed in seeking to limit, as far as possible, the extended powers that are demanded for the Law. There is not a clause nor a provision in the Criminal Law Amendment Act that need inspire any honest and law-abiding citizen with anxiety, or, indeed, induce him, as far as he is individually concerned, to give it a thought. One and all of them are framed for the sole purpose of protecting personal freedom against organized intimidation. The Debate on the Second as on the First Reading of the Bill in the House of Commons, was protracted beyond all reason; but the firm attitude of the Leader of the House, and the cheerful readiness of the supporters of the Government to be deprived of their Easter holiday, have probably convinced the Opposition that Obstruction, when it passes certain bounds, defeats the object of those who practise it. On the present occasion deliberate Obstruction and wanton street demonstrations have alike failed to divert Parliament from its purpose, or materially to check the advance of the Measure. Doubtless its progress will be as much hindered as possible by the multiplication of Amendments in Committee. But while the House will listen with due patience to all serious endeavours to point out its defects or to amend its clauses, it has happily been made plain that the Closure is a weapon which will not be allowed to rust, but will be employed whenever it is apparent that a question has been thoroughly threshed out, and not serious discussion, but malicious postponement of legislation, is the object of yet more speeches. The

majority of 101 with which the Second Reading was carried, may be taken as an earnest of the feeling of approbation with which the Bill is regarded alike in Parliament and the country. The support the Government can claim from its Conservative followers in the House of Commons still leaves it in a minority of 40; a fact that must never be lost sight of in any estimate of the value and significance of a Division. Thus, when a Government that is in a minority of 40 can point to a majority of 101 for one of its Measures, no further argument is needed to show that it is built on reason and endorsed by the conscience and intelligence of the nation.

But while the unflinching attitude of the Government and the votes of the House of Commons must inspire every good citizen with satisfaction, it is impossible that the grounds for national self-congratulation should not be materially diminished by the extraordinary and deplorable conduct of the Opposition, including its most weighty and responsible leaders. Never before in the annals of Party Government has a Party in the State openly constituted itself not only the apologist but the patron and ally of crime. This is a serious reproach to address to the Liberal Party, even in its present shattered condition; but if we are to speak of the followers of Mr. Gladstone as the Liberal Party, the reproach cannot be withheld, and has been urged, during the past month, with painful force by the right honourable gentleman's former colleagues, the Liberal Unionists. It is not surprising that, having resolved to throw in their lot with the Parnellites, who constitute more than a third of the Opposition, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morley, and Sir William Harcourt should have adopted the methods as well as the tone of the Irish Separatists, and, as the Prime Minister said at the annual meeting of the Primrose League, should have abandoned argument for shouting. Indeed, Mr. Gladstone's resistance to the Irish Policy of the Government and the Liberal Unionists, now consists of short letters written almost every other day, in which the three most telling adjectives he can recall, that have not already been used in that collocation, are freely applied to it. Now the policy is causeless, wanton, and criminal; now it is stigmatized as base, insidious, and unprecedented; and he evidently believes that this epistolary style, if persisted in with sufficient pertinacity, will renew for him the success secured by the prodigal employment of similar epithets at the time of the Bulgarian Horrors agitation. But Mr. Gladstone forgets the proverb, "Once bit, twice shy," and though he may continue to impose on himself with his rhetorical artifices, we doubt if he will ever again deceive the English people. He may still find a modicum of comfort in the adherence to him of

the dregs of the Liberal Party, but all that is best and purest in that great historical Body no longer conceal the shame and mortification with which they regard his unreasoning vehemence of language, and his shocking tergiversation in action.

To what shifts of sophistry some men will resort, when compelled to give to their utterance a semblance of argument, is painfully seen in the course pursued by Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morley, and their colleagues, in face of the accusations tabulated against Mr. Parnell and other leading Irish Home Rule Members of Parliament by the *Times* newspaper, on the strength of evidence culled from newspapers avowedly the organs of their Cause. To this evidence the *Times* has added a letter alleged to be written at the dictation of Mr. Parnell, and bearing what the *Times* affirms and reaffirms to be Mr. Parnell's signature. To put the matter succinctly, Mr. Parnell and his chief lieutenants are accused of acting with murderers for the promotion of their political ends, and of pretending to feel for the assassination of Mr. Burke a regret they disavow when communicating privately with their own adherents. The object of the *Times* in reproducing certain charges that are not new, and adding to them a distinct charge that is, is confessedly to compel Mr. Parnell to bring an action against that journal. It seems incredible that the Leader of the Liberal Party should have become so demoralised by associating with the Irish Separatists as to allege that Mr. Parnell is not called upon to take that course, since the onus of proof rests upon the *Times*. Precisely. But how can the *Times* prove the truth of its allegations more completely than it has done already, unless Mr. Parnell will himself give the proprietors the opportunity they have done everything in their power to obtain, of proving it in a Court of Law? Mr. Parnell is egregiously mistaken if he imagines that, by a simulation of disdain, he can strike a blow at the authority of the *Times*, or of the English Press. On the contrary, should he persist in what he doubtless considers "masterly inactivity," there is not an honest man in England who will not believe him to be guilty of the offences with which the *Times* has courageously branded him. What the effect will be on the estimation in which the Leader of the Opposition is held by his countrymen, we scarcely like to think. It can never be to the advantage of the Realm that one Party in the State should sink into the disrepute into which Mr. Gladstone seems resolved to plunge it.

While the House of Commons was conducting the long and wearisome debate that ended in the second reading of the Criminal Law Amendment Bill, the House of Lords discussed with care and read a second time yet another Irish Land Act. The debate on the Second Reading was singularly instructive, for it served to

show, as Lord Salisbury pointedly argued, that laws of a certain character, however mistaken in principle, when once passed by Parliament, not only cannot be repealed, but compel the Legislature in due course to pass other Measures which a wise Parliament, if it retained its freedom of action, would condemn and reject. The Irish Land Act of 1881 has taken away from the British Parliament all liberty of choice as regards the agrarian question in Ireland. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum.* Retrace our steps we cannot, and we must therefore persist in the policy of liberating Irish tenants from the obligation of keeping their contracts. There seems, therefore, to be a general approval of the clause in the Bill applying to leaseholders, and a pretty general, though not universal, approval of its provisions in regard to eviction. But the Bankruptcy Clauses have met with a good deal of hostile criticism in the House of Lords, and we are disposed to share the opinion that they would, if enacted, afford Irish tenants fresh opportunities of dishonesty; nor can we agree with the belief apparently held by the Prime Minister, that the opportunity would not largely be turned to account. But the Irish Land Question will continue to vex the sleep of statesmen, until dual ownership in land, that pernicious invention of Mr. Gladstone, is done away with by transforming tenants into proprietors. That stage, when reached, will not represent an ideal condition either of agriculture or of society. But needs must when the Past drives; and the rest of the journey towards Peasant Proprietorship in Ireland will now have to be traversed.

Our record of the Domestic Politics of the month would not be complete if we abstained from alluding to the admirable speeches made in various parts of the Island by the chief speakers among the Liberal Unionists, more signally by the Marquis of Hartington, Mr. Goschen, and Mr. Chamberlain. The efforts made by the last-named politician to mend the rent in the Liberal Party have been abandoned, at any rate for the present; and Lord Hartington has spoken of the policy and deportment of his former colleagues with a frankness and a severity that seem to indicate a conviction that the breach is too broad and deep to be healed. The wanton Demonstration held in Hyde Park on Easter Monday has served still further to annoy and alienate the Liberal Unionists from a Body in which Mr. Conybeare is a conspicuous figure, and Mr. Labouchere a personage of influence and distinction.

Mr. Goschen has added to the service he has rendered the country in joining Lord Salisbury's Administration, by framing a Budget that is at once ingenious, courageous, and just; and though it has not escaped even violent censure, it may confidently be affirmed that its wisdom will be discerned and its

equity approved by the community at large. To what extent further economy in the various Departments of State is really feasible without injuring the public service, can be known only to experts with full opportunities of forming a judgment. But unless the reputation enjoyed by Mr. Gladstone as a financier be wholly undeserved, there cannot be any very material squandering of the national income. Whether as Chancellor of the Exchequer, or as First Lord of the Treasury for many years, he had ample opportunities of cutting off the sources of waste, and though, when in Opposition, the right honourable gentleman has always preached the doctrine of economy and retrenchment, he enforced it no more than other Ministers when in office. Without in any way questioning the sincerity of the anxiety shown by Lord Randolph Churchill for retrenchment, to which Mr. Goschen, in introducing his Budget, paid a deserved and generous compliment, we cannot help remembering, notwithstanding what Lord Dunraven ably urges in his paper in the current number of the *Review*, that his defence of the financial grounds for his Resignation last December was universally held to be, for so ingenious a controversialist, strikingly lame and inconclusive. The real point in the Budget round which controversy has raged, has been the reduction to £2,000,000 of the amount devoted to the reduction of the National Debt; its opponents urging that the money required for the relief of the payer of income-tax should have been obtained by reduction of expenditure. It will be obvious to everybody that there is ample room here for difference of opinion; but we can only record our conviction, for what it is worth, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has acted with reason and justice in refusing to tamper with the amount dedicated to Military and Naval Expenditure, and yet relieving the payer of income-tax, in some small degree, from the heavy burden of liberating posterity from having to pay for past wars, which were waged as much in its interests as in ours. Apart from any polemic the arrangements of the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the ensuing year may have excited, his Budget Speech ought to be carefully perused and thoughtfully pondered by everyone who is interested in the economic condition and prospects of the Realm.

The situation abroad has not materially altered during the past month, no real development being apparent in the policy of Russia in respect of the Bulgarian Question. The Russian Ambassador at Constantinople has been engaged in labouring to deter the Sultan from pressing the Powers for its settlement, by professing to be ready with a scheme that has the approbation of the Czar. But this scheme is nothing more than the fresh embodiment of the

conditions on which Russia has all along insisted, and which the Bulgarian Regents and the Bulgarian people have naturally refused to entertain. They are in effect that the present Regents are to resign and the present Sobranje is to be dissolved; that a provisional Regent is to be named by Russia and Turkey—in other words, by Russia—and to be accompanied to Sofia by a Turkish and a Russian Commissioner; that a new Ministry should then be nominated, also in substance by Russia, which would order fresh elections for the Grand Sobranje, and this Assembly would proceed to the election of a Prince. The Sultan regards these suggestions as inadmissible; having convinced himself that the present Regents enjoy the confidence of the Bulgarian people. He is willing, however, to refer the proposals to the consideration of the Great Powers; but M. de Nelidoff refuses to accept that condition. In a word, if Turkey can be persuaded to be the instrument of Russia in over-riding the wishes of Bulgaria, the Czar will promote a settlement of the Bulgarian Question. If not, then Russia will maintain its attitude of hostility to Bulgaria, and continue to strive to undermine the power of the Regents, and to destroy the peace of Bulgaria by intrigues having for their object the promotion of civil war. It does not appear, however, that this policy is likely to prove successful. Two of the Regents, who have been making a tour through Eastern Roumelia, have everywhere been received with acclamation, and, in Bulgaria, their power is absolute and unquestioned. Save when interrupted by inroads from Roumania, conducted by Russian hirelings, the peace of the Principality is assured; and though the Government has not yet succeeded in raising a Loan, of which the country is in great need for the prosecution of public works, the taxes for the half-year just expired were collected without any difficulty, 21,000,000 francs having been paid into the Treasury. The irritation felt by Russia at the prosperity of Bulgaria and the attachment of its people to the Regency, is said to be shown at St. Petersburg by the indifference of the Russian negotiators to the settlement of the Russo-Afghan frontiers; England, as usual, being held mainly responsible for the "obstinacy" of the Bulgarians. It is possible, however, that the present disturbed state of Afghanistan, where the Ameer of Cabul is engaged in contending with the insurgent Ghilzais, may not be altogether foreign to the disposition of the Russian Government on this question.

A curious incident has occurred on the Franco-German Frontier, only too well calculated to embitter still further the relations between France and Germany. As we write, the matter is still *sub judice*, and it looks as though, when the arrest of Mr. Schnaebele is investigated, there will be a considerable conflict of evidence

as to the circumstances in which it was effected. To us it seems clear that if M. Schnaebele was either arrested on French territory, or on German territory after having been inveigled thither by a German official, he should be released, with an apology. But possession is nine-tenths of the law; and the Germans have got hold of M. Schnaebele, and will naturally not release him save on the production of evidence that satisfies, not the French Government, nor yet European opinion, but themselves. If France were as ready and as willing to fight as Prince Bismarck, there can be no question that M. Flourens would ere this have demanded the instant liberation of the French Commissary, and, in the event of refusal, would have given the German Ambassador his passports. We do not say that France would have acted either wisely or rightly in taking this course. But *amour propre* goes for something in the relation of powerful nations towards each other, as the war which followed the candidature of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern showed in 1870; and there can be no doubt, furthermore, that had a German Commissary been arrested by the French authorities in the same manner as M. Schnaebele, Prince Bismarck would have exacted immediate reparation or have ordered the armies of the Empire across the French frontier. It is something new in continental politics to find France behaving with so much self-control, and the absence of what some persons would call spirit. But, in the long run, France will not suffer from its present prudent attitude. There are no clear grounds for accusing Prince Bismarck of wishing to goad France into going to war; yet it is certain that he would treat France with more consideration if he believed that France could venture on that step with a fair chance of being successful. Even when, as is probable, the incident has been brought to a peaceful close, the French Government and the French people would do well to bear in mind that the Statesmen of Berlin are greatly exasperated by the resolutely hostile demeanour of the inhabitants of the two annexed Provinces, and might at any moment make a serious cause of quarrel with France out of the encouragement to disloyalty offered by French subjects to those of Germany. How greatly preoccupied the German Military authorities are with the contingency of a fresh struggle with France, may be gathered from the use to which the 320,000,000 marks to be expended in additional precautions during the next year or two, are being applied. A second line of rails is to be laid on all the lines leading to the French frontier, and stations and platforms for facilitating the transit of troops are to be constructed. A completely new line is to be laid between Upper Alsace and the south-western corner of the Empire. New war-material is also to be largely purchased. At home,

Prince Bismarck avows that his main reason for introducing the May Laws Amendment Bill, which is pretty sure to become law, is that he desires to have as few enemies to contend against as possible, when the great day arrives for testing once more the strength of the Fatherland.

In Austria-Hungary, on the other hand, a considerable portion of the warlike expenditure lately contemplated has been suspended, a circumstance which may be taken as pointing to the existence of a conviction at Vienna and Buda-Pesth that the danger of war with Russia has passed away for the present. Much, however, has been done, as Mr. Atteridge shows in his interesting paper in the body of the Review, to render Austria-Hungary more prepared to meet the shock of war. In Italy, a new Ministry has been constituted, from which Count de Robilant is absent, and of which M. Depretis is, as usual, the head. But the military understanding between Germany, Austria, and Italy, remains intact; and if we continue to be spared the calamity of war, it is only because the great Continental Powers are one and all so prepared for it that each of them lacks the resolution to strike the first blow.

April 28th.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[N.B.—The appearance of a letter in the *National Review* in no way implies approval of the opinions expressed by the writer. This portion of the *Review* is reserved for remarks that Correspondents may desire to make upon papers which have been published in the *National Review*, or for letters upon such other subjects as the Editors may think deserving of discussion.]

The Lion's Share of the World's Trading.

"Audi Alteram Partem."

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

Before the total trade of any country can be computed, or compared with other countries, the *external* or foreign trade, as well as the *internal* or home trade, must be estimated; from which must be deducted the imported articles which supplant *home* industries.

The Cobden Club has been telling the people that Great Britain possesses the "lion's share of the world's trading," and quoting statistics of *foreign* trade *only* in order to prove the fallacy. If the omission of *home* trade is intentional then *misrepresentation* has been resorted to in order to throw dust in the eyes of the public; if it has been done through *ignorance*, that is no more recommendation to would-be leaders of the people in search of truth than is *misrepresentation*.

The substitution of a *foreign* for a *home*-made boot is no real increase of the boot trade, neither is the wheat trade increased by the non-cultivation of four millions of acres of *British* wheat land and the supplanting of the same by the produce of four millions of acres of *foreign* land, although the *imports* are increased.

Some countries possess such diversities of soils, climates and minerals, as to be capable of supplying themselves with almost all their requirements without large imports, or exports, yet they carry on an enormous *home* trade, which is much more valuable to any country than *foreign* trade is, for if one pound's worth is produced *at home*, it is 20s. added to the wealth of the country, 8s. of which goes to labour, whilst if *imported* it simply means, perhaps, 10 per cent. profit to the merchant, or 5 per cent. to the commission agent—2s. or 1s. against the 20s. Our fiscal system treats *foreign* manufactures as if they were of equal value to the *home* trades. Owing to free imports, the *home* trade of Great

Britain is injured to a larger extent than are the *home* trades of any other countries.

In the following rough enumeration of the *home* trades or requirements of the people of the world, I place the United States of America first, because wages in that country range from 60 to 150 per cent. higher than in England, according to Mr. Porter, the eminent American financier. The figures are close enough simply for the argument, and could doubtless be improved upon by experts.

Home or Internal Trades of the World.

**United States* :—	
Population 65 millions at £20 per head (rich and poor together)	£1,300,000,000
Great Britain :—	
35 millions at £16 per head	560,000,000
Canada and South America :—	
40 millions at £14 per head	560,000,000
Rest of Europe :—	
270 millions at £10 per head	2,700,000,000
Asia :—	
700 millions at £5 per head	3,500,000,000
Africa :—	
100 millions at £4 per head	400,000,000
Nine thousand and twenty millions .	£9,020,000,000

The so-called "lion's share" is thus somewhat about 6 per cent. only of the *home*, or internal trade of the world. I am aware that the foreign or external trade gives a different result, but the percentage of this trade has considerably diminished of late years, and half of our ship's crews are foreigners.

Because the invention of steam has enabled our population of thirty millions to do the work of 300 millions during the past fifty years, it is useless to attribute the *increase* of trade in that period to the free import half of real Free Trade, which invention, coupled with the telegraph and penny post, enables a merchant to turn over his capital eight or ten times in the place of once, at smaller profits, which, with diminished cost of carriage, produces present cheapness.

I am, Gentleman,
Your obedient Servant,

47, Southernhay, Exeter. J. Pulling Heath.

* Exceeding both the home and foreign trades (total trade) of Great Britain.

Thought-Transference.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

Psychical Research is a subject exceptionally apt to suffer from its friends—from those who refer to mysterious agencies or unrecognized mental operations results that are perfectly explicable by known causes. The popular grounds of belief, for instance, in thought-transference, or "telepathy," are almost always either wrong or wholly inadequate; and I was delighted to see the arguments and illustrations which my colleagues and I have persistently urged on this head so vigorously reinforced by the authors of the paper on "Some Mis-called Cases of Thought-Transference" in your January number. One or two points in that paper, however, require a word of comment, since they are calculated to give a quite wrong impression of our own experimental work.

The main object of the writers was to point out the influence of "number-habits"; to show that when one person chooses at will a number or a letter, and concentrates his attention on it, and another person tries to guess it, the guess is very likely to be successful through "similar brain-functioning"—that is, because the number which most readily and spontaneously occurs to one person is very likely to be the one which most readily and spontaneously occurs to another person; so that coincidences might occur with noticeable frequency without driving us to any hypothesis of a causal link whereby the idea in one mind is reproduced in the other. There are circumstances of experiment in which this hypothesis of similar and parallel mental movements is truly applicable; and it is then, of course, important that the selection of the object (number, letter, or whatever it may be) should be independent of the "agent's" mind, and should be decided by pure hazard. We have from the first been careful to proclaim and to act on this principle. Our most numerous class of experiments has been with playing-cards, the card being in each case drawn at random from the pack; and where numbers have been used, they have been written on separate slips of paper, and similarly drawn at random from a bag or bowl. There have been a few exceptions, as I shall explain in a moment; but they form a *negligible quantity* in our case. Now the paper in your January number, though temperately and courteously worded, would undoubtedly leave on the mind of any unwarned reader the impression that experiments of the type objected to formed a *very substan-*

tive part of our case. Misapprehension in a detail of this sort is really more serious, though, happily, it is also easier to remove, than that more general misconception of aims and methods for which workers in this particular field of Nature must lay their account.

The exceptions to which I have just referred were in trials with numbers of two digits. Here the risk of appreciable disturbance of the results by "number-habit" is, of course, far less than in the case of single digits.* But our critics object that people are apt to choose multiples of 10 with disproportionate frequency; and that they tend to choose numbers nearer the higher limit. A glance at the double-number results recorded in *Phantasms of the Living*, vol. i. p. 34, will show the futility of making a serious objection to them out of the slight preference for multiples of 10; for the number of successes (obtained before the plan of drawing from a bowl was introduced) exceeded what chance was likely to give, even supposing that the agent's choices and the percipient's guesses *had throughout been restricted* to multiples of 10—restricted, that is, to nine out of the ninety numbers over which they freely ranged. I have examined the details of 1,191 of these trials, and find that the cases where multiples of 10 were chosen form rather more than an eighth, instead of a ninth, of the whole. So small a deviation from the uniformity of purely hap-hazard selection might have been neglected; however, as soon as we heard of the remarkable results which our friends were obtaining, we took the precaution of insisting that the numbers should be *drawn*, and not *chosen*, by the "agent."† As regards the alleged predilection for later numbers, the details of the experiments show that in a series of any length it ceases to be apparent; while, even if it continued, the later numbers in a set of ninety are sufficiently numerous to ensure, at each trial, large odds against accidental success. The experiments, therefore, perfectly hold their ground.

A slight error of exposition may be freely admitted. It would have been better not to say that in a series of guesses at numbers ranging from 10 to 99 the odds against accidental success at each trial are 89 to 1, without expressly adding that this is absolutely true only when the number to be guessed is in each case fixed on by pure hazard; when the choice is left to the "agent," it is possible that (say) 86 to 1 might be nearer the mark. But we may fairly ask that a mote shall not be represented as a beam; and criticism surely overleaps itself

* Even with single digits, however, the risk only applies to the first few guesses, and becomes inappreciable in any prolonged series, where all the digits occur again and again.

† See a table of results, obtained on this plan, in *Phantasms*, vol. ii. p. 654. It gives a total result against the accidental occurrence of which the odds were nearly two hundred thousand million billion trillions to one.

when it declares so trivial an inaccuracy to be "a striking proof of the blinding effect of pre-conceived opinion."

I am, Gentlemen,

Yours obediently,

EDMUND GURNEY.

Rooms of the Society for Psychical Research,
14 Dean's Yard, S.W.
April 4th, 1887.

Succession in the Irish Church.

TO THE EDITORS OF "THE NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,

Will you allow me to say a few words on a sentence in Lord Courtown's most able and interesting article on Ireland in your number for March 1887. At p. 87, he says, "At the accession of Mary and of Elizabeth, those who filled State offices took their religion from the Crown; some of the Bishops were equally complaisant; the mass of the people remained unaffected by the change." The people for ten years after Elizabeth's accession attended the parish churches. The Pope waited for Elizabeth's deposition or death. He wanted to regain an undivided Church. At length, as Elizabeth seemed secure, he forbade the people any more to attend Church. As to the Bishops, some, Lord Courtown says, conformed. He understates our case. Of twenty-one Bishops whom Mary left alive, seventeen conformed, two alone refused and were deprived. I could give the names in every case, but I spare your space. Three of the twenty-one surrendered the Pope's Bulls. Five more paid till death, the twentieths, a tax to the Crown; seven more had sat under Henry, Edward, and Mary, and were not likely to object to conform still. One of these seven, O'Fihel of Leighlin, in 1559, renounced his temporalities, and abjured the Pope's authority. MacCongail of Raphoe was present as the Queen's representative at the submission of two Irish Princes; Skyddie of Cork, one of Mary's Bishops, submitted to re-consecration; seventeen who conformed, and two who were deprived, made nineteen. Two only of the twenty-one are unaccounted for. So that, as I have said, Lord Courtown understates our case. As to the Parish Priests, they generally continued to officiate. Sir Henry Sydney wrote word over to England, that in the suburban diocese of Meath scarcely any of the parish clergy could speak English. These, of course, were no new importation. How we, like the Welsh Church, lost the flocks, it would be an *infandum renovare laborem*. At any rate, our Episcopacy alone traces through Queen Mary's Bishops to St. Patrick. The Romish champion, Archbishop Moran, of Sydney, confesses that they can show no connection with

any but foreign bishops. It has been the fashion in England, for men like Mr. Gladstone to talk of a new Church set up by Elizabeth, and a transfer to it of the churches, lands, tithes, &c. of the old. This could only have been done by Act of Parliament. But it is all a fable! The old corporation made changes, but remained the same. I offered in the papers £100 for the production of any Act of Parliament creating a new Church, or transfer from an old to a new. But I offered in vain! All particulars are to be found in a 6d. pamphlet, *Which Church has Orders from St. Patrick?* Hodges & Co., Dublin.

Gentlemen,

I am, your obedient Servant,

CHARLES CROSTHWAITE,

8, James' Terrace, Clonskeagh, Dublin, March 8, 1887. Canon and V.G. of Kildare.

The Effects of Civilization upon Women.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,

The paragraph "Women as Midwives" betrays painful non-acquaintance with the literature of the subject, and consequently "A Woman's" statements are likely seriously to mislead the lay reader. The midwife is a very important functionary, and many of them, so called, do not realise their important responsibilities, and their ignorance is such a source of danger that they ought to be prohibited from practice. If, however, by male midwives the authoress means the surgeon-accoucheur, I beg to differ from her statements and inferences *in toto*. As a profession I do not think the medical calling, even the obstetrical branch of it, at all suited for the educated lady, nor do I think the gentler sex at all adapted for the profession. I think the "fours to one" might find other occupations far more congenial to their natures and constitutions, and many as likely to afford them as much pleasure and fair remuneration as the hard-working, never-ending medical profession.

I am, Sirs,

Your obedient Servant,

12th April, 1887. "RETIRED."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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OUR INDO-CHINESE FRONTIER.

The annexation of Upper Burma has added, not only a new province to the Indian Empire, but also a new frontier. Heretofore we have had but one "frontier," politically and strategically, namely, the North-Western. That frontier, which has been dangerously troublesome ever since 1837, has become still more so since the events of 1885, till now, after the lapse of the half-century, it is the point upon which the anxious forebo lings of all well-informed persons are turned. No bright anticipation, no chance of expansion, no germ of development, is to be found there. We stand to our arms, resolved to hold our own; beyond that we expect nothing, we shall indeed be thankful even if we do that much successfully. But on the opposite side of the Indian Empire, on the North-Eastern Frontier, once more we catch the rays of that hope which has very often, if not invariably, cheered us on the path of Imperial progress. There we see manifold chances of expansion and the germs of a development, the ultimate growth of which no man now living would venture to estimate. To the North-East there are directed not the forebodings, but the patriotic anticipations of those who know not only the Imperial necessities of England, but also her capacity for consolidating the empire advantageously to herself, and to all races of men coming under her sway.

All this, too, may be compassed in full consistency with our friendly attitude towards and with our perfect recognition of her independence. The same recognition embraces Siam also, and any other nationality with which we may come into contact in that quarter.

In this paper, then, I propose to consider briefly our new North-Eastern Frontier, its position, its defensibility, its maintenance. Fortunately the best means of securing these objects consists in the extension of railways. And for rendering such means effective, our national resources in unemployed capital,

in mechanical power, in engineering talent, give us an unrivalled advantage. Of all present questions in the Indian Empire, while that of the North-Western Frontier is the most grave and menacing, that of the North-Eastern Frontier is the most spirit-stirring and hopeful. If it were asked what could England at this moment do to improve her Eastern position in a sensible degree, we might answer, let her settle her North-Eastern Frontier, so far as this can be fairly and judiciously done, by initiating, propelling, or encouraging railway enterprise in that quarter.

With this view let us survey the political geography of the North-Eastern Frontier, that is the outer or foreign frontier of Burmah—which is now wholly British from end to end. By foreign frontier I mean that which faces and confronts foreign countries, in contradistinction to the inner or home frontier, which looks towards India proper. As this grand border-line runs from south to north, a distance of about 2,000 miles, we may begin from the southern extremity, or the south-eastern corner of the old province of Tenasserim, now a division of Burma. This province is a long and narrow strip of land along the coast of the Bay of Bengal.

This extremity below Mergui is on one of the narrowest parts of the Malay Peninsula, a long-stretching neck of land which separates the Bay of Bengal from the Gulf of Siam, and terminates in the Strait of Malacca.

From the isthmus point south of Mergui, the eastern border of the Tenasserim province running northwards is formed by a range of hills separating the province from the basin of the river Meinam (or more properly Meh-Nam), which runs into the Gulf of Siam, and near the mouth of which the Siamese capital, Bang-kok, is situated. The Meh-Nam basin may in general terms be described as the territory of Siam Proper.

Then the border passes by the Lower Shan States, in the uplands of which the Meh-Nam has its source, and which are dependent on Siam.

Tenasserim then joins on to the old province of Pegu, now a division of Burma, and the border becomes that of Pegu province, separating the province from the Siamese Shan States.

The border now reaches the well-known Shan States, which belonged to the Kingdom of Burma, and have since the beginning of 1886 become dependencies of the British Crown. The boundary-line here takes a sweep eastwards right through the Shan uplands, dividing the Siamese Shans from the British Shans, crossing the hilly region above the source of the Meh-Nam, and stretching to the watershed of the upper section of the Meh-Kong or Cambodia river.

The lower portion of the Meh-Kong basin is quite beyond our purview. We have nothing to do with that, as it belongs to France, and forms the French possession of Cambodia, with the Capital at Saigon. But this upper section of the Meh-Kong is quite apart, distant indeed about 1,500 miles from Saigon. As regards European Powers, it is as yet no-man's-land. Whether it belongs, indeed, to any Asiatic kingdom may be doubtful. And we may remark, in passing, that the French, though undisputed masters of the Meh-Kong delta and lower basin, have no exclusive claim whatever to the whole valley of that great river, for one section of the extreme upper course appears to be within the Shan States of Burma, and would, in that case, fall within the British Empire. This is a noteworthy point, and is among the many important consequences flowing from the annexation of Burma in 1886. I adduce the point with caution, however, lest in such remote regions there should be a question as to the boundary.

The boundary-line, then running round the British Shan States, passes along the watershed of the Upper Meh-Kong, and then runs northwards again. This course takes it up to the border of the Chinese province of Yun-nan; that province is thus touched in its south-western corner, near the well-known Talifoo.

It then runs north-westwards athwart one of the most inhospitable and least explored regions of Asia, hard by the sources of the Irawaddy and the Meh-Kong, and not very far from the head-waters of some of the Yang-tse affluents. It thus passes through rocks and forests,

Alpibus impositas tremendis,

till it joins the eastern limits of the Indian province of Assam.

Here is, indeed, a long frontier extending from the southern to the northern extremity, for full 2,000 miles. Of this length about 600 miles are conterminous with Siam, about 500 miles with the Siamese Shan States, and about 900 miles with Chinese Yunnan.

This Eastern or North-Eastern Frontier contrasts favourably in all respects with the North-Western Frontier. It is mountainous or hilly, indeed, at many points wooded, and generally wild. But it is not inhabited by fierce or fanatical tribes. It is not the scene of chronic disturbance. It is not menaced by any external Power. It is not in contact with intractable or untameable races. It does not consist of stony, naked, and barren regions. On the contrary, it is clothed with tropical or semi-tropical vegetation. It is but thinly peopled, indeed, and its scanty population has not shown much tendency to increase. But the soil is rich and fertile, the means and resources for human habitation are great and varied.

Such habitation must spread so surely as the *Pax Britannica* shall be established.

But the contrast with the North-Western Frontier does not end here. The ways across that Frontier, from the British side, lead to nothing profitable for British interests. They may be ways leading to danger for British enterprise and valour. They may be ways for our enemies to advance along to attack us. But ways for us to move along for our own advancement they are not; and probably never will be. On the other hand, the ways across the North-Eastern Frontier lead to regions full of prospective advantage for British commerce and for British expansion in every way. If wisely pursued they may teem with benefit to ourselves nationally, and to every race with which we come in contact there.

Now, what are the countries to which these last-named ways lead us? We answer at once, Siam and China. Let us briefly consider these two subjects in order.

Firstly, then, as regards Siam. Moulmein is the Capital of Tenasserim, near the shore of the Bay of Bengal. Bang-kok is the Capital of Siam, near the head of the Gulf of Siam. At the back of each of these Capitals—centres of trade, population, and enterprise—is a fertile and well-peopled territory. But the two territories are separated by a mountainous range and by some belts of jungle. Still, a passage can be found through the mountains without any engineering difficulties of a considerable kind. The other sections of the line present no noteworthy difficulty at all. The distance by a possible line of railway between the two places would be about 550 miles. Such a railway would establish a land connection between the Gulf of Siam and the Bay of Bengal. It would bring Siam in direct contact with Burma, and through Burma with the Indian Empire.

Let us now look somewhat closer at the proposed line, beginning from Moulmein, that is, from the British terminus. Moulmein is situated at the head of an estuary navigable for ocean-going ships, about twenty miles from the shore of the Bay of Bengal. It is situated near the junction of three rivers rising in Shan-Siamese mountains, namely, the rivers Gyne, Attaran, and Salwin. Around this great confluence of waters is a noble plain with waving rice-harvests. The town is built at the foot and on the side of a hill. From the pagoda-crowned summit of that hill is to be seen one of the loveliest views in the East, both at sunrise and sunset. Would that I could by word-painting pourtray to the reader the loveliness of the scene, as I once sketched it during an autumnal afternoon. In respect of beauty, Moulmein is the queen of the Indian Seas.

From Moulmein to Bang-kok the railway line is well described, delineated, and in parts pictorially illustrated by Mr. Holt Hallett in a lecture delivered before the Royal Geographical Society in London, in November 1885, and published in the Proceedings of that Society.

It would start from Moulmein, crossing the fine plain on the left or southern bank of the Gyne, to the watershed range, over which it would pass at a height from 1,200 to 1,500 feet above the sea. It would then descend to a height of 900 feet, and cross the Thoungin river at Myawady, where it passes within Siamese territory. It then traverses some uplands and a low range of hills, and passes into the basin of the river Meh-Ping, an affluent of the Meh-Nam (or Meinam) at Raheng, a considerable town, distant by this route about 170 miles from Moulmein. From Raheng it moves along a flat alluvial tract for the remaining 380 miles of its course to its other terminus at Bang-kok. It then runs first along the bank of the Meh-Ping, and then along the bank of the Meh-Nam to Bang-kok. The bridging of these rivers might cause some expense. But apparently the line, reaching the right bank of the Meh-Ping, might be carried along that bank to the confluence, and then along the same, or right, bank of the Meh-Nam without any bridge at all.

The line would have the British seaport of Moulmein, with a population of 50,000, at one end, and with the Siamese seaport of Bang-kok, with a population of 500,000, at the other end, and with Raheng midway, with a population of 20,000, it would pass through the heart of an alluvial country having from six to seven millions of inhabitants. The greater part of the way would run through a fertile territory, with all the various kinds of tropical agriculture. The uplands are suited for the culture of other products, such as tea, coffee, cotton, tobacco.

The following description of the country, from personal observation, was given by Mr. Holt-Hallett, in January 1886, to the Royal Geographical Society :—

The hot and moist climate and fertile soil in Indo-China produce a vegetation not yielding in variety and wealth to that of any known country. It is the most richly gifted by nature of Asiatic lands. The deltas of the Meh-Nam and Meh-Kong are chiefly rice-producing. The vast plains in the upper courses of the rivers, and the magnificent plateaux of the Shan States, are exceedingly fertile.

They produce, in addition to rice and other cereals, cotton, tobacco, indigo, sugar-cane, tea, safflower, arrowroot—in fact, all the products of a tropical country. Strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, besides buttercups, forget-me-nots, and roses, are found on the higher plateaux. A considerable portion of the country is covered with forests, in which teak, pine, eaglewood, gumtrees, cinnamon, cutch, wood-oil, dye-woods, india-rubber creeper, and many other useful tropical trees and plants abound. The wooded country and extensive grassy plains form the breeding-ground for elephants, ponies, and cattle. The villages are imbedded in gardens, growing nearly every species of tropical fruit. To the east of the Sittang the hills are generally metalli-

ferous, and, if the country is opened up, might well repay their exploration by mineralogists.

This very important project can be undertaken by the British only in conjunction with Siam. The British may, indeed, make a beginning from their end, but, without the co-operation of the Siamese from their end, the beginning would be much less hopeful than it otherwise might be. I cannot here summarize the relations of the British with Siam. These relations have, heretofore, been numerous, varied, and uniformly amicable. The closer they are rendered, the better for all concerned. The eyes of Siam, of course, are turned towards that potent British Empire which affords benign protection, or support, to many Native States. But its gaze cannot be wholly averted from another powerful neighbour, namely, the French Dominion which is growing up in Cambodia, Annam, and Tonquin. The future of Siam, then, may become a matter of some diplomatic delicacy, and I forbear to allude to it further, except to say that England should beware, and see to her just interests while there is yet time. A railway from Moulmein to Bang-kok would sensibly affect the political situation. In the inception of such a scheme England is all-powerful, and no other Power can compete with her herein. The gravity of the case is so obvious that a word ought to suffice for arousing the national interest.

Nevertheless, the line from Moulmein to Raheng, or to any similar point in the Meh-Nam basin, is important to British interests, apart from Siam, and almost irrespective of its co-operation, as will now be seen.

Let us, then, revert to Raheng, on the Meh-Ping, in the basin of the Meh-Nam. From there a line—running from Bang-kok northwards, and thence branching off to Moulmein—would be carried right northwards along the banks of the same river Meh-Ping, or its affluent, through the Siamese Shan States. Or, otherwise, from there a line coming from Moulmein would run northwards, whether the line from Bang-kok be undertaken or not. This line, in either case, passing northwards from Raheng, would leave Zimmé, a considerable trade-centre at a short distance to the left, or on the westward side. Locally, this may be matter for regret. But the preliminary examination of the country shows that a better engineering line—with a consequent diminution of expense in construction—could be obtained by keeping the line in the midst of the basin of the Meh-Nam affluents, to Muang-Ngow. Thence it would run still northwards to Kiang Hai, there leaving the upper basin of the Meh-Nam and entering the upper basin of the Meh-Kong. Pursuing its northerly course it would reach Kiang-Hsen, on the upper Meh-Kong itself, near the border line

that divides the Siamese Shan States from the Burmese Shan States. Kiang-Hsen is a point of much geographical importance in our survey.

From Kiang-Hsen our line would enter territory which appears to form part of the Burmese Shan States, having on its left (that is on the east) for some distance the Ton-King (Tonquin) territory, and following the valley of the upper Meh-Kong, apparently within the Burmese Shan States and within the British Empire. I say apparently, because in such remote territory the boundary might be in question. The line would then make straight for the Yunnan frontier near Ssu-mao—the trading centre of Southern Yunnan. The distance from Raheng to Ssu-mao is about 500 miles. Ssu-mao is memorable in the annals of exploration as the place where Archibald Colquhoun, in 1882—who had travelled all the way from Canton with the intention of proceeding southwards to Zimmé and on to Bang-kok or Moulmein—had his enterprise frustrated by the misconduct of his Chinese interpreter. Doubtless it would be a very favourable point to be aimed at by British railway enterprise, with the consent, at least, or with the co-operation of the Chinese Government. For if the rail once touched it, then an extension right westward to Canton, some 800 miles distant, would be only a question of time. The extension would be through the two southern provinces of China, namely, Kwang-Si and Kwang-Tung. The physical character of the country is described by Archibald Colquhoun, who marched through it, in his book *Across Chrysé*. Inasmuch as at the back of Canton is Hong-Kong a British basis, the importance of this project, from several points of view, is manifest. If once the British got a railway of theirs to any point near Ssu-mao, then the moral pressure at that end, combined with friendly pressure from the other, or Hong-Kong end, must induce the Chinese to open their southern provinces to a railway system more or less under British auspices. The Chinese undertakings in this respect would be entirely consistent with their national independence.

From the British point of view exclusively, then, this is the line, from Moulmein to Ssu-mao in South Yunnan, a distance of about 800 miles, a little more or less, viâ Raheng. This is irrespective of the exclusively Siamese branch from Raheng to Bang-kok.

From Ssu-mao there is a route to the well-known Talifoo, some 200 miles to the north-west, near the border between upper Burma and Yunnan. Talifoo is the point for which the trading caravans make on their march from Bhamo in Upper Burma to Yunnan. But if a railway approaching from the Meh-Nam basin and the Upper Meh-Kong basin were to touch Ssu-mao, then the policy of

extension would not tend towards penetrating northwards into Yunnan. It would rather tend westwards towards the coast near Canton and Hong Kong.

By all the accounts of exploration, also on a consideration of the commercial and political geography, this is the most promising of all the future railway lines that can be devised. The matter may, indeed, be a question of time—perhaps of a considerable time. Still the sooner that it is practically thought out the better, so that we may know what to strive for, and so that the national policy may be framed. It may prove to be of great consequence to British interests.

Hereon some readers may ask, have we not at our disposal the whole of Burma which runs right up to the Chinese frontier at Yunnan? Shall we not have a railway system from Rangoon at the mouth of the Irawaddy to Mandalay, and ultimately to Bhamo, near the Yunnan border-line? If we are to touch China by railways, is not this the natural line for our advance? Well, such might appear to be the case at first sight. But between Bhamo and Talifoo, there are obstacles in the mountains which divide the Upper Salwin from the affluents of the Upper Irawaddy. The Upper Salwin again is separated by mountains from the extreme upper section of the Meh-Kong; thus the engineering difficulties must be great. The particulars of this route, Talifoo to Bhamo, are known from the reports of Margery, Gill, and Baber, as well as from Colquhoun's book. We read of alpine scenery, of chasms and rifts, reminding us of the cañons of the American Rocky Mountains, of breathless ascents and slippery descents, of cane-wood suspension bridges over seething torrents. The tapering and slender bridge-structure over the Meh-Kong, rushing deep between scarped walls of rock, must be a wondrous spectacle. All this may be held by some to constitute an impassable barrier to railway communication between Bhamo and Yunnan. Difficulties of this very character have, indeed, and yet will be, surmounted many times and in many regions by engineering science, and one day these obstacles may be made to yield also. But in comparatively poor and wild countries the search should primarily be for inexpensive lines. The object is to avoid making a direct assault on engineering difficulties, and rather to turn and out-flank them. In this case the object can apparently be secured by making Moulmein, and not Rangoon, the Burmese terminus for our railway-line to South-Western China, and by following the valleys of the Meh-Nam and the Upper Meh-Kong instead of the valley of the Irawaddy.

Again, in respect of the point of contact with China, in southern or south-western Yunnan, Ssu-mao is distinctly preferable to

Talifoo, being nearer to the coast, and in a better position for communication with Canton.

In his book *Across Chrysé*, vol. ii., Colquhoun, after paying a cordial tribute to the French explorers Lagrée, Garnier, de Carné —men who evinced devotion even unto death—writes thus :—

> The French looking westward at Ssu-mao, and seeing the mighty ranges lying between that place and Bhamo, found some consolation in the thought that, however enterprising and daring the English might be, no sane engineer would conceive the project of uniting Burma with south-west Yunnan by a railway.
>
> I have little doubt not only that this can be, but actually will be done, not by charging at the mountain barriers, but by turning their flank, and crossing the single range which separates Burma and its province of Tenasserim from the Shan country of Zimme.

There is every reason to believe, then, that the gaze of British enterprise should be bent toward this great line from Moulmein on the Bay of Bengal, through the Siamese Shan States and the Burmese Shan States to Ssu-mao in southern Yunnan, with a view to ulterior extension to Canton. Such a line would draw closer the relations between the Indian Empire and Siam. It would provide a practicable route, with engineering advantage to the very best point of contact with Yunnan. It would provide for the British possessions at Hong-Kong joining hands with Burma. While giving a wide berth to any possessions or to any influence which the French may have in the Tong-King (Tonquin) region, it would prevent that region being made a basis for interference with the British position between northern Burma and southern China. The momentous consequences of these considerations are too manifest to need further description.

The physical necessities of the case, depending on the configuration of the land, may compel us to move outside of Burma Proper, and so check the extension of railways beyond Bhamo toward China. Yet a grand field would be left for railway enterprise within Burma itself. The line from near the Irawaddy mouth to Mandalay soon will be accomplished. That from Mandalay to Bhamo will be in the near future. Then from Mandalay there is a practicable connection in prospect with the eastern extremity of the Indian province of Assam. Already a railway has reached to that extremity, though the connection with the Bengal railway system is not completely established. From this extremity a line could be carried across a comparatively low range of hills to one of the affluents of the Irawaddy which joins the main stream near Mandalay. There is reason for hoping that such a connection would cause fresh regions to be opened out for the production of tea.

In writing this paper, I have no particular project in view, no special prospectus to advocate, no company to recommend. I only

desire to summarize the political and commercial geography before the world of capitalists, engineers, projectors, politicians; to urge on the attention of my countrymen the national interests involved herein. On our North-Western Frontier the railways are mainly for strategic or political objects, and only in part for commercial objects. But on this our North-Eastern, or Indo-Chinese, Frontier, the railways will be mainly for commerce, for the opening of new markets, for the spread of cultivation and habitation, for material development in every way.

RICHARD TEMPLE.

OLD AND NEW OXFORD.

The publication of Mr. Pycroft's book containing recollections of Oxford, not, indeed, so far back as the days of Reginald Dalton, but as far back as, or farther than, the days of Tom Brown, combined with the interesting account of Magdalen fifty years ago contained in the *Life of Mr. Charles Reade*, have moved me to renew a few of my own reminiscences of a later date than these, though still lying in the time of old Oxford, before the heavy hand of Radical Reformers had broken down her hedge and thrown open her vineyard to the world. A comparison of what Oxford was then with what she is now, from an outside point of view, and from the undergraduate's point of view, will, I hope, possess some interest for readers of this *Review*.

Of the men who were undergraduates at Oxford from twenty to forty years ago there are probably but few living who have never revisited it since. Some, of course, have never left it; others have taken up their sons to matriculate, as they themselves were taken up by their fathers aforetime. Others have interested themselves in politics or literature, and have come up to vote at the university elections; and others, again, have found their way back to Oxford, led by purely sentimental motives, a desire once more to bask in its influences; to look again on the beautiful and venerable scenes which delighted their youth, and to renew their college friendships among the gardens and the halls in which they ripened. Doubtless there must be a certain percentage who either came to grief or settled early abroad, or whose mode of life at home led them so utterly away from all university interest that they have been dead to Oxford ever since they put on their gowns. These, of course, are very likely never to have seen Oxford again. But if anyone there be, at this moment, who after an absence of thirty years or so is moved to make a pilgrimage to Oxford by the pleasures of memory, we would warn him to do nothing rashly. Let him make as many inquiries beforehand as if he were going to a foreign land; and make up his mind whether he is prepared to face the shock he will experience. It might be as well even to consult a doctor, and ascertain that his heart is quite sound, before venturing on the experiment. For I can

promise him that in many particulars—not, perhaps, intrinsically the most important, but likely to strike such a man as strongly, at least, as any others—he will find much to damp old associations, and to bring him up very short, before he has been on foot many hours.

Nothing, of course, can deprive Oxford of its romantic and literary associations, and nothing, that is likely to happen, of its natural and material glories; only the extinction of civilization can obliterate the first, and only brute violence destroy the second. Oxford is still the Oxford of Campion, of Cavaliers and Jacobites, of Addison and Johnson, of Wellesley and Canning, of Keble and Newman. The hand of improvement has not yet touched Magdalene Tower, or New College Gardens, or St. Mary's Church, or the noble sweep of the High Street. These are all there as they were a hundred years ago, and will be, let us hope, a hundred years hence. Even here, however, some of those useful deformities have crept in which bagmen call progress and men of taste vandalism. Tramcars run down "The High," and Magdalene Bridge has been widened to make room for them. But what will make the deepest impression on the gaze of the long absent visitor, is the change which has taken place in the environs of Oxford. Formerly, whether we approached Oxford from the east or from the west, from the north or from the south, there was nothing to mar the effect of the *coup d'œil* which was in store for us. We came straight from the woods and the meadows into the heart of the University, and found ourselves at once surrounded by its colleges and churches, without having passed through any intermediate zone of modern brick and mortar. St. Clement's, indeed, might call itself a suburb, but it was very short, and there was no other. Now, on the contrary, the visitor approaches Oxford through a fringe of genteel villas such as you may see at Highbury, or Camberwell, bespeaking the growth of a new world outside the old one, and little in harmony with the ideas of Oxford which he carried away with him a generation ago. It is true that many of these houses are inhabited by tutors and professors. But one likes to think of a tutor or a professor living either actually in his college or at least under the shadow of its walls, and within the sacred area of the solemn and stately structures which make Oxford what she is. But alongside the academic race which peoples the outskirts of the University, there is also a great influx of immigrants from other quarters, who have settled near Oxford for the sake of getting a cheaper University education for their sons, and hoping to turn Oxford into a big day-school, like the institution in Gower Street. Formerly all round and about Oxford it was difficult to find anything that was common-place.

Now she is surrounded with it; and though doubtless it is one mark of prosperity, it spoils the effect of that semi-monastic repose which was one of the chief characteristics of the place in the olden time. I do not know whether it is necessary for me, at this stage of my remarks, to enter any protest against being misunderstood or supposed to mean that recent changes in the University of Oxford have not been dictated by necessity. I am not dealing with the serious aspects of the question, but am merely recording for the amusement of others like myself, some of the thoughts which have awakened in me by the perusal of Mr. Pycroft's book; and if I shall so write on any particular topic which *does* belong to a more serious class of consideration as to convey the impression that I like the old *régime* better than the new, it must be remembered that I ask nobody to agree with me.

What the pilgrim may still do with little to alloy his satisfaction is to revisit all his old familiar haunts in the neighbourhood of Oxford: Bagly Wood, and Witham, and Cumnor, and Bablock Hythe, where the scholar gipsy was seen returning with his wild flowers from "distant Wychwood"—now, alas, no more—and Iffly and Sandford and Shotover and Stow Wood and Beckly, and tumble-down old Islip, and Water Eaton and Elsfield. The bean-fields, I dare say, smell as sweet as ever by the side of the unfrequented footpath which leads from Headington to Stow Wood; but where is the very pretty girl who brought you eggs and bacon at the Royal Oak, as modest and good as she was pretty? Alas! it is the change in the human element, both in and around the University, which reminds us that we did not quit it yesterday. I wonder what has become of the very remarkable waiter at the Inn at Ensham, and whether men still go there to shoot, as they used to do in my time, coming home perhaps with a rabbit and a water-hen, and thinking they had done well. I remember once going there in a more ambitious spirit to shoot through two or three woods, the terms being a sovereign for the day, and take what you killed, and my bag that day really did boast of a pheasant, a hare, and two rabbits. But are there such men in Oxford now as the "lad" who rode with us on the dog-cart, and officiated as beater during the day, in company with another gentleman of essentially the same species, whom he picked up by the way. Has "Windy Davis" left any successor to his name and his reputation, and his garments, to say nothing of his hunger and his thirst? I remember, after dinner, that when we objected to the enormous sum that was charged for our two ragged attendants, the waiter aforesaid assured us, in an injured tone, that they had had quite a plain dinner—"Just a loin of pork, Sir, and a plain

pudding, with two quarts of ale apiece." Are these things still done, I ask?

But to return to the University itself, from which we have been too long absent. The first thing that strikes one after a long absence from Oxford, in strolling along the principal streets, is the scarcity of "men," by which, of course, every old University man will understand me to mean the favoured class to whom that term was applied *par excellence*. "Men," of course, do not now wear their caps and gowns out of college so generally as they used to do, if at all. But in my time it was easy enough to distinguish a member of the University without his academicals. When last at Oxford I remember passing lots of young fellows in the streets whom I could not, for the life of me, assign to any class of society. They did not look like townsmen; they did not look like gownsmen; they did not look like public school men come up to try for scholarships. I could not tell what they were. When, after a long time, I confided to my wife that I feared, after all, these must be the University men, of whom I had often talked to her, her disappointment was mingled with sarcasm. I remember, once upon a time, that an old London friend of mine, who had been a journalist from his youth up, told me he had lately met in Fleet Street a little tradesmen, who, for some reason or other, had, many years ago, been admitted to a small convivial club, of which my friend was a member. He had not seen him for a long time; but as soon as he reminded him of the club, "Ah, Sir," exclaimed the little man, "we *was* a lot." Now, I suppose, I had talked in the same strain to my wife, of the lot to which I belonged at Oxford, and of the fine fellows that we all were. At all events, it is clear that she expected something very different from what she actually saw: and so did I; and to this day I have never received any satisfactory explanation of it. I suppose it was my own imagination that was to blame; and that I was like Thackeray, who, meeting the head boy of his school many years afterwards in the world, was surprised to find that he was not seven feet high. But the change in the style of dress, and what I may call college etiquette, is a fact. The appearance of Charles Reade at Magdalen as Dean of Arts, in a green coat and brass buttons, was such a shock to the college traditions that it created a panic even among the junior members. Thirty years ago no man was ever seen in the streets of Oxford after lunch without being dressed as he would have been in Pall Mall. Tail coats were sometimes worn in those days in the morning, and the fast men still wore cutaways. But the correct thing for the quiet gentlemanly undergraduate was a black frock-coat, and tall hat, with the neatest of gloves and boots, and in this costume he went out for his country walk the

admired of all beholders, as he passed through Hinksey or Headington. In the same dress he usually went into hall, and appeared at wine parties; though, now, I believe, shooting-jackets of all patterns, in which it is not given to every man to look like a gentleman, have taken the place of this decorous garb in which every one looked well. This change alone is one that makes a considerable difference in the outward aspect of undergraduate life at Oxford to one who remembers what it was.

The life of undergraduates has changed as well as their attire. The introduction into the University of quite a new class of men, belonging to a lower rank of life has led to the formation of new social habits among men of the old stamp, which are, however, but an inadequate compensation for what has passed away. In the pre-Reform days, the whole body of Oxford men were, in many respects, like one gigantic common room: all members of a highly-exclusive society; all members of the Church, and, with some very few exceptions, which did not in the slightest degree affect the tone or manners of the place, all gentlemen. To belong to the class to which, in those days, a University education was practically limited was a social distinction. It was considered a good deal to be able to say of one that he was a University man; and though certain faults might be fostered in such an atmosphere which may have caused many people to rejoice over its dispersion, yet I do not know whether it did not tend to make Oxford a more pleasant place of residence for undergraduates than it has been since. Charles Reade's reminiscences quite bear me out in this suggestion—it may be said perhaps in spite of himself—though it must be owned there is a great deal of exaggeration in the book, of which the account of Mr. Slatter's school is not the least remarkable example. Every individual felt himself the member of a little aristocracy, and was conscious of the dignity of privilege. Now, however, with the abolition of Tests, the introduction of unattached students, and the foundation of a Non-conformist college, all is changed. Oxford has been opened up with the result of dividing the University into two classes, separated by a much more strongly-marked line than ever distinguished them before. There is the class who still endeavour to keep up the old mode of life, and live as undergraduates lived before the flood; and there are the new men who stand aloof from it, and live practically much the same lives as the students of Glasgow or St. Andrews. I heard the other day of the son of a labouring man who not only lives on his scholarship, but helps his family out of the surplus. All this was sure to happen. As soon as the whole nation woke up to the advantages of a University education, it was obliged to be brought within their reach. While classical culture, even in a very mode-

rate form, was the luxury of a few, and learning of still fewer, the hall monaster, hall patrician, and wholly exclusive system of Oxford might continue to flourish. But when the laity began to clamour for the wine of knowledge as well as for the bread, there was no withstanding the demand; and though a few old-fashioned individuals may regret its effect on the University, none can doubt its beneficial effect upon the nation.

Not that the old ideas, sentiments, and instincts have been eradicated at Oxford, or are likely to be eradicated very speedily. One consequence of admitting to the University in large numbers members of a class different from that to which nine-tenths of the undergraduates formerly belonged, has been to multiply other centres of exclusiveness in which the aristocratic element takes refuge. What men formerly found within the walls of their own college they now find in clubs. In my time I remember there was an Eton Club, and there may have been one or two more. But now I believe they are much more numerous, and are confined exclusively to men of a certain social standing. This is one very marked development of undergraduate life. And a still more noticeable feature of it is the institution of dining clubs. These have not yet spread, I believe, beyond a few colleges; but there is no reason why they should not, in time, become general. The dining club is formed of a certain college set, who are allowed a table to themselves in hall, and to have "guest-nights," after the manner of military messes. On these occasions they invite their out-college friends, and are permitted the use of wine, with a better dinner than is commonly provided, for which, of course, they pay extra. The whole party appears in full evening dress, and after dinner there is commonly an adjournment to some neighbouring billiard-room, to be followed by cards, and perhaps supper in the room of one of the entertainers. As far as the social life of Oxford is concerned, the dining club is the greatest novelty which has been introduced since my own days. It is not like a little private coterie, the members of which dine together in each other's rooms, or at an inn. It is an established part of the college system recognized and sanctioned by the authorities, and if it has a tendency to wean men from large and noisy wine-parties, one can understand its encouragement. With this exception, breakfast, wine, and supper-parties, hunting, cricket, and rowing seem to go on much as usual; but a new department in the school of "manly exercises" has come into existence lately, and attained a prominence which many disapprove. I mean, of course, "athletics," which now, as the "University Sports," have attained nearly as much celebrity as the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race.

It is complained that colleges are valued now not merely by the younger and less studious undergraduates, but by the public opinion of the University, for their excellence in gymnastics as much as for their excellence in scholarship: that physical culture, instead of being a mere amusement, or, at most, a humble appendage of academic life, has now practically forced its way into the University curriculum, and rears its head boldly alongside of the intellectual culture which is the proper object of University education. As to the facts of the case, I do not pretend to speak with any confidence; but, assuming them to be true, it may be conjectured that gymnastics have only provided one additional occupation in the University for those undergraduates who would never, under any circumstances, have become students, and that while jumping and running have taken many men from billiards, they have taken very few from Plato or Thucydides. I do not know that this is the case; but it seems only probable. That a man cannot devote himself to scholarship or logic is no proof that he is destitute of energy, resolution, or emulation; and if gymnastics provide a harmless safety-valve for energies which would otherwise have been expended on less worthy objects, what right have we to censure them? The mere lounging life which was spent by many undergraduates in my time, if it led them into no great expenses, led them into other dangers to which active outdoor amusements are the best possible antidote.

Another great difference between old Oxford and new, of which I have been forcibly reminded by reading the Life of Mr. Reade is in the character of the Long Vacation. Reade, we are told, always retained his five rooms at Magdalen, "facing, on the south, the cloisters and towers of ancient Magdalen, and on the north overlooking the grove, with its browsing deer and the romantic water-walk"; and here he came in the depth of the Long Vacation to have Oxford to himself, and to shoot over the college property at Tubney. I can conceive no kind of life more nearly resembling Paradise than this. In those old Long Vacations, *πρὶν ἐλθεῖν νῖας Ἀχαιῶν*, Oxford was delightful. For a Don, with his own rooms in a beautiful college like Magdalen, and enjoying, at the same time, country life and field-sports, it must have been perfectly delicious. With all the dignity of a college fellow in the olden days, with all the ease and freedom of an inn, breathing an atmosphere of literature and romance, surrounded by libraries, and within easy reach of a little snug partridge-shooting, such a man must have wished, forty years ago, that August and September would endure for ever. The undergraduates had all vanished. The educational machine was still. Only here and there a stray

coach, with a stray pupil, was to be seen. A great calm had settled down upon the queenly city. Her gardens and her towers, her hoary quadrangles and her melancholy cloisters, acquired fresh charms and spoke to one in deeper tones. Then, and then only, did one know what real repose meant. But now-a-days, as I understand, there is no real vacation, or only a short one, at Oxford. Men and Dons remain in residence. The work of the University goes briskly on, and the September Sabbath is no more. It has done me good to find how much it was appreciated by Charles Reade.

Whatever changes have taken place in the undergraduate world at Oxford, have had their parallels among the fellows of colleges; and I fancy that in these changes, also, one well acquainted with the old and the new *régime* would see the same mixture of things to be regretted and things to be desired which is to be found in all human vicissitudes. I remember that in the days of old Oxford it used frequently to be lamented, by persons, perhaps, who had never considered very carefully the difficulties in the way of such a change, that there was so little familiar intercourse between the younger tutors and the undergraduates. Unquestionably mistakes were made for want of it. But with the system of collegiate discipline which ruled at Oxford thirty years ago, it would have been almost impossible. To have made it effective, young tutors and fellows not more than two or three years older than the undergraduates themselves, with all the memories and associations of their own undergraduate days fresh upon them, must have mingled on terms of equality with the men under their command, have visited them in their own rooms, drank wine with them, and smoked with them. And how would it have been possible always under such circumstances to keep the conversation within the charmed circle, outside of which no Don might step. There would have been more than one closed chamber which neither might enter, and the consciousness of it would have certainly impaired, if it did not destroy, that perfect freedom of communication which would alone make such intercourse of any value. At the same time I must readily admit that for want of that better knowledge of the undergraduate population which might in that way be obtained, tutors used to make egregious errors in their judgment of individual men. Mr. Pycroft tells us that men's characters were discussed by the Dons over their wine in the common room. But they could judge only from the outside: by regularity at chapel and at lecture, quiet habits in college, and deferential civility to themselves. Such were the virtues which the Dons used to delight to honour, though all might be combined with indolence, dulness, and even vice: while other men of more

lively temperament, high animal spirits, and literary tastes, who only wanted taking by the hand, and a little encouragement and advice, to display steady application, were frowned upon as idle and dissipated. Mr. Pycroft thinks the Dons learned all that it was necessary to know from the scouts. But, without objecting to a system of espionage, which the peculiar circumstances might render necessary, I have no hesitation in saying that no scout in the world could tell a tutor what he ought to want to know of the men under his charge, if he is to do them real justice. What does the scout know about the mortification, disappointment, and anger experienced by the man who finds himself thoroughly misunderstood; of the shyness and nervousness which often prevent him from explaining himself; of the recklessness which takes possession of him when he finds that he can do nothing right, that his best efforts fail to win him a single smile or nod of friendly recognition from those whom he is solicitous to please, while performances much inferior to his own are selected for public commendation? The scouts cannot help the Common Room to save itself from errors such as these; but junior fellows mixing freely with the undergraduates could; and, other considerations apart, would certainly form a very useful link in the chain between the older Dons and the men still in *statu pupillari*. It must be remembered, however, that then, as now, the number of young resident fellows who were not tutors, was comparatively small. After the year of probation was passed, those who did not intend to devote themselves to college work usually went elsewhere; some to curacies, some to the Inns of Court, some to the public schools, some into the Civil Service; and at the present day, I imagine it would be more true to say that there are no resident fellows at all who are not engaged in academic work of some description.

I recollect more than one example in my own time of men whose careers were in great danger of being wrecked through the blindness or prejudices of particular Dons, who, however, were really able to plead the excuse that they knew no better. One man I remember, of considerable humour and a brilliant scholar, who, after carrying off one of the great University prizes, was warned by the tutors of his college to beware of the pride of intellect. This was all the honour he got in his own country; all the thanks he received for a distinction conferred upon his college such as it had not won for many years. This quaint return for months of hard work, spent on what everybody supposed to be a legitimate object of ambition, had a two-fold effect upon the man. It made the authorities ridiculous in his eyes; and, secondly, brought him to believe that he should never be able to gain their good opinion.

What was the result? He became wild, mutinous, and dissolute; and though he continued to read, and distinguish himself still more highly, he ruined his chance of a fellowship, and lived and died in obscurity.

I knew another, whose misfortunes were rather comic than serious, yet they illustrate the want of closer communication between fellows and undergraduates even still more closely. This man came up to college with a great love of scholarship and literature, which might easily have been nurtured into habits of assiduous study. But he was fond of pleasure, irregular at chapel, and not always prepared for lecture. In some men at Oxford, if the Dons took a fancy to them, these were venial errors. But my friend was shy, even a little awkward, and certainly possessed none of the arts of a courtier. What made me say that his misadventures were comic, was a circumstance that arose directly out of this deficiency in his character. One morning, five minutes before lecture, he found he had no shoes ready to wear. He roared for his scout, but in vain. The time passed, and he was obliged to stay away, for to have attended lecture in a pair of red and green slippers would in those days have been regarded as a deliberate insult to the tutor. Now, mark—when sent for to explain his absence, this man was too shy to give the real reason; he fancied he should make himself ridiculous by saying he had no shoes, so what he did say was simply this: "If you please, Sir, I couldn't come." The tutor dismissed him with the remark that this was a very insufficient answer, and thenceforth gave out in all companies that S—— was the idlest man in college. The character clung to him. He heard of it, and very naturally resented it. But what we are said to be at school and college we often end by being, and S—— became more irregular than ever, and though in reality a strong conservative, with the highest reverence for authority, and a keen interest in Oxford studies, he became in the eyes of "the Dons" a radical, a rebel, and a prodigal, who never opened a book! He was not any one of the three. He took good honours, and did well afterwards, but his career at Oxford was a failure. He missed the fellowship which was necessary to him, and just escaped going to the dogs. I mention these two instances because they show how invaluable would be the assistance and information which the college authorities might derive from men of their own order who mixed freely with the undergraduates, and understood the public opinion of the college. From such a medium of communication they would have learned at once that neither S. nor R. was the man they took him for. Much mortification would have been spared to both of them, much injustice would have been avoided, and a mistake

which at one time seemed to threaten both of them with ruin would never have been committed.

As Oxford comes to be regarded more as a centre of learning, and less as a place of moral discipline, there will be less chance of such mistakes; and even now I believe some progress has been made towards breaking down the old barriers. There is more companionship than there used to be between the reading men in college and the younger fellows, tutors though they may be, and the inconveniences which were apprehended from such intercourse do not seem to have arisen. There is at the same time a good deal of other society now open to undergraduates, which of old was entirely closed to them. The married tutors and others who now live at Oxford and inhabit the genteel villas at which we have already called, open their doors hospitably to the younger members of the University, and the undergraduate can now enjoy ladies' society at Oxford as freely as he can at home. Evening parties, lawn tennis, all the usual amusements which elsewhere bring the sexes together, now flourish in luxuriance within earshot of "Tom," with a wholesome moral effect, of course, but with some shock, nevertheless, to the *genius loci*; whose ancient, solitary reign, is thus invaded by the rustle of petticoats, and the laughter of lively damsels.

It is probable, moreover, that with the changes which have taken place in the college system during the generation that has passed, undergraduates may have less to fear from the hasty and capricious judgments of the college authorities. These, I suppose, are no longer exactly what they used to be. As the influence of the University has revived; as it has come to be recognized that there is something in Oxford greater and more dignified than the college; as the rising tide of opinion has gradually crept under the college gates, and interfused itself with the old exclusive conception of collegiate life; so, I should suppose, has a man come to set less value on the collective judgment of the Common Room, although his loyalty for his own House and his respect for particular tutors may be just what they ever were. Again, if, as I suppose, every man is now measured by a standard in which literary excellence counts for more, and moral qualities for less, than they used to do, we have another reason why the misfortunes which I have attributed to S. and R. should be less frequent than of old. Thirdly, I suspect there is a much stronger Liberal and Democratic element in Oxford society than there used to be, and this must necessarily tell against men whose authority rested mainly on prescription, and on the strength which it derived from the general conservative ἦθος of the whole place. An undergraduate at the present day probably "doesn't care" for the opinions of the Dons a quarter so

much as he did thirty years ago; and would not, consequently, be in nearly so much danger of being demoralized by mistaken censure.

Lastly, there is the alteration in the status of the fellows themselves. A Don in my day was only partially associated in the undergraduate mind with the ideas of education and learning. Each college was then a close, powerful, and wealthy corporation, doing what it liked with its own, repelling interference from without, and, perhaps it is hardly too much to say, a little University in itself. The members of this corporation, as long as they remained unmarried, and unbeneficed, held their fellowships for life, and were practically irremovable. A fellowship was a freehold; and the tenant of it was simply in the position of a small landed proprietor, rich in the possession of an income sufficient for all his wants, able to do exactly as he pleased, and much more independent than a Duke with fifty thousand a year. Now between such a position as this and that of a salaried teacher, there is all the difference in the world. As work is more honourable than idleness, and learning than the want of it, so in some respect, of course, the rank of a lecturer or professor in a great University like Oxford, is more honourable than that of a simple college fellow who only amuses himself. But the position of a drone—I mean an independent drone—whose cell is his castle, if not honourable, is, to judge from the efforts which men make to attain it, decidedly enviable. And a man of this kind, representing the traditions and history of the college, and embodying in his own person all that made it powerful and independent, appealed much more strongly to the imagination than one who is obliged to work for his living. This a man could do anywhere. In Oxford and Cambridge alone were found these ancient immemorial nests of life-long leisure, the occupants of which succeeded each other like rooks in a rookery, where the tall elms tell of centuries of undisturbed repose and inviolate prescription. Individual birds were very often laughed at, it is true; but collectively they shared in the respect which was paid to the system as a whole; and helped to invest the idea of "Donship" in general with attributes very different from the admiration and sympathy which we feel for a very clever set of schoolmasters, lecturers, and professors.

But what has done more, perhaps, than anything else to revolutionize the college system and the relation of the Dons to the undergraduates, is the system of inter-collegiate lectures, which largely withdraws the undergraduate from the cognizance and supervision of the fellows of his own college, and robs the lecture-room of what, in my time, was esteemed one half of its value. Where six or eight colleges combine to have lectures in common, the

undergraduates are allowed to choose their own subject, and their own teacher, and may go or stay away, as they please, a complete subversion of the old principle, according to which attendance at lecture was part of the college discipline. There is nothing to prevent an undergraduate at the present day, if he is known to be a reading man, from taking all his lectures out of college, if he likes the out-college tutors best; and all my contemporaries will see at a glance what an enormous gulph is interposed by this circumstance alone between the new Oxford and the old. The regimen, in fact, to which we were all accustomed when this century was still middle-aged, seems now to exist only for the idler class of undergraduates. For them chapel and lecture are what they ever were. But the genuine student is emancipated from most of these tests, and allowed to go his own way, and sit under his own Gamaliel. Thus, as far as the higher education is concerned, the congregational system has been substituted for the collegiate, and the rooms of popular tutors are beginning to be crowded now as they were in the middle ages. In some colleges I believe a roll-call has been substituted for chapel; the men being only required to rush down in a night-shirt and dressing-gown to have their name put down in hall, and then, if they like, to go to bed again.

Between the general method of study pursued by candidates for honours during the first half of the present century, and the system by which it has since been superseded, any adequate comparison would be foreign to the purpose of this article. Widely different views of them may be taken without overstepping the limits of reason, common sense, and liberality. Put antithetically, and therefore, of course, not exactly, the general opinion seems to be that the old system was more favourable to scholarship, and the new one to literature; the one to education, and the other to knowledge; that the one strengthened the digestion, while the other stimulates the appetite. At that rate, if we could only combine the two the systems would be perfect. The present mode of study, as well as the arrangement of lectures, certainly seems, at first sight, the more consistent of the two with the idea of a University. Which of them turns out the men best qualified for the after struggles of life is another question. The University might say that is no concern of theirs, that they exist for a particular purpose, namely, the encouragement and diffusion of learning, and not for the sake of making successful lawyers, clergymen, or statesmen; others would retort that a single Peel, Gladstone, or Salisbury is of more value to the nation than a hundred Bentleys. Dr. Pusey said, in his evidence before the Commissioners, that the object of the University was not to make scholars, but to make

men. The late Rector of Lincoln would probably have said that men could be made anywhere, but scholars could only be reared under special conditions such as were meant to be provided for them at Oxford and Cambridge. Many and various considerations must go to the solution of this question: What is the duty of the University to the nation, for whose benefit it was provided? She cannot be a slave to its prejudices, nor yet can she overlook its necessities. She must preserve intact the old classical standards of excellence, and the old springs of literature, and yet fulfil obligations which are, in a measure, unconnected with them. She must continue to be the priestess of Form, and yet recognize the claims of Utility. Again, I think, the world is not always very certain what it means by such terms as scholarship, scholars, science, philosophy, and so forth. The word "scholar" may be used either to mean one who is well instructed in the Greek and Latin languages, and can read and write them with facility and propriety; or it may be used in its older and wider sense as we use, or ought to use, "men of letters," to denote one who is a master of literature in general, and of the classical literature in particular. Now, if the new system at Oxford is better calculated than the old one to bear fruit of the latter kind, it cannot fairly be said to be unfavourable to scholarship. However, we are getting into deeper water than is suitable to our present purpose. If any of the readers of this *Review* have been interested by the recollections and comparisons which Mr. Pycroft's book has suggested to myself, and which do not profess to go beyond the surface of things, I shall be perfectly contented.

T. E. Kebbel.

QUEEN'S PLATES.—HORSE SUPPLY.

> "Riding of great horses, horse races, and wild-goose chases, which are disports of greater men, and good in themselves, though many gentlemen by such means gallop themselves out of their fortunes."—BURTON'S *Anatomy of Melancholy.*

IN a recent letter to the *Times*,* Lord Bradford pointed out an indiscretion to Parliament, the Press, and to the writer of this paper. Our wishes, it appears, have fathered improper thoughts; and we are all mistaken in assuming any possible connection between Queen's Plates and the national horse-supply. Now, even without reading the aforesaid letter, most people will admit that Queen's Plate money has nothing to do with a supply of horses for the manifold purposes of national life other than racing; but if this be admitted, Lord Bradford's deliberate opinion, backed though it be by large experience and knowledge, that Queen's Plates are still "of much value in helping to maintain a useful breed of horses in the country for national purposes," may meet with less acceptance. No doubt as a nation we still can and still do breed the best horses in the world—witness the flattering foreign demand for English horses—yet the import figures† of the last five years, and the fact that it is almost impossible to buy a dozen match pairs of English harness-horses in the London dealers' yards, point to diminishing energy in the horse-producing industry hardly associated with so sturdy a word as "maintain." I am inclined to ask, can a nation live, and move, and have its being on reputation, however fashionable and well-deserved? Are reputation and maintenance synonymous terms? If not, surely this deficiency of native-born animals for commercial and private requirements, which multiply daily, brings us face to face with a state of affairs within measurable distance of possible and critical emergency.

It further appears that speaking of Queen's Plate money as "an annual grant" is a mistake. All who hold such language—even for purposes of discussion—are, according to Lord Bradford, falling

* *Times*, March 10, 1887.

† 1882–1886, 57,432.

into "common" error. Now falling into common error with such companions as Parliament and the Press is less debasing than falling into error all alone; but is the definition, "annual grant," so inapplicable to Queen's Plate money? "There is no annual grant for English Queen's Plates at all," says Lord Bradford. Very well. Now, setting aside altogether the spirit of this fund—generally taken to be the encouragement of a national breed of horses, not necessarily the encouragement of racing—let us try to get at the exact letter of its constitution in Great Britain and Ireland.

The total sum to be given in the United Kingdom 1887–88 amounts to £5,654. Out of this gross total a sum of £1,780 goes to Ireland and Scotland—£1,562 to Ireland, £218 to Scotland. These sums are included in the Civil Service Estimates,* and are voted by Parliament; the vote not infrequently giving rise to a debate.† Thus £1,780 of Queen's Plate money is unquestionably an annual grant.

£2,310 is paid out of the Civil List for English Queen's Plates: is my definition, "annual grant," inapplicable to this £2,310? At all events, let us see how it is calculated. Appended to the Civil List Act 1 & 2 Vict., Dec. 1837, is a schedule classifying heads of expenditure; Section 8 of the Act, providing for the exact appropriation of all moneys to defined classes in the Schedule and to defined uses in the classes. These heads of expenditure added together give a total of the estimated disbursements, "for the support of Her Majesty's household, and of the honour and dignity of the Crown of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland." To defray these estimated disbursements, Parliament voted a Civil List of £385,000 as an annual first charge upon the Public Revenue, and ratified their vote by the Civil List Act (1 & 2 Vict.). Now in the third class of the Schedule, amongst the items going to make up the total of the class, an item of £2,310 appears under the specific heading of "Queen's Plate Money"; and is Lord Bradford right in saying, in the face of this specific annual inclusion and appropriation of £2,310, "There is no annual grant for English Queen's Plates at all"? If the Civil List is annually paid, and if Queen's Plate money is included in the Civil List: am I, "with those who speak about Queen's Plates," falling so hopelessly into the mire of common error by styling this sum an annual grant? To my mind, it is foolish to contend that money annually paid out of the Civil List is not public money. In earlier reigns, the costs of the army and navy were defrayed by moneys under the direct control of the Sovereign, yet it could not be held that the money spent on the

* *Vide* Civil Service Estimates, 1887-88, pp. 168, 176.

† *Vide* Hansard, 1872, vol. ccxi.

services was not public money. The whole question raised by Lord Bradford is a mere verbal quibble, old as the reign of William and Mary; at the same time, it is well to remember that Crown property is and must be public property; and that the Civil List is the equivalent of Crown property, and so of public property. My choice of words may have been unfortunate. "Sum" or "fund" might have been more discreet, but I had not learned my speech by heart, and, at all events, it seems to me a nicety of constitutional law whether a sum so specifically allocated could be expropriated to any other purpose, however desirable—such as, for instance, the endowment of a hospital or the foundation of a scholarship—without a special Act of Parliament. A constitutional jurist would settle this question in a moment; to the rest of the world, even a moment's consideration would be obvious waste of time. The moneys given out of the Civil List are given, as Lord Bradford says, for the public benefit, "according to Her Majesty's pleasure." This is the conclusion of the whole matter; for in the reign of our present Gracious Queen, the legal fiction that the King can do wrong has passed into the region of absolute fact. So much for £4,090 out of the total of £5,654. I have still to account for a balance of £1,564. Of this amount £1,050 is paid out of the Queen's Privy Purse, and is administered—together with the £2,310 out of the Civil List—by the Master of the Horse; some fixed additional payments paid by the Privy Purse office for the Curragh Whip, the Ascot Cup, and some colonial plates bringing the total paid by the Privy Purse up to £1,564. To suggest, however covertly, at parliamentary distribution of our Sovereign's pin money would be most improper.

It is not within the purpose of this paper to outline the features of the Bill I have promised to introduce this session. The remedy for a sick class industry is not a prescription which can be written off-hand on a half-sheet of paper. The pieces of the puzzle will need to be deftly fitted. I do not think that any measure to meet what we conceive to be our difficulties and requirements can be anything but protective in principle; or can be intelligibly arguable except upon that admission. Of one thing, however, I feel tolerably certain, that as a basis of argument, or deliberation, or suggestion, the hypothecation of Queen's Plate money to new uses must be abandoned.

Any molestation or seeming molestation of the privileges of racing might lead to an uprising of feeling which, in the interests I have at heart, would be best avoided. Where racing is concerned we are standing upon ancient ways; when they lead to pleasure or profit ancient ways are very popular, and the preservation of their pleasantness and integrity becomes everybody's business. Besides robbing

Peter to pay Paul might offend and hurt Peter without pleasing or bettering Paul. Racing prizes may or may not be the most useful allocation of a fund for the encouragement of the national breed of horses. Yet at all events we may rely upon the prudence and impartiality which guide its distribution. That such an authority as Lord Bradford should account for the small number of horses starting for a Queen's Plate—taking the averages of the last ten years a Queen's Plate only brings out three runners *—by the fact "that out of the immense number of horses in training, few are stout and sound enough to train on till they are five or six years old" † is not consoling. It seems to bear out what many good judges—notably the late Mr. Lumley Hodgson—have pointed out, that we breed too much from fashion and blood without sufficient regard to conformation and soundness. Still, Queen's Plate money as the appanage of an ancient institution can be fairly defended. In a delightful essay a gifted author remarks that in spite of a passion for change, which possesses a certain number of persons in this age, in spite of an acquiescence in change which characterizes a still larger number, a relatively small portion of the human race will so much as tolerate any definite proposal to alter usages and institutions. Although, says Sir Henry Maine, some of the most polite and best instructed are at present going through a stage of thought which would suggest that human nature is most tolerant and most deeply enamoured of the transformation of institutions, "the intense conservatism of much the largest part of mankind is attested by quite as much evidence as the pride of certain nations in railways, the electric telegraph, or democratic Governments." Touch racing, alter its usages, infringe its privileges, and an intense conservatism—even in democratic nineteenth-century Britain—might spring to arms.

Pliny was amazed at the childishness of horse-racing, *Miror tot millia virorum tam pueriliter indentidem capere currentes equos.* Juvenal, in his seventh satire, laughs at the society of his day for a lack of proportion in its recognition of what was worth taking trouble about—well-bred people, who should have known better, mixing with the vulgar in the scramble and dust of horse-races. Lord Herbert of Cherbury (ob. 1548) disliked racing. "In running horses (that is race-horses) there is much cheating; neither do I see why a brave man should delight in a creature whose chief use is to help him to run away." In our own day Sir Wilfrid Lawson and an earnest minority agree with Juvenal and Pliny, and record

* In ten years, 1877 to 1886, 559 horses have run for 163 Queens' Plates; in 1886 thirty-two horses ran for ten English Queen's Plates; seven were won by seven different horses, two by the same horse (the Bard), one by a mare (Wavelet).

† In five years, 1882 to 1886, ten six year olds ran in seventy-five Queen's Plates.

their protest against the Derby day's encroachment upon the business of Parliament; yet horse-racing seems interwoven with the bone and sinew of the English-speaking race. Dr. Johnson, on coming back from a race meeting, declared he had witnessed a sad proof of the slenderness of human pleasures. After a bad week, such of us as indulge in what is styled "having a bet," will plead guilty to the same kind of feeling; but Dr. Johnson was not always right, and, perhaps, was oftenest wrong from under-valuing the forces of mere amusement upon human affairs. Racing, as an institution, is quite respectable; the pleasure-flushed impact of an Ascot crowd attesting, upon one's toes and person, its almost aggressive ability of affording great amusement to great numbers. Besides, racing is seriously welded into the intelligence of Englishmen, and in these days, it may be added, of Englishwomen. Racing engrosses the columns of several well-conducted newspapers, it makes people read who would otherwise not read, think who would otherwise not think, discuss who would otherwise only talk. These are very distinct uses; we cannot all be highly educated, or literate, or clever, and a large majority acquire an astuteness from "going racing," which is by no means a *quantité negligeable* in their individual commerce with life.

We must go back thousands of years to an idolatrous worship, to trace the inception of horse-racing in England. The kings and satraps of Persia added chariot races to the solemn festival of Mithras the Sun God;* Pompey carried the sacred custom to Rome; and we hear of the celebration of races in honour of Mithras under the dictatorship of Cæsar B.C. 47; Aurelian, the conqueror of Zenobia and Palmyra, carried sun worship and its complement to York, A.D. 271. The cold grey skies, the cold grey Ouse, the cold Ainsty plough, can have done little to cherish the religious fervour of a sun-worshipper, but, as a Yorkshireman, let me insist upon this honourable tradition. How Mithras got on at York as a god is not recorded; very likely his star paled before the equine rights of his worship; at all events, we hear nothing more of racing, sacred or profane, till the ninth century.† When Hugues Capet was courting Ethelswitha, the sister of Athelstane, he made Athelstane a present of several "running-horses." If they were good ones, he doubtless thereby secured Athelstane's good offices; if not, Athelstane may have said, with Mr. Jorrocks, "Confound all presents wot eat," for nothing eats as much as a bad race-horse.

In Henry II.'s time the copers in Smithfield market used to match their hackneys and "charging-horses" for mettle and

* The Battle of Pharsalia was A.M. 3902.

† Malmsb. de Gest. Reg Angl., Lib. ii. cap. vi

speed; a rough and ready system of advertisement, which would hardly now commend itself to the metropolitan police or municipal authorities. Fitzstephen, a monk of Canterbury, describing these Smithfield amusements, says: "You would think that all things were in motion, and that the opinion of Zeno was certainly wrong, as he held there was no such thing as motion, and that it was impossible to reach the goal."*

King John's household accounts teem with entries of expenditure for the up-keep of running-horses, suggesting, perhaps, the derivative root of that monarch's melancholy *sobriquet*. It would be archæologically interesting to know whether the stablemen of that day indulged in such plentiful consumption of "oil, soap, and sand" as the Mr. Tiptops of our own time—three small items now giving rise to a vast amount of peculation. Henry VIII. took great pains to secure strength and size in the breeding of horses. A law was made (32 Hen. VIII. c. xiii.)—I think, unrepealed to this day—enacting "that no person shall put in any forest, chase, moor, heath, common, or waste (where mares or fillies are used to be kept) any stoned horse, above the age of two years, not being fifteen hands high, within the shires and territories of Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridge, Buckingham, Huntingdon, Essex, Kent, South Hampshire, North Wiltshire, Oxford, Berkshire, Worcester, Gloucester, Somerset, North Wales, South Wales, Bedford, Warwick, Northampton, Yorkshire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, Salop, Leicester, Hereford, and Lincoln; nor under fourteen hands in any other county, on pain of forfeiting the same." The satirical writings of Bishop Hall, in 1597, give evidence of a turf sufficiently scientific as to ruin a promising nobleman, the Earl of Cumberland; but racing seems to have formed no part of the diversions at Kenilworth. Coaches were introduced in Elizabeth's reign. This occasioned a sudden demand for horses. The House of Lords rushed to the rescue, and gravely debated whether the supply of horses was to be brought up to the new coaches, or the supply of coaches brought down to the horses. A Bill, restraining the excessive use of coaches, being lost on the second reading. James I. liked hawking and hunting, and wrote a treatise on the theory of horsemanship. In practice there is reason to believe that His Majesty was rather a funker. Although of a frugal mind, James gave 500 guineas to Mr. Markham for an Arabian, "a little bay horse, not well shaped," which was easily beaten, according to the Duke of Newcastle,† by moderate English horses. In this reign speedy animals appear to have been bred at a sacrifice of substance. Sir E. Harwood, an authority of

* Description of the City of London.

† *Méthode et Invention nouvelle de dresser les Chevaux.* (Antwerp, 1658.)

Charles I.'s day, laments the growing scarcity of "able" horses, and on that account deprecates the practice and popularity of racing. However, an imported strain from Morocco and the procreative zest of a stallion called "the Helmsley Turk," did a great deal of good.

The Cromwell family owned two celebrated animals: a stallion known as Place's White Turk,* Mr. Place being his leader and personal attendant; and the Coffin Mare. The mare was quite a personage, and earned her name from being hidden in a church vault for fear of sequestration at the time of the Restoration. Charles II. used to send his Master of the Horse to Tangier to buy Barbary mares. These mares were known as "Royal Mares," and were rarely paid for. Dodsworth, bred by His Majesty, is the first race-horse with a scrupulously recorded pedigree.

William III. was fonder of hunting, but in this reign Thomas Warton,† "the most deliberate, the most inventive, and the most circumstantial" liar of his time—perhaps on account of these accomplishments—bred and ran capital race-horses, notably Careless, and Wharton's gelding, for which Louis XIV. offered in vain a thousand pistoles. Queen Anne owned, or rather paid for, a few race-horses to amuse her consort, Prince George of Denmark. "I have tried him drunk, and I have tried him sober, and there is nothing in him," William of Orange said of his brother-in-law; still, "Est-il possible," was very fond of racing. At York in 1712, and again in 1713, Pepper and Mustard disappointed their royal owners. The Queen's bay horse, Star, won a race at York on Friday, the 30th July 1714. The Monday following, an express arrived with the advice of Her Majesty's death during the race for a gold cup, value £60; when, it is related, that most of the nobility and gentry, with very proper feeling, at once left the course, and attended the Lord Mayor of York and Archbishop Dawes, who proclaimed His Majesty King.

George I. gave King's Plates of 100 guineas, which were paid in cash to the general satisfaction. Tregonwell Frampton, the Georgian Master of the Horse, was a good judge of racing, and a great rogue. Tregonwell was a little too "hot," as they say at Newmarket, and his love of winning by fair means or foul, got him, on one notable occasion, into a very nasty scrape.‡ Indirectly,

* Match'em—the Hermit of the last century—goes back to the White Turk. Between 1764 and 1786, 354 winners by Match'em won £151,097 4s.

† Macaulay's History of England, vol. ii. ch. xx.

‡ This most remarkable event in the lives of this gentleman and his horse, Dragon, is thus described in No. 37 of the *Adventurer*, by Dr. John Hawkesworth. Dragon, in the Elysium of Beasts, is supposed to be recounting his own story.

"It is true," replied the steed, "I was a favourite, but what avails it to be a favourite of caprice, avarice, and barbarity? My tyrant was a wretch who had gained a con-

George II. conferred a benefit upon the Turf by suppressing pony-racing. In the fourth year of George III.'s reign, Eclipse was foaled. George IV., as Prince of Wales, "delighting in horses," like Hiero of Syracuse, kept a string at Newmarket in training. He also bred some good animals. Amongst others, Whisky, the sire of Eleanor, who won the Derby and the Oaks. In 1791, the in-and-out running of Escape with Grey Diomed, led to an inquiry by the Jockey Club, and the suspension of the Prince's jockey, Chifney, who rode Escape. Deeply hurt, and—as most people thought—justly offended, H.R.H. took away his horses from Newmarket, and, although humbly entreated to return by the Jockey Club, never trained there or visited Newmarket after 1791. William IV. ran out his brother's engagements, and is reported to have said he would go on with the race-horses "provided he did not lose more at it than £4,000 a year." However, this turned out to be a mistake; but after breaking up the stud he added to the King's Plates, and gave a challenge prize called the "Eclipse foot," held by Lord Chesterfield in 1832. William IV. went on with the Hampton Court stud; in 1831 the yearlings made 4,000 guineas. The Hampton Court stallions were selected from the stoutest blood; Tranby being out of an Orville mare, which carried Mr. Osbaldestone sixteen miles in 33 min. 25 sec.

Queen's or King's Plates are said to date with the reign of Queen Anne. A public-spirited gentleman of that day, observing that horses were being bred too fine, and for speediness rather than general utility, left 1,300 guineas for thirteen plates or purses, to be run over a four-mile course, by horses carrying 12st., hoping by this means to encourage a stouter and more useful breed of horses. This gentleman's excellent example was followed by George I., and so became the origin of the present grant for Queen's Plates.

siderable fortune by play, but more particularly by racing. I had won him large sums; but, being at length excepted out of every match as having no equal, he regarded even my excellence with malignity, when it was no longer subservient to his own interest. Yet I still lived in ease and plenty; and as he was able to sell even my pleasures, though my labour was become useless, I had a seraglio in which there was a perpetual succession of new beauties. At last, however, another competitor appeared. I enjoyed a new triumph by anticipation. I rushed into the field panting for conquest; and the first heat I put my master in possession of the stakes, which amounted to £10,000. The proprietor of the mare I had distanced declared, with great zeal, that she should run, the next day, against any gelding in the world for double the sum. My master immediately accepted the challenge, and told him that he would, the next day, produce a gelding that should beat him; but what was my astonishment and indignation when I discovered that he most cruelly intended to qualify *me* for this match upon the spot. As I knew it would be in vain to resist, I suffered myself to be bound; the operation was performed; and I was instantly mounted and spurred to the goal. Injured as I was, the love of glory was still superior to the desire for revenge. I determined to die as I had lived, without an equal; and, having again won the race, I sank down at the post in an agony, which soon after put an end to my life."

Taplin's *Sporting Dictionary* (London, 1803), describes King's Plates as a free gift from His Majesty, of 100 guineas each, "originally granted as a means of exciting such a degree of emulation as would tend to material advantage by improving the breed of horses in general, as well as by affording an annual pecuniary advantage (by the influx of company) to such cities and towns as enjoy the Royal favour." Then follows a schedule of fortunate cities and towns. Mr. Taplin goes on to say: "The King's Plate of 100 guineas, given at Ascot, is only for horses which have regularly hunted with His Majesty's staghounds the preceding season, and must have been well up with the hounds, at their running up to ten deer." Qualification had to be certified by ten tickets bearing the arms of the Master of the Buckhounds, and the seal of the Royal Hunt produced on the day of entrance at Sunning-hill Wells. As will be seen by the footnote,* Queen's Plate horses run at very different weights now. The top-weight carried over a Queen's Plate course of two miles and under three being 9st. 6lbs.; and over a course of three miles or upwards, 9st. 10lb. Out of 416 horses running for Queen's Plates during the last ten years,† fifty-two can now be identified as well-known sires; but only three or four are getting half-bred stock. In this period of ten years it is noteworthy that three French-bred horses, viz. Inval, Tristan and Eusibe have won English Queen's Plates, and that during the same ten years, independently of 163 Queen's Plates, there have been 585 races of two miles and upwards. Exclusive of Queen's Plates the value of stakes, matches and private sweepstakes, in 1886, reached the respectable total of £389,706. Such pelf possibilities guarantee the diligent production of the race-horse. But for national purposes can we depend upon a "galloping dice-box." The inherited custody of large stakes when-

* QUEEN'S PLATE WEIGHTS.

From this date the weights for Her Majesty's Plates will be in accordance with the new Scale of Weight-for-Age and Distance approved by the Stewards of the Jockey Club. (See p. LII.)

(Signed) BRADFORD.

London *March 2nd*, 1880.

Age	March and April. st. lb.	May. st. lb.	June. st. lb.	July. st lb	August. st. lb.	Sept. st. lb.	October & Nov. st. lb
TWO MILES AND UNDER THREE.							
Three yrs - - -	7 4	7 7	7 8	7 10	7 13	8 0	8 1
Four yrs - - -	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0
Five, six, and aged - -	9 6	9 5	9 4	9 3	9 2	9 1	9 0
THREE MILES AND UPWARDS.							
Three yrs - - -	7 1	7 4	7 5	7 7	7 9	7 11	7 13
Four yrs - - - -	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0	9 0
Five yrs - - - -	9 8	9 7	9 6	9 5	9 5	9 4	9 3
Six and aged - - -	9 10	9 8	9 7	9 6	9 5	9 4	9 3

† The writer is favoured with these statistics by the courtesy of Mr. Weatherby.

ever and wherever kings and rulers stand up in council together, sooner or later will oblige us to face this question. It had better be sooner. Three disagreeable circumstances in this connection have lately been forced upon the notice of Parliament. The first is, that the deficiency of horses for even the initial purposes of war was admitted, by the Secretary of State for War, to be "conclusively proved." The second is, that so far as horse-supply or a reserve of horses is concerned, our Colonies are at present undeveloped. The third is, that foreign markets have lately been closed, and can at any moment be closed against us. The War Office is aware of the importance of this question as it affects their department. Let me remind them that "delays have dangerous ends."* In these days the race is to the swift, as surely as the battle is to the strong. To an almost regrettable extent, "keep moving" is the motto of the time we live in. If the first principle of modern war be rapid mobilization, the *power* of rapid mobilization seems the first principle of modern peace.

The army which wins in these days is the army which gets the start. Like leading off quick with your left in a street row, putting in the absolute first blow has immense moral effect. Apparently we do not wish to be left behind-hand or overtaken. Like our continental neighbours we are going to practise getting off quick. Although we have no Septennate Act to rely upon—regarded in the city to be the best guarantee for the peace of Europe—still in our small way we are going to do something. The famous two army corps are to be mobilized, or at all events to play at being mobilized. How as regards horses? The mind of the Government, we are told, is so far "open" upon this point. It seems likely to remain so. The most *alambiqué* mobilization means 15,000 or 16,000 horses over and above the peace establishment. A great many of them must be riding-horses. Modern warfare teaches us that the cavalry horse can hardly be too good an animal. It is almost as necessary now to be assured of the quality of cavalry horses as it is to be assured of their number. If the cavalry horse has not actually to gallop he must stay, and, as dealers say, "move himself." Action alone carries weight. Breechloaders have done away with the shock action of cavalry, and any consequent advantage from heavy impetus; yet the cavalry horse on active service has to carry a weight which seems almost restrictive, and which must always increase the difficulty of finding horses in an emergency. To my mind mobilization without an Act of Parliament for the compulsory impressment of horses belonging to large public companies or large private consumers is

* King Henry VI., Pt. I., Act iii., Sc. ii.

impossible. Even with such an Act in working order, can we rely upon the number of horses we should want? Public and private consumers keep the horses they actually want, and no more. To the greater part of mankind feeding useless mouths seems a disgusting operation, and the waste of a campaign is enormous, notably the waste of riding and artillery horses.*

It must be borne in mind, too, that an Impressment Act is not in working order in a cupboard in Pall Mall, or even in the Secretary of State for War's despatch box. The Act, whatever else it may recite, can hardly be expected to tell us where the horses to be impressed are to be found. Without registration the Act is of no use; without valuation, its operation would be ruinous; prices fly up when the customer *must* buy. Registration must be accurate and perfect. The selling price must be agreed upon for the animals so registered before an Impressment Act can be so much as countenanced economically. However audacious in war, the martial spirit of the country, like that of Gondibert in his cups, is tiresomely pervicacious in peace. Impressment Acts, registrations, valuations, will not be popular, and may be fruitful in all kinds of minor but humiliating *desagrémens*. Public companies mean shareholders, and such contingencies as the above can hardly have been set forth in the original prospectus. Shareholders easily become annoyed and often regret their investments. When annoyed or regretful they "kick up a fuss," to use a vulgar expression. Large private consumers might like an Impressment Act as little as the shareholders. Most large employers of horseflesh have commercial relations which they can really not afford to endanger; indeed, impressment upon any of the resources of effective trade must interfere with the convenience of the general public.

Granted, however, that lubrication of the only successful kind—it will be expensive—softens the shareholder and the consumer, what kind of horses do we expect to get from them? Some excellent heavy horses no doubt, but how about riding horses? Sir F. Fitzwygram † told the House of Commons that the cavalry soldier fights on horseback, "the horse is his primary weapon"; will omnibus and tramway and dray-horses become "primary weapons" upon an outbreak of war? Sir Frederick proceeded to solve the difficulty. The mounted-infantryman, it appears, only uses his horse "as a means of transport to reach particular points, when he dismounts"; and for mounted infantry, the omnibus or tramway horse seems the very thing. Accustomed by his previous training

* *Ableitners Vorschläge. Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal*, 1838; *Edinburgh Review*, October 1873; *Journal of the Statistical Society*, vol. xliii.

† March 14, Army Estimates, *Times* Parliamentary Reports.

not only to transport, but to the frequent dismounting of the transported, he will always be ready to stop. He may not, like Job's war-horse,* say "Ha, ha! among the trumpets," nor "smell afar off the battle, and the thunder of the captains, and the shouting";—in his heart of hearts he may prefer the knife-board chaff and the conductor's whistle; yet, who knows that even within the effective zone of fire he may not behave with quite as unflinching steadiness as amid the distracting traffic of the Elephant and Castle or the Westminster Bridge Road? Unfortunately, the Mounted Infantry as a force is still embryonic, whilst the horsing of our mounted services is a full grown and "enormous difficulty."† It is, as Mr. Stanhope said, "a despairing thing" that the deficiency of our horses should be conclusively proved. It is a state of things which "ought not to satisfy a War Minister, and it does not satisfy me," further said Mr. Stanhope. Most people will not only agree with Mr. Stanhope, but will visit their dissatisfaction on Mr. Stanhope should some unlucky conjunction of the planets prove his departmental administration to have failed or broken down in this matter of horses. Nothing could be more unjust. For the key of this enormous difficulty we must not look to Mr. Stanhope, but in the taxpayer's pocket. It is a curious-looking key, but try and imagine 7d. in the £ income tax shaped like a key. As long as Brag and Holdfast are noisy hounds of equal reputation, mobilization must mean a process akin to that of cutting the coat to the cloth. Every branch of the service will probably have to be subjected to this process. Take the case of the Horse Artillery—the "splendour and havock" of our service—the Horse Artillery is to be reduced. Competent authorities think reduction means impaired efficiency, yet it is urged that the uses of artillery in action are changed, that an action is developed by an artillery duel at a distance, that guns in these days need not be galloping constantly into fresh positions. It must be admitted these are fair theoretical arguments, but the real bone of contention is in Holdfast's kennel. Well, it cannot be helped. It is quite true that we have a very expensive establishment to keep up. Notable sacrifices on the altar of public expenditure distinguish the present session. With the late Chancellor of the Exchequer and the ex-Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, the Horse Artillery are in excellent company.

In conclusion, as a horse-breeding people, we have much to be thankful for, not only in the past, but in the present; even what may seem a source of regret, I mean the export of our best

* Job xxxix. 25.

† Army Estimates debate, H.C.

English blood, from a different aspect is a source of pride. We have, as may be said, replenished the earth. Acclimatization may tend to variation and sterility, yet the progeny of English blood—to the exclusion of Oriental blood—multiplies as the stars of heaven. In his *Zoology*, Pennant traces from the earliest times our own wise importation of foreign blood for speed, burthen, and draught, and cites the blends of Arabian and Barb blood, to which the giants of our Turf go back. Yet all that we have borrowed from the East has been repaid with usury to the winds of heaven, for we have peopled the continent with riding horses, and mounted the armies of Europe. Yet if horses, as Fuller said, be men's wings, our own wings are sadly clipped. Despite favourable natural conditions and instincts, we cannot point to that increased production of what we can produce best, which should be the consequence of countries trading freely with each other. Horse-breeding, once a flourishing industry, is in a pining and perishing condition. The reason is not far to seek. Loss of heart and spirit, failure of motive, sad discouragement, painful disarray beset the class upon which we depend for its prosecution. How much such besetment reacts upon the general health and vigour of our national life may be still an open question; but it is a question which is beginning to thrust its ungainly head forward. Pharaoh awoke in trouble of spirit after dreaming of the behaviour of kine which came up out of the river, "poor and very ill-favoured and lean-fleshed."* A time may be coming for us, too, when "the plenty shall be forgotten," as it was in the land of Egypt. "Experience has proved that the British constitution contains somewhere and somehow within itself a principle of self-recovery and self-preservation, which brings it back, amidst all the deviations to which it is exposed, to its natural salutary state."† Let us trust that this principle may ever arise to guide us to wise solutions of all questions affecting British interests at home and abroad, at peace and at war. Yet British agriculture seems to contain no such convenient "somewhere and somehow," and its present condition is ill-favoured and lean-fleshed enough. Pharaoh was advised to "look out a man discreet and wise," who should encounter and anticipate the effect of coming events. Fortunately, we can boast many such; but once more let me repeat, "Delays have dangerous ends."

Gervase Markham shall finish this paper for me. "The minds of men are swayed by many various motions, some contemplative, some active. . . I can preferre none before that gentlemanly and

* Genesis xli.

† Mr. Windham on a Bill or amending the representation of the people in Parliament, March 4th, 1790.

beneficiall delight of breeding creatures meet for the use of man, and the good of the commonwealth wherein he liveth; and of these breedings I can not esteeme anie so excellent as the breeding of horses, both for the pleasure we gaine thereby in our owne particular service, and also for the strength, defence, and tillage of the Kingdom."*

Country contentments are sadly out of fashion. Yet the old words whisper of a full and happy life, and of faithfulness over a few things. I can see Gervase Markham amongst his foals and brood mares trying to do his duty towards his neighbour, and his service to the State.

* *Country Contentments*, by Gervase Markham, A.D. 1615.

RIBBLESDALE.

IN THE HEART OF THE FOREST.

I.

I HEARD the voice of my own true love
Ripple the sunny weather.
Then away, as a dove that follows a dove,
We flitted through woods together.

II.

There was not a bush nor branch nor spray
But with song was swaying and ringing.
"Let us ask of the birds what means their lay,
And what is it prompts their singing."

III.

We paused where the stichwort and speedwell grew
Mid a forest of grasses fairy:
From out of the covert the cushat flew,
And the squirrel perched shy and wary.

IV.

On an elm-tree top shrilled a misselthrush proud,
Disdaining shelter or screening.
"Now what is it makes you pipe so loud,
And what is your music's meaning?

V.

"Your matins begin ere the dewdrop sinks
To the heart of the moist musk-roses,
And your vespers last till the first star winks
And the vigilant woodreeve dozes."

VI.

Then louder, still louder he shrilled: "I sing
For the pleasure and pride of shrilling,
For the sheen and the sap and the showers of Spring
That fill me to overfilling.

VII.

"Yet a something deeper than Spring-time, though
It is Spring-like, my throat keeps flooding:
Peep soft at my mate—she is there below—
Where the bramble trails are budding.

VIII.

"She sits on the nest and she never stirs;
She is true to the trust I gave her;
And what were my love if I cheered not hers
As long as my throat can quaver?"

IX.

So he quavered on, till asudden we heard
A voice that called "Cuckoo!" and fleeted.
"Why all day is your name by yourself, vain bird,
Repeated and still repeated?"

X.

Then "Cuckoo! Cuck! Cuck! Cuck-oo!" he called,
And he laughed and he chuckled cheerly;
"Your hearts they run dry and your heads grow bald,
But I come back with April yearly.

XI.

"I come in the month that is sweet, so sweet,
Though its sweetness be frail and fickle,
In the season when shower and sunshine meet,
And you reck not of Autumn's sickle.

XII.

"I flout at the April loves of men
And the kisses of shy fond maidens;
And then I call 'Cuckoo!' again, again,
With a jeering and jocund cadence.

XIII.

"When the hawthorn blows and the yaffel mates,
I sing and am silent never;
Just as love of itself in the May-time prates,
As though it will last for ever!

XIV.

"And in June, ere I go, I double the note,
As I flit from cover to cover:
Are not vows, at the last, repeated by rote
By fading and fleeting lover?"

XV.

A tear trickled down my true love's cheek
At the words of the mocking rover;
She clung to my side but she did not speak,
And I kissed her over and over.

XVI.

And while she leaned on my heart as though
Her love in its depths was rooting,
There rose from the thicket behind us, slow,
O such a silvery fluting!

XVII.

When the long smooth note, as it seemed, must break,
It fell in a swift sweet treble,
Like the sound that is made when a stream from a lake
Gurgles o'er stone and pebble.

XVIII.

And I cried, "O nightingale! tell me true,
Is your music rapture or weeping?
And why do you sing the whole night through,
When the rest of the world is sleeping?"

XIX.

Then it fluted: "My notes are of love's pure strain,
And could there be descant fitter?
For why do you sever joy and pain,
Since love is both sweet and bitter?

XX.

"My song now wails of the sighs, the tears,
The long absence that makes love languish;
Then thrills with its fluttering hopes and fears,
Its rapture,—again its anguish.

XXI.

"And why should my notes be hushed at night?
Why sing in the sunlight only?
Love loves when 'tis dark, as when 'tis bright,
Nor ceaseth because 'tis lonely."

XXII.

My love looked up with a happy smile
(For a moment the woods were soundless):
The smile of a heart that knows no guile,
And whose trust is deep and boundless.

XXIII.

And as I smiled that her smile betrayed
The fulness of love's surrender,
Came a note from the heart of the forest shade,
O so soft, and smooth, and tender!

XXIV.

'Twas but one note, and it seemed to brood
On its own sufficing sweetness;
That cooed, and cooed, and again but cooed
In a round, self-same completeness.

XXV.

Then I said, "There is, ringdove, endless bliss
In the sound that you keep renewing:
But have you no other note than this,
And why are you always cooing?"

XXVI.

The ringdove answered: "I too descant
Of love as the woods keep closing;
Not of spring-time loves that exult and pant,
But of harvest love reposing.

XXVII.

"If I coo all day on the self-same bough,
While the noisy popinjay ranges,
'Tis that love which is mellow keeps its vow,
And callow love shifts and changes.

XXVIII.

"When summer shall silence the merle's loud throat
And the nightingale's sweet sad singing,
You still will hear my contented note,
On the branch where I now am clinging.

XXIX.

"For the rapture of fancy surely wanes,
And anguish is lulled by reason;
But the tender note of the heart remains
Through all changes of leaf and season."

XXX.

Then we plunged in the forest, my love and I,
In the forest plunged deeper and deeper,
Till none could behold us save only the sky,
Through a trellis of branch and creeper.

XXXI.

And we paired and nested away from sight
In a bower of woodbine pearly;
And she broods on our love from morn to night,
And I sing to her late and early.

XXXII.

Nor till Death shall have stripped our lives as bare
As the forest in wintry weather,
Will the world find the nest in the covert where
We dwelt, loved, and sang together.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

THE BYRON LADIES.

Among the last intelligible words, and almost the very last which escaped the lips of Lord Byron when dying, his faithful valet caught—"Go to my sister; tell her . . . . Go to Lady Byron, you will see her, and say . . . ." "After which," Moore records, "his voice faltered and became gradually indistinct." He continued to mutter what were probably meant for messages to those ladies for nearly twenty minutes, not a sentence of which could be caught by the anxious listener—only the words: "My sister—my child." The two ladies thus coupled in his dying moments were the two who influenced him most, whether by attraction merely, or by that and repulsion alternately, throughout his short and wayward career. They form a pair of highly-contrasted companion portraits, and materials have recently accrued from published letters* which, if genuine (and though not all directly guaranteed, there seems no just reason to doubt their genuineness), throw much light on both their characters.

No tale of married life save that of Queen Mary Stuart has condensed so much interest around it as that of Lord and Lady Byron. The former is entangled with the intrigues of political factions, and gathers its ill-omened light from the intense glow of religious animosity; the latter (besides one point of fact reserved and veiled in mystery now for two generations) has its interest reflected and magnified in the mirror of a great poetic genius; and the interest is, therefore, like that genius, undying. In estimating the two ladies, Mrs. Leigh stands comparatively under simple conditions of character. As a wife and mother she is a blameless English lady. As sister to an erratic genius who was more purely the child of impulse than any other equally famous, we only know of his cherished and changeless affection for her, which seems to imply that she both reciprocated and deserved it. His sister was probably the only woman with whom he ever had so much as a six months' intimacy, of whatever kind, towards whom Byron never altered. The character of Lady Byron is, on the other hand, in all or nearly all its manifestations, crossed and complicated by the conflict between her earlier and later relations with her husband. In the earlier period we are always tempted to ask, "Is she getting up a case against him?" In the latter: "Is she fortifying her own defence against the calumnies of social fac-

* Published in the *Athenæum*, August 18th, 1883. Some of these are in a collection in the British Museum, Additional MSS. 31,037

tion?" While, from first to last, the point of mystery aforesaid throws its cloud of damp suspicion over herself as well as him. Not the world-wide renown only of that husband, but the special avenue by which it was attained, his parade, viz. of his own intense and capricious personality, dragged her private wrongs and griefs before the prejudiced tribunal of the world, and made them the public property of contemporaries. From regarding him as a social renegade, the world was won by his last quasi-heroic enterprise and premature end, to suddenly reverse the current of its sympathies; while the former and the later direction of them was equally trying to her quiet, and adverse to her chances of respite from the turmoil of controversy. The difficulties of her entire position demand great allowance in dealing with her memory. For, of all men known to biography, Byron was probably the most anti-matrimonial, as judged by his entire career. To harness the wild steed of his own Mazeppa to a post chaise would have been a less risky experiment than to place the author under the matrimonial yoke. Goethe declared that he "found in the experience of past ages no element for the calculation of so eccentric an orbit" as Byron's. But he had advanced further in that orbit when Goethe made the remark than when Miss Milbanke risked the aforesaid experiment; he had passed the point of the shock which exploded her and his own domestic peace. Had the Miss Milbanke of 1814-15 been the most dispassionate and experienced critic of human conduct, which it was not likely she should be, she could not have then known what events only teach as they occur.

Of forty-seven letters, or epistolary documents, which are now before us, thirty-five relate to the personal interchange of thoughts and feelings between these two ladies. They belong to three periods: the first, being from 1814 to 1816, covers the short passage of Lady Byron's conjugal life, and the epoch of her separation; the second belongs to the years 1829-30, and its letters relate to the appointment of a trustee under Lord Byron's will; the last contains only a few of the early months of 1851, after what would seem to me twenty years of estrangement between the ladies, brought about by their difference on the subject of that appointment. There is also a series of six letters from Lady Byron to the Hon. Mrs. G. Lamb, of various dates, from 1818 to 1854, and two of Mrs. Leigh to Mr., afterwards Sir R. Wilmot, Horton, written in the crisis of the separation, February 1816, but dated by the day of the week only.

The contrast between the wife and sister of the bard is very striking. Put briefly and broadly, our summary would be that calculation governed the former, and feeling the latter. Their

characters come out most strongly in the letters of the second period bearing on the trusteeship. Lady Byron claims the letter of her husband's will and stands rather unamiably entrenched within her legal rights. Mrs. Leigh, as regards the matter of business, has, in point of fact, no right at stake, nor, indeed, claims any. She only presents a petition addressed to feelings which she expected to find still warm and finds cold. She deprecates, first of all, the appointment of Dr. Lushington as trustee, who had been Lady Byron's counsel in the separation business of fourteen years before, and who was, therefore, presumably unacceptable to herself, who, with her children, was the object of the trust. She begs, in the next place, that at any rate a particular solicitor, named by herself, may be allowed to be solicitor to the trust. She is so unbusiness-like as not to see that his previous connection with a proposed mortgagee of the trust property made this out of the question.

She writes, Nov. 28th, 1829 :—

As regards your nomination of Dr. L—— as trustee, I have to observe that he is a perfect stranger to me; that in a matter where my own individual interests are concerned, it is of the highest importance to my comfort that I should be on terms of friendly intercourse, and even intimacy, with the party; and that, as you are already [sure] of a protector to your interests in the person of Dr. Bland, I had not thought it unreasonable to hope that you would allow me a similar advantage in the appointment of some individual personally known to me and in whom I could confide entirely.

In a postscript she adds that "under all the circumstances," probably "Dr. L. himself would not wish to accept the trust," and "hopes it is not asking too much to request you to put him in possession of this letter before anything is finally concluded." Lady Byron replies the next day: "I am happy to say that Dr. Lushington is likely to accept the office of trustee," with an encomium on "his habits of dispatch and decision." We have here one lady entreating that on a matter "of the highest importance to her comfort," a certain course should not be taken, and the other, by return of post, "*happy* to say" that it *has* been taken! It would be difficult for courteous malice to administer the snub direct with more dexterity. Further, when writing briefly the next day she refers Mrs. Leigh to the solicitor of Dr. Lushington's selection, who "will inform you on some points respecting which you appear to have been ignorant." It is not easy to keep sisterly affection alive on a diet of red-tape and parchment; and here, accordingly, a pause ensues, marked by silence on Mrs. Leigh's part for about a fortnight, and not likely to be repaired by the following inquiry of Lady Byron's :—

Am I to conclude from your silence that reflection on recent circumstances has not yet convinced you of the consideration which has been shown to your interests? Or am I rather to suppose that your mind is preoccupied by "the distracting state of affairs" to which you alluded? In the latter case, can my advice or sympathy afford you any comfort? for I am always your faithful friend A.I.N.B.

Anyone might answer the last question safely in the negative. "Advice or sympathy" can "afford comfort" only when tendered with some deference to the feelings of the comforted, and although "advice" may be, no doubt, conveyed by a solicitor to the trust with a legal paper in his hand, "sympathy" and "comfort" mostly fly out of window when such an emissary comes in at the door. In the course of another month it is Lady Byron who is guilty of "silence," and Mrs. Leigh seems, in some letter not produced, to have taxed her with it. Lady Byron replies :—

My silence is to be accounted for by your last letter in connection with the previous circumstances. You have left me but one course—a painful one—to adopt in order to avoid future occasions of injurious misconstruction. To "be kind still to Augusta" (Mrs. Leigh) has been my constant endeavour, and you have not had the shadow of a reason for imputing any other motives to my conduct. Ada is in a favourable state. Accounts of her health will be sent you when desired.

The mingled coldness and harshness of this last reply is manifest. It really amounts to this : "I have protected your interests; for your feelings I care not a bodkin. My only course now is to cut you; you shall hear of your niece's health when you ask for a statement, but don't expect me to volunteer one, or to answer in person." Lady Byron seems to have taken lessons of her lawyers, to have become formal and cold-blooded; answering appeals to affection with calm reflections upon "interests," yet retaining a certain touchiness and resentfulness whenever the appellant questions her rulings. Mrs. Leigh, not without a spice of the Byron irritability in her blood, had given vent to her feelings in heated language, denouncing the whole affair as a "business preconcerted between Mr. Kinnaird (the out-going trustee) and Dr. Lushington," an insult which Lady Byron probably viewed as directed against herself. For this she judicially calls her correspondent to account in a later letter, and the exchange of broadsides or single shots of controversy goes on for half a dozen letters more. But they only bring out more clearly the same contrast of impulsive and ardent feeling on the one side, and calm, cold insistance on legal rights on the other, not without a certain contempt for the understanding which cannot see that "business is business," and its forms sacred. But Lady Byron had no doubt suffered greatly in her own feelings, and been driven to take up a position of "armed neutrality," not only during her husband's life, but after his death. The words which she cites with some latent bitterness, "be kind still to Augusta," were from the last letter addressed to her by him before he last left England in 1816. No woman's domestic life can ever be frozen in its mid-current, as hers was, without benumbing many of the finer feelings, unless they happen to take the direction and find the vent of religious enthusiasm. But Lady Byron, whatever she was in religion, appears to have been no enthusiast.

It would appear possible, so far, that the later phase of less amiable character which the letters above examined betray, may have been greatly the result of her forlorn position, as when a string snapped by over-tension recoils and twists upon itself, and becomes at once broken and tangled. For her the connubial drama was never fairly played to its end, but cut short by an abrupt catastrophe. It would be hard for a life so mutilated and scarred to retain any loveliness of character it may have had originally. Let us glance at the earlier series of letters to see how far the defence can be maintained.

The first feature that strikes one in the one letter of Miss Milbanke to her future sister-in-law is its air of cautious reserve: "At the time when I had the gratification of receiving your very kind message, I would not obtrude an acknowledgment," is the way she begins. Now, if a woman has any gush of feeling at all, the moment of congratulation on her approaching marriage offered by her future husband's only near relative of her own sex, is just the time when it would be most salient. A little further on she adds, "I am happy to avail myself of a double claim to your acquaintance." After making all due allowance for the conventional stiffness of the Regency period, and for her own sisterless experience to boot, Miss Milbanke would seem to carry her study of "the polite letter-writer" a little too far. She goes on to express "a wish (to know you better) which I hope you will be willing to indulge when I have the happiness of being your relation," and ends with, "All those whose judgment is most to be valued must congratulate me truly on this occasion. I will not longer trouble you," &c. Anyone would pronounce this the letter of a young woman who had her feelings under admirable control.

In the next letter, nearly a year later, she is married. It is the warmest of all, taking all the three periods above distinguished into view, and yet is only half a happy one. Its *motif* can be more clearly unfolded by taking its latter portion first. It shows an attempt to be happy rather than an enjoyment of happiness, and reveals a rather oscillating balance of feelings gratified and pained :—

I am as apt to fancy that the sort of things that please me are to be traced more or less to you, as that those which pain me come from another quarter, and I always feel as if I had more *reasons* to love you than I can exactly know. But reasons are not necessary to make me do so, as I cannot say that you owe much to my sense of *Duty* in that point. A thing that annoyed me since has not effaced the more pleasurable impression. This is his intention of visiting *La Tante* to-morrow. I do not like the inclination to go to her. Do you really think it will diminish? Whilst it exists I must, in some degree, suffer.

Here Byron's wife seems to have found out that her only way to his heart was through his sister, and, as a further passage will

show us, through his bosom friend; and that over his highly mercurial affections she had no direct control—a melancholy discovery for a wife. Thus the letter begins: "I must tell you how lovingly B—— has been talking of 'dear Goose*' (Mrs. Leigh). She then recounts the most recent proof of his brotherly regard for Mrs. Leigh in the will then lately made in favour of that lady and her children, which she cordially approves, adding:—

To tell you these circumstances cannot, I know, please you in any other way than as affording a proof of his consideration for you, even when most oppressed by his own difficulties. And, dearest Augusta, believe that I know you too well to suppose what a certain person might suppose, or anything of the kind. By the bye, I believe she is affronted with me. Knowing that I did not voluntarily give cause, I shall not break my heart. She has never called on me, and when I made her a vis. with my mother, was very dignified. I never told you of it, nor of my meeting with Mrs. Musters there. She asked after B. Such a wicked-looking cat I never saw. Somebody else looked quite virtuous by the side of her.

Further on in this letter she says:—

Did I tell you that B. has asked Moore and his wife to Seaham? I am very glad.† B. has said something that has gratified me much, as it showed consideration for my Mam.

There is an obvious effort in these pages to set things in the most winning light for Mrs. Leigh—who can blame Lady Byron for this?—as an only chance for making the best of her doubtful bargain. For there is an ill-omened halo of pique and suspicion round the sunshine of would-be satisfaction. We see clouds coming up, too, in the corner, with a vision of a certain "green-eyed monster" glaring through them. There can be no doubt that, for her own peace, Lady Byron is too retrospective and resentful towards Byron's previous attachments, whether frivolous or serious. She tries to run up her little score of pleasing incidents, but, poor lady, it is plain there is a sore spot under it all; and the real drift is probably to set in motion her "dearest Augusta's" influence to win him from a counter-attraction which she dreads. But she drags herself to the subject with reluctance, introduces it with "by the bye," and seems to be repairing a casual slip of memory; "I never told you of it, nor," &c. Yet it is plainly the one interest then uppermost in her mind. There is obvious feminine tactic in all this. The "wicked-looking cat" is Byron's early flame, who drew the boyish incense of his *Hours of Idleness*. Who is the "somebody else who looks by comparison virtuous," and yet lurks anonymous in her letter? Probably the same as the "certain person" obliquely referred to just before, and as

* The links of transition here are probably Augusta, Gus, Goose.

† See a letter of Lord Byron to Moore, *Life*, vol. iii., p. 175, ed. 1832: "Perhaps you and Mrs. Moore will pay us a visit at Seaham in the course of the Autumn. If so, you and I (*without our wives*) will take a *lark* to Edinburgh and embrace Jeffery." [The italics are in the original.] The whole proposal may have been a flash of frolic humour. The visit, at any rate, was never paid.

"another quarter" shortly after, and yet more indirectly glanced at in the last reference to *La Tante*. The latter is probably Lady Melbourne; the unmentionable one is probably Lady Caroline Lamb,* whom Byron had met in his bachelor days at her house, who wrote him down as "mad, bad, and dangerous," and whom he would be likely to meet there again. This is why the "inclination to go to her" casts a shadow over the fair writer's mind. Here is the *amari aliquid* which becomes so intensely bitter in the end. This unnamed "she" is the *bête noire* of her thoughts. "What" that "certain person might suppose," was presumably that Byron's dispositions in his sister's favour were due to a self-seeking influence exerted by the latter. Thus the letter in effect says, "*She*, who is a serpent in my path, disparages *you*. We have a common enemy; let us love one another all the more." Lady Byron was, moreover, now nearing the crisis in which a woman is least mistress of herself, and, if there be a bitter cud of feeling to chew upon, often seizes upon it with morbid avidity.

Lord Byron sends Moore a P.S. on the last day of October.

> Lady B. is in full progress. Next month will bring to light (with the aid of "Juno Lucina *fer opem*," or rather *opes*, for the last are most wanted) the tenth wonder of the world—Gil Blas being the eighth, and he (my son's father) the ninth.

The words in parenthesis are suggestive. The anticipated son proved a daughter. Byron probably gave free vent to his chagrin. He had just now, too, the direction, in part, of Drury Lane Theatre upon him, which seems to have been a rather thorny business. He was drifting into deep embarrassment, which would, of course, further sour him. Debts and duns welcomed his daughter's arrival in this world; half-a-dozen executions or more sat like nightmares round her cradle, and, while Lady Byron was keeping her bed, bailiffs were threatening almost to drag it from under her. At his own request she left London for Kirkby Mallory in Leicestershire, her parents' then residence, which she reached on January 16th, 1816; and Lord Byron found, to his surprise, that he had to meet, first of all, a charge of insanity; and that being rebutted, a cartel of separation from his

* Lord Lytton, who came under this lady's influence nearly ten years later, and attests the power of her charms, says (*Life*, vol. i. p. 329): "I am bound to add that in his (Byron's) letters to her, despite the evident passion that dictated and coloured them, there was no trace of the selfish and heartless libertine; rather a desire to save her, as it were, from herself, and a consideration for her happiness chastening and predominating over the thought of his own. Whatever the connection between them, and however blameable, regarded from the mildest point of view, I cannot think him the seducing party; and certainly, from her own confession, he was not the betraying one." Just before he notices her "estimate" of Lord Byron as "sound—as a being somewhat akin to herself in strange caprices and wild affectations—spoiled by too early a reputation for other things besides genius, but, on the whole, with many redeeming qualities, lovable and noble."

wife. She writes to Mrs. Leigh on the day of her arrival, and on the next, again on the next to that, and on the next after, besides another neither signed nor dated, but written under evidently extreme agitation and embarrassment. Probably these causes led to the writer's confusing the dates of her letters. Anyhow, here are five letters in at least as few days. They all breathe unabated familiarity, confidence, and affection for Mrs. Leigh, with here and there a trace of an overstrained mind and a heart deeply wrung. A few days later she writes : "My own mind has been more shaken than I thought, and is sometimes in a useless state for hours. . . . I galloped yesterday like Lady C. L. [Caroline Lamb, again, certainly], and felt something like pleasure whilst I was in danger of fracturing my sconce. But I must not forget my Mamaship."

Byron's own memoirs were put in the fire, as "a debt due to his fame and memory," through the influence chiefly of Hobhouse, Lord Broughton, his well-known intimate friend ; but with the emphatic concurrence of his sister and widow, who were represented by friends at the solemn cremation of the MS. Lady Byron's memoirs have partly leaked out in these letters, but more, we are taught to believe, yet remains, and, after repeated postponements, may perhaps see the light at the end of the century. Thus the evidence to show the precise motives and conclusions which had formed themselves in Lady Byron's mind when she left London and her husband's roof in middle January 1816, to return no more, is less clear than perhaps it will some day be. But these form so grave a factor in her entire character that any sketch thereof which evaded the question would be defective. We know that her defence against an alleged inconsistency was that she honestly believed, or charitably hoped, when she left London, that her husband was insane, and sought to produce the same belief in the minds of her parents. When this resource broke down, as it did in a very few days, she at once declared that, if she was to regard his conduct as that of a sane man, nothing should induce her to return to him. Legal advice, principally that of Dr. Lushington, was at once sought. That distinguished counsel, as advised by Lady Byron's parents on her behalf, at first thought the facts did not necessitate a separation ; but, on receiving a later disclosure from Lady Byron in person, his opinion changed, and he "considered a reconciliation impossible." The facts so disclosed were, he believed, "utterly unknown to Sir Ralph and Lady Noel (Milbanke)." Their precise nature remains a secret still, but they must have occurred previously to Lady Byron's departure from London in January 1816.

This shows great power of tactic in a young married lady. She had three lines of defence—or offence, as the unknown immediate

facts may decide her motive—the first, his insanity; the next, the allegations made to counsel through her parents; these turned, she had in reserve those disclosed by herself. How far the unmentionable person in the letter above discussed may have mixed with her motives can be conjectured only. But it cannot be doubted that she left London with her plan of operations formed. From her having had "sixteen symptoms of insanity" to propound to her advisers, she probably kept a journal or some such record.* She also claims to have had the concurrence of Lord Byron's family in consulting a physician on his state of mind about a week before she left London, and a certain "G. B.," probably his cousin and ultimate heir, is referred to in letters to Mrs. Leigh, which closely followed upon it. This, again, shows a good deal of forethought, especially as her first confinement had then only taken place within a month. It is probable, almost indeed certain, that the aggravations which changed her counsel's advice, must have occurred before that confinement, and that they must, to judge from that effect so produced, have involved something personally insulting and humiliating to herself—something which she could urge upon Dr. Lushington and say, "You cannot, as a man and a gentleman, expect me to submit to *this*." There remains, of course, a last possible explanation, that they were mental hallucinations produced by puerperal state. To mental hallucination she must have become subject in later life, when she made, as is generally believed, a communication to Mrs. Beecher Stowe, which was rejected with a shudder of indignant incredulity by the world. This yields a faint presumption in respect of this last possibility. On the other hand the facts, as she herself put them,† suggest that in her subtle tactics, offensive or defensive, the lady over-reached herself. The reserve of facts which, we are led to infer, were too shocking for father's or mother's ear, and were disclosed only to counsel, must, on the assumption of their monstrosity, have had *a fortiori* a tendency to prove lunacy; *i.e.* that no sane man could have committed them. Yet they are, on her own showing, kept back from the medical adviser and stated to the legal one *only*. This throws a doubt backward on the sincerity of her own belief in the imputed lunacy, and seems to convert her first line of attack into a mere *feint* to mislead the enemy. Of

* Dr. Lushington, in the paper quoted above, dated 1830, speaks of relying on the accuracy of his memory "for its statement." This suggests that he had parted with the documents of the case. It may be presumed he had returned them to Lady Byron, among whose papers, if not destroyed, they, together with the recorded "symptoms," should be found; and among them some memorandum of Lady B.'s personal statement which turned the scale of Dr. L.'s judgment against reconciliation.

† In a document written to exonerate her parents from the charge of influencing her to discard her husband, and published in Moore's *Life of Byron*, vol. vi. pp. 275–9.

course we may, as a bare possibility, conceive of two sets of facts relating to the intercourse of the same two persons, the one bearing wholly on the medical, the other exclusively on the legal aspect of the same case. But if anyone puts to himself the case of an anxious and affectionate wife seeking to find an excuse for the misconduct of a husband whom she still loved in a plea of insanity, and then asks himself, Would she, *could* she in that case have kept the two sets of facts apart? I think he will shake his head at the notion. If, on the other hand, he takes the case of a deeply-injured and resentful woman, gifted with diplomatic *finesse*, determined to be rid, *coute que coute*, of her injurer, and constructing a case to effect her purpose, I think he will see that it fits the facts closely. It seems likely, then, that Lady Byron acted under motives of which jealousy was at least an ingredient, that she waited in the hope of an heir *male*, as the last chance of reclaiming her husband's affection, and, that hope having failed, set to work to "smear the poisoned tunic" for him. That she even clung to this last hope for a brief while at Kirkby Mallory, is suggested by two passages addressed to Mrs. Leigh on the 16th and 18th of January:—

> Has Le Mann [the medical adviser of Lord B.] advised the country? It will be by means of the *heir* that it can be effected, and you will be able to touch that subject skilfully before you go, and give G. B. a hint of it [G. B. being the heir presumptive] if you can. . . . Do you remember he [Byron] said I was to nurse till February 10th? I think it is his intention about that time to join me *pour des raisons*, and to go abroad as soon as there is a probability of his having attained the object in view.

That a woman should seriously believe her husband mad, should contemplate separation if she failed to make him out so, and yet wish to present him with an "heir" and exert feminine influence for that object, is, perhaps, only an example of calm judgment unhinged by the violent oscillation of despondency and hope. But the letter suggests that her immediate object was to detach him from questionable surroundings in London, draw him to herself in the country, and, through the hopes of an "heir," regain a wife's influence, until she could with reasonable safety start him on a foreign tour. Her belief in his madness must on this view have been colourable only. If he could be declared a lunatic, she might use the fact for her protection so far as needed, while she yet legitimately regarded domestic influences as the best cure for his aberrations. How far that cure was likely to be effectual, when preceded by an attempt to establish the patient's lunacy, was a question which, perhaps, did not occur to her. Yet her diplomatic tact peeps out in that she seeks to play upon him through his sister's influence, and points out the channel through which it might be most hopefully exerted. The sister is "to touch that subject skilfully," as though she were rather afraid of the too

direct straightforwardness of the latter, while "G. B." is to have "a hint of it" also; which points to some plan, perhaps, in connection with the lunacy to which "G. B." was a party.

The next letter is the undated one before referred to. It bears strong traces of a severe mental struggle; and in the next to this, dated January 19th, but probably, through confusion, for the 20th, she says:—

I am waiting with some anxiety for the day's post, and really cannot say more. Pray forgive my taciturnity, which may come soon to the same degree as B.'s.

She is evidently preparing to draw a line of reserve between Mrs. Leigh and herself. She has changed her front, probably under the influence of intelligence, the source of which she does not state, but which perhaps shook her belief in any prospect of establishing lunacy. And if she was anxiously expecting decisive information on that point, this would obviously bring her face to face with her resolution to separate on other grounds. Hence the "agonies" which the former letter briefly touches. Medea suffers terribly when steeling her heart to slay her children, but she "screws her courage to the sticking place" and does it. And so Lady Byron's heart was perhaps whispering to her something like the words,

Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound?

The chasm was before her; should she take the plunge? It was the difference between "the acting of a dreadful thing, and the first motion," that pause, the last, when "the state of man" (and how much more of woman, and that woman a wife?),

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

I think, then, we have here sufficient materials to estimate Lady Byron, as a woman by nature somewhat reserved and cold, but not heartless, had she been less unhappily mated; as somewhat subtle and too lawyer-like in mind, disposed to set legal rights above affection only when she had tried for the great prize of a poet's heart and failed; but resolute and inexorable when her purpose was once clear, and her decision definitely made. She reminds one of Pygmalion's statue roused to animation under the sympathy inspired by genius, but anon subsiding into marble again. No wonder she shows in her later years the desolating effects of the heart's sanctuary torn open, and its fondest object rifled, in a spirit harsh, domineering, self-righteous, and dictatorial, with a faculty of putting others in the wrong and keeping them there. Such is the tone of her last group of letters to Mrs. Leigh, when they were both within a few steps of the grave. A letter of still later date to

Mrs. Leigh's daughter after the latter's death bears even stronger traces of cold-blooded method as effacing kindly ties. She there says, in answer to some appeal for advice from the younger woman :—

> With respect to anything you may be kindly disposed to communicate to me, let me only make you aware that I should not feel justified in giving you any advice without referring to some members of your family, who must be much better acquainted with your circumstances than I am. Therefore I could not accept a confidence which was to be private.

The barbed arrow which for half a century she bore rankling in her bosom spread its taint probably at last to a sympathetic brain. Had her monstrous disclosure to Mrs. Beecher Stowe been believed by herself at the date of its alleged occurrence, she would be herself a *belua centiceps* of hypocrisy, as having clasped to her bosom for half a lifetime with sham-sisterly affection the woman whom she ought not to have touched with a pair of tongs. It is quite possible that Byron, once on the scent of her jealous misgivings, "fooled her to the top of bent" therein and farther. In his savage moments nothing was sacred to him. He was fond of dark hints about deeds too wild to name, suggesting tales of scandal in which he was himself the hero and villain in one. By some such he may have shown his resentment for the well-meant, but, perhaps, too plainly paraded efforts of his wife to reclaim him. And she in the moody musings of a life terribly prolonged through sequestration and widowhood into solitariness, although in the real sense no more mad than was Byron, yet since,

> To be wrath with one we love
> Doth *work like madness* in the brain,

may have shaped on such hints her last shocking statement. But we might safely dismiss the whole, as the nightmare-nemesis of a heart too subtle, stern, and cold, even if her grandson, writing in 1869 as if familiar with her most private papers, had not declared that "they do not contain any accusation of so grave a nature as that which Mrs. Stowe asserts was told her." That Mrs. Leigh retained a footing of sisterly affection with such an one through such a crisis, and for so long a period as she did, is one of the weightiest testimonies to the essential amiability of her character. Since the appearance of the first batch of letters herein-before referred to, another of Mrs. Leigh's own, most confidential in their tone and tenour, addressed to the Rev. Francis Hodgson has become public property.* They cover nearly ten years, from November 1814 to July 1824. They tend to confirm indirectly the impression of jealous irritation as existing in Lady Byron's mind in respect of the "certain person" above referred to. In a frame

* See the *Athenæum*, September 19th, 1885, in which they were published by Mr. J. C. Jeaffreson, by permission of Mr. Alfred Morrison, who purchased them.

of sanguine hope that the married life of her brother would "turn out very happily," Mrs. Leigh writes on February 15th, 1815:—

I will own to you what I would scarcely to any other person, that I had many fears and much anxiety founded upon many causes and circumstances of which I cannot write. Thank God they do not appear likely to be realised.

In June 1816, after Byron's final departure from England, she comments thus on *Glenarvon*, then a new novel by Lady Caroline Lamb:—

If you have not, pray read it. You foretold mischief in that quarter, and much has occurred, if only that I hear this *horrid* book is supposed and believed a true delineation of his (Byron's) character, and the letters true copies of originals, &c. &c. &c. I can't think of her with *Christian charity*, so I won't dwell upon the subject.

The sting probably was that there was too much truth in it, while the "if only . . ." and the "&c. &c. &c.," suggest that there was some deeper mischief than such exposures or travesties of "characters in high life" as now-a-days supply our "society journals" with stimulating diet. The above is followed by a passage which shows that the relations of the ladies is undergoing a strain, Mrs. Leigh regrets that she "ever had any share in this most wretched business." This closely follows a notice that she had lately received a letter from Lady Byron, and is immediately followed by an inquiry for any letters of her own, speaking of that lady, to Mr. Hodgson—"If you have ever heard me say one word that could detract from *her* merits, or make you think me partial to *his* side of the question?" And she significantly adds: "Whatever ideas these questions may suggest, at present keep them to yourself." The question, indeed, is, in effect, answered by this very file of her letters, in some of which words of extravagant eulogy are lavished on Lady Byron, and in none of which is she spoken of otherwise than with fond admiration and sisterly regard. Yet Lady Byron is evidently cooling towards Mrs. Leigh. From a further letter we gather that the latter seldom sees "Ada," much less her mother, that "Ada" has been made a ward of Chancery, which Mrs. Leigh only discovered through a chance meeting with Lady Byron in London, and that the news of "Ada's" health, which had hitherto gone to her father through Mrs. Leigh, was henceforth to go through some other channel. All this is explicable. The element of jealousy, in the solitary musings of a lady so unhappily placed as Lady Byron, would be sure to expand, especially under the influence of the wild stories of Byron's Venetian licentiousness with which society was now familiar. As that jealousy could not reach its direct object, it would find one in Mrs. Leigh. But the unkindly feeling seems entirely on one side, until Mrs. Leigh seems to turn in self-defence under some charge of disparaging her of whose praises she had so far been never weary. Seldom, indeed, do we find a sister-in-

law speaking to a most intimate and trusted friend in such terms of artless praise as she bestows on Lady Byron. It should be noted, however, that the entire file of letters terminates some five years before the final rupture between the ladies, arising out of the trusteeship spoken of above.

Byron's life of a "chartered libertine" at Venice was the only period during which we find him guilty of neglect towards his sister. She complains that "he was nine *long* months silent to me. He, however, has written at last, making many lame excuses," which were, no doubt, accepted with sisterly allowance at the time; and, indeed, she only mentions this to excuse her own remissness in writing to Mr. Hodgson. Of the entire confidence which she reposed in the latter's friendship, we have an earlier and sadder proof. The period is the agony on the eve of the separation. Mr. Hodgson is conjured to come up to town post-haste, if he can only spare even a day. He comes to a Piccadilly hotel. Then follow some sisterly manœuvres—for she, too, poor soul, has learned her lessons of diplomatic tactics—in getting Byron, who at first refused, to see him.

> The fact is he is now afraid of everybody who would tell him the truth. . . . He can only bear to see those who flatter him and encourage him to do all that is wrong. . . . You must see him, and pray see me and George B. to-morrow morning, when we will consult upon the best means. You are the only comfort I've had this long time.

We know that all was in vain. But the letters seem to show that if sisterly love and manly friendship, and, we may add, wifely devotion, within limits, could have saved Byron, he had been saved. The most emphatic testimony upon this last point is contained in letter (11) of the *Athæneum* file, dated five months after the uneasy passage with regard to Mrs. Leigh's own remarks on Lady Byron.

> In *his* (Byron's) *own mind* there *were* and *are* recollections fatal to his peace, and which would have prevented his being happy with any woman whose excellence equalled or approached that of Lady B., from the consciousness of being unworthy of it.

Then follows a passage of fervent piety, touching on Byron's being "destitute" of "the consolations to be derived from religion," and her own "anxious prayer" that he might yet partake of "that first and *only certain* good." Indeed, save some notices of Byron's altered appearance, as reported "looking *very well*, but *fat*, immensely large and his hair long," and a long description of the negotiations previous to, and of the actual destruction of the "Memoirs," the most touching and characteristic passages cited from the remaining letters are those in which the writer dwells on certain tokens of a changed attitude of Byron's mind towards religion, reported by Fletcher, his confidential

servant, in the last two months of his life. On this head we read, "Fletcher says that for the last year his mind and feelings appeared to be changed much for the better." The last letter of the series, dated July 1824, is given entire; she hopes there that Mr. Hodgson "will encourage him [Fletcher] to communicate with you freely on that most interesting subject." Then follow fears; not, however, felt by herself, but by others, "that it might be said by his [Byron's] enemies, and those who have no religion at all, that he had turned Methodist." Those fears, indeed, have hitherto turned the scale in favour of suppressing this whole passage which colours so strongly with consolation, in his sister's view, the last months of Byron's life. After all abatement has been made for her fond piety in letters to a clergyman, why should it not be true? In his devotion to a course which, in his eyes, was sacred and noble, Byron found for the first time a motive to fling aside his ignobler self, and become something better than the spoilt child of the caresses of one half of the world, and the butt of obloquy to the other. But with his own character, save as the most potent factor in those of these two ladies, we are not directly concerned. He made the life-wreck of one, and sorely pained and vexed the other. But for the blight which he cast upon her, Lady Byron might have expanded into a lovable and loving matron, the harsher and narrower edge of her character lost in the ampler development of kindness. There are women in whom love and pride work with equal and converging power in favour of the object of their affections, while deemed worthy of them; in whom a disillusion on this head carries all before it, until pride casts out love, and eats into the fibre of character like a cancer. Her lot in life was such as to harden all that was tenderest; to chill all that was warmest in woman. We have seen how she froze up towards Mrs. Leigh, and ended by entertaining the most horrible of all possible delusions towards her, as if the poison of her own life's cup had mounted from the feelings to the intellect. No more melancholy proof of the intense power of human affections, outraged and estranged, to recoil in outrage yet more awful, was ever gathered from the tragedy of life. But Mrs. Leigh shines with a full orb of womanly tenderness, with a halo of Faith, Hope, and Charity combined, which only gather ampler lustre from her intellectual mediocrity, from the wayward and fitful genius of her brother, and from the marred and blighted experience of her more highly-gifted sister.

Henry Hayman, D.D.

NOTES ON NEW ZEALAND.

A JOURNEY to New Zealand, accomplished without accident or adventure, affords but meagre material for a book of travel; but having just returned from a stay of three months in that great colony, during which I travelled, wherever possible, by land, from Auckland, in the north, to Invercargill and Riverton, in the south, I may be able to give some accurate information, and remove some erroneous impressions about the character and resources of the country.

There are many ways of getting to New Zealand. The direct steamers accomplish the voyage in six weeks, and will take the traveller, with every comfort, from London to one of the New Zealand ports. This is, perhaps, the easiest route, but as it is rather monotonous, many will prefer to do as I did—travel by the United States, crossing the Pacific from San Francisco to Auckland. Accompanied by my wife, I left Liverpool on September 25, 1886, in the Cunard steamship *Etruria*, and arrived in New York on the morning of October 3.

I need not describe a journey across the American continent. The great cities are well known, and the great plains left on my mind only the impression of dreary monotony. California is a beautiful country, but I cannot understand how anyone can make the great plains their home unless driven to do so by dire necessity. The inhabitants seem to be very much of my opinion, for their houses and fields show no effort at beauty or adornment. They may be good farms, but they are not homesteads.

We sailed from San Francisco on October 24, in the steamship *Alameda*, an American-built and American-owned steamer. She carried us safely over 6,000 miles of ocean, and we experienced great kindness from the captain, officers, and crew; but her accommodation is not suited for the trade in which she is now employed, and her cook might with advantage pay a visit to the School of Cookery.

We spent a pleasant day at Honolulu, and called at Tutuilla, one of the Samoan group of islands; beyond that, the voyage was without incident, and we were all glad when we sighted the Great Barrier island at the entrance of the Hauraki Gulf, at the head of

which Auckland stands. We steamed up the gulf by moonlight, and landed at Auckland at midnight on November 13.

It was with great interest that we first surveyed a New Zealand city. When we went out the next morning we noticed with some surprise that, with a few exceptions, the buildings are all constructed of wood. Timber is abundant, stone there is none readily available. Bricks do not seem to be easily procured. The country is volcanic, the soil is of volcanic origin, small volcanic hills surround the town, and rear their heads as islands in the bay; earthquakes occasionally occur. The wooden buildings are, therefore, easily accounted for, but they appear strange to an English eye. When this first feeling of strangeness had worn off I could not help noticing the general air of prosperity in the place and the efforts which have been made to make it look like "Home."

Everyone in New Zealand speaks of England as "Home"; even those who were born in the colony, and have never visited the old country.

Oaks, elms, and chesnuts are replacing the native trees. The May was in full flower, so was the gorse and the briar-rose. The gardens were bright with English flowers, the only difference being that geraniums, and other delicate plants, which, with us, require care in the winter, there stand out in the gardens all the year round. Cricket and lawn tennis are played vigorously in the summer, and a pack of hounds affords sport over a stone-wall country in the winter. It is a piece of England transported to a more genial climate.

The people also are English; they speak without accent. The gentlemen live in the same way as we do at home, only with fewer servants, and, as a rule, smaller houses. The poor do not exist: labourers and artizans earn from 6s. a day upwards, live in detached houses with small gardens, which are very frequently their own property; dress well, eat meat three times a day, and get their children's schooling for nothing. I only saw one man in Auckland who looked poor, and he was drunk.

My friends introduced me at the club, and I there had an opportunity of meeting the principal men in the town, and learning from them what they thought of the prospects of the place. There was only one opinion as to the future, namely, that Auckland and the district it commands, must go ahead; and I am bound to say that there was only one opinion as to the present, namely, that things were very bad. Depression was on everyone's lips, and I set myself to find out what it meant.

Who was depressed? What was depressed? The people did not, as a rule, look depressed. As I have said, they were all well-dressed, well fed, and well housed. The town did not look de-

pressed; trade seemed active; the shops were well stocked, and people seemed to buy and sell freely. There was money to spare for pleasure; thoroughbred yearlings sold for 200 guineas apiece. The streets were well kept and clean; the harbour did not look depressed. It was crowded with shipping. Who, then, was depressed, and why?

Land speculators were depressed. Large tracts of land had been bought a few years ago on speculation, sometimes with money borrowed at high rates of interest, and the price of land had fallen.

The speculator had made a bad bargain, and the mortgagee did not like the look of his investment. The land is there, and will sell some day; but in the meantime interest has to be paid, and the land does not produce enough, in its present state, to pay it. No wonder that borrower and lender were both depressed, and cried aloud how much depression hurt them. The timber industry was depressed. Not because there is not a good trade to be done, but because four companies have started to do a trade which is only big enough for two; and, with a view to securing the best of it for themselves, they have entered into a rivalry in the purchase of Kauri forests, whereby they have absorbed too much of their available cash, and in some cases credit. As population grows, the trade will be enough for all; but that day is not yet, and in the meantime interest has to be paid, and there is no surplus for dividends—a state of affairs very depressing to the shareholders. The trade in Kauri gum is an important industry in Auckland. When I was there business in gum was dull, and prices were low, leaving but a small margin for profit. I hear that prices have since risen, so I hope this cause of depression has passed away.

I arrived at the conclusion that the people of Auckland had some cause for their depression, but that a rise in the price of land, and a little activity in the building trade, would do much to remove it; and that the worst which was likely to happen was some loss and inconvenience to individuals, painful enough to the sufferers, but not really touching the resources of the city and neighbourhood.

From Auckland we went to Ohinemutu, in the midst of the volcanic region. The journey, and the place have been described by Mr. Froude and others, so I will enter into no particulars. I must say, however, that the destruction of timber along the coach road which so forcibly impressed Mr. Froude with a sense of waste, appeared to me an absolute necessity if the road was to be made at all, and it is also certain that the timber destroyed could not have been taken to any market at a remunerative price. None of the logs are Kauri. There is no Kauri within fifty miles.

Ohinemutu is a wonderful place, and the head-quarters for those who wish to see the volcanic region. I fear that much of its prosperity will have disappeared with the terraces, though the medicinal baths in the neighbourhood may partly compensate for this loss.

We visited Wairoa, which used to be a beautiful village, and the starting-place for the terrace expedition; now a scene of utter desolation. Made "Tapu" by the natives, it remains a dreary desert of mud and ruins. Church and hotels, native huts (wharres) and English homes, all destroyed. The bush levelled by the storm of mud and wind, and no sign of animal or vegetable life remaining. But with the exception of the possible loss of tourist traffic the injury done to the resources of New Zealand is nothing. The country round Mount Tarawera never was of any commercial value. The land nearer to the sea-coast was covered with a light sprinkling of dust and mud, which caused a loss of sheep and cattle, but has resulted in increased fertility, and therefore increased value to the land.

From Ohinemutu we drove to Napier, about 180 miles. The road passes, in part of its course, over the great Taupo plains, a desert of pummice. The rest of the route is through country which either is, or may be made, good pastoral land. Much of it is still in the hands of the Maories. Napier is a picturesque town situated on a promontory which is almost an island, being connected with the mainland by a long spit of beach. It is the outlet for the rich district of Hawkes' Bay, and seems a prosperous town. A breakwater has been commenced here which, when completed, is expected to increase the trade of the town. The security for the bond-holders is good enough, but whether the money would not have been better expended on improving the railway communication with Wellington seems to me an open question.

After a few days stay in Napier we crossed to the south-west coast of the North Island, by rail and coach through the Manawatu Gorge, and then through Taranaki from Hawera to New Plymouth.

A more beautiful place for a home it is hard to conceive. The land was only taken over from the Maories a few years ago, and the district was quite recently agitated by the Maori leader Te Whiti; but already the bush has been to a great extent cleared. Prosperous homesteads line the road. The cattle are feeding in well-fenced paddocks on grass only to be equalled in an English grazing country. Perennial streams flow at short intervals from the snow-covered cone of Mount Egmont, which rises some 9,000 feet clear from the plain; on the other hand the sea-coast; the meadow-land reaching to the edge of the shore. The outlets for this rich district are Hawera, on the railway to Wellington, and

New Plymouth, where the breakwater is so far completed that moderate-sized steamers can lie alongside and load cattle; it is hoped that the works now in progress will enable cattle, cheese, and butter to be shipped to Sydney with regularity. If this can be done, the prosperity of the district will be much enhanced. In any case the fine land, and genial climate, with abundance of water, must make it a rich farming country. From New Plymouth we travelled to Wellington, part of our journey being over the recently-finished Wellington and Manawatu Railway. The Wellington climate is proverbial. It is said that a Wellington man may always be known by his putting his hand to his hat when he comes to the corner of a street. I am afraid my Wellington friends will never forgive me, but truth compels me to say that the wind does blow at Wellington in a way I never experienced elsewhere. Wellington is not, however, an unpleasant place to stay in. The harbour is magnificent, and the trade done at its wharves large. I saw twenty steamers at the wharf at the same time, among them being the *Rimutaka* and *Ruapehu*, two of the fine boats of the New Zealand Shipping Company, which run direct to London. Wellington being the seat of Government, there is a great deal of pleasant society there. I had an opportunity of meeting some of New Zealand's foremost statesmen, and seeing the men who are now guiding the destinies of the Colony. I shall have something to say on the subject of the Government and institutions of New Zealand; it is no part of my programme to say anything about individuals. The opening of the Wellington and Manawatu Railway should have an important influence on the prospects of Wellington. The town is shut in by a high range of hills. The railway crosses these hills, and opens up direct communication with Palmerston, and other districts which are gradually being settled by a good class of farmers. The voyage from Wellington to Christchurch is often a disagreeable one, Cook's Straits being the home of the winds. Thanks to the courtesy of the Directors of the New Zealand Shipping Company we travelled comfortably in their ocean-going boat, the *Aorangi*; sailing at 4 A.M., we landed at Lyttleton in time for a late dinner at Christchurch.

We arrived at Christchurch on December 15th. The next day was kept as a holiday to celebrate the founding of the settlement in 1851.

The change worked in thirty-five years is almost incredible. In 1851 the first settlers landed in Lyttleton harbour, and had to cross the high range of the Port hills on foot to reach their new home. When they got there the prospect must have been discouraging. They saw before them a vast plain bounded by sea and mountains. Treeless, covered with tussock grass, looking

brown and poor. The small stream of the Avon wound then, as now, through the place marked out for the township by the pioneers.

Now a tunnel pierces the hills. The railway takes the traveller in about twenty minutes from the harbour, busy with its wharves and shipping, to a well-laid-out town. Shops and hotels (every public-house is an hotel in New Zealand), clubs and churches, banks and warehouses all show active life. Houses with well-kept gardens surround the town. The treeless plain is so thickly planted that an American is said to have asked why they had built the town in the bush. The cathedral, designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, is unfinished, but beautiful. The Provincial Hall is an architectural gem. The school is one of the best in the southern hemisphere. The Avon is spanned by numerous bridges (I believe Christchurch has more bridges than London) and shaded by willows.

The public gardens are beautiful, and large parks afford space for cricket, football, and other games. There is a racecourse, but that is a necessity for every village in Australasia. A railway connects Christchurch with Dunedin, and branch lines run to different points on the plain. A woollen manufactory turns out first-rate work at Kaiapoi close by, while meat-freezing, agricultural implement making, and railway-carriage works afford scope for a manufacturing population. Some 50,000 people live in Christchurch and its suburbs, and have surrounded themselves with all that is necessary for the business and elegancies of life. All this has been done in thirty-five years. Truly if the Government and people of New Zealand have borrowed much they have something to show for the money, and they have improved the lender's security by hard and judicious work.

We visited a sheep station to the north of Christchurch, where the owner was shearing 85,000 sheep fed on 75,000 acres of unimproved native grass. No doubt the productive power of the land might be increased, but the owner is past the prime of life, and leaves to younger men the task of making three blades of English grass grow where one blade of native grass grows now. He has done hard work in his day, and has turned the wilderness into a garden in the immediate neighbourhood of his beautiful home.

We also visited a great agricultural farm. Our host cultivates 15,000 acres, much of which has been reclaimed from impenetrable marsh. Now the home of the marsh-fowl carries magnificent crops. He had 5,000 acres of wheat and oats besides root crops, sheep, cattle and horses. Dairy farming was conducted on a large scale, and all carried on with energy and skill; let us hope, also, with financial success. Every modern appliance is in use. The cream sepa-

rator, and churn worked by water power, make splendid butter, and make it economically. Reapers and binders are used for harvesting. The ditches are dug, and the hedges clipped by machinery. My friend, and his son just back from Cambridge, are not idle, and have earned the thanks of their countrymen. One hundred men are employed on the farm, and among them put £4,000 per annum into the savings bank.

The surroundings of Timaru and Oarmaru in the south of Canterbury remind one of an English county. The country is more hilly than the neighbourhood of Christchurch, and is well settled, and cultivated. They each have their breakwater, more or less effective; in my opinion they would have been wiser if they had kept their money and shipped their produce at Lyttleton. They think otherwise, however, and I daresay they know their own business best. They have done much good work in a few years, and may be forgiven if they have been over-ambitious. If their breakwaters are an extravagance, they both can and will pay the bill.

Oarmaru is a place of pretentious buildings, accounted for by an abundance of suitable and very white stone in the neighbourhood. The town has not yet grown up to its palaces. The railway to Dunedin runs in its whole course near the sea-coast. There is a division of opinion as to whether the route selected was the best. Not having seen the alternative route, I can express no opinion on this point. The steamers of the Union Steamship Company must be formidable competitors with the present road, but it carries a large passenger traffic.

We stayed one day only at Dunedin on our road to Invercargill and Riverton, returning for a longer visit after our journey to the south. Invercargill is the centre of a good district, but has a forsaken appearance. The streets are laid out on a scale out of all proportion to the present population; the consequence is that the place looks deserted. The population is small; the surrounding country held in great part by large landowners, who are suffering from the low price of wool, and the heavy rate they have to pay on their mortgages. The district ought to be prosperous, but is not.

At Riverton, twenty-five miles away, the exactly opposite conditions exist. The land is held by small farmers, and here as elsewhere in New Zealand small farmers make a good living and something more. The harbour is only suited for the smallest class of coasting vessels, and the trade is not large; but no one talks of depression at Riverton, as far as I could learn.

We returned in due course to Dunedin, a prosperous trading town. The harbour is fine. The largest steamers can go at all

times to Port Chalmers, and a channel has been dredged to enable them to go to Dunedin itself. I am not engineer enough to say whether the money has been well spent or not; the Harbour Board and citizens of Dunedin have no doubt about it.

Dunedin is another instance of rapid growth. Founded about the same time as Christchurch, it has grown into a large city, with fine solid buildings and an active trade. The climate resembles the climate of Scotland with a milder winter, and a large number of the inhabitants are Scotch. With a few exceptions manufacturing industries have not hitherto prospered at Dunedin, and it is the centre to which gravitates so much of the trade of the Southern parts of New Zealand that the prevailing feeling is certain to be strongly echoed there. The people are, however, confident in their future, and I believe with reason. The trade of Otago and Southland must increase, and pass in great measure through Dunedin.

From Dunedin we returned to Christchurch and crossed the island to Hokitika on the West Coast: a wonderful drive introducing us to a wonderful country.

Crossing the highly-cultivated Canterbury plain by rail, we drove by coach from Springfield, the present terminus, over the range of mountains which runs from north to south through the middle island. Hilly pastoral country extends for some distance, then bush-covered hills with high snow-covered mountains and glaciers in the distance. Passing over the watershed at Arthur's Pass, we drove through the Otira gorge into the Western bush, dense with ferns and creepers. The district is the Switzerland of Australasia, only needing facilities of communication and good hotels to make it a popular holiday resort: both, I hope, soon to be provided.

On the West Coast we were in a new world.

We travelled through the district from Hokitika to Nelson. A fine wide valley, green and fertile, extends for miles. Settlement is progressing rapidly, and settlement by small farmers. There is magnificent useful timber, much of it, alas! being cut down and burnt to clear the land; when communication with the outer world is established by railway, to be a valuable article of commerce. The mountains on either hand are intersected by valleys, up many of which roads have been made, and settlement begun. The district is well watered—too well. The rainfall is very great. Fine streams and mineral wealth abound. Grain will not ripen in that moist climate, but with that exception there seems to be everything the heart of man can wish.

The talk is of mining, chiefly of gold. The Chinaman washes out his few ounces. Alluvial diggings are being carried on on a

large scale by the fluming process. At Reefton the quartz reefs are being worked, and in some cases paying well.

Coal is being worked at Greymouth and Westport. The Westport coal is one of the best steam coals in the world. The Greymouth coal is so good that it is being used in some of the Australian gas-works in spite of the difficulties of Greymouth harbour bar. Copper and iron had been found near Nelson, and indications of tin. In how large quantities this wealth of minerals exists no one can tell. The bush is so dense that a man cannot penetrate it without a hatchet. Coal is known to exist in many places where it cannot be worked at a profit till some means is found of taking it away. Gold is found in every stream. A reef, believed to be a good one, was found only a few months ago within a day's coach drive of Nelson. Already local companies have been formed to work it. An hotel is building, and a township will soon spring up on the spot.

Much money has been spent at Hokitika, Greymouth, and Westport in trying to make good harbours out of mountain torrents, at present with but indifferent success. Some people advocate a harbour at Port Elizabeth, a few miles north of Greymouth. The Government officials do not favour the idea—in any case a harbour at that place is an affair for the "dim and distant future." Dim and distant futures come rapidly sometimes in New Zealand, as in politics.

The present hopes of the West Coast are all centred in the Midland Railway, which is to bring the corn of Canterbury, and take in exchange the minerals of Westland and Nelson. The railway is begun, and people are impatient for its completion.

Our visit to New Zealand ended at Nelson—generally spoken of as "Sleepy Hollow"—a pleasant town, with a soft, rather enervating climate, backed by a small, but rich, agricultural district, abounding in fruit: a pleasant resting-place after a fortnight's hard travelling. Nelson, too, hopes much from the Midland Railway, which will make its harbour the direct means of communication between Auckland and the West Coast, which will probably be the manufacturing district of New Zealand.

From Nelson we crossed the straits once more to Wellington, and took ship for Sydney, rejoicing in our start homewards, but leaving New Zealand with the words "*au revoir*" on our lips. I should be sorry to think that I should never see New Zealand again.

I may seem to some to write of New Zealand in a tone of exaggeration. I certainly have not exaggerated the impression made upon my own mind. It is hard to avoid enthusiasm when speaking, or writing of such a country.

The old country is overcrowded. Is not the remedy to be found in the transfer of men and women who have neither regular work, nor hope, to this new land, where labour is wanted, and space is ample for all? England suffers from a surplus of population; New Zealand wants people. A temperate climate, a fertile soil, and an easy passage invite the colonist. There is no burning heat and drought, as in Australia; nor bitter cold, as in Canada.

But who shall go? Not the man who can make pins' heads and do nothing else; they make no pins, as yet, in New Zealand. Not the loafer; there is no room for him there; his proper place in the scale of creation has not yet been ascertained. The idle young gentleman, whose idea of life is sport, and who would scorn to work with his own hands, will find himself at a discount. There is not much opening for the clerk, unless he is sure of an appointment on landing. The clerk who goes to an opening, and uses his opportunities well, will find his position improved.

The men who are wanted are farmers, not too old to learn, who can take some capital and skill with them. If they have in addition a few stout sons and daughters, so much the better. Working men are wanted who are not afraid to rough it a bit at first; who will leave their families in the towns till they are settled; and with their swags on their backs seek work in the country, take the first that offers, and do it. They will not long be unemployed. The only capital they need is a stout heart and strong hands. The handy man who can dig, plough, drive, or do a bit of bush-carpentering is a treasure there.

The wages are good, but the standard of work is high, and the labourer must not be afraid of making his back ache, or of rough sleeping accommodation. He will get plenty to eat as compensation. Best of all, he will be able to save money, and, in time, own his small freehold and be independent.

My readers will begin to ask whether there are no drawbacks. Not many; but there are some. To the educated man, society is small in quantity, and interests apt to be too exclusively local. The newspapers deal ably with local affairs, but seem to regard contemporary history outside New Zealand with something approaching to contempt. The English and European telegrams are meagre, and often inaccurate. The suspension of Sir Pope Hennessy from his place as Governor of Mauritius was announced as the suspension of Hennessy and Co. One could not help thinking that the teetotal movement had seriously affected the demand for brandy. The Government is undoubtedly too expensive; the members of the House of Representatives, with their £200 per session, the numerous ministers, and expensive machinery, seem to the stranger

a costly luxury. A few policeman with walking-sticks, and two or three men of business to look after the finances, would do all New Zealand requires, and do it better. All this elaborate and costly machinery is the sacrifice annually demanded by the great god Demos.

And the result is not good. Sir Henry Maine, in his essay on the "Nature of Democracy," says, "Of all the forms of Government, Democracy is the most difficult." In New Zealand the Government is a pure democracy, and it gives a very apt illustration of this saying. Every man has a vote. Sir Julius Vogel is reported to be about to propose to extend the franchise to women. Parties are divided into the ins and the outs, not by any intelligible difference of opinion. Foreign politics there are none. What is the result? Every man tries to use Parliament for his own interest. No man has a chance of being returned as a Member unless he will pledge himself to further local interests. No Minister has a chance of retaining his place unless he can secure the votes of Members by helping them to attain their local objects. And all these local interests to be thus advanced may be summed up in the words: expenditure in the district of public money. This is the whole secret of New Zealand's financial position.

The objects may be, very often are, desirable; but the process by which they are attained can only be characterized by the disagreeable word corruption.

Let me tell a story to illustrate the process:

It was proposed to get up a memorial in the House approving of a step taken by an English Minister. A Member who had a Bill for a local work before the House was asked to sign it. He declined at first, but afterwards did so, on the promise that the promoters would vote for his Bill if he did. He entirely disapproved of the memorial, but he signed it to pass his Bill—which he lost, by-the-bye, and serve him right. I have the story on the best possible authority, that of the Member himself, who added, "I never did a thing in my life of which I was more ashamed."

Sir Henry Maine quotes Alexander Hamilton, the American statesman, as saying, in conversation with a friend, "That when corruption comes to an end the British Constitution would fall to pieces." When corruption of this sort comes to an end (as it must do now from the difficulty of the New Zealand Government borbowing any more at present), what will become of the New Zealand Constitution? I believe it will survive, and be the better for the trial. The people are as fine, straightforward a set of English men and women as can be found anywhere; and when they find that they have to depend upon themselves alone they will do it,

and fight through any temporary difficulty which may arise. The sooner they face the facts, and set to work to meet them, the better.

The educational system is comprehensive, but very costly. Each district has every temptation to extravagance, and no inducement to be economical. The Government pays, and the money is spent in the neighbourhood. The more is spent, the better the people like it, forgetting that the same process going on all over the country makes the cost per child over £4 per head, and leads to financial embarrassment. Why should not the people who use the schools pay school fees? They are well able to do so, and it is generally admitted that people value most what they pay for. And why should not the inducement to economy be given by charging part of the cost on the local rates?

While on the subject of New Zealand finance, it is only fair to remember two things: one, that New Zealand is handicapped, as compared with the Australian Colonies, by a war expenditure. The amount has been variously estimated, but the expenditure was absolutely necessary if New Zealand was to become a home for Englishmen, and the amount, whatever it may have been, is burdensome on a community not yet fifty years old.

The second, that if New Zealand has borrowed unwisely, English capitalists must have lent unwisely. All the blame must not be laid on the shoulders of the borrower.

But has New Zealand borrowed unwisely?

Roughly speaking, there are three classes of New Zealand borrrowing—Government loans, Municipal and Harbour Board loans, and private borrowing.

I believe that the interest on the Government loans is as certain to be paid as the interest on consols, but none the less do I think that loans have followed one another with undue rapidity. Much of the money has been well spent on roads, railways, and other public works directly or indirectly profitable.

New Zealand rivers are peculiar; they cover immense shingle-beds, at all times dangerous to ford, in flood impassable. Till these streams had been bridged progress in New Zealand was impossible. They have been bridged in the worst cases, and the bridging has cost money.

The railways were a necessity, those in the South Island pay about 4 per cent. on the outlay.

A public works policy is a legitimate policy in a new country, but it must be kept clear from corrupt political influences. I would not put a stop absolutely on New Zealand borrowing, but I would suggest that the Bank of England, or whoever is responsible for issuing any fresh loans, should see that the money is allotted

to really useful works before they publish the prospectus; that the works to which the money is to be applied should be clearly stated in the prospectus; and that the Government and New Zealand Parliament are pledged to expend the money on these works and for no other purpose.

Municipal and Harbour Board loans are of very varying quality. I am not going to advertise the merits of any of them, but it is obvious that a harbour with great natural advantages must increase its trade, and may fairly rank among the first-class commercial enterprises of the world. The same may be said of loans to be expended by municipalities or public companies on supplying gas and water, or paving streets in well-established cities. The small towns and harbours less advantageously situated must satisfy the lender that they have good security to offer.

Private borrowing is large, and the cause of much of the trouble in New Zealand. If the lenders, who are generally great joint-stock companies, cannot take care of themselves, I am afraid nothing I can say will help them.

The population of New South Wales is a million, and one-third of the whole is collected in Sydney and the neighbourhood. One-third of the population of Victoria is collected in Melbourne. In New Zealand there are four large towns, Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin, but no large city. In the future this will very probably be an advantage to New Zealand. Now, it is to her disadvantage. The four towns are jealous, and apt to decry one another. If public money is spent at Dunedin, Auckland thinks she ought to have an equal slice of the cake. A public work, or an industrial company started at Christchurch must be rivalled at Wellington. Wellington is the seat of Government, but there is no capital, and the influence of the educated classes and of the press is frittered away in comparatively small communities.

Sydney and Melbourne are magnificent cities, and a good advertisement of their respective countries. New Zealand has no such advertisement.

One word more on New Zealand politics. It seems as if every crude theory was taken up on the authority of some magazine article, and foisted upon the country as a supreme effort of enlightened statesmanship.

Female suffrage in a country where there must be few women householders; nationalization of land where the one thing wanted is to induce capitalists to buy and improve the land; artificial settlement of men without capital on lands which take capital to bring them into cultivation! Why cannot they let it alone? I suppose because hon. members must talk about something to earn their £200 per session, and they have nothing else to talk about.

Sir George Grey once brought the whole weight of his eloquence and authority to bear to try and exclude matches containing phosphorous from the country, and drew touching pictures of the lingering agonies of poisoned children. The leaders of both parties are tampering with protection, not realising that the only result must be to take the people from the land where they are wanted, to put them in the towns where they are not wanted.

To sum up my impressions of New Zealand, it is a country which cannot be beaten as a home for Englishmen. It must increase in prosperity; the progress of the next fifty years should surpass a hundred-fold the progress of the past. The depression from which she is suffering is in the main agricultural depression, from which her varied resources will enable her to recover more rapidly than less favoured regions. The Government is not all that one could desire, but the common sense of an educated well-to-do people will do much to rectify what is amiss. The borrowing has been too rapid in the past, and the check just administered will do no harm. The partnership between English capital and New Zealand enterprise is a legitimate one, but the capitalist partner must do his share, and see that the working partner uses the firm's money wisely.

I can only, in conclusion, echo the words which appear as a trophy at every New Zealand public gathering: "Forward, New Zealand."

E. Brodie Hoare.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY AND THE SALON.

ART-PROPHECIES this year have proved even less trustworthy than those concerning the weather and other coming events. The Royal Academy was to be very poor, the Grosvenor Gallery was to be exceptionally good, the Paris Salon was to eclipse its recent predecessors. The result has been that the show at Burlington House is better than any there has been for some time, that the Grosvenor is interesting, but on the whole disappointing, and that the Salon is very far from being the best which has enriched the Palais de l'Industrie during the "eighties." It is certainly a pleasant surprise—after the manifold wail against fogs and sombre skies, and after prognostications as to the numerous Jubilee exhibitions, especially the large and imposing show now open at Manchester—to discover that in point of general interest the Royal Academy of this year is more attractive than its two immediate predecessors, and that in point of average technical value it is distinctly better than any for some years past.

The Academy of 1886 was poor in every way; the critics could have written volumes of abuse if they had gone into full details. The public went to Burlington House, gazed, yawned, and returned no more throughout that season. This year there is a general average of merit, which is at once satisfactory in the present and full of promise for the future. An Academy without some vulgarities and stupidities would not be the Academy for which, with all its shortcomings, we all have an affection; but there is certainly a smaller percentage than usual of those *banalités* which raise the scorn of the critical outsider and the wrath of the rejected artist. There is another point of difference—a rather remarkable one. The weakest section of the Academy has generally been that of portraiture. Even when fairly good, it has been wont to lack interest, save for those concerned. But this year the portraits are among the best things in the exhibition, and are very noticeably superior to what are to be found at the Salon. Much of the highest artistic accomplishment of the year that has

elapsed is to be discerned in the best of these portraits, and the contrasts they afford are likely to be of more help to the young student than anything else in the whole collection—in fact, the student anxious to stand on a sure ground for judgment between high and commonplace art, could not do better than spend some time at Burlington House and carefully study the different examples of portraiture. Broadly speaking, the whole science of what to do and what to leave undone may be learnt from a discriminating critical study of the following half-a-dozen portrait pictures :—Mr. Orchardson's "Mrs. Joseph," Mr. Pettie's "Mrs. Pringle," Mr. Herkomer's "Lady in Black" (No. 377), Mr. Luke Fildes' "Mrs. Fildes," Mr. John S. Sargent's "Mrs. Playfair," and M. Carolus-Duran's "Madame la Vicomtesse Greffulhe"—to which should be added Mr. Burne-Jones's admirable portrait of his daughter at the Grosvenor Gallery. There is nothing at the Salon in portraiture to equal, much less to excel, the productions of Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Herkomer, and Mr. Burne-Jones; there are no canvases more effectively brilliant than the clever, if—in one instance, at least—somewhat meretricious portrait-pictures by Mr. Luke Fildes, Mr. Pettie, and Mr. Sargent; and so great is the difference between M. Carolus-Duran's portrait of Madame Greffulhe, at Burlington House, and his portrait of "Madame D'* * * et de ses enfants," at the Salon, that one might well be excused for doubting if both canvases really came from the same easel.

There are, at the Academy, fewer landscapes than of yore, nor are they collectively up to the average level of English landscape-painting. On the other hand seascapes are fairly numerous, are, for the most part, excellent, and are occasionally noteworthy. It is unnecessary to say that among the marine painters the veteran J. C. Hook comes first; Mr. Henry Moore, Mr. Colin Hunter, Mr. Brett, and Mr. Peter Graham will each deservedly engage public attention.

It is certainly beyond doubt that, of late, the French have surpassed us in painting from nature, although in the present Salon there are fewer landscapes and seascapes than of recent years, and, it must be admitted, collectively of inferior value. The main reason for the pre-eminence of our neighbours in this branch of painting is the much greater faculty for appreciation of balance, harmony, breadth, possessed by the Latin as compared with the Teutonic races. But among other indubitable causes is the difference in training, and the determination among the best French landscapists not to repeat themselves—to keep out of grooves. A French artist of repute trusts his public much more than does his comrade on this side of the channel; here, if A and B hit the popular taste one year, it is a certainty that, for season after

season afterwards, they will be represented by pictures almost identical with that with which they gained a measure of public appreciation. It is natural, but none the less regrettable. When we see a "sensation," most of us are inclined to look upon it with mixed interest, for we mentally review its wearisome posterity. There are, of course, certain artists who refuse to allow themselves to be held in bondage either by public taste or their own successes, but these are greatly in the minority.

Military and war pictures are fewer in number at the Academy than within the last three or four years, though, curiously enough, canvases of this description are numerous in the minor exhibitions here as well as abroad; nor are those which are hung on the walls of Burlington House of much note. Lady Butler is disappointing: her "Desert Grave: Nile Expedition, 1885," is of the nature of work done for the *Illustrated London News* or the *Graphic*. Mr. Gow, Mr. Giles, Mr. Ernest Croft, and a few others contribute military subjects; but none is seen at his best, and all seem to have been unable to find an inspiring theme. Of course the "Landing of the Prince of Orange" is represented on canvas—an Academy would hardly be itself if this venerable theme were neglected; for my own part, I am inclined to wish the estimable Prince and his staff had landed at midnight or in a fog. Everyone is conscious of a feeling of resentment against the perpetual appearance of certain subjects—a feeling aggravated when the productions which irritate us are painted in mediocre fashion. Artists naturally take up the ground that the subject is a matter of very inferior consideration, that everything depends upon the technical excellence of a picture; but the fact remains that the general public look to the subject as well as to its artistic presentment, that they like a distinct motive, and that they prefer something novel in treatment if not in conception. The success of such pictures as Mr. Waterhouse's "Mariamne" and Mr. Solomon's "Samson and Delilah" (at the Academy), Mr. Walter Langley's "Betrayed" (at the Royal Institute), and Mr. Kennington's the "Battle of Life" (at the New English Art Club), is greatly due to the fact that each canvas tells its own story, and that though in no case is the story new, it is given with sufficient novelty and attraction to gain the attention of the majority of spectators. It is nonsense to assert that Mr. Waterhouse, Mr. Solomon, Mr. Langley, and Mr. Kennington would have attracted so much public notice if their pictures had been mere examples of technical excellence, and had not had the advantage of a comprehensible and adequate motive.

There is really no such thing as an art of art-criticism. If the public believe in such, it is only from their tendency to accept

dogmatic assertions on any matters concerning which they do not happen to be well informed. If one were to select from the criticisms (say on the Academy) by the critics of the twelve most important journals, he would find the most astonishing contradictions, contradictions which seem almost impossible as uttered by men who have made a special study of art. What A declares to be B's masterpiece, C asserts to be the artist's poorest production: where C finds wonderful colouration and dexterous skill in draughtsmanship, A discovers an opportunity for gibe or remonstrance. It is no exaggeration to say that it would be impossible for anyone to form a clear idea of the best pictures at, and the artistic value of, the Royal Academy show from the criticisms which have appeared in the leading London papers: what the *Times* asserts the *Standard* contradicts; what the *Daily News* considers to be excellent, the *Morning Post* regards as contemptible. The reasons for this regrettable fact are manifold, nor is the blame to be laid solely at the door of the critics. First and foremost there is, as has been said, no such thing as an art of art-criticism. Of course there are certain broad lines upon which art-writers proceed harmoniously; beyond this all is vagueness and uncertainty. Artistic taste, artistic culture, and artistic insight are the main qualifications of the best art-critics; but each judges in accordance with *his* natural bent, with *his* culture, and according to the measure of *his* faculty of insight. Two critics, equally well qualified for judgment as to technique, will stand before such a picture as Mr. Burne-Jones' "Garden of Pan," now at the Grosvenor Gallery: one will pronounce vehemently against it on the ground of its being emasculate, pseudo-idealistic, impossible art; the other will put himself in the place of the painter, and find the conception not less happy than the technical execution. A matter of sympathy, some will say, but there is more than this.

Nine-tenths, most certainly seven-tenths, of our art-writers are literary men; in other words, they are men in whom the literary instinct is dominant. The literary art-critic is sympathetic, appreciative, easily interested or repelled; he looks first to the subject, and then to the technique. The trustworthy art-critic is he who looks first to the technique and then to the story. Pictures like Mr. Alma Tadema's "Women of Amphissa," at Burlington House, like M. Cormon's "Victors of Salamis," at the Salon, appeal vehemently to the literary art-critic: the first thoughts which arise in his mind are of the frenzied Chyades, the women sacred to Dionysos, the Phocian war, the taking of Delphi, and so forth—the Greek triremes, and the routed hosts of the Persian. Delightful mental vistas open up before him; a flood of light

from the past irradiates the picture upon which he looks. He omits to notice that the wives of Amphissa are posed as if they were servant girls in front of a country photographer, that the multifarious colouring of the dancing and shouting throng in front of the stranded galleys is more brilliant than harmonious. When to this mental excitation is added the circumstance of speedy review-writing, the chances are against the literary art-critic's proving a trustworthy guide. But the public; what does it want? It certainly does not care for technical disquisitions. When an important exhibition opens, it is anxious to learn which are the most important pictures, what they are about, whose portraits are the "sensations," and so forth; it is absolutely indifferent to all details of "values," "breadth," "impasto," "tone," "chiaroscuro," and the like. From whom, then, should our art-critics be recruited; from the ranks of literary men with artistic taste and knowledge, or from specialists? Until there is an art of art-criticism the public will probably prefer the former, for it is more agreeable to be misled pleasantly than to be instructed with much weariness to the flesh. The aim of the literary art-critic, therefore, should not be to bore his readers with much display of technical knowledge, but simply to act as a sympathetic interpreter, to take upon himself the functions of a sign-post. The dogmatic tone of most art-criticism is amusing to artists and specialists. If one wearies of it, however, a change can always be enjoyed at a trifling expenditure, for any daily or weekly newspaper will afford entirely opposite opinions, quite as emphatically expressed. But we shall have no journalistic criticism worth the name, either literary or artistic, until signed reviews are the vogue; at present the anonymous system is a crying abuse.

Of sentimental subjects (I use the adjective advisedly) there is enough and to spare at Burlington House. A few of these are good, many are indifferent, some are trivial and foolish to a noticeable extent. Classical and historical pictures are in a minority in comparison with contributions of this class during recent years. Mr. Alma Tadema and Mr. J. W. Waterhouse here take the lead, and at the other end (an end far removed) comes Mr. Herbert with his "Columbus." Religious or scriptural pictures are never as common here as at the Salon; the most noteworthy are Mr. Goodall's "Justice and Mercy," a large, chromo-lithographic, unimpressive presentment of Christ and the penitent Magdalene; Mr. Armitage's huge "St. Francis of Assisi"; and Mr. Solomon's "Samson."

It is interesting to note the applicability—or the reverse—of the motto adopted yearly for the Royal Academy catalogue. Last

year it consisted of certain lines from Browning's "Fra Filippo Lippi":—

> "We're made so that we love
> First when we see them painted, things we have passed
> Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see."

The poet doubtless spoke deliberately, yet he must have meant his words to be taken only in a general sense. We are not always tempted to love the painted likeness (or travesty) of things we have seen a hundred times. According to Mr. Richard Jefferies, who knows nature as few men do, we are wont to see nothing on exhibition walls save phantasmal caricatures of aspects of nature. It is quite certain that if we have had an understanding eye upon the things we have passed a hundred times, we will not be likely to find ourselves entirely satisfied by the artist who transfers their likeness to canvas; the only thing is that "the understanding eye" is as rare as—well, as naturalist-writers like Mr. Jefferies. This year the selected motto consists of a well-known phrase of Flaxman's—"Sentiment is the life and soul of fine art! without, it is all a dead letter." With this admirable dictum all who have genuine love of art must agree; the drawback is that many artists, as well as a large section of the public, confuse sentiment and sentimentality. The latter is the goddess who, with her consort dulness, has long reigned over the realm of art in these islands. Sentiment, as Flaxman says, is the life and soul of art, and by sentiment he means feeling, imaginative and comprehensive insight; the power to imbue death with life. Sentimentality, on the other hand, is the feeble phantasm of imagination, of romance, of ideality.

In portraiture, as has been already said, the Academy is markedly superior to the Salon; in seascape, also, it takes prior rank; in landscape it is inferior. One of the best portraits at the exhibition in Paris is Bonnat's "Alexandre Dumas Fils," but it is an example of the deficiencies of the French in this direction; there is little insight into character, much delineation of detail. Sir John Millais is poorly represented this year, but contrast any well-known portrait picture of his, say his "Lord Salisbury," or his "J. C. Hook," or his "Lord Tennyson" with M. Carolus-Duran's "Madame Greffulhe," now at the Academy, and the essential difference between French and English portrait art will be seen. The "Vicomtesse Greffulhe" is painted with consummate skill so far as externals are concerned, but it is simply a female figure which is behind these—no individuality, no personality. The power to grasp character is rare among the French; in addition to this, they are wont to pay too exclusive attention to detail—

to make the environment of equal, or greater, value than the individual.

With all the deficiences in technique which are annually more and more evident at the Salon, it is unquestionable that in the quality of *chic* the French are as yet unsurpassed; but mere *chic* is not enough to rely upon. Moreover, even here they are being hard pressed. Every year makes plain the changes which are taking place in English painting. It is not yet realised among us to what an extent Franco-American art is influencing our younger men; but that such an influence is strongly at work is undeniable. For many years past the American artists have looked upon Paris not only as a Mecca for devotees, but as the best bazaar for business; of late they have been depending more and more upon British purchasers, and are even, in considerable numbers, taking up their abode in the city of fog. Anyone regarding our present exhibitions critically cannot but be struck by the so-called French element in the work of the most advanced of the younger men—by which is meant a masterly finish and brilliancy of technique, of which, speaking generally, our elder artists seem incapable. I was talking of this to an American artist the other day, and asked him if it was the case that the Anglo-American artists in the French capital had acquired all that was to be learned in the schools and ateliers, or if there was some other reason for the slow but steady decrease of the Parisian attraction. "To a certain extent it is so," he replied, "but there's another reason. Rats leave a sinking ship." My friend further explained that the belief in later French art was slowly dying out, that foreign artists could not but see the deterioration which is setting in both in the public taste and in artistic excellence, and that the French were ceasing to be the chief patrons of art. All this tends to prove that Mr. Calderon was right, when, a year or two ago, he addressed a meeting of London art students, and prophesied to them that in another decade London would be the acknowledged art centre of the world. So much the better for our artists if this prove to be the case, especially if it be true (what the *Economist* says in a recent issue) that the national wealth is increasing rather than decreasing, despite Mr. Goschen and the Sinking Fund. But before this can become fact our artists have much to learn, and to learn from the French even in their decadence. Primarily, the great difference between the artists of Great Britain and those of France lies in the simple word *painting*. First of all, *paint*—that is the lesson all young daubers are taught in Paris. Learn how to paint thoroughly, and, as near as may be, masterly, before

attempting to tell a story, or point a moral, or record a virtue, or render concrete any abstract quality. With us it is—get a good *motif* and *then* paint. In other words, we are handicapped with too much subject; the French with too little; but the result is that for many long years past the latter have been greatly in advance of ourselves in point of technique, mainly because of the invaluable lesson taught in their youth, that a painter's first business is to paint. With all its shortcomings, even the present Salon exemplifies this fact on the one hand, and, notably, the Grosvenor Gallery on the other. When our younger artists have mastered this fact in its full bearings Mr. Calderon's prophecy will be on the point of fulfilment. A Paris critic has been clear-sighted enough to see what is occurring. "At the Salon," he remarks, "we are *un*learning art." This is exactly what is the case; public taste has been vitiated for some time past, and artistic excellence is following suit. "You can't get wine out of a slit goatskin," says an Italian proverb, and contemporary French art is a huge goatskin, with a slit which is annually widening, which only some great national regeneration can rectify. For here we are at the root of the matter; the national greatness is either on the wane, or has entered on a period of collapse. The present writer, for one, certainly does not regard the extraordinarily rapid deterioration of art in France as being unconnected with the deterioration in the national well-being. Two or three years ago he wrote much to the same effect elsewhere; and since his views have been emphatically confirmed rather than modified, he may be excused for some repetition of what he then said.

Anyone who writes or speaks strongly against certain Gallic characteristics is at once accused, if he be an Englishman, of insular prejudice; or if he be a German, or Italian, or any other foreigner, of envy combined with ignorance. But it is the writer's firm opinion—one slowly evolved, and, therefore, all the more tenaciously held—that a rapid disintegration is at work among our neighbours. The Latin period is over at last; the northern genius is now to be dominant throughout Europe. Native art, native literature—*in accordance with traditional characteristics*—are practically dead in Italy; she is becoming a great state again, owing only to her acceptation of the northern element. The same may be said of Spain, with the reservation that she only shows signs of rising out of her lethargy, and has not yet done so. France is strongly permeated with this "breath out of the north," and it to a great extent depends on how far she is able to de-Latinize herself, whether she remain a really great influence on the sphere of culture. In art there is but little

manifestation of this; in literature, however, there is a limited but important collaboration of influences calculated to work immense good if some severe and permanent check do not intervene. For some years past (I repeat from what I wrote concerning the much discussed Salon of 1885) all who have been intelligently interested in contemporary art must have noticed the rapid deterioration of the colour sense of the majority of French painters, the dominant tendencies being either towards dull, neutral tints, or to crude and vulgar brilliancy. They will soon be no longer able to boast that over and above being the greatest artists, they are also the greatest painters of Europe. This pre-eminence has been, and in a modified degree still is, theirs, but, as we have said above, there are signs that the Gallic supremacy is waning rapidly towards disappearance. Hitherto the French artists have undeniably ranked first in the great quality of form. Their draughtsmanship has beyond doubt been superior to that of artists of other nationalities, and their design has been in the main worthy of the great traditions in which they were trained. But now so rapid is the decadence of art in France, that fine design is comparatively rare, while weakly, inefficient draughtsmanship is becoming more and more characteristic of the productions of the younger men.

There is one noticeable improvement at the great Parisian exhibition. There are fewer horrors and indecencies; the latter, indeed, are almost non-existent, for those which savour of unpleasantness are so poorly drawn and painted, and so lacking in attraction, that they are passed by with a shrug of indifference. Violence and sudden death are, of course, represented, but neither so vulgarly nor so multifariously as of yore. There is poisoning on an imperial scale, and imperial murder; there is suicide; there are bloodthirsty Gauls and Huns, and massacres galore; there are hospital operations; there is a ghastly "Flood," which the artist seems to have painted in a nightmare; there are imprisoned wretches dying of famine; and there is a view of Count Ugolino in his tower, surrounded by the three dead bodies—founded on that terrible passage in the thirty-third canto of the *Inferno*, with which all readers of Dante are familiar. But there are only two pictures which, from their brutality, have no right to be on the walls of the Salon—one because it is fit for nothing save a butcher's shop, and the other because it is an outrage upon humanity. The first is a small picture by M. Achille-Cesbron, and represents, with a naturalness which is astonishing, the bleeding heart, liver, and lungs of an ox; one's only feeling, after that of disgust, is that the pity is great so much skill should be put to such use. It should be

purchased for the *abattoirs* in the north of Paris; it would be appreciated there. Fortunately, it is hung in an obscure corner. The other picture to which I referred is Amand Gautier's *Le Choléra Morbus*. The scene is the interior of a rough and ready hospital; upon the beds are poor wretches in the throes of agony and death. To the left one raises himself, nude and haggard, from the clothes, and howls with insane vehemence; beside him another grows blue and rigid as a medical attendant hurries to his side with a bowl of soup. On the floor in the foreground stoops another attendant beside tubs and other utensils. The whole thing is disgusting to the spectator, and degrading in itself; the horrors of loathsome diseases are not fit subjects for art, any more than small-pox and cancer are proper subjects for lyrical description. Among pictures of the nude the most noteworthy examples are Chaplin's "Dans les rèves" and Carolus-Duran's "Andromeda." The former is a brilliant and masterly production, painted with great skill and effect; regarded from a non-professional point of view it has more in common with the debased art of M. Jan Van Beers, than with that of Titian and Tintoret. If the "Andromède" in Salle 19 had been painted by a new or little-known artist, it would have attracted no notice. But a nude figure is a novel venture for M. Carolus-Duran, and consequently his "Andromeda" has been much discussed. It is, I fancy, pretty generally admitted that the eminent portrait painter has failed; his Greek girl is simply a stoutly-built well-to-do Frenchwoman, and is as impressive as might be expected. She leans against a rock, and looks with apparent indifference at nothing in particular. It can easily do duty again as "A Nymph," or as a "Girl waiting for the Tide to come in," or as "Too Chilly To-day," and the like.

Among seascapes there is nothing very striking; Mesdag, Masure, Maillard, and Bellenger are well represented, and Antoine Vollon has a brilliant though somewhat too enamel-like view of the Bay of Marseilles. Visitors to recent Salons will miss the large seascapes of the American artist, Alexander Harrison, whose "La Vague" and "Le Crépuscule" were so much admired in the exhibitions of 1884 and 1885. In landscape L'Hermitte takes a high place with his field-labourers resting at midday; Guignard is favourably represented by his fine "La Lande"; and Beauverie, Damoye, and Japy, Adrien Demont, Flahaut, and Lacroix all contribute able and delightful pictures. Jules Bréton, most poetic of French landscape-painters, is hardly seen to advantage in his "A Travers Champs" and "La Fin du Travail," fine as these eminently characteristic canvases are.

With his large and imposing "Le Soir," conspicuously hung in

the Salle d'Honneur (better known as the Salon Carré, or Twelfth Gallery), Ernest Duez challenges attention both as a seascapist and landscapist. Many of his critics consider that he always paints his grass and herbage too green; the artist maintains that he is right, and probably he is so—though I confess the grass seemed to me too emerald-hued for the early twilight. Two or three cows are sitting or standing on a cliff-pasture overlooking the ocean, above whose horizon the full moon has risen about an hour. Duez has certainly caught the spirit of the scene. Although primarily an animal painting, one of the most charming landscapes in the exhibition is Vuillefroy's picture of deer going through an open forest in the early morning. Among religious pictures I noted nothing of mark save Dudain's large and gorgeously coloured "Departure of the Prodigal Son," and the German painter Uhde's "Holy Supper." Uhde is a Saxon by birth, and a pupil of Munkacsy; one of the most original of living painters, he is one of the very few men who can fairly be called spiritual realists. As a matter of course there are numerous military pictures, including (equally as a matter of course) various likenesses of General Boulanger. The most noteworthy are Roll's huge and ugly but clever "En Avant"; Protais' "Convoy of the Wounded"; and E. Beaumetz's "Ils ne l'auront pas," where some French soldiers, foreseeing that the spot they are defending will in a few minutes be in German possession, make haste to bury the flag they have so gallantly defended. Boutigny, Delahaye, Tattegrain, Sinibald, and Neymark, among others, are well represented. The military pictures of this year, however, do not seem to me at all equal to those of the last few Salons.

Cabanel's "Cleopatra," Ferrier's "Kiff-smokers," and Rochegrosse's "Death of Julius Cæsar" and "Salome dancing before Herod," are among the "sensations" of the season. In the first a beautiful but not very impressive Egyptian woman watches from her dais the effects of various poisons upon some unfortunate slaves; in the second there is a strange scene of hemp-smokers in various stages of ecstasy and sullen torpor; in the third we see Cæsar assassinated and done to death with a score of knives. M. Rochegrosse's "Salome" is a curiously apparelled damsel; one is inclined to think that Herod must have been easily fascinated. A comparison of this Salon "sensation" with Mr. Waterhouse's "Mariamne" at the Academy will not be to the advantage of the French artist.

As examples of splendid colour, the finest pictures at the Salon are Henner's "Salome carrying the Baptist's Head on a Charger," and Benjamin-Constant's "Empress Theodora"; the former is a marvellous study in reds, the latter is a not less wonderful but

somewhat over-gorgeous mass of gold, jewellery, and rich attire. Neither in the "Hérodiade" nor in the "Theodora" is there manifest any attempt, certainly not any successful effort, to endow the character represented with any passion or even individuality. The "Salome" is a familiar model of M. Henner's, and does equally well as a "weeping nymph" or as a "dancing girl." These two pictures are among the most admired. It is suggestive to note that two of the leading "successes" of the Salon are, while brilliant technical triumphs, as soulless and unimpressive as if they were veritable examples of the pseudo-classicism of the eighteenth century.

WILLIAM SHARP.

STATE-DIRECTED COLONIZATION.

Can British trade, manufactures, and agriculture support, in decency, a population of thirty-six millions? and if they can at present, will they be able to do so a few years hence, seeing that our people are increasing, over and above those who emigrate, at the rate of some three hundred and forty thousand per annum? These are questions which demand immediate answers. They are urgent and will brook of no delay. Whether the answers be in the affirmative or in the negative, some action will have to be taken, and that promptly; for there can be no question that many of the thirty-six millions inhabiting these islands are living, through no fault of their own, in anything but a decent fashion. These men and women are all being taught to read, to write, and to think, and if those of them who are in actual want of the necessaries of life are once impressed with the notion that their condition is not inevitable, but is the result of bad social or political arrangements, it will not be long before they will arise in wrath, and make their influence felt in a manner which may possibly be disagreeable to those whom, rightly or wrongly, they regard as having been instrumental in bringing about those social and political arrangements which, they believe, have meant pain, sickness, and even death to them and theirs. If, on the other hand, it can be shown these poor sufferers that no injustice has been perpetrated, but that they are in misery because mouths have increased in this country more rapidly than the means of supplying them with food, they will be content to bear their sufferings with greater resignation and fortitude; but they will doubtless urge their rulers to enable them to transfer themselves and families to lands where the soil is still in a virgin condition, and is capable of supporting in comfort many additional millions of the human race.

It is possible, and even probable, that the answers to the above questions may be partly in the affirmative and partly in the negative. It may be shown, that while it is impossible for this country to go on indefinitely supporting an increasing population, some temporary relief to pressure of population on the means of subsistence might be given by home legislation, although in this connection it would be well to remember that if all the land in

the British Islands were this day divided equally amongst the population, each individual could only receive some two acres and a fraction of good and bad land, rock, marsh, and heather, and that forty acres of average land is, by competent judges, computed to be the least upon which, in a northern climate, a family can maintain itself in decency and comfort.

But whatever answers may be given to the questions, of this we may be certain, that the present condition of the masses in our large towns cannot continue. The malady has reached a crisis, and some change will have to occur, either for the better or for the worse; and if for the worse, woe to society! If a Social Revolution is to be avoided some measures of relief to suffering humanity will have to be devised. Let our Legislators see to it that they rightly interpret the signs of the times, and are not forced to yield to violence that which they have denied to patient entreaty and to constitutional action!

Lest it be said that the organized bodies of working men are responsible for their own sufferings, I will not lay stress on the number of the unemployed belonging to these classes, though, from the official returns of various local working-men's associations, it could be shown that, in 1885, nearly fifty-nine thousand of these workmen were without employment, representing something like a quarter of a million men, women, and children without the means of subsistence, gradually settling down as a burden on the shoulders of the ratepayers.

But let us look at the unorganized industrial classes, and especially at the female portion of them, and see how they are suffering. Can it be for ever tolerated that women should have to work from morning till night (Sundays included) in order to earn from 4¼d. to 13¾d. a day by making drapers' card-board boxes, and be compelled withal to find their own paste? or that they should receive ¾d. apiece for making shirts for export, and have to provide their own thread? or that 6d. to 8d. a day should be the pay which many women receive for a day of fourteen to sixteen hours, in the city which boasts itself to be the richest in the world? We have heard so often of the miseries of these poor women, the "bitter cry" has rung so often in our ears, and so little has been done, that we are, I fear, some of us, getting actually familiarized with the idea of suffering as being the inevitable and natural condition of the inhabitants of the poorer portion of our large towns. There is a real danger of our feelings becoming blunted and actually hardened by the frequent repetition of those unspeakable miseries. Some of us may even be getting bored, and we know that to some minds the dread of being bored is more fearful than the onslaught of a wild beast in his wrath. But even with this fear before my

eyes, I shall venture to quote facts and figures which have been supplied me from unimpeachable sources, in order to show that it is not only the vicious and the idle who are unable to find employment. As personal knowledge of a subject is infinitely preferable to that obtained at second hand, however trustworthy may be the source whence the information has been obtained, two members of the National Association for Promoting State-directed Colonization visited, in 1883, three of the docks of London, at the hour when the gates are opened and the hands engaged for the day's work. They found large crowds of men besieging the entrance to the docks, eager and anxious to obtain work. The gates were opened, the hands required engaged, the gates again shut, and seven hundred disappointed, wretched, hungry men were turned away to spend another day of enforced idleness and of heart-sickening expectancy. Since that date the above statement has been corroborated by the Report of the Mansion House Committee, appointed to inquire into the cause of distress in the metropolis, which has shown that the sight these gentlemen witnessed was no extraordinary one arising out of exceptional circumstances, but that it represented the ordinary every-day condition of affairs outside the dock-gates of London, for the Report states that *eight thousand men* daily apply in vain for work at the dock-gates of the metropolis alone. Bear in mind that workmen of this class must necessarily live from hand to mouth, that at least half of them were probably married men, that we may safely calculate a wife and three children to each family, to all of whom the return of the breadwinner that day, without money, must have meant privation and deep anxiety of mind, if not actual starvation; and then see, reader, what a vast abyss of suffering, disease, and misery is opening at your feet, of which, up to the present time, you may have been unconscious; then, if you can, be astonished that hatred of social order (insensate, unreasoning hatred, if you will) should sometimes take possession of the minds of these men and women, maddened by suffering.

Do you say that these dock labourers are exceptions to the rule of high wages, and are the refuse of the unskilled labour-market? Then learn how chains are forged at Cradley Heath by an unorganized body of skilled workmen, and what remuneration they obtain for their hard labour.

The following letter, published in the *St. James's Gazette* of March 1st, 1887, was written by Colonel C. E. Stewart, C.B., late Assistant Commissioner in the Afghan Boundary Commission.

Lord Brabazon having been asked by the chain-makers of Cradley Heath, near Birmingham, to send some Members of the Association for Promoting State-directed Colonization, over which he presides, to them, to explain the aim and objects of the

Association, I went there for that purpose, accompanied by Lieutenant Mansfield Smith, R.N. I will say nothing of the Association I represented, except that the necessity for State-directed colonization was most forcibly brought home to me by what I saw.

On arrival at Cradley Heath, which is a poor-looking village in Staffordshire, we found at least 2,000 chain-makers assembled in a large wooden building which had been lent by the Salvation Army for the meeting. On entering, the sight that met our view was a sad one. The greater portion of the assembly was composed of men; though some hundreds of women were present, many with babies in their arms. Such pale, wan faces among the women and children, while even the men looked pinched with hunger. In spite of the hungry look, they were cheerful, and tried to make the best of a very hard lot. While waiting for the proceedings to commence they sang several of Moody and Sankey's hymns in a very effective manner, under the leadership of a Salvationist. After the business connected with our Association was finished, I asked for information about chain-making and the strike then going on; and was told by Mr. T. Horner, the chain-makers' Secretary, and others, the following facts connected with their industry.

The work is piece-work, the men generally taking the iron to their homes to manufacture, though some masters have it made up on their own premises; but even then the work is paid by the piece. A man working sixty hours in the week, and taking no half-holiday on Saturday, can in that time make 7 cwt. of chain, of ½ in. diameter, for which he receives at the rate of from 1s. 8d. to 1s. 10d. per cwt. Even at the higher figure of 1s. 10d. per hundredweight, this would amount to 12s. 10d. Out of this he has to pay a boy as blower 3s. a week, also to pay 3s. 6d. for the small coal called breeze, necessarily used in working up this amount of iron, and 1s. has to be expended in carrying the materials to the master's place of business. This leaves 5s. 4d. as the full wages of a man for hard blacksmith's work for a week of sixty hours. If two men work together, a blower can be hired between them, to whom each man pays 2s.; and, under these circumstances, the net earnings of an able man would amount to 6s. 4d. a week. If 8 cwt. of chain were made in the week the earnings would amount to a little more; but few men can make this quantity, and that not regularly every week, so 6s. 4d. may be considered the full wages that it is possible for an industrious and good workman to earn in a week.

When the father of a family can by his utmost exertions only earn the above sum, it becomes necessary that his wife and daughters, if he have any, should earn their own keep; and women work at the forge at chain-making in very large numbers. Working at a forge with men does not seem an occupation fitted for women and girls, and the evil effects of this work upon them, both morally and physically, are very evident. One woman showed me her hand, which was covered with immense hard corns, produced by the constant use of the hammer during so many hours a day, and said "Should women do work that hurt them like that?" The moral results of young men and young women working together at the hot forges, often in the scantiest attire is also lamentable. I have heard sad tales of women forging chains up to a very short period of their confinement. For sixty hours' hard work, only fit for a strong man, those poor women receive about 3s. 6d. clear, after paying for breeze and share of blower's wages. Imagine a wage of 3s. 6d. for a week of such toil.

At last this state of affairs could be endured no longer: the chain-makers struck for an increase of wages. Several of the most important masters approved of the strike, and I understand some actually contribute money. Much help is being given by the Nut and Boltmakers Association, whose Secretary, Mr. Juggins, was present at the meeting. Other associations are also helping. As there are 2,000 chain-makers on strike, and these men and women have many depending on them, the whole number who have been rendered utterly destitute by this strike is about 8,000. They have no union of their own, so it is necessary to raise a considerable sum to give even a little help weekly. They say they worked hard and starved, and now they play and starve. This is the twenty-ninth week of the strike, and the sums that have been collected only allow of four quartern loaves, worth 1s. 4d., and 1s. being paid to each family

weekly—making a total of 2s. 4d. per family, consisting of a man, his wife, and one child. If there are more children, a very small increase is given; but the whole sum in bread and money given to a family of ten persons is only 4s.

These chain-makers ask that a hard-working and efficient man should be able to earn about 14s. a week, and a woman 7s.; though they think if the man earned as much as 14s. he could keep his family decently, and the women would not be obliged to work at the forges. I was shown a chain such as is used to put over the back of a cart-horse and hold up the shafts. The workmen are paid 1½d. for making these chains; cost of iron, galvanizing, &c. about 5½d.: total cost 7d. But they are sold in retail shops at about 5s. each. The chain-makers ask that out of this enormous profit a little more than 1½d. should go to them.

I now appeal to the men and women of England to send help to these starving people. I shall very thankfully receive subscriptions of even one shilling in amount, if sent to 51 Redcliffe Square, South Kensington.

The courageous daughter of a clergyman of the Church of England, living in the East-end of London, inspired by a desire to obtain a personal knowledge of the struggle for existence in which she saw the members of her own sex engaged around her, and with a view to utilize her knowledge hereafter as a means, if possible, of alleviating their sufferings, has had the courage to disguise herself and to work as a common factory hand at filling match-boxes. At the end of a week she was told that for a new hand she had done fairly well, and that she had earned some 2s. 3d.! She is now engaged in making a most business-like and accurate inquiry into the whole question of labour at the East end of London, which, when finished, will be of the greatest value to all who are interested in this most important subject. From equally trustworthy sources I have obtained the following particulars with respect to the wages which are now being paid for female labour in the East-end of London. The inadequacy of these wages to support a single woman, much less a family, will be more readily seen if we remember that in the same districts the weekly

Rent of 2 rooms is from 5s. to 6s.;
the Rent of 1 room is from 2s. to 3s.;
the Rent of half a bed is from 1s. 2d. to 2s.

Marmalade-making.

8d. a day, 4s. a week, and the empty orange-boxes.

Brush-drawing.

Women can earn ¾d. an hour if they draw scrubbing-brushes. At *hair*-brush drawing they can reckon on making 7d. in 10 hours.

Artificial Flowers.

1d a gross (144) is paid for violets; a woman who sits close at her work can make 7d. a day.

Matchbox-filling.

Though the clergyman's daughter as a tyro could only make 2s. 3d. a week, expert hands can earn 4s. a week.

Jam and Jute Factories.

Women can make about 5s. 9d. a week to 8s. 9d.

Umbrella-covering.

Tenpence a dozen is given if they are of ordinary size, 1s. if of extra size.

Sack-making.

Threepence a dozen is paid for these.

Shirt-finishing.

Fourpence a dozen can be earned in this trade. There are 72 button-holes to be made, and 96 buttons to be sewn on for the 4d.

Ladies' Fur Tippets.

Ladies fur tippets, which are sold for about £20, have to be repaired where the skin is damaged, or where the animal has been shot. All has to be done very carefully and well, yet it is so badly paid that a woman must work very hard the best part of a week in order to earn 3s. The common imitation fur trimming, which is sold by the yard, is still worse paid; this is sewn together in many little pieces, and a farthing a yard is all that is given for it.

Button-holing.

Four shillings a week can be earned in this work.

Better-class Shirts.

Fivepence a shirt is given for this work. One workwoman said, "If I work very close, and feel pretty well, I can make one a day."

Trouser-finishing.

Women can earn about 9d. a day at this work.

Of course, my object in giving the above facts and figures is to show that competition for work is so keen in our large towns that unskilled labour, and sometimes even skilled labour, is underpaid, and that consequently there exists what lawyers would call a "case" for the discussion and consideration of the best means of lightening the pressure of this competition.

An East End worker remarks: "People will have cheap things, and there are such thousands of unskilled labourers of all sorts, that they have to be thankful for any work at any wages. If you could get rid of the superfluous unskilled labour, say, by emigration, or by better technical education, you would raise wages, but how else it can be done I do not know. Emigration on a very large scale seems what is needed."

It is difficult for you, reader, and for me, to appreciate the feelings of these men and women, crushed between the upper and the nether grindstone of the fierce competition for life.

The progress which Socialism has made amongst the working classes of the large towns is astonishing, not to say alarming. A few years ago Socialism was almost unknown, or confined to workmen of foreign origin; now, in the Metropolis alone the leaders can muster their thousands, and they are able to support a journal of their own, *Justice*, which has an extended circulation. Is not this the direct effect of despair, acting on the bodies and minds of starved and desperate men and women? Let a master mind arise amongst these men, and under favourable circumstances, such as a foreign war, a temporary blockade of the shores of England resulting in a straitening of the food supplies, or the presence of a weak and vacillating Government, who will be so bold as to assert that these dangerous classes might not obtain the upper hand for a time, and that the streets of London might not witness some of the worst horrors of the French Revolution?

Do not let us, in our horror at the sentiments expressed by some violent fanatics on public platforms and elsewhere, who pose as the friends of the "unemployed," fall into the error ascribed by Tennyson to his *Northern Farmer*, and imagine that—

"the poor in a loomp is bad."

There are many who deserve not scorn, nor neglect, nor opprobrium, nor repression, nor patronage, but honour, such honour as would be bestowed on the warrior, who, careless of his own life, and conscious of approaching death, had remained at his post, true to his duty, and had sacrificed his life for those whom it was his greatest pride to protect and cherish.

If we can do nothing else, let us show them that we have sympathy for them in their suffering, that we appreciate the valorous, patient, uncomplaining struggles of many of them to be burdensome to none, that we know if there be some who are unworthy, (and there are unworthy in all classes) that there are, amongst those who have been stricken in the battle of life, many whose wounds are a glory to them. Let us, at all events, endeavour to use our greater leisure, instruction, and opportunities, in investigating the causes of the misery of these unhappy classes, and, if God permits us, find some means of extricating them from the difficulties which surround them.

Such a means I believe we possess in the system for enabling the poorer population of Great Britain to settle as farmers on the unoccupied lands of the Colonies, which is now known as "State-directed Colonization." I do not for one moment believe that this system can be regarded as a complete remedy as far as Great Britain and Ireland are concerned, for the troubles which result from over-population, but that it is *one* remedy I am most firmly

persuaded; and if this be the case, or if there be a remote chance that what I say is true, surely the evils are so great, and the numbers who suffer so numerous, that a patriot would at all events think it worth while to make personal investigation into the subject. I trust that many will do this, and, should reason tell them that they have found a remedy for some portion of the miseries which are crushing the life out of thousands of their countrymen, that they will feel impelled to assist those who are labouring to build up a public opinion which shall ultimately induce the Government of the United Kingdom to take the subject of State-directed Colonization into its most serious consideration.

If the premises are contested upon which this argument is founded, and if it be said that there is no over-population, then I reply, "It cannot be denied that there is misery, great crushing misery, which, to put the argument on the lowest level, it would be dangerous for the country to ignore; and if Colonization be objected to, then other remedies for this serious state of things must be found." Either way we cannot escape our responsibilities, and we cannot avoid the necessity of taking some action in the matter, and that with the least delay.

Now what is this "system of State-directed Colonization," which it is my desire to bring to your notice? Its details will be found in Vol. II. of the "State-directed Colonization Series" (Stanford, Charing Cross), published by the National Association, whose offices are at 84 Palace Chambers, Westminster, S.W. Its main features are as follows:—

1.—Only those to be assisted who are without means, and are physically and morally fitted to become good Colonists.

2.—The Imperial Government to create a permanent Colonization Board, the representatives in London of co-operating Colonies to sit *ex officio* on the Board. The Colonization Board to be responsible to H.M. Secretary for the Colonies.

3.—The Imperial Government to provide the necessary funds, not from rates or taxes, but either (*a*) by securing a public loan at interest; or (*b*) from the Post Office Savings Bank's deposits, at interest; or (*c*) from the unclaimed Chancery balances, at interest.

4.—The co-operating Colonies to place in the hands of the Colonization Board tracts of Government lands for colonization purposes.

5.—The people proceeding to Colonies to be classed as (*a*) emigrants; (*b*) emigrant colonists. Class *a* (simple emigrants) only to be sent to Colonies where labour is admittedly in demand; and class *b* (emigrant colonists) to be planted on the lands placed in the hands of the Colonization Board.

6.—Pioneer parties of single men emigrants to be despatched under contract to clear and prepare lands, erect domiciles, &c., for the emigrant colonists to follow after them. An emigrant colonist found, after arrival, to be inexperienced, to be placed for a time with a pioneer party.

7.—The people enabled to proceed to be required to undertake to repay in annual instalments the cost of their settlement, together with a fixed rate of interest on the principal sum expended on their behalf. A small "acceptance fee" to be paid before embarcation.

8.—The principal sums not to be used for administrative expenses, but exclusively for colonization purposes.

9.—The acceptance fees and the interest on the principal sums to be devoted to (*a*) the cost of administration; and (*b*) to a sinking and reserve fund to meet loss by failures or delinquencies.

10.—The Colonial Governments to nominate experienced colonists to act for a certain time as resident superintendents of settlements, and to establish in each settlement a post office and money receiving house for the reception of the repayments, with power to the superintendent and the postmaster to enforce payments due where necessary.

11.—Food stores, &c., to be provided during the early stages of the settlement, under the superintendent; fortnightly advances to be made to the settlers until arrival and sale of first crops.

12.—The Colonial Governments to reserve to themselves belts of land in the heart of each settlement for sale as sites for public buildings and business premises.

13.—No persons to be sent without the approval of the representatives of the colony concerned.

14.—The colonization not to be placed in the hands of the Local Government Board, and to be kept distinct from pauperism and boards of guardians.

15.—Colonies wishing for labour only to be invited to make special arrangements with the Colonization Board.

16.—Existing shipping or other arrangements by individual Colonies not to be interfered with, but each Colony to be invited by the Home Government to work in conjunction and in harmony with the Colonization Board.

It will be seen that the above system will in no way interfere with voluntary self-supporting emigration and colonization, inasmuch as only those who are without the means of transporting themselves across the seas will receive assistance. On the other hand, the payment of an acceptance fee of £2 10s. by the emigrant before assistance is given him will encourage self-help, will stimulate charitable effort to render assistance in emigrating the poor, will be a guarantee of payment of interest on the £100 advanced, and will diminish the probability of fraud or dishonesty on the part of the settler.

It will be noticed that the "system" is one of "colonization" and not of "emigration." The latter is only contemplated by the Association when emigrants are specially invited by the Colonies to meet an undoubted lack of labour in some special department of work, or in the case of children, and in this connection it would be well to mention that Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., who has taken great interest in the question of the emigration of children, has calculated that a total expenditure of £25 per head is sufficient to partially train and plant out a child in Canada, whereas each child in our workhouses costs about five times that amount, and is then turned out without any practical knowledge of the world, to increase, in all probability, the rates which are raised for the maintenance of jails and workhouses, not to mention the money spent on hospitals and penitentiaries. From Reports recently furnished by the Dominion Government on children sent out to Canada by Boards of Guardians during the last few years, 1883–86, it would appear that out of 388 children visited by the Immigration officers,

only forty-two cases were not satisfactory, and of these forty-two many of them failed not so much in consequence of their own fault as that they had been sent to unsuitable homes. Of actual failures there would appear to have been not more than 4 or 5 per cent. Many of the children were adopted by the farmers with whom they had been placed, and nearly all expressed themselves as contented with their position. The majority of the children seem to have been sent from London, Liverpool, Stoke-upon-Trent, and other large towns at a cost to the rates of about £10 per child.

It is a fact that some of the working classes, both at home and in the colonies, though, for different reasons, are opposed to "emigration," or, as they usually designate it, "transportation"; but they will welcome "colonization," and possibly "child emigration," when they come thoroughly to grasp the meaning of the terms. The word "emigration" is not infrequently associated in the minds of the working classes at home with a supposed desire on the part of the rich to get rid of those who may become a burden on them, and also with certain shameful proceedings of bogus land companies and speculators to enrich themselves at the expense of the poor. The colonial working-men, again, are apt to look upon "emigration" as an attempt on the part of the capitalist to diminish their present high rate of wages by introducing fresh competitors with themselves into the Colonial labour markets.

The truth, however, is that Colonization, by placing families on the land of our Colonies will be of advantage to working-men both at home and abroad.

It is well known that trade follows the flag, and that whilst the German purchases English goods at the rate of 8s., the Frenchman of 9s. 3d., the American 10s. per head, the Canadian buys £2, the South African £3 1s., and the Australian £8 worth of British goods per annum.

Now, the only means by which Great Britain is able to support its enormous population is through its manufactures, and the trade occasioned thereby. If the demand for British-made goods were to fail large numbers of our country people would have to starve or be supported by charity.

As the population, notwithstanding the large voluntary emigration, increases at the rate of 340,000 per annum (and as even if State-directed Colonization were established we should not expect, at all events for many years to come, such a large increase as this to be dealt with by the Imperial Board of Colonization), it is imperative that Great Britain should increase the number of her customers, and no means would seem to be more effectual than to turn men who threaten in this country to become a burden on the

rates, into landholders, capitalists, and purchasers of British goods on the other side of the ocean.

Mr. Arnold White, in his *Problems of a Great City*, gives a startling instance of the money value to the mother country of a successful Colonist, as expressed in £ s. d. He says: "There was a married couple named Cawood, who went, in 1820, to the Cape Colony, in the ship *John*, in Hazelhurst's party. There are now 500 descendants of the original Cawoods in the Cape Colony, consuming to the amount of £1,500 to £1,600 a year of British products."

The Colonial, as well as the British working-man, would benefit by colonization; for every farmer placed upon the land of our dependencies, would, in a short time, increase the demand for labour. He would require the services of trades-people, artizans, and labourers to clothe him and his family, to build his house and homesteads, to make and mend his tools and implements, to assist him in the cultivation of his land, and in the tending of his flocks and herds.

State-directed Colonization is no new idea. As there are some whose cautious natures always require the production of a precedent before they venture into action, I would remind such that two precedents for the State-direction of colonization exist, and that both were successful. In 1819 the Government sent out to Algoa Bay, at the Cape, a body of 4,000 Colonists in twenty-three ships, at an expense of £50,000; and again, in 1857, after the Crimean War, the soldiers of the German Legion (their services being no longer required), were placed near King William's Town, at the Cape, as military settlers, on free grant lands. In both instances these settlers have proved of use to the Colony, by acting as bulwarks against native aggression, and as supporters of British authority; and had this policy been continued, there can be little doubt that the eighteen millions spent in wars at the Cape would, to a large extent, have been spared our country. This is the opinion of no less an authority in military matters than Viscount Wolseley, who has given strong expression of his views on this point in a letter addressed to me, which, with his permission, has been published in the *Times*.

State-directed Colonization has been twice the subject of debate in Parliament. In 1884 the Earl of Carnarvon, and in 1886 the Earl of Harrowby, brought the matter to the notice of the House of Lords, and three influential deputations have waited on the Government of the day. On the last occasion Lord Salisbury expressed himself in thorough sympathy with the objects of the Association, but doubted whether the House of Commons would consent to guarantee interest on the large sums of money which he considered

would be required in order to carry out their plans. Lord Salisbury appeared to imagine that some one hundred and sixty millions would be necessary, but the deputation pointed out to his Lordship that the scheme of colonization advocated by the Association had already been practically carried out with fair success by private individuals on a small scale, and that it had been found that from £100 to £120 per family was sufficient to place father, mother, and three children on the lands of Manitoba or the Cape, to build them log-houses, to provide them with seeds and implements, and to maintain them until the arrival of their crops.

The settlers composing these three colonizing expeditions were drawn from different parts of Great Britain and from different classes. Lady Gordon Cathcart sent out to Manitoba crofters from the Highlands of Scotland; Mr. Arnold White, through the generosity of a noble lady, has been enabled to found with settlers of English blood the Colony of Wolseley at the Cape, and the East London Colonization Aid Society has sent out to Manitoba nineteen families drawn from the City population of the East-end of the Metropolis, none of whom had probably any previous knowledge of agriculture, or had ever handled a spade or plough. The Bishop of Bedford stated, on the occasion of the deputation to Lord Salisbury, that of these nineteen families, seventeen had held their own, and only two had failed; and these two would probably have failed anywhere, as the head of one family was a drunkard, and the head of the other an idler. It is most satisfactory to know that it is possible for so large a proportion of a purely city population to succeed as colonizers; but it would be rash to suppose that so large a proportion of city-dwellers as the above might always be counted upon as likely to make successful colonists.

Mr. Arnold White, whose means of informing himself upon the subject have been exceptional, says, in his *Problems of a Great City*: "During the winter of 1884–85 I happened to be brought closely in contact with about 6,000 unemployed men in the East-end, and I have no hesitation in expressing my conviction that not more than 4½ per cent. of their number were eligible for a new life in the Colonies."

These unemployed classes are being annually recruited and augmented by the influx of from 50,000 to 60,000 agricultural labourers into the towns.

Now, if the flow of this stream of strong healthy life could be diverted to the Colonies before it had become polluted by contact and mixture with the foul cesspools of the city, not only would these men be saved from misery, vice, and demoralization, taxation be consequently the lighter, the Empire be the stronger, the home manufacturer and artizan find a market for their goods; but the

unemployed at home would be actually benefited, as there would be less competition, and consequently a greater chance of obtaining work, and of wages being raised. If it be said that the success of the private colonization ventures I have mentioned, only shows that the intervention of the State is unnecessary, I would reply that to my mind these instances prove the exact reverse, for the three expeditions have only been able to place less than 100 families on the soil of the Colonies in the course of several years. The truth is that the work is too large for any private individual or association to grapple with, and the experience of the past proves this, for from investigations made in 1885 it appears that the twenty-five associations which undertake the work of voluntary emigration from this country have unitedly only been able to raise an annual sum of £13,000 for the emigration of 3,000 persons.

In a country like Great Britain where the popular will is supreme, it is not only necessary to show that a reform is desirable and practicable, but that it is in accordance with the wishes of a majority of the voters of the country; it is therefore satisfactory to know that the working-class representatives of between 60 and 70 trades unions, consisting of some 200,000 workmen, have expressed their approval of the principle of State Colonization promulgated by the National Association. This approval has been endorsed by eminent men like the late and present Archbishops of Canterbury, Cardinal Manning, the Earls of Rosebery, Carnarvon, and Harrowby, Professor Seeley, Professor Tyndall, Mr. J. A. Froude, the Revs. C. H. Spurgeon, Newman Hall, and G. S. Reaney, the Bishops of Carlisle, Manchester, Newcastle, Gloucester and Bristol, Truro, Ripon and Bedford, Sir Theodore Martin, 127 members on both sides of the House of Commons, and men eminent in various lines of thought and action. Committees have been formed to formulate and carry out united action in regard to this question within the walls of both Houses of Parliament, and some 150 Peers and Members of Parliament have joined.

The subject of State-directed Colonization has made greater progress within the last twelve months, than in any previous period since the Association was formed at a meeting of representative workmen in 1883. Several important meetings have been held within the last few months, numerous petitions have been presented to Parliament; and as friends and funds increase, the advocates of State-directed Colonization have every reason to believe that they will, within no very distant date, be supported by a public opinion which it will be unwise for any Government to oppose.

BRABAZON.

THE FOREIGN MISSIONS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Nothing more attests the vitality of a Church than the great missions in which it engages. The Founder of Christianity told His disciples that they themselves should make disciples in all the world; and on this the Duke of Wellington, though no commentator, once made a famous comment: "These are the marching orders of the Church." "Christianity," says Max Müller, "is a missionary religion: in its nature connecting, advancing, aggressive, encompassing the world." The Church of England is the Church of Great Missions. In no Church of the world has such energy and sacrifice been manifested. Missions in modern times, as in Mediæval days, have mainly been the work of the Anglo-Saxon race.

In no time of her history has the missionary spirit been more active and effective than at this present time in foreign heathen lands. If it be objected that charity begins at home, the answer is that it does not end there. And those who have been most conspicuous in home work, like the lamented and honoured Conservative Earls, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Earl Cairns, and the Earl of Chichester, are those who take the deepest interest in the missionary field abroad. The Church of England has many missions: missions among her crowded populations at home, missions among sailors and soldiers, missions among colonists and emigrants; and there are specially its great missions in heathen lands. Our empire prevails over one-sixth of the world's surface, and one-fifth of its population; and it is both our Imperial and Christian duty to win it to religion and Christian civilization.

This is the great work of the Church of England, to be the Mother of Churches as she is the Mother of Nations. She sends forth her Church colonies into all the world. She organizes a national Church life among the races where she plants the standard of the Cross. We have every sympathy with the vast efforts that are made to circulate the Scriptures in every known language of the earth, and with the pious sporadic attempts of individuals to be missioners on their own account. The great effort of the Church of England missions is to plant the Church of God in all

its full life and organization. In training the human spirit of the child, it is necessary that there should be the home and the discipline, the teaching of the lip and eye, the personal love and care: so in dealing with races in their spiritual and mental childhood, it is the personal living ministry of the Church, the tender sedulous pastoral care, the oral instruction, the living example that are necessary to found and edify a church. Frequently enough such efforts do not make much visible progress. But the seed grows secretly. Years may pass by, and the missionary himself may despair, and the friends of the mission deplore the unavailing cost. But at last the tide turns; at last the clouds roll by. Promising Christian Churches are founded, and expand, and the horizon becomes brilliant with glad and illimitable hopes. The whole is the development of the germ of the Church, when a brotherhood of faithful men are gathered beneath the presidency of a bishop. It is to be observed that the modern missionary bishop does not act with autocratic power, but always in combination with the Synod, in which also is a fair representation of the laity.

What may be called the philosophy of missions, is well worthy of sympathy and appreciation from those who only regard them in their relationship to the progress of human civilization. Ever since England was brought by missions into the family of Christian nations, it has been her honour and privilege to carry onward the kindled torch of Sacred Truth. The English branches may well thankfully pause before the monument, in Mainz Cathedral, of the great English missionary, St. Boniface, who carried Christianity to so large a part of Germany. The genesis and development of missionary work may be easily described. First of all comes the Evangelist, carrying his life in his hands, and frequently, even in these modern days, surrendering that life in acts of martyrdom. Then comes the man of science, extending the limit of human knowledge, classifying facts, and deducing laws. Then comes the trader, opening up fresh markets for commerce, and introducing industrial pursuits and useful knowledge. Then we have the statesman, building up the solidarity of empire, and adding the choicest jewels to the regalia of Christian crowns.

We may count up some of the vast gains to humanity that have accrued by reason of Christian missions. We see the everflowing wounds of humanity staunched, the lakes of blood filled up, infanticide and the Suttee abolished, slavery and torture mitigated and subdued, the dark places of the earth illuminated by the epiphany of Supernature. We recall the words of the Hebrew prophet how "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad thereof, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose," when we recognize how, wherever the emblem of the Cross is raised, all

harmful things have a tendency to die away and yield the place to the flowers and fruits of the divine life.

In these pages we are necessarily limiting our view to the operations of the Church of England, which, in the last quarter of a century, has raised ten millions of money for missionary purposes and has sacrificed many noble lives in the sacred cause. But we must also take a glance at the cause of Christian missions considered as a whole. In this country we raise, upon the whole, some £1,300,000 a year for missions to the heathen. America, the daughter country, follows with some £600,000 a year. Every Protestant country in Europe follows with contributions, more or less. The Roman Propaganda is supposed to raise about one-tenth of what is obtained in Great Britain. The Greek Church does some little, but not much. It would be easy to show, from the fiscal point of view, that the Church of England does far more than any other Society. We may have to speak of other countries and Churches, but there is every reason why we should specially realise the work of our own Church.

That venerable Society, the S. P. C. K., occupies the place of honour in the history of Anglican Missions. This Society was started so far back as the year 1698. It commenced its work, which it has prosperously carried on to the present day, by helping schools and circulating books of a religious and useful character. It also carried on a direct missionary work in "His Majesty's plantations," and among "negroes or native Indians." It sent missionaries to the Scilly Isles, off our own coast, which seem to have been much neglected; it sent out a printing press to India, and translated the Scriptures and our Liturgy into various oriental languages. It especially took India under its fostering wing, and the illustrious missionary, Swartz, was their agent. Two years after its formation, the S. P. C. K. separated into two bodies, the second one constituting the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. The S. P. C. K. still continued some missionary operations until, in 1844, it handed over its missions to the S. P. G. Up to the present day it has continued to evince practical sympathy towards missionaries by making grants of books, and paying the expenses of their voyages.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, taking up so speedily the work of the S. P. C. K. have done a most remarkable work in enlarging the borders of the Church of England. The original idea was to deal with the plantations and colonies of the Crown, and to this idea they have always steadfastly adhered. The British emigrant, forced by the narrow inexorable limits of the home country to seek another home beyond the seas, finds the Church of his forefathers prepared to greet him beside strange

streams and beneath strange stars. This great Society has mapped out the whole of our English colonies by division and subdivision, with dioceses of the Church. In such dioceses the Society has always included the heathen population within its borders. Beyond this it has done very much for the heathen population of the globe. The time would fail us to recount the *Gesta Dei* that have been achieved all over the world by this great historical Christian Society. It should be said that each diocese created by this Society has become a centre of missionary effort, the mass of which it is hardly possible to classify and sum up. The great work which it did in America has been overpaid by America in every portion of the world. The "American Missionary" is now a factor in every land where the English or American flag is recognized and "in regions beyond." The S. P. G. has given bishops and clergy to Upper, Lower, and North-West Canada, Newfoundland, and Nova Scotia. It created churches and dioceses in the West Indies, and when the evil days of disendowment came they have helped their brethren. It is an interesting fact that the Church people of Barbados now send out a mission of their own in the Rio Pongas country in Western Africa. In the North of South America, Guiana is attached to the West Indian interests, and there are missionary efforts among the native races. As soon as the S. P. G. had been liberated from the care of America the new continent of Australia claimed its energies, together with New Zealand and Tasmania. The Australian Episcopate now numbers thirteen bishops, with a perfect system of diocesan and provincial synods. Christianity is the only power that has been able to improve the physical and moral condition of the Aboriginal tribes of Australia. The Church of England in New Zealand has achieved a mighty work, mainly by the exertions of the illustrious Selwyn, who hoped that the soil "may hereafter be traversed by the feet of many bishops, better shod, and far less ragged than myself." The native churches have had their own martyrs, and the native Maories, a fast-declining race, are now all nominally Christian, build their own churches and form endowments for their own clergy. The Church of England missions, identified with the S. P. G. in Melanesia and the Pacific, are mainly due to the illustrious Bishops Coleridge and Patteson. The S. P. G. has done a mighty work in South Africa, and Bishop Gray was constituted first Bishop of Cape Town in 1847. Despite the painful controversies associated with his name, he did a great work both in the home and the heathen populations. At an immense expense the S. P. G. did a great work amongst natives of Kaffraria. We are accustomed to

speak of Natal as an English settlement, but it is rather "a native State, with wide fields of missionary work." It is to be hoped that the great schism, promoted by Bishop Colenso in Zululand, is now being tided over. Although the British Government has abandoned the territory of the Orange River, the British Church has been true to her mission, and with the German missionaries are doing a noble and successful work. The work of the S. P. G. in India will best be separately considered. About a dozen years ago the Society established its missions in North China. This is only a rapid summary of the operations of this great Anglican Society, which has maintained the great traditions of the Church, and, more than any other society, has made the spiritual expansion coincident with the territorial expansion of the Empire.

Let us now turn to the work of the Church Missionary Society. It was founded in the last year of the last century, at a very dark period in the history of our country. It was founded by the old and famous chiefs of the great Evangelical party—Scott, Simeon, Venn, Newton, Pratt, Thornton and Charles Grant. They needed an organization even vaster than that of the S. P. G., a society that should not be limited by the British Empire, but should be conterminous with the world itself. At this time there was no English missionary either in Asia or Africa. Although the Church Missionary Society was formed, years passed away before any English missionary went forward to the East. At that era England borrowed both her music and her missionaries from Germany. It was very slowly indeed that the English bishops were brought to co-operate in the vast design; at the present time it would be difficult to find any bishop that does not belong to the C. M. S. The Society has now sent forth more than a thousand missionaries from England, not to mention their wives and their families, and the immense number of ordained natives. The first field occupied by the Society was in West Africa. They concentrated their efforts on Sierra Leone, which had become a depôt for negro slaves rescued from slave ships by the British cruisers. It was here that Zachary Macaulay, the father of the great historian, did his famous work. It was up-hill work, indeed. Three bishops died within three years of their consecration, and within twenty years, fifty-three missionaries and their wives. The place was popularly spoken of as the white man's grave. The results that have been achieved are of the most remarkable character. The native church is now settled on its own basis, its own churches, pastors and schools, and carrying on its own missionary operations in outlying districts. The population of native Christians is more than 40,000, most of whom are members of the

Church of England. At Yoruba, at Abeokata and Lagos, there are now prosperous churches and Church institutions. The Niger Mission has its own bishop, a negro episcopally ordained in Westminster Abbey. In Liberia there are now two bishops of African race, though this experiment of an African republic does not appear to succeed very well. A missionary steamer, the *Henry Venn*, now explores the great river's tributary waters. Various languages and dialects of West Africa have been reduced to grammar and vocabulary. The great wars which the English have waged in Africa, north, south, east and west, the Cape, the Soudan, Abyssinia, Commassie, have passed away with little visible result. Unlike the Romans, who at least left roads, bridges, temples, villas, we have left little but heaps of empty beer-bottles. The sole redeeming point has been the missions of the Church have found some space amid the scenes of war and desolation. It is interesting to notice one of the papers put forth by this Society as early as 1818, showing the high philanthropic aims which have always been associated with the religious teaching :—

> Where, then, is our love to our fellow-creatures, if we do not rise to communicate to them that unspeakable blessing, which first visited us that it may be sent on to others? Where is our humanity, our benevolence, our compassion, if we spring not forth in this office of grace? What, shall the unhappy widow still perish on the funeral pile; shall the helpless infant still sink under the hand of its parent; shall the deformed orgies of Juggernaut continue to prevail, and the bones of the wretched pilgrim whiten its plains; shall the horrid rites of cannibalism yet subsist, and temples for the worship of devils be openly reared; shall the disgusting ceremonies of impurity and blood remain in undiminished force; shall ignorance and vice and despair brood over the fairest portion of the globe, and the prostrate understanding and savage passions of man bind him a slave to earth? And shall Britain hesitate to convey to the several sufferers the knowledge and grace and life of an eternal redemption?

Those who are able to make a comparison between the state of India at this date and at the present date will understand what great gains have accrued to suffering humanity through missionary exertions.

It would take too much space to go through the list of some sixty missions catalogued by this great society. In Eastern Africa the journeys of their earlier missionaries Krapf and Redman led to all subsequent geographical and missionary enterprise in East Africa. A map proposed by these missionaries, showing from native information a great inland sea two months' journey from the coast, led, directly or indirectly, to the travels of Burton, Speke, Grant, Livingstone, Stanley, Cameron. The Society has its Mediterranean mission, and in Palestine Canon Tristram reports that it is "saturating the country with gospel teaching." There is a mission to Egypt with the intention of reviving the Coptic Church. There is a preparatory mission in Persia, which extends to Bagdad in the Turkish dominions. The work of the

Society in India is of a most extensive and extraordinary kind. The *Saturday Review* inquired the other day whether a single case of Mussulman conversion had ever been known. If the writer of the article in question had been conversant with missionary topics, he would have known that the C. M. S. give a long series of such conversions. As soon as the Punjab was annexed a mission was started in the country, and there is now annually a meeting of the Punjab Native Church Council, comprising the native clergy, and lay delegates, converts from Hinduism, Mahommedanism, and Sikhism. There are various missionary stations on the Affghan frontier established under the auspices of Sir Herbert Edwardes. All the native churches are trained to become self-supporting, self-governing, self-extending. The time would fail us to enumerate the missions in all the Indian provinces, in New Zealand, North America, China, Japan. In point of income this Society is far away the greatest of all.

A vast field, unoccupied by the two great Societies, has been taken up by the South American Society, whose operations extend to various localities in the South American Continent. It was originally the Patagonian mission, and its most interesting work, and most striking triumphs are still exhibited in Patagonia. In the wild inhospitable region of Tierra del Fuego may now be seen the Christian village, with its church, schools, and civilized ways. Tierra del Fuego had almost passed into a byword for extreme barbarism, and it was more than doubted whether its people could be considered to belong to the *race Adamique*. A few years ago there was an importation of some members of a tribe for exhibition at the Jardin d'Acclimatization in Paris, and all Paris flocked to see people who were more like brutes and fishes than rational beings. The late Charles Darwin, who visited this region in the memorable voyage of the *Beagle*, declared that it was utterly impossible that the Fuegians could ever receive civilization and Christianity, and that all the missionaries in the world could not teach them common honesty. Darwin, however, afterwards wrote to friends: "The success of the Tierra del Fuego mission is most wonderful, and charms me, as I always prophesied perfect failure. . . . The success of the missionary establishment proves that I took a very erroneous view of the nature and capabilities of the Fuegians."

The pitiable story was known all over the world how Allen Gardiner, the first missionary, with his six companions, died of slow starvation on that harsh desolate strand. Their tents plundered, their boats wrecked, they had long waited hopelessly for a passing sail. For a time the friends of the mission were utterly discouraged, and the whole project appeared to be wrecked. Their

journals were afterwards marvellously recovered by Admiral Moorhead, and it was seen that the intrepid missionary in his last hour not only charged his friends to persevere, but sketched out the complete plan of the present operations of the South American Society. His dying memoranda mentioned (1) missionary work among the heathen; (2) ministerial work among his own countrymen living in different parts of South America, and evangelistic work generally among the population. In each of these departments great progress has been made. The former tragedy was repeated when all the crew of the mission steamer *Allen Gardiner*, with one exception, were massacred on one of the islands. Fresh volunteers pressed forward. The present bishop, Dr. Sterling, passed seven months in a small wooden hut, among the natives, trusting his life in their hands. Another *Allen Gardiner* steamship has been fitted out. There are many thousand British subjects in South America, who, since the abolition of consular chaplaincies, would be quite neglected save for the help given by this Society. In many places it has set up chaplaincies, or given grants in aid, and there are still many places that are petitioning for such chaplaincies. It may almost be said that in this direction at the present time lies the main work of the South American Society. It should be said that except in Peru there is now almost universal toleration in South America for Anglican missions; and the Argentine Republic, which at one time resented, now gives a cordial welcome to their efforts. In one district they found an Italian colony of Waldenses, who co-operated with them in the most cordial manner. The Christian village of Ooshooia in Patagonia is a centre of light of which none dare define the circumference. The Admiralty notices have proclaimed to mariners the existence of this Christian settlement, and there has been much good indirectly wrought by it. Shipwrecked mariners, who expected nothing less than extermination by hostile natives, have been hospitably received and guided to Christian abodes. Castaway members of an Argentine exploration have been thus succoured, and, the crew of an Italian vessel being saved by them, the King of Italy caused a gold medal to be struck and presented to the Society, with the appropriate legend, "*Demersus æquore nautis attilit Religio salutem.*"

The history of another modern Mission, which, like the South American Mission, has run a course of a quarter of a century, is deeply interesting, and touches many of the most important problems of modern times. To Livingstone, to use his own words, "the end of the geographical feat is the beginning of the Missionary enterprise." He himself was a Presbyterian and the son of a Presbyterian, and for many years a servant of that great Noncon-

formist Association the London Missionary Society. Nevertheless, he looked upon Oxford and Cambridge as the great training grounds of a Missionary clergy, and believed that the problem of the future of Africa would best be solved by the Church of England. He believed that Missionary effort alone could heal the great open sore of slavery in Africa. "I know," said Livingstone, "I shall be cut off in a few years in that country which is now open; do not let it be shut again. I go back to Africa to try to make open a path for commerce and Christianity; do you carry out the work which I have begun. I leave it with you." Such were Livingstone's words addressed to the University men who thronged to hear him. A Mission was formed for Central Africa in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, to which afterwards the Universities of Dublin and Durham acceded. Henry Mackenzie was the first martyr bishop of that strange African settlement, and its story is best read in Bishop Harvey Goodwin's *Life of Bishop Mackenzie*, and the narration of Mr. Henry Rowley, one of the survivors. Their wanderings on the Zambesi and Shiré might well compare with any narratives in Hakluyt. The Missionaries were obliged to fight to preserve the children of the Mission from being carried away as slaves. The writer of these pages had the privilege of spending Livingstone's last evening in England with him, and well remembers how entirely he endorsed and approved of the conduct of the Mission. That amount of difficulty and disappointment which generally attends the first experimental stages of Missionary effort was acutely felt. Everything that could be experienced in the way of bad seasons, malaria, sickness, hostility of natives, disappointment of supplies, failure, disease and death. After Mackenzie's death, Dr. Tozer went out as bishop, and, not without vivid disappointment to many, fixed the seat of his operations at Zanzibar. The work done at Zanzibar was most effective of its kind. It is one of the triumphs of the religion and civilization of our time that the original slave mart at Zanzibar has become the head-quarters of the Oxford and Cambridge mission. The Missionary attempts to combat the evils of slavery had the zealous co-operation of Sir Bartle Frere and Sir John Kirk. Dr. Stere reduced the Swahili language, the dialect of a part of the country opposite Zanzibar, to grammar and dictionary, which he printed with his own hands and the help of negro boys attached to the Mission.

From the base of Zanzibar many efforts were made for the amelioration of Africa. Through the depths of the huge silent forests the Bishop and his small train moved on towards the shores of the Nyanza. Under Bishop Smythies and his staff the work is vigorously carried on in a variety of stations on the main; and

Livingstone's aspiration for a great Anglican work, under the auspicies of the Universities is increasingly in the course of being verified. Those who think lightly of Mission work will do well to observe the tone and temper and conduct and the privations of our Missionary clergy. Bishop Stere, who was as truly a martyr as Mackenzie before him, says:—"A Missionary priest may well return and take up work at home; often it will be his duty to do so, but if he accept the office of a bishop it should be for life; he may often do more from his arm-chair than a new man who does not know the country; and if it should be necessary to resign, a bishop should be the servant of all, and can therefore be the servant of a successor. England may be the easiest place in which to live, but Africa is just as good to die in, and his death at his post may do much more than his life. What England wants and what Africa wants, are many such deaths. Why should it be thought so great a thing to die in the best of services?" The good bishop who made this remark, verified it in his own end.

There is another very remarkable feature about the Missionaries of this Society, which illustrates their poverty and self-denial, and dissipates many ungenerous statements about the pay and comforts of the Missionary clergy. It has been a rule from the very beginning with this Society to supply their Missionaries with the absolute necessaries of life, but not to pay them any stipend. No Missionary draws any money except a small sum for clothes and other necessaries. Bishop and clergy all meet at the same plain table; and there is no mention, no knowledge of comparative wealth or poverty. They live as brethren and have all things in common. Many of them do not draw a single sixpence. One year the Missionaries themselves contributed a thousand pounds to the Mission. The work which is done at a cost of £18,000 a year would cost £30,000 if the staff of missionaries were a *paid* staff. The Society presents, without any fluctuation, the pleasing spectacle of a steadily increasing income, which even these hard times have been powerless to prevent.

It is impossible not to form bright auguries for the future of Africa from the practical results that are now witnessed. There are places that have the appearance of quiet English parishes. There are now schools and colleges; agriculture and all industrial pursuits are followed; and a native clergy are being trained up. Ten years ago Mr. H. M. Stanley, the explorer, was able to write of the Missionary Bishop of the Society: "He has visited Lake Nyassa and established a Mission halfway. He keeps a watchful eye over the Mission House established among the Shambolas; and at the head-quarters or home at Mbweni he superintends and instructs lads and young men as printers, carpenters, blacksmiths,

and in the practical knowledge of other useful trades. His quarters represent almost every industrial trade useful in life, as occupations for members of the lower classes, and are in the truest sense an industrial and religious establishment for the moral and material welfare of a class of unfortunates (liberated slaves), who deserve our utmost assistance and sympathy. With all my soul I wish it and him success." Since that time there has been considerable progress and expansion. The Congress of the greater Western powers for devising an International Association for opening up Africa for political and mercantile purposes would recognize the type of the fulfilment of the highest purposes. From the shores of Nyassa Livingstone once wrote a despairing letter, full of sorrow for the death of Mackenzie, and the departure of those who were with him from the Shiré river, and bidding a long farewell to any hopes of improving the condition of the natives. And now for the last seven years the whole district has been mapped out by intrepid priests, and there are eight missionaries from the Society alone working on its borders with a well-found steamship and small yacht. At the same time a Mercantile Association has an active business all about the Lakes, and on the western shore the Scottish missionaries have their well-found stations.

Akin to the Universities' Mission are some similar smaller institutions. There is the Oxford Mission to Calcutta, University men living together as a brotherhood in the native quarter of the city, addressing themselves to educated natives, and setting before them an example of Christian life. There is the Cambridge Mission to Delhi in connection with the S. P. G., whose members seek an addition to Evangelistic labours, to undertake literary work, promote higher education in school and college, and thus reach the more educated and thoughtful heathen. The Indian Church Aid Association was formed so late as 1880, with the much-needed design of attending to the religous and educational needs of the European population, and putting the European working-man and his children on the same level of advantage with his brothers at home. In Africa we have the Mackenzie Memorial Mission in the Diocese of Zululand, the Maritzburg Mission, and the Transvaal Mission.

A peculiar interest attaches to the Melanesian Mission. It was founded by Bishop Selwyn of New Zealand and Lichfield, and the bishopric, since the martyrdom of John Coleman Patteson is now held by his son. The Bishop passes in his vessel " from island to island at the gateway of the day." The object is to establish schools on the islands, and to bring scholars to a central school, where they may be prepared to exercise a ministry among their countrymen in the islands of the sea. Norfolk Island, with its

tragic history of the old convict days, is now the central quarters of the Mission, with its central school and memorial chapel to Bishop Patteson. It is an open secret that very large supplies for the Mission are obtained through the popular writings of Miss Yonge, who generously devoted the profits of her novels to the cause.

The Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, though so recent in its inception as 1880, is doing a great work, and is offering a beneficent career to many pious and energetic Englishwomen. The work is entirely women's work, all agents and officials being ladies. It was itself an offshoot of the Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society, and since 1883 has also extended its operations to China. This Society has no less than 557 Associations in connection with it in England, Ireland, Normandy, the South of France, Australia, Canada, &c. Those who take an interest in the rights and privilegs of women, may point with just pride to this mighty organization of Christian ladies, and to the great results which it has achieved. The pitiable details of Zenana life have aroused the indignation of Christian womanhood. The seclusion of the Zenana is often a living death. Sir Charles Napier tells us how he found in the Zenanas of Scinde the metal whips wherewith the unfortunate women were punished. The pictures of the luxurious indolence and insipid pleasures of harem life has a terrible obverse of cruelty and violence. Women are the only possible missionaries to women in Mohammedan countries. European ladies, by their powers of tenderness and sympathy, seem to win their way easily to the hearts of their dusky sisters. The moral and material good go hand in hand. One very interesting matter is the way in which the different religious societies co-operate with one another. If there has in time past been a tendency to party feeling in the religious societies, in the face of common objects and common dangers, the ties of Christian fellowship have been drawn closer. Thus the S. P. C. K. have their Ordained Missionary Fund, which gives grants of passage-money and of books. The Bible Society multiply these translations in every known language, and sometimes the language does not exist as a written language until the translators have reduced it to form. The Religious Tract Society, that has some smaller tract societies in its train, has a profusion of useful and religious literature, extending now to most human dialects, to help the missionary in every department of his work. We are glad to see that the Church Missionary Society undertakes the education of the children of missionaries, and makes provision for their widows. We cannot help thinking that it would be good for the influence of the Church of England if many clergymen served for a term in the foreign

work of the Church, and in any well-considered plans of Church Reform it would be well if some position of honour and comparative ease were reserved for returned missionaries.

In giving a retrospective glance at the missionary field it is beyond all doubt India that should chiefly attract the work and good influences of the Church of England. The inhabitants of Hindoostan are our fellow-subjects, and in a thousand ways their moral and material interests are interwoven with our own. The false religions of India, entrenched, except in Buddhism, within the iron walls of caste, are welded into compact masses, and appear to offer an impregnable resistance. In Southern India a kind of devil-worship prevails, the mass of the people ascribing every evil to the anger of devils, which they seek to deprecate. Nevertheless the brightest of hopes have emerged in this darkest of regions. Some years ago there was an immense accession of converts, both in the S.P.G. and C.M.S. districts, through the indirect effects of the Famine Relief Funds. "The conviction prevailed," wrote Bishop Caldwell, "that while Hinduism had left the famine-stricken to die, Christianity had slipped in like an angel from heaven, to comfort them with its sympathy and cheer them with its effectual succour." Village after village has been brought over to Christianity, and raised funds for the sustentation of their own Churches. Many a Church throughout India has a noble and heroic interest attached to it. Yet it must be admitted that the mass of heathendom is overwhelming, and that the direct Christian agencies are in comparison sporadic and ineffectual.

The late Bishop Douglas (of Bombay) suggested that we should have an army of celibate missionaries ready, at a moment's notice, to go anywhere and do anything. It should be observed, however, that the married clergy are not without their uses in India. They exhibit the influence and example of pure domestic life. The wives of missionaries are able to do a work among the women and children of the Zenana that a priesthood is unable to do. Moreover the Church of England is fully alive to the advantages of a celibate brotherhood of priests under certain conditions, though it sees very good reason not to endorse the system absolutely, but to promote the beneficent influences of religious family life. It is unnecessary to attach exclusive value to either method of work.

There are many signs that throughout India there is an upheaval; a great break-up and a great reconstruction. The theism of the Brahmo Somaj involves the decline and fall of Hinduism, but the vital question is whether Christianity will be the substitute for deism. The Oriental intellect seems to take to sceptical writings as its natural food. The introduction of western litera-

ture and learning, the iron rail, the electric wire, the influences of travel and society, have gone far to undermine and disintegrate the fabric of heathenism. It is to be regretted that there are great and special hindrances to Church growth in India, which it is to be hoped Lord Salisbury's Government will consider and remove. The present episcopate is limited, and there are no powers of free expansion. The whole clerical body is supposed to consist of the chaplains of the East India Company. These chaplains do their official work well, and they also frequently labour among the heathen population belonging to their stations. But what is wanted is a larger organization that would fully recognize the missionary and native clergy, and permit the creation of fresh dioceses and the full development of Church life.

It is during the last century, most especially during the last generation, that this immense missionary impulse has been lent to the Church. It is melancholy to know that Sydney Smith attacked the infant missions with virulence and wit; he was nobly answered by Sankey, and lived to regret what he had done. A Bishop of our Church once declared in the House of Lords that Missions could only belong to the miraculous era of the first Apostles. When William Carey, the immortal shoemaker, first originated the Baptist Mission, an elderly divine thundered out to him, "Young man, sit down! When God pleases to convert the heathen He will do it, without your aid or mine." We even find a Lutheran pastor in Denmark was ordered to leave the Kingdom for having preached "the damnable heresy that by God's grace even heathen might be saved." Going farther back, it is curious that none of the reformers, whether Lutheran or Calvinistic, grasped the duty and ideal of Missions. The question before the mind of all lovers of Missions is whether the Evangelization of the whole world will ever be accomplished. No doubt there is a large extent both of patent and latent scepticism on the subject. Yet there are some considerations which seem to give a high degree of probability to the idea. In early days of Christianity none of the Fathers, if we except Origen in a solitary passage, thought it possible that the conversion of the Roman Empire could be achieved. Bishop Lightfoot points out that Christian life bore a far less proportion to heathen life than it does at the present day. The daring hope which Origen indulged respecting the known world then, may be indulged by ourselves in our full knowledge of the compass of the world. It all depends on the faith and energy of Christendom. There is a small community of Christians, the Moravians, or *Unitas Fratrum*, who, not more in number than some 10,000, have sent out 262 missionaries, and have made 57,000 converts. It has been truly said that, "if all Protestant Churches

had been equally devoted, equally enterprising, for the last century and a half, not an unevangelized man or woman would now remain on earth." We do not now discuss the theological question, but there are repeated declarations in the Scriptures of Truth that the Gospel shall be preached to all nations.

Indeed, it is not difficult to see that in the natural order of things the knowledge of the Gospel must be brought within the range of all the families of the earth. We have spoken of direct missionary efforts, but there is also an unconscious missionary agency of vast and growing extent, which is incessantly at work. There are seventy millions of English-speaking and European races scattered about the world, who teach, however roughly and rudely, the elements at least of Christian civilization and religion. It is computed that the present population of the globe is about fourteen hundred millions, of whom one thousand millions are heathen, and four hundred millions are nominally Christian. Yet Mr. Giffen, in the Jubilee volume of the Statistical Society, looks forward to a time, not very remote, when these numbers will be reversed; when, at the present rate of progression, the Christian population will be a thousand millions, and the heathen will be in a constantly decreasing minority. De Candotte holds that English will be the universal language of mankind, as it is already the universal language of commerce, and holds that at the present rate the English-speaking race will increase from 77 to 860 millions. Many of the heathen races are constantly dying off before the European, and it is a remarkable fact that only when Christianity is accepted by a heathen race is there any real chance of resisting the disintegrating influences. Mr. Giffen points out that the English-speaking races multiply nearly as much as the Germans and Russians combined. Of the some one hundred Missionary Societies in existence, seventy-five belong to Great Britain and the United States. The foremost Missionary agency in Great Britain is without controversy our own Church. It is very interesting to watch the mode in which the Church of England grasps each opportunity afforded by the progress of our race. When Burmah was recently ceded to our dominion, the C.M.S. immediately devoted ten thousand pounds to their mission over there. When the central lakes of Africa were thrown open they devoted forty thousand pounds to the Lake mission, to which belongs the martyrdom of the heroic Hannington. When the Union Pacific Railway was projected through the Hudson Bay Company territory—then considered as poor and now found to be as rich as Siberia—the Church at once planned new dioceses to deal with the extraordinary immigration. When in the far East Borneo was broken up, and it was also

discovered that the fishing village of Singapore would become a vast city, then an English diocese was formed and an English cathedral raised, "trusting in God," said Sir Stamford Raffles, "that this building may be the means of civilizing and bettering the conditions of millions." When the Emancipation Act of 1833 set free the West India slaves, the S. P. G. devoted one hundred and seventy thousand pounds to the education of the enfranchised race. In our own day when the immigration of the Chinese coolies is constantly assuming a larger extent, special efforts have been made to give them Christian teaching, and it is hoped that many of these Chinese may yet become missionaries to their countrymen at home. When the Australian cities, in consequence of the gold discoveries, sprang like gourds from the ground, the Church rose to the occasion with its sacrifices, its exertions, and its organization. When countries long sealed up—China, Japan, Madagascar — remove their ancient barriers, the soldiers of the Cross press forward to take up their positions. There are constantly in our Missionary centres men whose eyes and whose minds and whose ears are alert to seize each opening for the extension of the Church. The drawback is the need of intenser sympathy, the necessity of more help and more means. The great national political need of our country at the present time is a system of confederation, which will come very near to realising the poet's line "the parliament of man, the federation of the world." In the accomplishment of that federal idea it will be seen what a mighty instrument has been the agency of the National Church in preparing the way for the great national federation.

We may thankfully recognize the great work which our Church is achieving in loving obedience to the command of her Divine Head. She has grown with the growth and strengthened with the strength of the Empire, or rather she has given to the Empire the true elements of stability and strength. In these dark distant regions she has worthily upheld both the English and the Christian name, and earned fresh titles to the love and devotion of her children. Surely the nations will unceasingly recognize how worthily the Church of England is the Church of England indeed; and her sons, regarding her as their spiritual Zion, will pray that "peace may be within her walls and plenteousness within her palaces."

FREDERICK ARNOLD.

ENGLAND IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

THE variety of the subjects which in turn monopolize the country's attention would seem to show that our new democracy has no sense of proportion. The champions of those permanent national interests which are none the less vital because it has become the practice to neglect them, are but too often ranked in the public mind with doctrinaires or reactionaries. There is, indeed, a flattering and therefore a popular doctrine abroad, to the effect that England's interests vary with the subjects which are fortunate enough to interest the people of England. The latter have apparently inherited the prerogative of the monarch of old, who acknowledged no rank at his Court save that of the man whom he ennobled for a minute by speaking to him. It is evident that such a condition of things gives the largest opportunities to those waiters upon providence who form so powerful an element in all our political parties. When such men have satisfied themselves that a particular public mischief is likely to be committed, or that, at any rate, its opponents will incur unpopularity, they dignify that mischief with the name of "the Inevitable." Their next step is to throw open the doors to the importunate stranger as though he were a long-lost son of the house. The welcome given as publicly as possible, they retire to wash their hands (in strict privacy) of the consequences.

We are not blind to the difficulties which beset those who would pursue a different course. To disentangle the true from the false, the permanent from the temporary interests of the country is no easy task, requiring as it does a breadth of view, an indifference to clamour, and a habit of plain speaking which are not calculated, in existing circumstances, to make their possessor a popular politician. But there are new and special reasons for hoping that the minds of the new electors have been shocked out of habitual selfishness and self-complacency. The true bearing of the Irish Home Rule question on the Imperial fortunes has been brought home to them with unlooked-for and unprecedented success. The process of conviction has involved many unpalatable reflections for them. It

may possibly induce them to give serious thought to subjects which lie outside the orbit of their personal wants and desires, and to form patriotic resolves whenever a grave public question arises for decision. But such a course of thought cannot become habitual unless the people learn to value strength of character and single-mindedness above irresponsible talent in the public men to whom they look for guidance.

Of the permanent interests to which we have alluded, none is more vitally important than our position—naval and military—in the Mediterranean: nor is there one whose advocates are more likely to be taxed with holding professional or unpractical views. When the prophets of *laissez aller* abroad—their heads hot with some fever of domestic faction—have asked, contemptuously, "Why, who threatens us in the Mediterranean?" they are too commonly held to have confounded the questioner. But much more grave and authoritative statements have been made in the same sense. Two years ago, Lord Salisbury, when moving the vote of censure on Mr. Gladstone's abandonment of the Sudan, uttered the following most remarkable words: "With Mediterranean politics, as such, we have no great reason to concern ourselves. France may be mistress in Algeria and Tunis; Morocco and Tripoli may go their own way; but Egypt stands in a peculiar position."* This disclaimer of general interest in the Mediterranean—uttered by one who was actually engaged in denouncing the shameful neglect of England's duties on its south-eastern shores—conflicts with the enduring lessons of Nelson's life and policy, and the unbroken practice of subsequent English statesmen. And we shall show presently that the rival or hostile influences arrayed against England in the Mediterranean have a constant tendency to increase. For this purpose a brief retrospect will be necessary.

At the close of the great war with France, and for many years afterwards, England was the undisputed mistress of the Mediterranean. She had ousted the French from Syria, Egypt, Sardinia, Naples, Sicily, and Spain, and her name was above every name in Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria, and Marocco. An idea of the respect and admiration for her beneficent and unselfish might which then pervaded the Eastern world, may be gathered from books like Kinglake's *Eothen*. *Credite Posteri!* The first revival of anti-English activity in the Mediterranean was shown in the French occupation of Algeria in 1830. This was followed up by the patronage extended by the same country to Mehemet Ali's usurped power in Egypt from the year 1831. The flood of Frenchmen who then entered Egypt in various official or

* *Times*, February 26th, 1887.

professional capacities, soon exercised an influence which went far to repair the havoc which the victories of Baird and Abercromby had dealt to their national prestige thirty years earlier. The seizure of Algeria led in time to an armed rising of the natives under Abd-el-kadr, and that rising to his defeat and flight into Marocco in 1844. A new country, and one nearer Gibraltar, now came into contact with France. In 1844 the Moors were drawn into the circle of her African operations by the Prince de Joinville's bombardment of Tangier and Mogador, and by Bugeaud's defeat of the Sultan Abd-er-rahman, at Isly. The next foreign interference with Marocco was in 1859–60, when the claims of Spain to domination in that country were asserted by O'Donnell's victory near Tetuan. The large indemnity which was subsequently imposed on the Moors was partly commuted for a Spanish control of their customs and the cession of points on their coasts. To return to Egypt, the growth of Mehemet Ali's power soon led him to break with the Porte, and to declare himself independent ruler of Syria and Egypt. England and France, as allies of his sovereign, were bound to interpose their veto, since two disastrous wars with Russia had exhausted the resources of Turkey. England did so at once, but France hung back to await the turn of events. Guizot, like Thiers after him, had no dearer wish than to undo the work of Trafalgar and Waterloo. His objects here were to give advertisement to the newly-recovered strength of France, and to secure for her a separate alliance and scope for separate action in the East. Consequently his intrigues, first with the Porte and then with Mehemet Ali and Ibrahim Pasha, were such as to produce a dangerous tension in French relations with England. But Guizot was check-mated for the time by Lord Palmerston's formation of a quadruple alliance with Russia, Austria, and Prussia to do the work declined by France. When the allied armament appeared before Acre and Beirut in 1840 to punish Mehemet Ali's contumacy, the British fleet at least was in complete uncertainty as to whether its guns might not, eventually, be fired at French ships instead of Syrian forts. As is well known, England dispensed with the signature of France to the treaty of peace signed at London in the same year. When England and France again met on the Syrian coast, a change of dynasty in the latter country had produced a superficial change for the better in its relations with England. The *entente cordiale* of Napoleon III., a misnomer for England's forgiveness of the murderous iniquities of his *coup d'état*, had once more labelled the two Powers as allies. They had fought together in the Crimea against Russia, and the necessities of French policy had prematurely concluded the war, and left its work half done.

The massacres in the Lebanon in 1860 were followed by another joint interference: the two allies, according to their invariable custom, watching each other at least as much as their common enemy. It is certain that France succeeded in recovering much of her lost prestige in Syria. From the date of the "Settlement of the Lebanon" of 1860, she has acted as supreme protectress of the Catholic Maronites, and has exercised an active political propaganda through her missionaries. Nine years later the opening of the Suez Canal by her efforts, and under her auspices, testified to the undying energy with which she pursued the task of regaining the Eastern influence which she had forfeited to England. Even more remarkable was the tenacity with which, subsequently, in the agony of defeat and dismemberment in the West, she kept her eyes on the East. The whole machinery of the International Courts in Egypt, constructed between 1870 and 1875, was nearly destroyed at the moment of completion by the adherence of France to the principle of Consular Jurisdiction. Her resistance failed; but she did not go away empty, as every limb and feature of the new legal structure was derived from a French model. The subsequent Anglo-French control in Egypt, the manner in which the Khedive Ismail played off his rival patrons against one another, his deposition, and the English occupation which crushed Arabi's rebellion against his son—all these things are too recent to need more than a passing mention. But there is necessity for insisting on the lessons to be drawn therefrom. The Control, like the earlier joint action in Syria, only served to place in relief the incompatibility of the English and French positions. For eighty years France has protested *à grands cris* against the adverse facts of history. While England, with those facts on her side, has too often acted as though they had given to France, and not to herself, the Empire of the East, and its approaches. She has too often, to her own great harm, treated her rival's natural desire to retrieve ancient defeats, and recover ancient influence, as an innocent and legitimate interest, in virtue of which English needs and English objects might fairly be limited, or remain wholly unsatisfied. The latest news from Constantinople—whatever the inaccuracies in detail—seems to show that the same unhappy misconception of England's rights is still in the ascendant.

Sir Drummond Wolff has, the newspapers tell us, agreed to a British evacuation of Egypt within three years, subject to certain restrictive conditions as to the military safety of the operation at the time. If the position repeatedly maintained by our Foreign Office, that a stable native Government must have been erected before such an evacuation becomes possible, is still to hold good, the new Convention can only figure as a platitude. If it is assumed

that such a Government can be produced in three years in the face of a certain recrudescence of French intrigue, and of the still-born character which must adhere to every future act of a British administration, which is doomed to death then, and in that case, it is a bad joke made at our own expense. Lastly, if the idea of establishing a stable native Government before the evacuation has been abandoned, we should have to assume that Lord Salisbury's Government believed that the English people had renounced all idea of receiving a return for the blood and money which they have poured out so liberally in Egypt. But this we cannot and we do not assume. We have had Lord Salisbury's word for it that "Egypt stands in a peculiar position," a position which exempts it from the general rule by which England may dismiss Mediterranean politics as unpractical and foreign to her true interests. We have not however forgotten, on the other hand, the debate in the House of Commons last February, on Mr. Cremer's motion for the evacuation of Egypt.* It is true that the motion was rejected. But the debate abounded with material for mortification. We had indignant disclaimers of the idea that England should ever act with the avowed purpose of safeguarding her separate interests abroad. We had one expression after another of virtuous horror at the suggestion that thousands of English and Egyptian deaths, and 35 millions of English money had given England any influence in Egypt paramount to that of Europe collectively. It is only if these things were untruly or academically spoken that we can expect that our Government will have a free hand when the question of our evacuating the country is again raised.

Our remarks on the Egyptian position have carried us far from the consideration of French activity in other parts of the Mediterranean in and after the year 1881. In April 1881 France ended a long and acrimonious dispute with the Bey of Tunis by landing an army on his coasts. In May a treaty was signed whereby Tunis, whatever the formal limitations of the document, was added to the African seaboard of France. Only Marocco now remained unsubdued between Cape Bon and Cape Spartel. With the rights and wrongs of the Franco-Tunisian question, with the existence or non-existance of the Krumir brigands, we have not to concern ourselves. We have to deal only with accomplished facts and their influence on England's position as a Mediterranean Power. The seizure of Tunis by the owners of Algeria sent a shock throughout the peoples of North Africa, and created a specially painful expectancy in Tripoli and Marocco. Certain it is, too, that the *prestige* of England sank even more than that of France was raised. Europe

* *Times*, February 5, 1887.

saw with amazement eleven thousand British subjects passing from British to French jurisdiction. Such was the end of a franchise which they had enjoyed since Blake's guns thundered Cromwell's orders into the Bey's ears. This was the immediate and more sentimental damage to our reputation. But another and a worse remained. France had at last thrust herself between the British strongholds of Malta and Gibraltar. From the Goletta Harbour at Tunis, which Charles V. named the "Key of Africa" in his dying hours, she had acquired the power to harass every British ship bound to or from Malta and the East.

It is worth mentioning that when the question of British jurisdiction at Tunis was raised in the House of Lords, the weightiest speakers were loud in their praises of the prospective impartiality of the French Courts to their new British *Justiciables*. Perhaps this language was wise, on the principle that it is of no use to cry over spilt milk.

There is, probably, little doubt that the general tension between England and France was much increased by Lord Beaconsfield's action against Russia in 1878. Our rejection of the Treaty of San Stefano, the passage of our fleet up the Dardanelles, the carriage of Indian troops to Malta, the Asia Minor Protectorate and the cession of Cyprus—all these things seemed to herald a resumption of England's former strong self-reliance in the Mediterranean. Some years earlier Mr. Gladstone's inauguration of his disastrous career as a diminisher of the British Empire by the cession of the Ionian Islands, had produced the deepest impression on England's friends and foes. Those who now took note of our revived activity little thought that the Government which had done these things would be hurled from power two years later, or that the Treaty of Berlin would soon, according to the American phrase, resemble "the thin end of nothing whittled down to a point." It is to her temporary belief in the revival of England, and to her discovery that even Mr. Gladstone's eager unwisdom could not entirely reverse his predecessor's policy, that we must attribute the counter-blow delivered by France in Tunis, the ill-humoured denial of her co-operation in Egypt in 1882, and her Minister's attempt to seize Marocco in 1884, as it were from under the guns of Gibraltar. As regards the last point, the successes of France in Tunis had stimulated her agents in Tripoli and Marocco to redoubled efforts, in defiance of Italy in the one case, and of England in the other. Tripoli was left to the care of those who had already secured Tunis. In Marocco, M. Ordega, the French Representative, hatched an elaborate conspiracy against the Sultan, which might well have succeeded but for his own truculent imprudence and the Chinese embar-

rassments of his Government. We gave a detailed account of his proceedings in this Review two years ago.* His object was, briefly, to replace the Sultan by the Sherif of Wazan, a *protégé* of his own, under a French protectorate of the country. His failure has made it easy to tax with exaggeration the accounts which have been given of his near approach to success. It is true that M. Ordega was recalled, and that a more suave though equally determined agent was substituted in the person of M. Féraud. But French "interests" in Marocco have been consistently maintained at the level to which he raised them, and which he sought to perpetuate by a *coup d'état*. Movements of French troops on the Algerian frontier had been the unfailing accompaniments of French diplomatic pressure. The voice is the voice of Féraud, but the hands are the hands of Ordega. So well aware is the latter that his transfer to Bucharest was an act of policy, and not of blame, that he has lately re-stated his objects and claimed the national approval of them in the pages of the *Journal des Débats*†: "Je ne me dérobe pas aux critiques, et j'ai soutenu, j'en conviens, une lutte assez vive contre les adversaires déclarés de notre influence en Afrique. Mais," he continues, "si j'ai encouru les rancunes de quelques organes de la presse anglaise, c'est une bonne fortune que je partage avec d'autres à qui les journaux gallophobes ne ménagent pas leurs invectives."

But it is not with France alone that England has to deal in a country so vitally important to her as a fighting and trading nation. Spain has never been diverted by her internal miseries from her "civilizing mission" in the country of her ancient masters. Germany has covered the Moorish coasts with trading-establishments, and her Minister is constantly summoned to Berlin upon questions of the international status of Marocco, or German relations with the Court of Fez. Italy has not been idle, were it only for her hatred of France, and her ambition to display herself in her new character as a naval and a would-be colonizing Power. It is with all these rivals that we, the owners of Gibraltar and the former owners of Tangier, have to deal. And the question of Moorish independence or internationalization will surely be comprehended in the great scheme for the redistribution of power in Europe which is upon us.

These, then, are some of the difficulties which surround England in the Mediterranean. On the north and south seaboard, and by our side in Egypt, we have a sleeplessly-active antagonist in France, who consoles herself for every German humiliation by a fresh worry of English interests in some part of the world. In Italy

* "The Fate of Marocco," *National Review*, June 1885.

† *Journal des Débats*, 17th April 1887.

we have, perhaps, not an enemy, but certainly a rival. Spain is so little disposed to second our views, that she has resented the recent laying of an English cable from Gibraltar to Tangier as an insult and injury to herself. Farther East, we have the claims, now shadowy perhaps, but anon to be real enough, of Austria that already sails the Mediterranean, and of Russia that is straining to enter it through the Dardanelles. What do we oppose to these influences? The answer is ready enough: Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, and the temporary occupation of Egypt. A goodly array as far as possibilities go; but how is it when we come to facts? It is notorious among soldiers that the armaments of Gibraltar and Malta are antiquated both as regards guns and fortifications, and that an enormous outlay would be required to make either of them defensible against a first-class enemy. "If the nation," wrote a leading Gibraltar merchant last April, "wishes to preserve Gibraltar, the sooner it attends to the fortifications the better."* Cyprus, again, is practically a civil colony only. It is notorious among sailors that the smallness of our fleet would necessitate a concentration of the bulk of it on the shores of the mother country, should they be threatened. Our Mediterranean positions would, in that case, have to rely mainly on their own resources, despite the fact that Gibraltar, at least in its present condition, would not be long defensible without a large co-operating fleet. Furthermore, should our forces be actually withdrawn from Egypt—our strongholds, cut off from their friendly support in the East, will be but waifs on a hostile sea.

But the military difficulties are complicated by others, which may gravely affect the free use of Gibraltar and Malta for Imperial purposes. In each place there is a kind of Home Rule movement which, unless it be solved consistently with the interests of the Empire as a whole, and in defiance of local clamour, may loosen our military grasp of the path to India. The inhabitants it seems are, in different degrees, tired of military rule, and wish to doff their armour, or at least to have a suit of "mufti" as well. We will take the Gibraltar case for Home Rule first. It is framed on the Maltese model, to the mischievous results of which we shall presently refer, and has the support of the Exchange Committee, which represents the trade of the place. Now we have the greatest belief in the loyalty of these subjects of Her Majesty, but we are not less confident that their success would entail results from which they would be the first to suffer. A local Spanish paper† stated their views—perhaps in a somewhat exaggerated form—more than two years ago. It was this, that Gibraltar, in spite of an eminently

* See also an article in the *World* for March 30, 1887.

† *Mons Calpe*, of 28th February, 1885.

loyal population, was more strictly governed than any other place in the British Empire, being, in fact, in a perpetual state of siege. That, further, such measures were adopted, not for the military necessities of the garrison, but on account of unfounded suspicions of the popular loyalty. "Close to us," continued the writer, "we have Malta, whose inhabitants are advancing their claims to the extent of demanding that the Italian language shall supplant the English in official documents, and are yet considered loyal subjects in England, whereas we are termed 'treacherous Spaniards,' having only a handful of Spaniards amongst us." Accordingly it is urged that the present supreme authority of the Governor shall cease, and that he shall deal with military matters only. It is evident that such demands are the natural consequence of the Order in Council whereby, in the last generation, Gibraltar was constituted a "Colony," with all the administrative apparatus involved thereby.

The wisdom of treating as a Colony the inhabitants of a rock three miles long and incapable of expansion in any direction, is at least doubtful. The bad effects of swelling the number of civilians within these limits by all the inducements of trade, legitimate and contraband, are not doubtful at all. The civilians now amount to 19,000, or six times the number of those who so much hampered the efforts of the garrison during the great siege. The town of Gibraltar is packed like a sardine case, and the cry is still "They come!" All efforts to restrict the growth of the population have failed before the parallel encouragements given by the acquired Colonial character of the place. Were it possible to consider the local wishes apart from the needs of the whole Empire, apart from the Imperial functions of Gibraltar as a garrison, a coaling-station and a starting-point for expeditions, the claims to a separate civilian organization might, perhaps, be partly conceded. But the fact is, that the civilian inhabitants have increased and multiplied on sufferance, and on a tenure somewhat analogous to that of the dwellers in Torre del Greco below Vesuvius. In time of war the garrison ceases to represent the local military element, and constitutes in fact as well as in theory an Imperial outpost. In this capacity it must be used with unrestricted liberty of action, and its commanders cannot fairly or wisely be hampered by a large multitude of non-combatants obeying a separate jurisdiction, and taking, perhaps, unenthusiastic views of the beauty of holding out. As it is, even were Gibraltar armed and fortified on modern principles, the bulk of the inhabitants would have to be shipped off elsewhere before a siege. The civic rights conceded in time of peace would thus die a violent death, as far as they were concerned. It is mainly in view of their increased numbers that the civilians have

put forth their claims. But, apart from the certainty of a diminution of their numbers in time of war, the simple measure of imposing an equivalent duty on the tobacco now landed free into Gibraltar and smuggled into Spain would effect a large decrease.

Our Gibraltar paper referred with somewhat excessive confidence to the reputation for loyalty enjoyed by the Maltese Home Rulers. It is with this question that we now proceed to deal. Sir Lintorn Simmons, the Governor of the Island, has recently been in England to make his report on certain grave difficulties which have long hampered his government, and have now produced anarchy. These difficulties were exhaustively stated in some letters addressed to the *Times* last autumn, by a Cambridge undergraduate, Count Strickland della Catena. He has collected these and much other matter in a pamphlet to which we shall refer.* The points at issue call in question the whole of the relations between England and Malta. The "Nationalist" party assert, among other things, that the existing Government is corrupt and scandalous, that England has no rights other than the right of defending Malta, that all domestic matters should be managed as seems good to the elected representatives of the Maltese people, and that, finally, Malta has a perfect right to withdraw her loyalty from England if these demands are refused. That some of them may, in fact, be conceded with the effect of rendering the position of an Englishman, whether soldier, official, or civilian, even more unpleasant than it often is now, we have some reason to fear.

But we must return to Count Strickland's pamphlet. His honesty of purpose and his strong belief in Maltese wrongs are no less apparent than his utter unconsciousness of the peculiar position which he owes to his birth, age, and training, and which utterly unfit him to take the measure of the strange allies with whom he works. The son of an English officer, the bearer of a name once famous in England, and still illustrious in Malta, he is wholly unaware how little the feelings due to his English blood and education are shared by the Maltese Babudom, which finds convenient tools in his youth and energy. His allies aim solely at the abolition or curtailment of English authority in Malta, and think mighty little of "upholding the standard of England."† But they are very willing to accept the help of a loyalist, who is professedly working with them rather than for them, with the full intention of thrusting him aside when they have done with him, or when he refuses to advance farther. We are not a little amazed

* *Correspondence, &c. on the Constitution of Malta.* Cambridge: Deighton & Co., 1887.

† *Correspondence*, p. 45.

that he has failed to comprehend his own clear admission* that "it is authoritatively stated that the extreme Radical English-hating party prefer to be under Russia to having anything short of complete and absolute control of local affairs." It is true that he says elsewhere † that this party is "small and unimportant," and that he will "oppose and extinguish them as opportunity offers." But he must pardon us if we decline to stake the good government of a principal British stronghold on the accuracy of his opinion, or on the extent of his influence. We are perfectly confident that he would stand aghast at the wild work to which, in case of success, he would become an accessory. As is natural in one of his name, he believes in blood and rank, and has provided for the representation of nobility and property in his reformed Legislative Assembly.‡ But how long would they carry weight in an assembly which is even in its present "military and bureaucratic" form, practically controlled by mushroom agitators. Some startling evidence of that control will be given presently.

The difficulties to which we have already alluded arose out of conflicts in the Governor's Council, composed, as is usual in Crown Colonies, of elective and official members. That the system has everywhere worked well we should be slow to affirm. But it is difficult to consider with much patience claims for reform, which draw so excessively on our belief in the rights of the Maltese to special treatment, as do the demands of the "Nationalist" party. Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable than the oblivion to which has been relegated the fact that Malta owes everything to its position as a part of the British Empire. It appears, on the contrary, that Malta proposes to work by threats of the consequences of disaffection. It would almost seem that the loyalty vowed in 1814, *Magnae et invictae Britanniae*,§ and which has been rewarded by seventy years of unparalleled prosperity is after all a transferable commodity to be enjoyed during the good behaviour of the sovereign power. This claim has, as the *Saturday Review* suggests,‖ somewhat of the ring of Massa 'Pollo's speech on the relations between the 'Badians and George III., but it contains the germ of serious evil. As a fortress of the British Empire, Malta is not entitled to a single institution or privilege which would hamper its free use in a purely military sense for defence or offence. Nay, further, it is the duty of every English Government to maintain and enforce any restrictions or limitations of local autonomy which may be necessary in the general interests of that

* The *Times*, 20th November 1886.

† *Correspondence, &c.* p. 89.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 88.

§ From the inscription over the Main Guard Gate at Valletta.

‖ *Saturday Review*, 26th September 1886.

empire of which the Mediterranean forms a main artery. There should be few complaints on this score from an island in which, even under a "military bureaucracy," it can be said with truth that "the only English officials are the Governor, the Chief Secretary, and the Superintendent of the Ports. All other officials and all the judges and magistrates are Maltese. Of the members of the Council, three (one elected) besides the Governor are English, the other fourteen are Maltese."* We did not come to Malta to trade, but to cut again the chain of French aggression, already cut at Gibraltar. Its annexation constituted the island a sentry-box on our road to the East. Those who claim for the island the treatment not merely of an autonomous civilian colony, but that of an allied power which has been good enough to throw in its lot with ours, lose sight of the fact that when we landed we rescued a helpless prey from the French Republic. This fact is unaffected by controversies as to the temporary distress or defeat by Maltese hands of an individual French garrison. Malta is, as we have already said, in the first instance an Imperial sentry-box, and it has only become a great commercial centre by the operation of the ruling British principle, that trade follows the Flag.

It would be unfair not to admit that Count Strickland does remember Imperial interests in the draft constitution of which he and Dr. Mizzi, the leader of the ultra-Radical party, are joint authors; he excludes all military and naval questions affecting Malta from the control of the new Legislative Assembly.† But there is nothing to show that he has any hold over the party whose cry is "Malta for the Maltese, away with the foreigner." This party at the last election of members to the Governor's Council, deliberately secured the election of one candidate who was known to be an infamous criminal, and of another who was an organ-grinder. These two exploits are claimed even by Count Strickland as convincing proofs that the Maltese constitution should be so altered as to throw political power yet more into the hands of those who can do so much already.

To us it seems that a very different conclusion should be drawn. Nine-tenths of the electors did not take the trouble to vote at all. The remaining tenth obeyed the "Nationalist" wire-pullers. On the one hand we have entire indifference to the elections, on the other we have the best possible evidence of the free hand enjoyed by the ringleaders of a graceless minority. A certain noble duke is said to have threatened to return his footman to the House of Commons, but he was not sufficiently spiteful or unpatriotic to do so. The "Nationalist" party in Malta had no such scruples.

* *Correspondence, &c.* p. 23. Letter from 'Tancredi de' Baroni Sceberras.

† *Ibid.* p. 88.

"It was done," says a leading local journal,* "coolly and deliberately, after due notice given by the so-called Nationalist papers." As regards the organ-grinder—however objectionable his return—he has probably done less mischief than the hungry, local agitators, who make a profession of patriotism with a Government berth in view. To us this specimen of the electioneering power of the "Nationalists" seems to show that the *military bureaucracy* denounced alike by Count Strickland and his Sans-culotte allies leaves an ample margin for political activity, though one of the patriots invites an abolition of the Maltese Council in the confidence that the said bureaucracy "will be put before history in its loathsome nakedness."†

We have to deal in Malta with an Oriental population of which the portion dwelling in the country is absolutely indifferent to politics, which knows no European language, and takes no interest in political institutions and movements based on French revolutionary models. In the towns we have a small and exclusive aristocracy, mostly, like Count Strickland himself, of foreign origin, and without an object or aspiration in common with the Christianized Arabs amongst whom it is their lot to dwell. We have moreover, a swarming town population with all the Arab excitability and admiration for a "row." These passions are bountifully pandered to by a small but astute band of Italian-speaking members of the professions. As we have already suggested these gentry, in character and methods seem to resemble the Babus who return to India with an English university degree. They have made the utmost use of the enactment whereby, eighty-six years since,‡ Malta was, for the first time, constituted "part of Europe for all purposes," an enactment which it was considered necessary to repeat less than eleven years ago.§ "Europe and Malta" was the old phrase. Nor have they failed to profit by the geographical neighbourhood of the Island to Italy, and the unhappy acquiescence of the Home Government in the establishment as a quasi-national language of Italian, which is, in fact, an unknown tongue to nine-tenths of the people.

Having these grounds whereon to base claims to the European genus and the Italian species, the Maltese "nationalists" find no difficulty in claiming the rights of European British subjects and in raising cries of "Fuori lo Straniero," after the fashion of the Italia Irredenta party. It would puzzle less ingenious brains to explain how a convenience clause in an Act of Parliament can

* *Malta Times*, 2nd October 1886.

† Mr. Benoit Xuereb to the *Malta Standard*, 27th November 1886.

‡ 41 Geo. III. c. 103, s. 3.

§ 39 & 40 Vict. c. 36, s. 164.

affect the blood and pedigree of the bulk of the Maltese population, and why the Italian spoken by part of the social and commercial classes should be given parity with, and almost precedence over, English and Maltese, the language of the dominant power and the language of the subject race.

Such are the difficulties which beset us in Gibraltar and Malta, the two corner-stones of our influence in the Mediterranean. On the external dangers arising from the increased and increasing activity of foreign Powers we have before commented. If we would yet build up the many breaches of our Zion, and not perish in the great conflagration, the materials for which are heaped up all around us, we must act betimes. We must take stock of our position. This is not the morrow of Trafalgar and Waterloo. It is the morrow of many small wars; some disastrous, some ended by hardly-won victories, often neutralized by subsequent inaction or a positive reversal of policy. It is a day in which public men are inclined to attitudinize over their own patriotic resolve not to allow the Empire to be dismembered, as though the decision were one which entitled them to undying fame, instead of being the plain discharge of a duty the neglect of which would entail infamy. This temper is, we believe, one of many manifestations of that fixed pessimism in the view taken of the march of public affairs, which is the moral disease of the day. In the department of foreign policy this pessimism has been erected into a system which becomes applicable whenever despatches and notes have done their utmost and the sword alone can avert discomfiture.

It is, we have little doubt, the private conviction of our military impotence that disinclines so many of our Ministers, however personally patriotic, to resist aggressive claims by foreign Powers. This conviction is fortified by two others, for which, unfortunately, there is only too much ground. The first is this: that the British public, in its present fathomless ignorance of the military requirements of that Empire, of which it is slowly learning the commercial value, will not listen to demands of men and money, which shall be really adequate to the need. The supporters of this view are generally ready to admit that such demands would have to be quadrupled in amount when the first shot had been fired in the next European war. This war it is not, of course, within England's power to fix at a date or to restrain within limits personally convenient to herself. The second conviction—and it is one which does excessive honour to the public prescience—is that England has counted beforehand the cost of deliberate unpreparedness, and is perfectly ready to pour out many millions whenever her previous unwillingness to spend one million in safeguards shall have been proved to

be disastrous folly. It was, we believe, Lord Randolph Churchill who lately proclaimed this as the authorized scheme of national defence. But what a poor figure do these complacent theories cut by the side of recent Continental wars? The lightning rapidity of modern hostilities—the scant room for preparation after the declaration of war—the worthlessness of improvised troops, however numerous—are not these things written in the chronicles of French and Austrian defeat? And is not every Continental Power striving so to prepare itself as not to be found among the foolish virgins at the next summons? But the bulk of our public men are still convinced that, right or wrong, "the people will have it so," and some of them discern a present financial advantage in the system of leaving everything to the last minute—which may turn out to be the last minute of the national independence. Our very officers still occasionally perform the same unhappy trick. The General praising the Army at the Mansion House, and the same General unshipping the whole military machine to provide a small expeditionary force, differ more than Philip drunk from Philip sober.

We have written these lines with the full consciousness that it would be ungracious and unpatriotic to ignore the difficulties of a Government struggling, like the present one, with a "whirlwind of obstruction." Moreover, we have entered the era of sharp crises and short-lived Cabinets, which have small opportunities for inaugurating a new policy. But in this Mediterranean question, England has not to strike out a new path, but to adhere to the best traditions of her past.

Harold Arthur Perry.

POLITICS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

ANOTHER month has been spent by the House of Commons in demonstrating the incompatibility of absolute and unlimited latitude of discussion, on which the British Parliament has for so many generations prided itself, with the new Plan of Campaign invented and adopted by a Minority of the Representatives of the People for preventing the passing of any laws to which they are opposed. The Criminal Law Amendment Bill has practically made no advance since we last addressed the readers of the *National Review*, although its principles have been affirmed and re-affirmed in division after division by majorities ranging from a hundred to a hundred and thirty. In old days, one such division would have settled the fate of a Measure; and after a few differences of opinion as to the wording of some of its clauses, it would have quickly passed through the House of Commons, and been sent up to the House of Lords. No amount of divisions in favour of the Bill, and no majorities, however imposing, avail to induce the Opposition led by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell to desist from resisting its advance. What possible excuse or pretext have they for this extraordinary and unprecedented course? They cannot, and they do not, allege that the country, consulted so recently on the question whether law and order are to be upheld in Ireland, did not pronounce with unmistakeable and overwhelming voice against them. They cannot, and they do not, pretend that the House of Commons has wavered in its intention, agreeing with its original mandate, to suppress in Ireland the forces of faction and rapine. They cannot, and they do not, plead that the Liberal Unionists, who constitute the flower of the Liberal Party, have exhibited any indication of departing from their resolve to co-operate with the Government in this special task. Finally, they cannot, and they do not, argue that the country has changed its mind since last year, or now hestitates in its previous conviction that the vindication of authority in the sister island must take precedence of all other remedial measures. All the arts of platform oratory, all the devices of epistolary exhortation, all the

resources of inflammatory language, have been employed by the Separatist leaders and their rank and file to persuade the nation that Lord Hartington and Mr. Bright have entered into a conspiracy with Lord Salisbury and Mr. Smith to deprive the Irish people of their liberties, and subject them to the oppressive fetters of a Tory-Whig Alliance. Their alleged facts, their hollow arguments, and their passionate perorations, have fallen absolutely flat on the ears of a sceptical and contemptuous community. That Sir William Harcourt should joke and gibe in vain; that Mr. Morley should theorize abundantly about the principles of Government from the depths of his intimacy with the ideas of the French Revolution without exciting more than a good-natured curiosity from a tolerant community; that Mr. Labouchere should alternately rant and grin amid the jocular cheers of audiences not averse from the ridiculous even in the most serious seasons; these are things, these are indications of popular sentiment, that need surprise no one who knows these unsatisfactory heroes, and the real temper of the English nation. But that the popularity of Mr. Gladstone, the growth of years of splendid talents and sensational achievements, should no longer move the "great heart" of the country; that his rhetoric, as voluble, as musical, and apparently as earnest as ever, should pass by the multitude like the idle wind; this surely is a surprising and a welcome omen, and should encourage us to persist in believing that charlatanism, even when tinged with genius, and passionate egotism masquerading as patriotic enthusiasm, is, in the long run, set down at its real value by the sterling sense of a masculine people.

But neither the reiterated judgment of Parliament, the cogent reasoning of the Press, nor the manifest disposition of the People, suffices to deter the Opposition from labouring to prevent the House of Commons from performing its natural functions. One amendment disposed of, another amendment is forthwith proposed; and the two brothers who bear the honoured name of Healy would of themselves suffice to keep the Criminal Law Amendment Bill in an elementary condition till the end of the present century.

> You break the web of sophistry in vain:
> The creature 's at his dirty work again.

But even this *par nobile fratrum*, these twin Hibernian Obstructionists, would labour at their factious barricades without avail, were it not that they are incited and cheered to the work by a man who has twice been Prime Minister of England. Mr. Gladstone has had many odd clients in his time; but few persons would have imagined that he would have constituted and proclaimed himself from the house-tops the Patron of Obstruction.

Such, however, is the fact. He has publicly announced that if the Government will so modify their Bill as to make it no longer their Bill, but his Bill, he will allow it to pass in the course of the now well-advanced Session. In default of their compliance with this magnanimous proposal, he will avail himself of the Parliamentary machinery originally devised for other purposes, in order to render the machine itself utterly useless.

What should be the answer to an avowal so shameless, and what the expedients against tactics so devoid of scruple? We are now in the middle of the Whitsuntide Holidays, and in another week the House of Commons will re-assemble, nominally for the transaction of business. Is no business still to be transacted, and is the period between May and August to prove as barren of result as the period between February and May? Are the impertinences of Mr. Labouchere, the vulgarities of Doctor Tanner, and a number of wearisome and unprofitable divisions, to be all that is shown as the result of six months' sitting of Parliament? We do not blame the Government or the Leader of the House of Commons for the indulgence so far extended to the tricks of the Obstructionists. In order that the country may thoroughly understand that Mr. Gladstone and his confederates are striving to reduce Parliament to a condition of unqualified incompetency, it was indispensable that they should be allowed a certain time in which to provide ample and conclusive proofs of their disloyal purposes. Had the Government resorted to all the "resources of civilization" before everybody was convinced that civilization is in danger, the Separatists would have been able, with much profit to themselves, to raise the cry of tyranny and to pose as the champions of freedom of speech. But the proof is now complete; not a link is wanting in the chain of demonstration that uncontrolled liberty of speech is to be used for the purpose of discrediting Parliament, baffling the Executive, and giving free play to the anarchic and plundering forces still rampant in Ireland.

Therefore, when Parliament meets afresh, it will be incumbent on the Cabinet, and indeed its first duty, to announce that, by a certain date, the Criminal Law Amendment Bill must be read a third time in the House of Commons. To shrink from taking this step would convict the Government of a cowardice and an incapacity more michievous even than the factious weapons against which they have to fight.

An unusual number of striking speeches outside the walls of Parliament have been made by leading politicians during the past month; mainly, no doubt, because of the silence conscientious politicians impose on themselves within Parliament itself, lest by

speech they should involuntarily aid and abet the artifices of Obstruction. No one has stigmatized with such telling epigrammatic terseness, suffused with scornful humour, the devices of the Obstructionists, as the Prime Minister in his short but highly-finished after-dinner speech delivered in the City in the middle of the month. No one has addressed to the political conscience of intellectual Conservatism so fresh and forcible an exhortation as that pronounced with infinite earnestness by Mr. Goschen at the Dinner at Willis's Rooms, where he was the guest of the Cecil Club. The Cecil Club was founded about the same time as this Review, and its objects were supposed to be somewhat similar. Hitherto, however, it has not enjoyed a like amount of success and popular favour, probably from some defect in its organization, which it would now seem is likely to be cured. The speeches delivered at the Dinner of which we have spoken—those of Mr. Goschen and of Lord Lytton, the President, more especially—have attracted much attention; and the Club will do wisely to have an annual banquet, at which some conspicuous Statesman may be heard on topics reaching a higher level than the ordinary questions of the platform. There could be no greater mistake than to suppose that, because the Electoral Body is now counted by millions, intellect is out of place in practical politics. On the contrary, the People admire intellect, even when they only partially understand it, far more than do Monarchs or an Oligarchy. Conservatism destitute of ideas, beggared of imagination, and devoid of elevation of aim, would not long retain its hold upon the masses. But, as Mr. Goschen so well said to the members of the Cecil Club, the quality of qualities that, even from the vulgarest point of view, in the long run pays best of all is disinterested courage. Tenacity of conviction, equability of temper, unselfish intrepidity, these are the weapons with which to pierce the shield of the sophist and parry the thrusts of the adventurer.

It is not till the month on which we are about to enter that the main and central celebrations of the Jubilee Year of Her Majesty's Accession to the throne will be held. But already both Parliament and the People have manifested their keen sympathy with the interesting occasion; and the Queen has learnt by innumerable evidences how deep is the affection with which she is regarded, and how intense the loyalty with which she is encompassed, in every corner of the land, and every quarter of the Empire. No Royal Progress recorded in history was ever so touching as the visit of the Queen to the East End to open the People's Palace; and of this, as of all kindred ceremonies during the year of Victorian Jubilee, we may well say—

> These are Imperial works, and worthy Kings.

The feverish condition of the Continent, whether we turn our eyes towards France and Germany, or cast our gaze to the East of Europe, does not in any degree abate. But before we estimate the chances of the maintenance of peace, still trembling in the balance, we must give precedence to a matter that comes more directly home to the English people, and affects more intimately the policy of England and the interests of the British Empire. At the moment at which we write, the Anglo-Turkish Convention, though signed at Constantinople by the English and Turkish plenipotentiaries, has not been formally laid before the public; and more than one influential organ in the daily press has, it seems to us, criticized its reported clauses with a certain mixture of prejudice and precipitation. It is even more difficult to get leading newspapers to allow that they may have in some degree been mistaken, whether in their news or in their judgments, than it is to extort an avowal of error from an individual; and having over and over again urged that no date should be assigned for the withdrawal of our troops from Egypt, they seem to imagine they are bound, for the sake of their own credit and consistency, to go on preaching sermons on this text, even though a patient and careful diplomacy has taken pains to surround the naming of a date for evacuation with all the qualifications and reservations that render it practically unobjectionable. It should never be forgotten that an ideally perfect course, though it may be urged with ease by irresponsible lookers-on, can rarely be pursued by statesmen who have charge of public affairs. A number of conflicting interests have to be reconciled, as best a compromising statesmanship can reconcile them. We suppose no one who is entitled to be listened to on this subject is unaware that Turkey has long been most anxious that we should name a date for the departure of our troops, and that one of the consequences of our refusal to do so has been that our Ambassador at Constantinople has experienced the greatest difficulty in preventing the Sultan from abetting the intrigues of Russia in Bulgaria, and that consequently M. de Nelidoff enjoyed for some time a monopoly of his Majesty's ear. It ought not to be necessary to point out how injurious and embarrassing to English policy was such a condition of things, and that it was worth while to endeavour to rescue Turkey from these malefic influences, if this could be accomplished without inflicting greater damage on English influence and English interests elsewhere. Neither ought it to be necessary to remind any well-informed person that the French Government has been seconding Russia in imbuing the mind of the Sultan with the worst suspicions as to the real aims of English policy. To disarm France, to baffle Russia, and to conciliate Turkey, without really surrendering our priority of interest in Egypt or abandoning that country to the

chapter of accidents, are objects surely not unworthy of the energies of the best and most practical statesmanship.

Will the Anglo-Turkish Convention attain those important ends without serious detriment either to Egypt or to England? We are strongly disposed to think it will. It is unnecessary to show that Turkey is gratified by the Convention, for that is notorious; or, to prove that, if Turkey be gratified, Russia will lose influence with the Sultan as against ourselves, and that France will have both less reason and less power to intrigue against us at Constantinople, for this is self-evident. All, therefore, of which it is necessary to convince ourselves is, that due precautions have been taken in the Convention against Egypt lapsing into anarchy, against any other Power interfering with its affairs, and finally against our being precluded from returning to Egypt by right, in the event of our presence, in a military sense, being again required there. We already know enough of the terms of the Convention to be aware that not only have these precautions been taken, but that further reservations have been made against our departure at the end of three years. In the event of the internal condition of Egypt being unsettled, and equally in the event of Egypt being threatened with danger from without, England reserves to itself the right of not withdrawing its troops; and if they should be withdrawn, they may be sent back, if the condition of Egypt calls for their return. It is true the Sultan may, in that case, also send troops there; but the whole world knows, or ought to know the value of that proviso; and it is stipulated that England need not wait for Turkey before despatching soldiers to the scene. Is it necessary to say that our troops would arrive long before Turkey had made up its mind to move a regiment or a ship? Meanwhile, the Egyptian Army is to be officered, in large measure, by English and by Turkish officers; an arrangement, again, that secures for us all the influence and precedence we require. Nor should it be overlooked that, if the consent of the Powers be withheld from these arrangements, the Convention will fall to the ground; and we shall then be forced, by no fault of our own, to remain in Egypt indefinitely. On the other terms of the Convention we do not comment at present. But we think we have said enough to show that only an obstinate *parti pris* can cause a politician to regard the Convention as a surrender of our position in Egypt, and that it would be far more reasonable to maintain that our position there has been strengthened and enlarged.

The abstention of Turkey, which has issued another Circular Note on the subject, from seconding the persistently cynical policy of Russia in Bulgaria, though as yet it may not have been

attended with any visible or positive results, has at any rate enabled the Regency to hold its ground, and the Bulgarians to maintain their independence. But Russia continues to refuse to co-operate with Europe in providing the Principality with a regular Ruler; and this indefinite prolongation of the provisional condition of things must necessarily militate against the welfare of the country. There is reason, however, to hope that the Regency has at length succeeded in obtaining a Loan from a Syndicate of Viennese Bankers; and should these financial negotiations be carried to a successful issue, Bulgaria can afford to "learn to be patient."

In the course of the month no little excitement was caused among the uninitiated by the assertion of certain journals drawing inspiration from Berlin, that, previously to the last Russo-Turkish War, the neutrality of Austria-Hungary had been secured, without the intervention of Germany, by Prince Gortschakoff agreeing that, in certain contingencies, Austria might occupy Bosnia and Herzegovina without challenge from Russia. In reality, the arrangement, as far as Austria was concerned, was as simple and blameless as it was natural; and Herr Tisza, in the Hungarian Diet, had no difficulty in exonerating the Cabinet of Vienna from all reproach. Austria strove to dissuade Russia from assailing Turkey; but as the Czar advanced, as a pretext for his aggression, the condition of the Christian subjects of the Sultan, Austria, like England, experienced some difficulty in absolutely forbidding the campaign. All that remained was to protect the interests of Austria, without involving Austria in war. The understanding about Bosnia and Herzegovina was the best means of attaining this end. But Russia, by the preliminaries of San Stefano, went far beyond anything she had originally sketched out in her *pourparlers* with Austria, and the consequence was that Austria, in concert with England, protested, and the Treaty of Berlin revised those preliminaries. Still, as Russia had carried out as much of its scheme as was originally contemplated, M. Gortschakoff's hands were tied when, at the Congress, it was proposed Austria should occupy the two Provinces. It is unnecessary to inquire what object Prince Bismarck had in making these revelations. It is enough to know that they could not have been intended to injure Austria, any more than they can have been intended to benefit Russia. The suggestion that Prince Bismarck is afraid lest Austria should again come to terms with Russia will not hold water for a moment. To stipulate for compensation against Russia acquiring fresh influence over the Slavonic populations of the Balkan Peninsula, by drawing the sword on their behalf, is one thing. To accept a bribe for allowing Russia to

draw the sword against the liberties of Bulgaria, would be another thing altogether, and is not to be thought of. The spirited language employed by the Emperor of Austria in closing the Session of the Hungarian Diet shows how determined is the Ruler of the Dual Empire to enter into no further compact with his restless and untrustworthy neighbour.

The relations of Germany and France remain in precisely the same condition in which they were when we wrote last. The Schnaebélé incident was arranged without any serious consequences; but the instability of French Ministries and the alleged popularity of General Boulanger provide fresh material for public excitement and anxiety. The Chamber of Deputies, with incredible levity, overthrew the Cabinet of M. Goblet, nominally on the question of Finance, but in reality from pure wantonness and a passion for destroying; and poor M. Grévy has since been vainly engaged in the effort to persuade some other statesmen to get together a new Ministry. That a fresh Cabinet will be formed, is a matter of course; but the prolonged Crisis has once more shown the utter chaos into which France, politically and constitutionally, has fallen. Only the fear of Germany, and the desire to be strong as against Germany, prevent the various French factions from flying at each other's throats. Even as it is, the Executive appears not to consider itself possessed of sufficient authority and stability to dispense with the services of one particular General, because, though deemed to be dangerous, he is known to be popular. No man ever achieved notoriety so cheaply as General Boulanger, for even his friends can allege nothing more in his favour than that he rides a handsome black charger, and has made barrack life more comfortable. But in the Republic of the blind, one-eyed people are persons of mark; and General Boulanger has become an embarrassment to his country, only in consequence of the insignificance of his countrymen.

May 28th.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[N.B.- The appearance of a letter in the *National Review* in no way implies approval of the opinions expressed by the writer. This portion of the *Review* is reserved for remarks that Correspondents may desire to make upon papers which have been published in the *National Review*, or for letters upon such other subjects as the Editors may think deserving of discussion.]

The English Temperament in its Relation to Music.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

The recent discussion of music in your pages by two writers who differ very considerably in their views of its actual condition in this country, while consenting to look hopefully towards a near or a remote future, was suggestive. Mr. F. J. Crowest, in the April number of the *National Review*, deplored our lack of native genius, the unoriginality of our composers, the absence of a national musical style, the welcome accorded to foreign compositions, artists and professors to the exclusion of deserving Englishmen and English art. So long as we were imitative and permeated by foreign influence, he contended, so long would we remain what we now are—the feeble reflection, musically speaking, of peoples who have surged so far ahead of us that it seems desperate to follow them. Mr. Crowest insisted, moreover, on the policy of excluding foreign influence by banishing foreign classics from our concert-rooms and theatres, by listening to none but native performers, and by exclusively employing native professors. Such was his remedy for the evil.

In the May number of this Review, Mr. Charles L. Graves, while admitting our present lack of first-class genius, maintained that we were in a healthy musical state. If not supremely original, we were permeated by the spirit of the classics, which are of no nationality; if we had no distinctive national style, we bade fair to possess one shortly; and if we welcomed foreigners, we did so on the principle of utilizing all available talent, whether of home growth or imported. And as to foreign music, we did well to hear, perform, and use for purposes of culture, all the best music that had been written in the world, without regard to nationality. He finally repudiated with much force and common sense the idea that an extension of the principle of "boy-

cotting" to the province of music would prove other than disastrous and immediately prohibitive of the end in view.

The net result of the discussion, which must have drawn the interest of a very large community, went to show that we are conscious of being greatly unoriginal in music, but that our prospects are still fairly good; our musicians are now competently trained at home, but continue to derive advantage from going into the densely musical atmosphere of other countries for a time. It was shown that there are plenty of opportunities for native talent to distinguish itself, and that should a great composer arise in our midst to-morrow, he might count upon securing all furtherance for a genuinely creative talent. Mr. Graves expressed himself with discernment and undoubted knowledge; and it will appear to candid observers that he spoke the sober truth.

But when we have emerged from the smoke of dialectic encounter, the main issue is apt to present itself in new distinctness. And this it does in the present case. The old question arises, Are we, or are we not, a musical nation? And measuring by the standard obtaining in Europe, we have to answer—Relatively, not. It is useless to deny that hitherto we have produced no composer of the first class. The names of Purcell, Arne and Bishop, of Balfe and Sterndale Bennett, in the past; of Sullivan, Mackenzie, Cowen, Stanford, Goring Thomas, in the present, have a thin sound when opposed to names like Cherubini, Scarlatti, Rossini, and even Verdi; or to Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn and Wagner; or to Berlioz, Hérold, Gounod, and even Bizet. That is, of course, undisputed; but it is as well to clear the ground. The names of Purcell and of Bishop, advanced by Mr. Crowest as names of composers in an English style, would, it is very safe to say, have sunk into complete oblivion in any country but our own. Sterndale Bennett survives as a charming and talented writer of the second class, who was generously treated by the benevolent Schumann in the *Neue Zeitschrift*, and may still be heard with edifying pleasure. Yet here we shall do well to remember that no one so tinged with a single influence as Sterndale Bennett was, can pretend to that epoch-making quality which is alone the distinctive characteristic of a master. And now, to-day, we have most cultivated musicians, to whom we invariably listen with pleasure, and often with much admiration, it is evident they are the recipients of a classical heritage; the science of orchestration in their hands displays its last developments, its crowning richness and fulness, its most modern delicacy of colouring and subtlety of combination. We miss, however, amid this excellence, the stamp of directness of appeal, of simplicity with utmost art, of the loftiness, nobility and grandeur, which, often compounded of but slight material, overwhelm us with a sense of something that transcends mere music, and suspend the faculty of criticism by carrying us on farther

to a consideration of the bearing of such music upon life and the highest problems of our being. These sentiments are naturally evoked by none but the very finest music; and it is even rare to receive such experience from any but the crowning achievements of genius; the intermediate works, of less powerful calibre, informed by a less absolute freedom and mastery of expression, leave us pleased, delighted, refreshed and satisfied—but never impressed to the degree that we are unable to dismiss the thought that the music has some profound ulterior meaning, dimly and instinctively apprehended, but defying all analysis. It is by this supreme test that we recognize the higher music. Moreover, it is probable that there is no composer now actively producing in the world who has touched this highest mark.

Descending from the consideration of a supreme excellence manifested alone in countries which have reached a higher stage of musical development than our own, let us turn aside to view the actual musical state of the English people as a whole. And we observe an everywhere augmenting love of the mysterious art. Putting fashionable society out of the question—and we may safely leave it to the witty pen of Mr. Graves,—musical progress in this country is mainly, if not exclusively, furthered by the middle classes, lower and upper. The masses have as yet but the most rudimentary perception of the beauties of the higher music; it will take generations of culture to bring them level with the German public in this respect, with whom concert-going is quite as popular as is play-going with us. Our middle classes throng in ever-increasing numbers to the popular concerts in St. James's Hall, to the orchestral concerts at the Crystal Palace, to the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, to the oratorios in the Albert Hall, and even to the Promenade Concerts in Covent Garden—as an institution, serving for a useful compromise. At home, a million pianos repeat the compositions thus heard, and with ever-widening influence. A higher degree of amateur proficiency begins to mark off this age from the earlier Victorian age, until there will shortly be no ground of comparison between them. And yet this truly musical class is a class apart, immeasurably less comprehensive than the play-going class. Of drawing-room "balladry —to use old Purcell's happy epithet,—of brilliant or unbrilliant fantasia-playing, it is not now the question. The genuinely musical class, however large, however augmented, is infinitely disproportionate to the population. The atmosphere of England, it is idle to conceal, is not musical in the sense in which that of Germany, that of France, and that of Italy are musical. In the two last-named countries the musical atmosphere is, perhaps, of somewhat light quality; but in the first, to go amongst the middle classes is to realise the apt conditions which produce so many artists. The sonata, the concerto, the adapted symphony, and even the unadapted quartett, quintett, and the other chamber forms,

are there domesticated, and a usual evening amusement and delight. The tradesman plays in the town-orchestra when it is augumented for symphonic purposes, and this most commonly, as the present writer has had opportunities for observing. No spark of real musical talent is allowed to waste itself upon poor fuel, but is fanned busily into profitable or refining flame. It is not until good music shall become thus familiar in England that we shall rise to the dignity of a musical nation: that creative talent whose absence we deplore with Mr. Crowest—though hardly subscribing to his utterly unscientific, not to say waggish, prescription for a remedy—will not present itself, the final outcome of the national spirit, even as a great literary masterpiece is the voice of its age, until the entire sluggish depths of unmusical England shall have been stirred and warmed to sympathy with the higher productions of the most emotional of arts.

It is customary, in these days of social science, to trace social phenomena or characteristics to their psychological cause. How are we to account for the fact that Englishmen, who are constitutionally averse to the emotional expression of their feelings, have yet produced some of the finest emotional literature the world possesses? Of poets we have certainly had no lack: the impressionable, imaginative temperament is amply represented in our roll of famous names. But we must remember that poetry is not directly emotional in its expression; it is emotion remembered or imagined, and then intellectually expressed in an imitative and largely traditional form. "Poetry is an imitative art," said Shelley, speaking of the garb of poetry. And so to some extent is music; but to a far less extent. And at all times music is directly emotional: the very voice and accent of emotion as it wells up uncontrolled by the exigencies and limitations of language. It is independent of language, and majestically soars above the highest language that was ever allied with it. If it does not transcend the higher poetry in its own domain, it effectually annuls its rival's proper eloquence when the two are heard together. And the reason of this probably is that music is directly and generally emotional; poetry indirectly and particularly emotional.* In other words, music is emotion expressed directly in sound; while poetry is the artificial reproduction of emotional states through memory. To a traditional reproduction of emotional states, an Englishman would readily lend himself: to the immediate expression of his emotion—not so readily. And this habit of immediate reticence once formed, preserved through centuries, would sufficiently account for his natural unresponsiveness to forms of direct emotional expression, his inability to yield himself up unreservedly to the strength of feelings in which he

* See *Beethoven*, by Richard Wagner, in Mr. Edward Dannreuther's excellent translation: Supplement II., pp. 167–172, being a translation of an extract from Schopenhauer's *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*.

is yet in no respect deficient. The suggestion is advanced with all deference to higher and philosophic authority; perhaps it may contain a germ of truth. That some such explanation is necessary few will be inclined to doubt.

The philosophy which taught us to recognize in feeling and its expression an immense and augmenting factor in the sum of progressive force, has indirectly paved the way to the assumption that music will hold a relatively higher position in the future. Among the arts it is held by some to be the highest, as being the direct outcome of man's consciousness, embodied in a form which owes nothing to material combinations previously existent in nature. From crude and barren sound this mighty structure has been raised; to what heights and to what significance it may attain is wholly beyond computation. Certain it is that England, if now in her musical nonage—and we fully concur with Mr. Graves in thinking it a healthy nonage,—will inevitably assimilate this later influence, as she has all others, and will adopt the marvellous universal language of emotion as her own in common with her neighbours. She now shows every mark of being in the preparatory and imitative stage that immediately precedes originality with nations as with individual men. She is somewhat in the position of Germany during her period of servility to Italian models before the advent of the truly remarkable reformer Haydn. But with a difference. Music has progressed since then from infancy to some degree of maturity. This maturity is before us: we are free to draw every advantage from the spectacle. The pace of civilization has increased, and with it the facilities conducive to the attainment of an equalized European average capacity in art, as well as in philosophy and letters. Already European thought has ceased to bear the stamp of very marked national characteristics. The masterpiece of one country is found to be the expression of another's inmost feeling with regard to interests long possessed in common. The philosophic work, the poem, and the moral essay, no less than the painting, the statue, and the musical composition, appeal alike to every polite nation, where they bear the mark of special excellence. Thus we cannot fail to abate in reserve where we already have the sensibility; the tide of international influence has long since swept away the barrier. And in proportion as our national repugnance to the direct and untrammelled expression of feeling subsides, so English music, it is here submitted, will rise to the international standard of excellence; and England's latest artistic glory may be, perhaps, her purely original and adequate music.

I remain, Gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES CATTY.

The History of an Old English Family.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

In your April number just issued there is an interesting and picturesquely written notice of Professor Burrowes' "House of Brocas." The reviewer, Mr. T. E. Kebbel, (who, by the way, seems thoroughly to appreciate the attractions of Rockingham Forest and its neighbourhood to a sportsman, in contradistinction to a man who only hunts to ride,) will, I hope, forgive me if, by your permission, I correct him in one point, and differ from him in another. He states that one of the possessions of the Brocas family early in the seventeenth century was Rockingham Castle. The Castle never belonged to the Brocas family, but was a Royal Castle until the time of Charles I., in whose reign my ancestor Sir Lewis Watson, whose family had for a considerable period held it from the Crown, was entitled to it, and was created Lord Rockingham. Sir Lewis acquired the manor called Hunter's Manor in the parish of Little Weldon from the Brocas family, which manor carried with it the Mastership of the Royal Buckhounds, the Master being bound to keep not less than a fixed number of hounds, for which he was allowed £60 per annum, to be paid by the Sheriff of Surrey, who, to judge from a letter in my possession, seems not to have been over punctual in his payments.

Again, Mr. Kebbel says, about the Bocase stone, that there can hardly be a doubt that the word is really Brocas. But the tradition of the Forest is against him, and from my intimate knowledge of the site of the stone and of its neighbourhood I have many reasons, too many to enter into now, for agreeing with the local opinion that the name is connected with archery. *Pace* Professor Burrowes, is it too far-fetched an idea that one of those great oaks stood there, as they still stand, and have stood for centuries in many parts of the Forest, *hollow all but the outside skin*, an admirable shelter for bows and other paraphernalia in wet weather? I have trespassed too far upon your space and patience, but perhaps, as the matters I have alluded to are of some antiquarian interest, you may do me the favour to insert this letter among your correspondence.

I am, Sirs,

Your Obedient Servant,

George L. Watson.

Rockingham Castle
April 1887.

The Working Man and the Crisis.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

In a letter in the *National Review* of May 1886 I remarked "that it may be the intention of Mr. Gladstone to summon the new electors to the support of his policy, by the threat, expressed or implied, of deferred class legislation." Mr. Gladstone's efforts in this direction have lately been emphasized. Not all Dissent is honest. There is a portion of it which, heedless of the interests of the Empire, would barter its political conscience for that which it believes to be the interests of its class. Happily the correspondence in the papers has shown that the rank and file, the backbone of Dissent, is able to consider the question of Ireland on its own merits.

But this is not the only false issue which is being diligently propagated. Sir George Trevelyan still imagines that Liberals are better than their neighbours; that the persuasive and coercive influence of class is being largely used to obscure and frighten the masses into political subserviency. Surely we have had enough of this nonsense. Does Sir George really believe that Conservatives alone use all the legitimate influence which they can bring to bear to induce men to follow their opinions?

One other false issue. Throughout the country Gladstonians are actively engaged every night in the year in hectoring and lecturing the people. They go into highways and by-ways and compel them to come in; and I should be the very last man to condemn them for so doing—I only wish with all my heart we had sense enough to do the same. But what is the subject of their lectures? Not the present crisis; not the present position of political affairs; but a dishonest attempt (let Sir George look at home) to obscure the present position of their Party by the merest retrospect of the past when Liberals were formally at least united. Night after night throughout our villages the rustics are taught in lecture-rooms and public-houses the same old tale of Corn Laws and Education Acts; and when at the evening's end the triumphant vote is carried, Hodge retires to bed blessing himself that he belongs to a Party which has done so much for him (though how he scarcely knows), quite ignorant of the fact that Bright and Gladstone no longer fight side by side, as in those glorious battles of the past with whose history he has been entertained.

Now, I cannot but think it is high time for Conservatives and Liberal Unionists to be up *throughout the country*, placing in every village the real state of Parties and the real issues before the people.

It is well-nigh impossible for members of the Government to imitate the admirable example in this respect of Mr. Chamberlain ; but I am talking of that constant, ceaseless energy and activity which should ever pervade every portion of the country, and for which we require merely the assistance as often as possible of distinguished public men at great centres. We, the rank and file, must do the work. Lord Salisbury has given us the cue ; Mr. Chamberlain has pointed its direction. Why is it that from every Conservative and Liberal Unionist Association, from every village political meeting throughout the country, there does not rise night after night a determined protest against the present contemptible state of affairs in the House of Commons ?

It is high time for the country to wake up, to *insist* on work, to insist that its will shall be carried out ; that, if necessary, the cobwebs which hold the Government in shall be swept aside by some short and sharp method, so that the House of Commons may be no longer the laughing-stock of the world.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your faithful Servant,

Προαίρεσις.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Editors of The National Review, care of Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., 13 Waterloo Place, London. S.W.

Correspondents are requested to write their name and address on their Manuscripts. Postage-stamps must be sent at the same time if they wish their MS to be returned in case of rejection.

THE

NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 53.—JULY, 1887.

THE TRUE LESSONS OF THE JUBILEE.

In the great pageant we have so recently witnessed, the ideas and feelings represented lay necessarily on the surface. The crowd came to see the show, and to indulge its natural instinct of loyalty with a glimpse of the face of the Sovereign. The journalist who described the scene reflected, in the most picturesque words he could find, the eagerness and enthusiasm of the crowd. Statesmen and ambassadors dispensed at their entertainments with all the flowers of eloquence, rightly contenting themselves with the commonplaces that embodied the prevailing sentiment in the minds of their hearers. Any attempt to analyse the feeling of national affection and personal loyalty would have been obviously out of place.

Now, however, that we have time to think over the event, to see it more clearly in relation, and to feel more deeply the truths symbolized in so extraordinary a demonstration, it seems well to consider, in a very few words, what these are. For it is something more than a coincidence that the year which has witnessed the celebration of Her Majesty's Jubilee should have witnessed also also, on the one hand, the alliance of one of the great historical Parties of the State with men bent on the disruption of the Empire, and, on the other, the meeting in council of representatives from all the chief colonies of England for the purpose of promoting common Imperial interests.

How significantly are these three events related to each other! As the mind travels back to the beginning of the Queen's reign, and reflects on the character of Party Government at that period, and on the views that prevailed as to the connection between the mother country and the colonies, we appreciate the extent of the personal influence exercised by the Sovereign, both on the action

of Parties and the councils of the Empire. Before the accession of Queen Victoria every monarch of the House of Hanover had been almost necessarily a partizan. The two first Georges leaned on the Whigs, because through them they could best counteract the machinations of the Jacobite conspirators, as the two last relied on the Tories, in whom they found their natural allies against the encroachments of the Whig oligarchy. William IV. courted popularity; and popularity in his reign was to be won only by assisting those who, like the Whigs, possessed, for the time being, the ear of the people. Before 1830 the two parties of the aristocracy, secure in their rival boroughs, had played the game of politics in Parliament with a fine perception of the rules by which it ought to be governed, and with comparative indifference to the state of opinion in the country at large. But when the franchise was extended, as it became necessary for parties to secure the favour of numbers, each faction set itself to divine the wishes of the people, to bid against its rivals by promises of such material blessings as it imagined the electorate to desire, and to rouse all the most furious popular prejudices in order to discredit the administration of its rival. Had William IV. been succeeded by a monarch of his own calibre—vain, fussy, and popularity-hunting—it may well be doubted whether, in the stormy times which followed the passing of the first Reform Bill, the Throne might not have sunk in some popular commotion. A variety of dangers seemed to threaten the very foundations of society. The landed interest was half-ruined by bad seasons and low prices; the manufacturing interest rebelled against the excessive restrictions of the tariff; the labouring classes brooded over their sufferings in sullen resentment. Politicians of every shade sought to advance their private interests by means of the public discontent, and even the sound fundamental principles which divided parties were distorted into grotesque exaggeration through the violence of factious conflict. Charles Greville, a shrewd observer, and a man capable of forming a dispassionate judgment, gives a vivid sketch (only slightly coloured with party prejudice) of the political situation at the beginning of Her Majesty's reign. "The object of the Whigs," he says, "is to remain in office, to put down Radicals and Radicalism, and go on gradually and safely reforming; above all, to proceed as fast as the innumerable difficulties which impede their course will let them, in bringing Ireland into a state of quiet and contentment, and to pave the way for some definite settlement of the great questions which distract that country. This I believe to be the object of Lord Melbourne and Lord John Russell, but at the same time they have colleagues and supporters who have more extensive and less moderate views, and who would like to see the Government more

cordially allied to the Radicals than it is, and who are so animated against the Tories, that they would do *anything* to prevent their return to power. The great body of the Tories on the other hand are thirsting for office; they are, or pretend to be, greatly alarmed at the Radical tendencies of the Government, but they are well aware that, in the actual state of the House of Commons, they have the power of keeping the Government in check, and of defeating every Radical scheme while *in opposition*, but that it would be very dangerous to attempt to turn them out and take their places. So far from being satisfied with this position of exceeding strength and utility they are chafing and fuming that they can't get in, and would encounter all the hazards of defeat for the slightest chance of victory."

In both the old historical parties in fact it appears that, at the beginning of the Queen's reign, faction predominated over principle. On the other hand, the new parties, which then began to make their appearance in Parliament, the Radicals and the Irish, had as yet neither organization nor prestige. Thus, while the time-honoured system of Party Government was plainly in a state of dissolution, there seemed to be no dominant force in the Constitution capable of interpreting and casting into shape that public opinion which keeps itself independent of party, and which, in a self-governing community, is the balance of all the conflicting principles in the mind of the nation. Fortunately at this juncture the sound historic instinct of the people began to find in the judgment of the young Queen—strengthened and supported as it soon was by the wise counsels of her husband—the Constitutional mirror that was required amid the furious strife of factions. The influence which Her Majesty from the first has exercised on public affairs has been of a twofold character. In part it has been purely personal. Englishmen were delighted to find added to the tact, the dignity, the perfection of breeding which they looked for in a sovereign, all the kindness, the naturalness, and the sweetness that were most attractive in a woman. A story told by Charles Greville of the Queen at her coronation, characteristically illustrates the kind of magical sympathy that has, throughout her reign, continued to bind her to her subjects. "Lord Rolle," he says in his journal, "who is between eighty and ninety, fell down as he was getting up the steps of the throne. His first impulse was to rise, and when afterwards he came again to do homage, she said, 'May I not get up and meet him?' and then rose from the throne and advanced down one or two steps to prevent his coming up, an act of graciousness and kindness which made a great sensation. It is, in fact, this remarkable union of *naïveté*, kindness, nature, good nature with propriety and dignity, which makes her

so admirable and so endearing to those about her, as she certainly is. . . . She never ceases to be a Queen, but is always the most charming, cheerful, obliging, unaffected Queen in the world." It is unnecessary to dilate upon this point. Such as the Queen showed herself on this occasion, she has continued to show herself in every act of her life, in public and private, in the midst of joy or sorrow; nor can anyone doubt that it is this aspect of her character which has given her so deep a hold on the affections of the multitudes who thronged to catch sight of her face at her recent jubilee.

But her influence has also been political. Raised high above the excitement and passion of party, it has been easier for her than for the ministers who come and go in her service, to place herself in touch with the real mind of the nation, and to perceive the line of policy most conducive to its well-being. In her public conduct she has always acted on the principle set before her by the Prince Consort. "He held it," says Sir Theodore Martin, "to be one of the duties of the Sovereign, whose other self he was, that she should be, if possible, the best-informed person in her dominions as to the progress of political events, and the current of political opinion both at home and abroad." It was the Prince Consort's wish to see things as they are, and to be served, as far as might be, by the *best* men, irrespective of party. "I should wish particularly," he wrote, before his marriage, with reference to the formation of his household, "that the selection should be made without regard to politics, for if I am really to keep myself from all parties, my people must not belong exclusively to one side. Above all, these appointments should not be mere 'party rewards,' but they should possess some other recommendation besides that of political connection. Let the man be either of very high rank, or very accomplished, or very clever, or persons who have performed important services for England. It is very necessary that they should be chosen from both sides—the same number of Whigs as of Tories; and above all, it is my wish that they should be men well educated, and of high character, who, as I have said, shall have distinguished themselves in their several positions, whether it be in the army or navy or the scientific world." Who does not see the value of this patriotic ideal upheld in the highest quarters? Who cannot divine the elevating influence it must have exercised over statesmen distracted by the decaying principles and the factious needs of the old Party System? The support and encouragement given by the Queen to her Ministers at the trying junctures of the Repeal of the Corn Laws, and the formation of Lord Aberdeen's Coalition Government excited the admiration even of those whose sympathies

were rather Republican than Monarchical. "In the pranks and bunglings of the last three weeks," wrote Albany Fonblanque in the *Examiner* of December 27th, 1845, "there is one part which, according to all report, has been played most faultlessly, that of a Constitutional Sovereign. Unused as we are to deal in homage to royalty, we must add that never, we believe, was the heart of a monarch so warmly devoted to the interests of a people, and with so enlightened a sense of their interests."

Contrast with this patriotic disinterestedness the downward and tortuous path of those who have sought to make Party an end in itself. Driven to the most imbecile tricks of rhetoric, the last resource of these men has been to claim a monopoly of virtue for their own faction, and to impute nothing but meanness and wickedness to that of their opponents; their genius has been exhausted in the invention of clap-trap phrases which may win over for the moment the votes of the multitude: and in the pursuit of this shadow they have been forced into alliances which exact from them sympathy with treason, condonation of murder, and advocacy of a policy which cannot fail to destroy the supremacy of Parliament and the unity of the Empire. No men in fact have more hopelessly misjudged the real nature of things.

Closely connected with this strange distortion of the Parliamentary System is another question which must also be considered in its relation to the Jubilee. When the Queen came to the throne the Colonies were in their nonage, and the early part of her reign saw the Mother Country gradually detaching them from the commercial and political swaddling clothes in which they had been long bound. Canada, the greatest of her dependencies, was still brooding over the memory of an unsuccessful rebellion. All the outlying parts of the British dominions were largely governed from Downing Street. Now every important British Colony has its own Legislature, in which it regulates its domestic affairs and determines its commercial policy with as much freedom as if it were an independent state. And independent states the politicians of the early Victorian era hoped that they would become. Yet so far have the Colonies been from cherishing the same ideal that in no part of Her Majesty's dominions has her Jubilee been more joyfully celebrated, or the feeling of loyalty more enthusiastically expressed. The Canadian, the Australian, and the New Zealander find the symbol of Imperial Unity, not in the British Parliament—for they have each of them a Parliament of their own—but in the person of the British Sovereign. And while each of them jealously asserts his right to regulate his own affairs without the interference of the Imperial Government, he sees, as the recent conference proves, no abridgement of his liberty in sending his represen-

tative to concert with the Queen's Ministers measures for the common defence.

These, then, are the true lessons of this year of Jubilee. We find ourselves face to face with the decay of the time-honoured Party System, decayed because its work is done, because its powers of usefulness are exhausted, because its old distinctions, no longer to be accommodated to reason and the nature of things, are productive only of factiousness, bad manners, and obstruction. Yet out of this decay has emerged a higher idea of the duties of Parliament, founded on that principle of Loyalty and Patriotism which has ever manifested itself in the conduct of the Queen; and the signs of the times give us just grounds for expecting the *co-operation* of all public-spirited men who regard themselves as the representatives of the people, in carrying out the political and economical reforms required for the well-being of the United Kingdom. These it may well be, will provide work for Parliament sufficient to occupy the present generation. Yet we may, without presumption, look onward to a yet grander ideal of unity, for the harmony and business capacity exhibited at the late Colonial Conference make it no longer a Utopian dream to believe that, in the not remote future, when the great question of local government has been satisfactorily settled, and the provinces of domestic and imperial legislation have been justly distinguished, the common interests of all Her Majesty's subjects may form the sole subject of deliberation in the Great Council of the Empire.

ALSACE-LORRAINE AND THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.

By An Old German Resident.

The late elections for the Reichstag and the renewed tension of the relations between Germany and France have anew directed the attention to the situation of Alsace-Lorraine and its importance for European politics. It may, therefore, be of some interest to take an impartial view of the events which led to the severance of that province from France, and its annexation to the German Empire. Anyone who knows the history of the Middle Ages and the Reformation, will appreciate the important part which Alsace maintains in the development of German civilization. It was in the Alsatian convent of Weissenburg that Otfrid wrote his *Krist*, one of the oldest German epics; at Strassburg, Godfrid composed his immortal poem, *Tristan and Isolt*; Martin Schœngauer, one of the heads of the old German school of painters lived and worked at Colmar, where his Madonna in the hedge of roses is still admired by every lover of art; Sebastian Brandt wrote his satirical poems at Strassburg; and Murner directed his fierce invectives against Luther from that town. Even in the eighteenth century, Pfeffel, from Colmar, and in the nineteenth, Karl Stoeber, were amongst the most popular poets of Germany. Alsace embraced the Reformation with heart and soul from the beginning; Calvin signed the confession of Augsburg as delegate of Strassburg; at the end of the sixteenth century two-thirds of the country at least were Protestant. The Thirty Years' War brought endless miseries to Alsace; its unity was torn asunder; part of it became Austrian, and the Hapsburg princes persecuted the Protestants there, as in their other dominions, with blood and iron; in 1600 the Jesuits and Capucins were called into the country, and, although Strassburg refused to receive them, they founded a college in the neighbourhood at Molsheim. It was also a bishop of Strassburg, Egon von Fürstenberg, who, with his brothers, betrayed the city to Louis XIV., and who, three weeks after he had delivered the town to the French, entered in triumph the hitherto Lutheran cathedral; Catholic Proselytism was encouraged in every way; those who forsook the Protestant faith

enjoyed exemption from all taxes for three years; every commune numbering seven Catholic families was bound to provide for them a church and a school; thus, during the years 1685 and 1686 3,426 persons abandoned the Protestant faith—the Jesuit college was transferred to Strassburg. Nevertheless, there were in 1697, only 160 Catholic families in that town, and, notwithstanding all persecutions, the prevailing character of the country remained Protestant. The German Bible and Prayer-book, the Lutheran catechism, continued to form the basis of the people's worship and education. The eighteenth century was, in Alsace as elsewhere, a period of religious indifference. Voltaire and Rousseau found many followers in the higher classes, and the barrenness of German literature served as much to estrange the country as the political division of Germany; in the bulk, however, Alsace remained German—men such as Herder, Lenz and Goethe studied at Strassburg's old University, and the latter's residence there became immortal by his charming romance with Frederike von Sesenheim. The French Revolution brought a change: Alsace suffered heavily from the worst feudalism, and forthwith embraced the democratic cause; its deputies enjoyed considerable influence in the Assemblies at Paris, and thus contrived to save, amidst general confiscation, the fortune of the charitable institutions of their province; in the Napoleonic wars, the Alsatians, for the first time, fought against Germany. Nevertheless, old Alsatians have assured me that if, in 1815, the country had been re-united to Germany, the change would have caused no displeasure. The plan was seriously discussed at the first Peace of Paris, but resisted by the Emperor Alexander I., because, as his minister, Count Capodistrias, frankly told Baron Stein, it was Russia's interest to oblige the restored Bourbon dynasty, as her safest ally in the Eastern question. Even during the restoration the German character of the country underwent little change, and it was only altered when, under the July monarchy, Guizot, as Minister of Public Instruction, introduced generally French schools for the higher classes. During the second Empire this Frenchifying process was continued with high pressure; the popular schools were handed over to French ecclesiastical orders, and the Protestants were under the conditions of an *ecclesia pressa*.* When the war of 1870 broke out, the Protestants were in a state of terror, and accused of leaning to Prussia; the Prefect of the Bas-Rhin wrote to the Empress Regent a letter,

* The clergy became strictly ultramontane; at the Boniface Jubilee of Mayence, in 1855, the Bishop of Strassburg, in a sermon, summoned the Queen of England to depose her usurped crown at the feet of the Supreme Pontiff, to whom it belonged; and the same prelate was amongst the most ardent promoters of infallibility at the Vatican Council.

found at the sack of the Tuileries, that the Protestants were openly in favour of the Germans, and for the 24th August they were threatened with a night of St. Bartholomew. It was in this condition that Alsace was conquered by the German armies.

When Count Bismarck, immediately after the decisive victories, in his famous interview with Jules Favre, at Ferrières, declared that Germany was resolved to keep Alsace, he did not base his claim on the fact that Alsace was a German country, but on the circumstance that its possession was imperiously necessary for the safety of Germany. He frankly admitted that the Alsatians would not like the separation from France; "but," said he, "if you had been victorious you would have taken the left bank of the Rhine, although the Rhinelanders detest the idea of becoming French. We in our turn, will profit of our victories in order to obtain a strong military frontier. For nearly two hundred years Strassburg has been the great sally-port from which France invaded Germany, in order to keep her politically impotent. We shall take care to render that impossible for the future, and we are resolved that henceforth the natural barrier between the two countries, the Chain of the Vosges, shall be the frontier." It was the same military necessity which was insisted upon for the cession of part of Lorraine, by Count Moltke; but that case stood somewhat differently. The mililtary authorities were not at one about Metz; Marshal von Manteuffel, for instance, declared that it was much more important to have Belfort, and that if we took Metz, we must draw the frontier still more southwards, in order to be able to deploy our army before the fortress. Besides, if the cession of Alsace was not asked on the ground of common nationality, yet the fact that the Alsatians were Germans was of great importance; but Lorraine, with the exception of a small border, comprising the places of Diedenhofen, Saargemünd, Finstingen, &c. was not German; Metz was a French-speaking town already at the time of Charles V., it was entirely Catholic, and it had nothing in common with Alsace; on the contrary, they are of different races, and the inhabitants of the two provinces hated each other; the Alsatians calling the Lorrainers "Walsche," *i.e.* Frenchmen. Count Bismarck, therefore, was not all in favour of the cession of Lorraine, and only submitted to Count Moltke's urgent request.

The task assigned to Germany after the peace was one of great difficulty. In Alsace we had a recalcitrant, though German, population, and it was linked to a French one in Lorraine which they disliked. In itself, it would have been the best plan to embody the new province into Prussia, which, as the most powerful German State, had the strongest force of assimilation; but that was out of the question, because the conquest was the result of

the exertions of all the German States. The Grand Duke of Baden, to whom Alsace was offered, wisely declined, because his small duchy, with its wasp-like waist, was not able to absorb a country nearly as large. So the province had to be constituted in the hybrid form of a dependency of the Empire, the legal sovereign being the totality of the German princes and free towns, whilst, in fact, it was governed by the Emperor and his Chancellor; but both were far away, and, amidst their other pressing business, had little time to give to the new "Reichsland." The Alsatians had no visible representative of their sovereign, and, practically, the government fell into the hands of Bureaucrats. In the beginning affairs went rather smoothly. The Alsatians, however much they regretted their separation from France, were deeply impressed by the heavy fall of that country, and the most influential men, such as Professor Küss, Nessel, Chauffour, Peyrimhoff, Hartmann, Sengewald, and others considered the fate of Alsace as finally settled. Prince Bismarck, returning from Frankfort after the signature of the Peace, made, on May 25, a speech, expressing most kind intentions for Alsace, and stating that although a short dictatorship was necessary for the moment, his aim would be to give, as soon as possible, to the new State all desirable liberty and autonomy. The speech was well received in Alsace; it became the fashion to go to Berlin, and all who did returned delighted with the cordial reception they had met with.

This honeymoon was, however, not to last long. The first Governor was Count Bismarck Bohlen, an able general and an amiable man. As an earnest Christian he saw at once that the stronghold of the new *régime* was that Protestant population which had adhered to the positive Lutheran faith, and had, under all French pressure, maintained the German Bible and Prayer-book, the German sermon and school, whilst the rationalistic Protestants had a leaning towards the French freethinkers; he at once charged some of the ablest men conversant with ecclesiastical and educational matters with the reorganization of the popular schools and the Protestant Church. But if he succeeded in winning the sympathies of the people, it was not so with the chief of the civil administration, Herr von Kühlwetter, one of the stiffest Prussian bureaucrats, a Westphalian, who had nothing genial for a population whose dialect he scarcely understood, and which he treated simply as administrative subjects. The real misfortune for the German rule was, however, the beginning of the "Culturkampf." The schools in Alsace-Lorraine had always been denominational; suddenly a decree came from Berlin that the Catholic and Protestant seminaries in which the future teachers were to be brought up, were to be amalgamated. This naturally excited great dis-

pleasure among both confessions. Count Bismarck protested against the measure as a most ill-advised one, but did not prevail, and sent in his resignation. He was succeeded by Herr von Möller, an able administrator, strictly just in his dealings, and accessible to anyone of whatever condition; but not a sympathetic nature, as was required to reconcile the people with their new destiny. A bachelor, he governed from his cabinet, saw no one except on business, and discharged his social duties by giving all the year round three balls, where the Alsatians shone by their absence. He was not without merits; having been President at Cologne, he knew how to deal with Catholics. When Prince Bismarck proposed to introduce the May laws in Alsace-Lorraine, he declared that in that case he would instantly resign; such a measure would excite great discontent, and turn the clergy into decided enemies; moreover, the existing French laws were perfectly sufficient to maintain the authority of the State in its relations with the Church. The Chancellor gave way; but if Möller deserved well of the country for preventing this ill-advised plan, he entirely neglected the importance of the Protestant sympathies. Himself indifferent in religious matters, he abandoned the government of the Lutheran Church to the rationalistic directory, which exercised a real terrorism against the believing clergymen, and estranged their sympathies, while they themselves secretly leaned to France. Besides, if the introduction of the May laws was avoided, the whole ecclesiastical policy of Prince Bismarck had the most injurious re-action upon the Catholic clergy; the more so as the turn of events in France for the restoration of a monarchy under Henry V. excited their most hopeful sympathies. Nevertheless, Möller's administration was, on the whole, successful; the country prospered materially; Alsatian products found a ready market in Germany; the damages of the war were liberally compensated; railways and roads, canals and bridges were constructed; Strassburg, freed from its narrow fortress walls, rose from the destruction as a much finer city; the new University was richly endowed, and attracted numerous students from all parts; the finances were flourishing, so that taxes could be remitted; the administration was just and benevolent, and if, in some respects, it was somewhat narrow, the Alsatians admitted that they had never been governed better.

During these years a party was formed calling themselves Autonomists; they declared that they considered the fate of the country as finally settled, but asked that a larger share of self-government should be accorded to the people, in that they should not be governed by the Privy Councillors at Berlin, but by an independent administration residing at Strassburg. They succeeded

in persuading Prince Bismarck that the time had come for granting the country a comprehensive autonomy, and, in 1879, a Bill for that purpose was presented to the Reichstag. It provided that the seat of the Government should be transferred to Strassburg, and that an independent Governor, assisted by a Secretary of State, four Under Secretaries, and a Council of State, should be placed at the head of affairs. The competence of the elected provincial assembly was enlarged by conferring on them real legislative power, and the country was to have, in the Federal Council of the Empire, at least a deliberative vote. The Bill passed by a large majority; Field-Marshal Baron Manteuffel was appointed Governor, and entered upon his new office, October 1, 1879. This choice was, in many respects, a fortunate one. Manteuffel was not only a diplomatist and captain of the first order, but also an eminent character; he was most kind-hearted by disposition, yet would prove of inflexible severity wherever he met with trickery or want of discipline; he knew how to treat men, and had won golden opinions when, under difficult circumstances, he had been placed at the head of the administration of Schleswig, in 1864, and of the French provinces occupied by the German armies 1871–73, where he had been on the best terms with Thiers. He forthwith inaugurated a new system of Government; liberty was accorded to the Press, and hitherto forbidden French and Ultramontaine papers were admitted; he showed great benevolence to to the Catholic clergy and to the Protestant Church; the hybrid system of mixed schools for both denominations was gradually abolished; he was accessible to everyone, and listened with the same sympathy to a peasant bewailing the loss of a cow, as to a rich manufacturer; he travelled much in the country, endeavouring to see for himself, and entertained largely, freely conversing with the guests whom he daily invited to his table.

Such qualities soon made the Marshal popular all over the country, but his rule was not without drawbacks. Being an old man he wanted to see speedy results, and was somewhat inclined to pull the grass in order to make it grow; for that purpose he thought it most expedient to win the sympathies of the "notables," and did everything to make himself agreeable to them. These men, of course, largely availed themselves of a disposition so profitable to them by requesting and obtaining ample favours. But it is just the bane of the Alsatian population that they are entirely dependent upon these notables, *i.e.* the lawyers, notaries, rich manufacturers, and great landed proprietors. The true policy of the German Government, therefore, ought to be to emancipate the peasants from this influence; whilst in obliging the notables Manteuffel increased it, and at the same time discontented his

own functionaries. He was, besides, not always lucky in the choice of his instruments. The Secretary of State, Herzog was too independent for him; he was dismissed and replaced by Herr Hofmann, who was satisfied with simply executing the Governor's orders. The Secretary for Finance, Herr von Mayr, made an unlucky attempt to enlarge the Government tobacco manufacture by suddenly increasing its production, which led to complete failure and a heavy financial loss. Reforms were sometimes hastily introduced and did not work well; there were too many changes, and by far too many new laws. It may, therefore, be said, that when in July 1884 Manteuffel suddenly died, his popularity was on the wane, although he was personally much regretted.

His successor was Prince Hohenlohe, late German Ambassador at Paris; he had proved an excellent diplomatic representative under difficult circumstances—a man cool-headed, of keen intellect for international relations, of conciliatory disposition, and a grand seigneur of obliging manners, who had the additional advantage of not being a Prussian. But he had not succeeded as administrator when he was minister in Bavaria, and, in fact, was chosen as Governor because his place at Paris was wanted for Count Münster who had to make room for Count Hazfeldt in London, so that Count Herbert Bismarck might become Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Prince Hohenlohe followed a system different to that of his predecessor; he did not place himself in the foreground, but rather took the position of a constitutional president, speaking only when circumstances required it. It, therefore, excited general astonishment when, before the late elections to the Reichstag, he came forward with a proclamation couched in very decisive terms. The case was this. Under the administration of President von Moeller the Town Council of Strassburg, in consequence of demonstrations hostile to the Government, was dissolved, and the administration of the city handed over to a deputy-burgomaster, Herr Back, who did his work thoroughly well. Prince Hohenlohe re-established the Town Council, the majority of the elections turned favourable to the Government, and the Council elected Back burgomaster. Shortly before the visit of the Emperor, in autumn last, the Governor wished the members of the Council to be presented to him; the hostile minority did not appear on this occasion, but after the ceremony the presented members, adjourning for refreshment to a public-house, Herr Back proposed to sign a petition to the Emperor, asking that the sum which the town had to pay to the State for the acquisition of building-grounds, should be paid in longer instalments. This was done, and the petition was favourably entertained by the

Emperor. But the minority strongly objected to this step, insisting, not without reason, that it was illegal, an accidental union of the majority being no sitting of the Council, which alone had the right to decide whether a petition should be sent. Bitter discussions ensued; and somewhat afterwards, rumours of war being afloat, the Secretary of State, when the question of the Military Septennate arose in the Reichstag, thought fit to deliver in the Provincial Assembly a highly-political speech, in which he developed the dangers which Alsace-Lorraine would incur in case of a war with France, and strongly pressed them to support the Government in maintaining peace by voting for the Septennate. All the Alsatian deputies save one voted, however, against the Government in the Reichstag, and then Prince Hohenlohe issued a strong proclamation in which he asked the electors whether they would frankly acknowledge the validity of the Treaty of Frankfort, or would accept the responsibility of hostile elections, and stated that the issue of the elections would be decisive for the continuance of a benevolent system of Government. This most injudicious measure, to which the Governor was persuaded by Herr Back, and a subaltern officer of the University, Dr. Schricker, had a very bad effect; instead of intimidating the electors, it exasperated and drove them into the most decisive opposition: all the elections turned against the Government. This, as far as I can see, was not a special manifestation of hostility against Germany, but a protest against Government pressure; the fear of the vengeance of the French in case of war against all partizans of Germany operating in the same sense. But be that as it may, the result of the elections was a decisive defeat of the Government, especially galling for Prince Hohenlohe, and it was but natural that such an event must re-act on the future administration. The Chancellor was for a sweeping measure; he proposed to suppress not only the autonomy of the province, but even its quality as a state: it should be governed simply as a dependency of the Empire placed under the internal department of the Imperial Chancery (Reichsamt des Inneren). But the Emperor decisively opposed such proceedings, saying that after his last visit to Alsace he believed in the loyalty of the majority of the inhabitants. Prince Hohenhole was of the same opinion, and the Chancellor was obliged to give way. So the only formal change will be, that the Reichstag will resume the legislative power for Alsace-Lorraine which was partly suspended during the last years; but, of course, the government will be conducted in a somewhat different spirit.

Experience has shown that proving gracious will avail as little as menaces: the people were accustomed to the *régime* of French

prefects, ruling, as Napoleon I. did, with an iron hand in a velvet glove. The influence of the notables will be at an end, and the agitation of the lower clergy will no more be tolerated. A more stringent *régime* will be adopted as to the nationality of the inhabitants; the liberty of emigrating will, of course, be maintained, but the emigrants in renouncing their allegiance must take the consequences, and will not be allowed to reside in the country, except as strangers. The German popular schools have done well, but the higher classes continue to send their sons to the French *lycées*, whence they return with Chauvinist ideas. This will change if those young men are placed in the necessity of choosing whether they will belong to France or to Alsace-Lorraine. A firm administration by an intelligent bureaucracy will, however, not suffice to overcome the influence of the notables; the population must enjoy self-government, and for that purpose its organs must have real power. The French administrative system, which was hitherto adhered to, gives the show of self-government without its essence, by institutions such as the Conseil Général and the Conseil d'Arrondissement. The Government was disposed to give real power to the district assemblies; but the notables would not hear of it, because the peasantry would be largely represented in these bodies, and their paramount influence would be broken. A reform of this kind, therefore, appears to be necessary; it would give new life to the administration, and would allow the suppression of the useless "prefectorates" at Colmar, Strassburg, and Metz.

The most important question regards the general position, constitutional as well as national, of Alsace-Lorraine. It is evident that it cannot for ever remain in the present transitory state of a Reichsland, a dependency of the Empire, practically governed by Berlin decrees; the inhabitants have a right to demand that they shall enjoy the same rights as Saxons, Badeners, or Bavarians, and that their State shall be represented in the Federal Council as is Hesse and Wurtemberg. But in order to obtain such independence they must have a real sovereign, residing at Strassburg; and with that question we are touching the national difficulty.

Now, if that difficulty is to be overcome, the French must understand that under no condition whatever will Germany give up Alsace: we have taken it for the above-mentioned imperative reasons of our military security, and we are resolved to keep it at any risk, just as England is resolved to keep Malta. When even men of moderate views in general politics, such as Jules Simon, speaks of the crime of having dismembered France, and says, "Those who have torn Alsace-Lorraine from France in 1871 have, by their own will, prepared a cause of eternal war" (*Revue Internationale*, April 26, 1887, p. 169), we can only answer, as

Bismarck told J. Favre, that French honour is not made of a different stuff from that of all other nations. They find it perfectly natural to annex Nice and Savoy, but consider it inadmissible that France, wantonly attacking Germany, should pay its defeat by a loss of territory. From Henry IV. to the present time they have constantly encroached upon the domains of their neighbours; even after having merged Europe for centuries in bloodshed and wars of conquest, they considered them ill-used when after Napoleon's crushing defeat they were simply reduced to the frontiers of 1792, and were obliged to give up part of the plunder of art treasures which they had carried away from the different European countries. They have plotted under Charles X., Louis Philippe, and Napoleon III. for the left bank of the Rhine and Belgium. Germany is firmly resolved that such things shall not recur. If the French choose to exhaust their resources by excessive armaments in prospect of a war of revenge, they may do so; we shall not attack them, but we are perfectly prepared to hold our own. Even the idea of neutralizing Alsace cannot be entertained for a moment; a small independent state such as Switzlerland or Belgium may enjoy a permanent neutrality, and act as a wholesome buffer between France and Germany, but the case of Chablais and Faucigny becoming French by the annexation of Savoy in 1860, shows what the neutrality of a small part of a great state is worth; we have not spent for nothing so many millions to make Strassburg an impregnable fortress.

The case stands different with Lorraine, as I have stated before; with the exception of a few border towns it is not a German country; its union with Alsace hinders the latter from becoming German, and its loss was particularly galling to the French. An old keen-sighted Alsatian, Victor Chauffour, said to me in 1872, "I perfectly conceive that Germany was obliged to take Alsace, but Metz, 'c'est l'épée dans les reins de la France.'" Besides, the military importance of Metz for Germany is contested. Marshal von Manteuffel was convinced that we could dispense with it if we had another strong fortress north of Alsace, and such a place would Luxemburg be. After the death of the present King of Holland the personal union of the Grand Duchy with Holland will cease, and the Duke of Nassau will become Grand Duke of Luxemburg; the country will be perfectly free to become a member of the German Empire such as Saxony or Baden. But by the treaty of May 11, 1867, signed at London, Luxemburg is neutralized under the guarantee of the Great Powers. If that treaty was abrogated and Germany was free to make the town of Luxemburg a first-class fortress, I think we might consent, for some compensation, to the retrocession of Lorraine to France, with the exception of the German

border places, and then Alsace might be united to the neighbouring Grand Duchy of Baden, with which it is connected by close affinity of the same race and analagous interests. But, of course, Germany could only consent to this sacrifice on the distinct understanding, that every plan of recovering Alsace would be once for all abandoned by France. Such a compromise seems to me the only possible means of putting an end to the present tension between the two countries. I do not know whether, if it were put forward, it would be favourably entertained at Berlin, but I know that it would be the utmost concession for which France might hope, without a new and terrible war, compared with which, as Prince Bismarck stated in his speech of January 11, that of 1870–71 would be a mere child's play.

ART AT THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THERE are so many young men anxious to become artists now-a-days, and so many parents glad to see them turn their efforts in that direction, that I feel justified in giving my personal experiences, and describing how great the difficulties were under which I became a professional painter. To dissipate any of those misconceptions which many people still cherish concerning an artist's career, and about art in general, I shall be obliged to relate some particulars of my own life which will, I imagine, show that success in art is absolutely dependent on a solid and protracted technical education, and that, as things now are, such an education is out of the reach of thousands of boys of the upper classes, whose parents are affording them a costly training at the public schools. It will be admitted, I am sure, that art as a profession is not what it was some years ago. The age of unrecognized genius is past, and at the present day anyone possessed of originality and artistic merit of any kind whatever is sure, sooner or later, of appreciation at the hands of the art-loving world. From a pecuniary point of view, also, things have brightened, and a successful artist can now count upon an income sufficient to content most men, while socially, if his personality be not a drawback, he may find himself admitted into circles that were closed to his predecessors.

The great movement which set in some ten or fifteen years since is the cause, no doubt, of this, because it enlarged enormously the number of persons directly or indirectly interested in art, and presented to minds satiated with industrial and scientific exhibitions, enjoyments calculated to refine and elevate them.

"Art flies before the Anglo-Saxon race," was well said, but I doubt whether she flies so fast now as she used. At any rate, if she fly at all, she must be a heartless jade that cannot recognize a true lover. From both sides of the Atlantic she has been courted of late years, with a persistent flattery that must seem strange to her as coming from nations that in earlier times almost ignored her. Let us hope that, woman like, she may be pleased to add to the list of her conquests, and that, without deserting her old

admirers of the Latin races, she may reward England and America with a smile. But to wipe out the reproach of our being an art-hating nation as opposed to the art-loving nations of southern Europe much requires to be done for the encouragement of high art, and for the elevation of the artist's profession. In no way could these requirements be so well met as by a strong practical and intelligent art movement in the public schools.

I am sorry if I disturb any of those poetical fancies which arise in the minds of many people when the name of art is mentioned. They are very flattering to artists, I own, but in reality very few of them have any *raison d'être*. They have arisen chiefly from impressions handed down from times when to most Englishmen art was a myth or a thing of the past. In reality it is a profession very much like any other, requiring the same training, the same application, and the same natural talent, in order to enable a man to succeed. In the interest of the profession it would be satisfactory were the cultivated public to recognize the fact that art is not "all beer and skittles," to use a vulgar expression, but on the contrary a very serious calling. Knowing this, they would at once understand that no age can be too early for an artist to devote himself to the rudiments of his education. It may appear prosy to insist on this to those who believe in the good old days when painters were born painters, and when, as soon as they were out of the cradle, they began to indulge their tastes by covering every blank space near them with beautiful designs and drawings. They may detect in me traces of deeply-engrained Philistinism. I care very little whether they do or do not, provided that thereby their eyes may be opened to the true state of affairs.

Putting aside men of extraordinary talent or genius as out of the question, because they are the exceptions that prove the rule, I say that nine successful artists out of ten have gone through years of hard schooling as severe and trying as can well be imagined. They have worked with the regularity of business men, and with the method too. They have combined reason with instinct in everything they did. In their daily lives there has been very little room for poetry and romance, or, indeed, for events of any kind.

Now everyone, except the talented amateur, who undertakes to educate himself in the hope some day or other of being able to produce good and solid work, must undergo this training. He cannot escape it. If at first he do not recognize its necessity, he will do so later on, and then with great regret, for he will find, as I did, that he has let slip many valuable years in beating the bush, that ought to have been well employed in learning the "pot-hooks" of art.

In giving the following short sketch of my career, I wish to explain how it was that, having received a public school education, I found myself at an age when most men are putting their acquirements into actual practice, and making their way in the world, sitting on the same bench in a Paris studio with boys in their teens, and old hopeless "Ratés." To public school boys, who are wishing to "go in for art," these confessions of mine may be useful as a warning, and to public school masters they may suggest the reflection that their system is at present not fully in touch with the spirit of modern education.

Briefly, then, I was one of a large family, such as only country parsons are in the habit of bringing into the world. My childhood, up to the age of ten, was spent at home in a midland county, where I was crammed with all the Latin and Greek I could take in, and a smattering of history and mathematics besides. My future career was to be the Church. To this end, therefore, great attention was paid to the moral side of my character, and to the development of the faculty of distinguishing between right and wrong. I am grateful that it was so now, after meeting in the world many whose ideas of right and wrong seem extremely hazy. My father's library was well stored with books on theology and metaphysics, most of them college prizes. I remember particularly a row of "old Fathers" which used to awe me and fill me with vague misgiving when I thought that some day I might be called upon to master their contents. My father was very thorough in everything he did, and in grounding me in Latin and Greek prosody he spared himself neither time nor trouble. Well do I remember the nausea those dry details gave me, and the hatred I felt for a certain black board on which I used to write exercises in a large fist, and on which he sometimes caught me drawing. Of pictures we had none worth mentioning, and of illustrated books I only remember a volume of *Livingstone's Travels in Central Africa*. Especially I remember one scene, representing an elephant at bay, his body bristling with assegais, and another of the missionary lying on his back with a lion standing over him. There must have been something dramatic in those pictures, or I should not remember them so vividly now.

Beyond our garden the country spread itself out in the usual character of the midlands, well-trimmed hedgerows dividing fields of grass and arable lands, a few scattered woods sacred to pheasants and game-keepers, and down by the Ouse long meadows that followed the river's course. Cowper had lived a short distance off, in fact just across the stream, and had written his poems there, and so one might be disposed to think that scenes which had suggested poems to him might have suggested pictures to me.

But it was not so. Though I loved Nature and appreciated her beauty as much as a boy could, I never felt for that kind of scenery any affection whatever, nor do I now. It has always been a regret to me that my childhood was not passed in some other county, such as Sussex, Devon or Cornwall, or on the coast where nature is wilder, and where there is less high farming. However, we cannot choose our birthplace. In such districts it is only in the churches or an occasional country house that any memorials of art are to be found; but in our immediate neighbourhood even that was not the case, unless I except a brand-new stained-glass window of the style of forty years ago, erected to the memory of my aunt in the chancel of the parish church. It is there still, and I hope that time has toned it down.

Up to the age of eight I had never once come into contact with anyone in any degree connected with art. It was about that time that our parish church was restored, and a journeyman sculptor made his appearance in the village, and set to work to cut gargoyles and apostles' heads in the churchyard. My curiosity was aroused by this man and his proceedings, and all my spare time was passed in watching him. He was a clever workman in his way, and knew by heart the features appropriate to each of the twelve and their emblems. How I admired his facility and the light-hearted way in which he chipped the stone about as he smoked a black meerschaum pipe. Unfortunately he was addicted to drink, and a short time after his arrival his conduct in the village so scandalized my father that all further connection with him was forbidden me. So ended my first impression of art.

Soon after I had reached my eleventh year my father received a nomination for me to an ancient public school foundation situated in the very heart of the City of London. It was at the time a godsend to him, encumbered as he was by a large and increasing family, and embarrassed by the difficulty of providing for their suitable education. Very little respite was allowed me. A few weeks after the letter reached him I made my *début* among my schoolfellows. The change was sudden and rough, for at that time the system of fagging flourished there in full force, and birchings were of daily occurrence. I went through it all, from the lowest form to the highest but one. For seven years my education was almost entirely a classical one. We read the Latin and Greek poets, wrote composition in prose and verse, studied a little mathematics, geography and history, a little music and French; and twice a week, on the afternoons of Wednesday and Saturday, which were half-holidays, a drawing-master came and gave a short lesson to anyone who was willing to dabble in water-colours. Such was the school curriculum. Outside, when school hours were over, we

had time to devote ourselves to cricket, football, and rackets. I did not particularly distinguish myself in these games, though I think I was rather above the average.

The school, as I have said, was situated in the heart of the city. The play-ground consisted of two plots of grass of considerable extent, separated from each other by a gravelled mound planted with plane trees, that surrounded an unsightly building where "school" was held. On one side of the upper green a cloister ran. It was centuries old, and black and damp with age. Facing it, on the other side, was the back of a factory, and at right angles to it a block of buildings including the chapel. Round the under green stretched a blank wall, over which rose the front of a street.

Anyone who is familiar with the climate of the City of London will readily imagine what an aspect this play-ground would present during the dark winter months, and in times of fog and rain. It was the picture of desolation. Even in summer, when the sun occasionally visited us, the air was so thick and heavy with smoke, that objects at a short distance appeared bathed in a vapour, as though seen through a pair of blue spectacles.

Architecturally there were some objects of interest. In connection with the school was a hospital for old and infirm pensioners, which occupied a larger area than the school, and contained several halls of the Jacobean period, a spacious staircase, and a chapel, of which the tomb of the venerable founder was the somewhat grotesque ornament; but to these parts of the establishment the scholars had rarely access, and it was only by special permission that they could wander there.

Our food was plain but good. There were no epidemics, and very few cases of sickness. As we grew up, our limbs hardened by outdoor exercises, and our minds sobered by the discipline of school life and the contemplation of the heroic examples of antiquity, we should have presented, to the inquiring mind of any æsthetic philosopher who had taken the trouble to investigate us, the spectacle of a band of light-hearted young barbarians, full of life and energy, and controlled only by the powers above, and a certain unwritten code of honour of our own.

But as to art and its influence on our lives—where were they? Nowhere! In no single form or fashion did we even so much as catch a glimpse of what so largely tends to form the instincts and lives of southern nations. Nature, even, as exemplified by flowers and fruits, by the changes of the seasons, by the brightness of the sun, and by the charm of atmosphere, was almost banished—the trees were black, the earth was black, the sky was black. No birds except the London sparrows sang to us, and none of nature's

harmonies reached us except the clashing of bells from a dozen city steeples.

Surely such a spot as that, one would say, is the place above all others where art might step in and make amends for the absence of nature! Yet this idea had never presented itself to the minds of the authorities who for 250 years had controlled the wealthy resources of the hospital. They had never acquired, at least so far as I can recollect, one single object that might be dignified by the name of art. Thus our physical life, though happy, healthy, and in many ways admirable in the training it gave us for the struggles of the years to come, was, so far as art was concerned, entirely blank.

Our mental life was not less so. I have said that our studies were, for the most part, classical, and our school-time given up to the masterpieces of the ancients; but even that was conducted in such a way as to leave us ignorant of the artistic value of their writings. The school system of that time (I hear it has changed somewhat since then) tended above all things to encourage accuracy of memory, accumulation of facts and dates, imitation of recommended forms of composition, and faculties of acquiring book-knowledge and ideas. On the other hand, such qualities as invention, originality, and artistic feeling, which anyone must admit are higher forms of intelligence, were rather discouraged than rewarded. Thus it often happened that the best places and rewards fell to boys whose after life signally failed to justify the high opinion their preceptors had formed of them, whilst others, whose gifts were of a different and finer quality, began to be aware of their value in the world only when they had left school.

Of all the numerous gentlemen who at one time or another were entrusted with the care of my education, I only remember one who laid any particular stress on, or attempted to explain, the delicacies of style, and the artistic conceptions of the Latin and Greek writers; and yet many of them were most intelligent men, amiable, painstaking, and long-suffering, for whom I still cherish a great affection, teaching what they wished to teach in an admirable manner, and treating us with fairness and courtesy. It is regrettable that they nailed us down so much to accents and dates, to prosody and the making of impossible iambics and hexameters, instead of encouraging our young minds to soar beyond into works of imagination and poetry. But how could it be otherwise? They gave to us all that had been given to them. Their school training had been, if anything, even more prosaic than ours, because in their time art had been even more neglected.

But in every public school there are traditions handed down with pride from generation to generation, and foremost among

them is the roll of scholars who have distinguished themselves in times past.

> Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make our lives sublime.
> * * * *
> And departing leave behind us
> Footprints on the sands of time.

Though the school had always been small in point of numbers, as compared to some other public schools, it could still boast of many illustrious men who had received their education within its walls. It had produced great divines, great soldiers, great lawyers, and great writers. But in art, alas, it had only produced a great caricaturist! And, strange to say, in spite of all counteracting influences, and in spite of impositions and floggings, that lowly branch of art found among us many ardent votaries, and few among us did not, even at great personal risk, divert themselves in school-time by covering their foolscaps with the highest artistic productions their education and surroundings enabled them to conceive. I regret I did not then make a collection of those crude efforts which, like buds in an uncongenial atmosphere, had no chance of development.

But to return to my own career. At the age of nineteen I went to Oxford, with a healthy frame and a happy mind, determined to enjoy myself as much as the Dons would allow. The college to which I was admitted was the most venerable of all the Oxford colleges, and had at that time the foremost eight on the river. No sooner did a likely freshman make his appearance, than he was seized on by the College Boat-Club and put into practice, in order to sustain in the future its reputation on the river. This was what happened to me, for I possessed already some skill in rowing, and my size was in my favour. To a man who has attended early chapel, college lectures, and tub-practice, in conjunction with a heavy breakfast, and a heavy dinner in prospective, the art treasures of the museum, and the spire of St. Mary's, appear a delusion and a snare. This was my feeling then, and I believe it would be so again if I were to pass through the same ordeal.

I had come up to Oxford trained to dispense with æsthetic enjoyments, and I simply followed the feelings that my education had implanted in me. It is just as idle, I think, to suppose that young men, from whose existence art has been eliminated during their most impressionable years, should suddenly conceive a passion for her, and spend in contemplating the drawings of Raphael and Michael Angelo the time they had hitherto spent out of doors, as to expect that a cow-boy, who has never heard any music beyond the windings of his own cow-horn, should enjoy a nocturne by Chopin.

This may seem an exaggeration, but in reality it is not so. To

far the greater number of men I knew at Oxford at that time, art was not only a thing they neglected, but a thing they despised. They had been accustomed to the study of literature from a certain standpoint, and as many of them were destined for the Church or the Bar, they cultivated it with more or less assiduity, and recognized its charm. Science, too, after some struggles, had gained her foothold, and was making her way in the world. There was nothing, indeed, to prevent it, except some old-standing prejudices on the part of the Dons. England was covered with factories and engineering works, and the prizes science held out for a man's future equalled, if they did not surpass, those of literature. Men came up from the public schools already trained, having gained prizes, and knowing that still greater ones were to be gained. If they did not value these studies for themselves, at least they valued what they brought them. But they looked in general on art as something abstract and unreal, that was further represented to them in the persons of some of its votaries in such a way as to make it a bye-word and a laughing-stock. Men who "affected" art there, were usually the sort of men with whom one would not willingly be seen walking down the "High." I imagine that the pioneers of every movement manage to make themselves ridiculous and unpopular. In art they certainly succeeded. One might have been disposed to sympathize with them if personal vanity, and the desire of becoming notorious, had not played so great a part in their proceedings. Perhaps though, after all, these *farceurs* did some service.

And yet at Oxford there were many highly-educated men who professed, and indeed believed, that they took an interest in art, and understood all about it; but in their case, the interest they took was almost always of an antiquarian or literary nature. They knew, no doubt, its history, and were familiar with the great galleries of England and the Continent, but there their knowledge ended. Very few of them could have trusted their own unaided judgment to determine the value of a piece of modelling or drawing, or could have really felt the subtler and more hidden beauties in a work of art. It would be strange, indeed, if that were a possibility—that is to say, if it were possible for men, whose lives have not been spent in studying from nature, and whose hands and eyes have not been exercised for years with the pencil and brush, to criticise and pass judgment on the works of men whose lives have been so spent; and yet it is commonly said by writers, that a technical education, with, of course, its attendant study and application, is not necessary to enable a man to appreciate painting at its right value. I should like to know whether the same rule holds good with respect to literature, and whether

they believe that a man who has never himself composed is in a position to appreciate fully the merits of literary work? I should like to ask the same question of musicians.

My residence at Oxford was cut short by events I need not here describe, and after a short stay in Switzerland and France I went to Germany. It was there that my art education began. The place to which I went was a small North German town, and on arriving there I immediately began to study the language, with the aid, of course, of Messrs. Ollendorf & Ahn. German grammar is a dry subject. To fill up my leisure time I began a course of lessons with a landscape painter, whom I will here call Professor Schultz.

I little thought, when I took my first lessons from him in his dingy studio in one of the back gardens of a retired "strasse," what the effects would be on me, and how powerfully they would influence my future. Unseen and unthought of, destiny waits on each of us, and at the appointed time appears and, pointing with an imperious gesture, cries: "There is thy path, follow it!" It was a path, and a very roundabout one, that to which my destiny directed me; so roundabout that it has cost me years of precious time to arrive at the point from which I should have started. Had I possessed any, even the faintest, knowledge of Art and of the manner in which to approach her, I should have been wiser. Unluckily I had no one to whom I could apply for advice. None of my friends were artists, and I had never—always excepting the itinerant sculptor of my youth—come into contact with one. So it was that, when I began my course of lessons with Herr Schultz, and by degrees became a regular attendant at his studio, my mind lay there as a bare ploughed field, ready to receive any seed the sower might cast.

The Professor was a landscape-painter of the old school. Bred in a district of the Hartz Mountains, he had retained a strong provincial accent and a certain weird air that suggested one of the Brocken spirits of Goethe's *Faust*. He had passed a few years of study in Munich in his early youth, and had then returned and settled down to work out his ideas for himself in almost complete artistic isolation. His subjects were scenes from Switzerland and the Tyrol, of wild torrents and snowy peaks, with cattle browsing on the Alm, and groups of weather-beaten fir-trees. The master on whom he had formed his style was the Swiss painter Calame; but as he had seldom had opportunities for travelling so far as Switzerland and the Tyrol, he had been obliged to rely for many years on studies he had made as a student, and to evolve the rest from his inner consciousness. The consequence was that he had contracted a style or mannerism that was very far removed from

nature, but which imposed itself on me through his facility of execution. He was a self-made man, of a poetical and enthusiastic nature; and his conversation, so soon as I was sufficiently advanced in German to understand it, filled me with new ideas of life and with an absorbing love for the profession I had determined to follow.

But I was not alone in my new enthusiasm. It was shared almost to the same extent by other young pupils of his, who formed, together with me, a band of devoted workers. The Meister's method of teaching was to give us lithographed copies of different sorts of tree foliage, and pencil sketches he had made himself after nature, and make us imitate them. As we advanced, he allowed us to copy his own pictures in oil-colours. I am filled with regret when I think of the time I wasted and the pains I gave myself over this unprofitable work, when I might have been drawing from the cast and from life.

But my ignorance was extreme. My prejudices too strongly influenced me against going to the art centres of Germany at Munich or Dusseldorf, where I should have come into familiar contact with German students. I had met many of them, and found their society uncongenial. Besides this, my admiration for the "Meister's" works was so great that it not only prompted me to consider them as the very highest achievement of artistic expression, but also led me to consider with absolute disdain the pictures of other men.

Thus when, after my second year in Germany, I paid a visit to the spring exhibitions in England, I found nothing that gave me any pleasure except a few works that somewhat resembled those of my teacher. This shows how profound my ignorance was at the time, and how powerfully my new ideas had affected my independent judgment. Since then I have remarked that this mental phenomenon is common among art students. The very intensity of their feelings for a particular style or school renders them intolerant of any other. It is safe to say that the man who feels strongly on any given subject must be a partizan; but in art this natural feeling is sometimes carried to a painful exaggeration. So that in later years, in "Brasseries" of the Latin Quarter, I have heard "rapins" from the "École des Beaux Arts" declare that they would willingly see guillotined or hanged certain eminent and respected artists whose style of work differed from their ideal.

But in my case the education I had enjoyed prevented me from long continuing in such a frame of mind. Little by little my judgment reasserted itself, and I began to discover, with a certain inward pain, that the "Meister's" method of teaching, and his

pictures, were not all that could be desired. My conclusions on this point were hastened by the practice he had of repeating over and over again certain of his compositions that were pleasing and saleable. One of his motives he must have copied ten or a dozen times during my stay with him. It represented a mountain torrent dashing down among huge moss-covered boulders; on the right a group of three fir-trees, the first broad and luxuriant, the second tall and graceful, and the third broken by a stroke of lightning; in the background receding lines of cliff, that projected into the picture like the "flies" of a theatre, and beyond that the crest of a snow-covered mountain.

It was after he had made five or six copies of this favoured subject that he began, in a tone of apology, to ask for my opinion, and for any suggestions that would be likely to improve it. "My chief pre-occupation, now that I am beginning this new picture," he would say, "is to know whether my highest light should fall on the water in front or on the snow at the back. It is a difficult question to decide. What is your opinion?" "In your last picture," I would say, "the snow was illuminated, while the water remained second in effect. The result was pleasing; but will you not, in this case, reverse the order and concentrate the eye on the fore-ground? And also," I would modestly add, "will you not vary the group of fir-trees?" "You are reasonable," he would answer; "and I will take your advice. Instead of placing them on the right of the stream I will place them on the left."

By degrees, after three years, I found that I was not progressing; but I did not know, at the time, that I was in reality farther from a knowledge of art than I had been before I began to work with him. I determined to leave him. It was with great difficulty, for he was very much interested in me, and he firmly believed that his method and teaching were better than those of any other living artist. He bade me adieu with many words of advice and warning. From him I went to another landscape-painter, in another German town. He was a clever man, and taught me much that has since been very valuable to me. But it was all the same a waste of time: I ought to have been at school and studying direct from nature, instead of trying to acquire knowledge second-hand.

After a few months I found out that something was wrong, and I determined to wander. I went to Belgium, and remained there for some time. There I took part in a course of drawing in a private studio that opened my eyes considerably. I felt that my education was beginning, and that at last I was getting on the right track. From Belgium I wandered into Brittany, and fell in with some English and American artists, whose advice and example

were of the greatest value to me. From them I learnt how necessary it is to undergo a sound training before beginning to paint pictures.

These men formed a little colony with some local artists living in a Breton village. The country round was beautiful with woods of oak and beech, and through the village ran a trout stream that widened out into an estuary as it reached the sea, about four miles away. The auberge was excellent, and the cost of living only four francs a day. It had long been the summer resort of landscape-painters and of impecunious art students from the Paris "ateliers." My ideas of painting, which had been so often rudely shaken, were now to be completely overthrown; for my companions were men of the foremost school of landscape-painting, who admitted no other rendering of nature but that of absolute truth. They all belonged to what has been termed the plein air school —that is to say, they took their canvasses out and painted the subjects they had selected on the spot, and with exact observation of the relative value of tones. To me, who had done nothing but studio work according to the lights of the German school, this was nothing short of a revelation. Soon, however, by dint of close study, I became alive to the simplicity of objects under the diffused light of the open air, and to the importance of "values" and of atmospheric perspective. It was the best medicine I could have taken after the forced effects of my previous work. I do not know whether there is in my nature a tendency to avoid my duties, and to persuade myself that whatever is pleasantest is best. I imagine that such a tendency is far from uncommon, or else there would be no need of so many moralists and saintly examples for waverers and shirkers. In old days men used to be lashed into minding their business. It was a good plan, that had more practical effect than any amount of persuasion.

These reflections are forced upon me by my conduct during the three years I frequented Brittany. I had made up my mind long since that my art education was defective, and that before I could hope to do anything really good I should have to settle down to learn drawing in a practical way—that is, under an experienced master, and among others who were students like myself; and yet from month to month I kept putting it off. There were reasons, I know, which prevented me. Some of them were plausible enough. My companions were artists in the true sense of the word; a few were men of talent. The style of work was healthy and sound, and the seclusion of the village and the absence of sensational events, were favourable to steady work. Besides this, the mediæval character of the people, the lonely farm-houses and chapels buried in the woods, the wild heaths and the sea-coast with its rocky bays

and fishing life, were all new to me. I strongly felt their charm, as everyone must have done who has lived in that weird Druidical country. I grew to love the place, but the more attached to it I became the less I felt inclined to leave it for the noise and bustle, the elbowings and general unpleasantnesses of a public studio.

At last I made up my mind and went to Paris, taking with me as examples of what I could do some marine studies painted on the shore. I wished to enter the "École des Beaux Arts," and with this intention I called on the eminent artist who still presides over that Academy. I shall never forget my interview with him.

He received me with amiable politeness, and, directing me to place my studies under the searching light of a large window, took his stand in front of them. I waited behind him in silence for his opinion. I was confident they had merit, because they had been warmly praised by other eminent French artists, whose opinion carried weight.

For a moment he seemed collecting his thoughts; then he turned and said:

"Monsieur, your work is unfinished! It is coarse! It is brutal! What age are you?"

"Twenty-seven," I replied.

"Then you ought to know your business" (*Alors vous devez savoir votre métier*).

"But, Monsieur, my technical education is only just beginning," I replied in a tone of despondency. "As you find no merit in my work, do you counsel me to desist?"

"I do not. Your sketches are frank and just in effect. You have endeavoured to paint what you saw. You may improve with perseverance and application. At present you have not studied; you are incapable."

The day following saw me seated on a "tabouret" in a large Paris studio, among art students from every state in Europe. I date from that day my first real start in art.

From this brief sketch of my life it will be seen what have been the chief obstacles to my becoming a successful artist. I leave the question of talent entirely on one side, because it in no way affects the object I have in view in writing this paper, which is not so much a description of my personal experiences as an exposition of the extraordinary unartistic education that falls to the lot of English boys, as typified by myself. Such an education either entirely stunts their instincts for art, or else leads them to look upon it as an amusing and lightly-learnt pastime. I hope that no young man may lose so many years of his artistic life as I have done. I think it unlikely, because of late years the knowledge of art and artist life has increased by leaps and bounds.

Yet at present no facilities for a really sound art education are offered by the public schools, and therefore few of those boys whose parents are in a position to send them there are ever likely to take up art seriously as their profession, because, after arriving at the age of twenty, they would find themselves forced to begin their education, in a technical sense, all over again. Few, indeed, of them would be willing to go through so much drudgery and find themselves seated side by side with boys in their teens their superiors in drawing and painting.

As the matter now stands, the public schools are decidedly behindhand. The network of art schools scattered over England, with its centre at South Kensington, places an art education within the reach of every class of the community. Every artizan's son who exhibits any talent in that direction can manage, by hook or by crook, to receive an art education; in truth, they have not been slow to avail themselves of their advantages. The results are already becoming apparent.

But for boys whose parents are anxious that they should enjoy all the privileges, social, moral, and intellectual, of a public school education, there are no prospects at present of their being able to make art their profession and complete their success in it unless they are willing to postpone for ten or fifteen years any return for their labour. As a rule they can only hope to become "clever amateurs," for, as everyone knows, there is no royal road to excellence. Surely this state of things ought not to continue. The matter is a serious one, now that art is becoming every day more and more universally recognized as an important factor in modern education.

I would, therefore, make the following practical suggestions, which, I trust, may meet the eyes of those in authority.

1. That the study of art be recognized at the public schools as a serious part of the education open to scholars.
2. That art masters be appointed. They should be men thoroughly competent to instruct in drawing, painting, and modelling, and be placed on the same footing as the other under-masters, receiving the same salary.
3. That a museum of casts and reproductions of famous works should be gradually formed. This might be effected at a very small cost.
4. That an art school be arranged as part of the modern school, divided into classes of drawing from the cast and from life, of painting and modelling. The discipline to be as severe, and the prizes as important, as in other departments.
5. That lectures on art be delivered at regular periods.

It may be objected to such a scheme as this that the matter does not rest so much with the schoolmasters as it does with the parents. It may be said that they would object to their sons being trained to become artists. To this I would answer that such objections as they may have would vanish from the moment when public schools recognized art as a profession worthy of their scholars.

From a material point of view (and what parent is not anxious about that?) art offers now-a-days as many prospects as any other profession. A clever artist can make as large an income as a clever man in other professions, and in as dignified a manner. We have seen, also, within the last year or two, that certain of those honours formerly reserved for public services have been bestowed upon artists. From a moral point of view there may be strong objections, but I believe them to be totally unfounded. It is true that many artists have not led altogether exemplary lives, but Art is not to blame. They have been, in the past, for the most part self-made men, who have never been educated in the higher sense at all, men who have fought their way up in the world through their own abilities and energy. Such men are seldom bound by considerations of higher morality and etiquette. But Art has in reality no debasing nor enervating effects on the mind. It may put certain temptations more prominently before a man than other pursuits; but what profession is without its own peculiar drawbacks? Could we not, if we were so minded, point out defects peculiar to churchmen and lawyers, to soldiers and sailors? Could we not discover shortcomings in men of science and literature? It has been the apathy and indifference of the public schools in matters of art that has cast a slur on the artist's profession. Theirs is the fault! From a religious point of view alone Art should long ago have found kind dealing at their hands. They should have nourished and fostered her instead of leaving her to be dragged in the mud or laughed at as a "craze." They should have remembered what noble service she rendered the Church in old times, with what stirring and sublime poetry she placed religion in the foremost place by her efforts, and brought it home to the minds of men. Can it be doubted that their influence, which should have been directed to the encouragement of such high and pure aims as Art professes, has been systematically and cruelly opposed to her, and has driven her to find shelter and sympathy elsewhere? Is it not shameful that Art, which has produced a Murillo and Van Eyck, a Raphael and Da Vinci, should be treated with such wicked ingratitude? Is it not time that such ingratitude were atoned for?

I appeal, then, to those who are in a position to put into practice some such scheme as I have traced here. I feel confident that by bringing the public schools into connection with practical art both would be benefited. On the one side a fresh charm would be added to education, and a new career made possible to scholars; on the other the artist's profession would be raised by the influx into it as practical workers, of men who have enjoyed a public school education. It only remains to realise this scheme. Where is the head-master then, who, taking Art boldly by the hand, will lead her, trembling and abashed, through the youth of England to her place—so long vacant—between her sisters Science and Literature? I cannot conceive a more graceful picture.

LEASEHOLD ENFRANCHISEMENT.

Amongst the most urgent of the great group of social subjects temporarily suspended by the all-pervading Irish question, is the tenure of urban land. Long leasehold, perhaps the most important of the existing English tenures, is undoubtedly viewed with disfavour by many borough electors of both parties, and proposals for its compulsory abolition, at the option of the lessee, have been made and supported from both sides of the House. Bills with this object were introduced in the late Parliament by Mr. Broadhurst and Lord Randolph Churchill; it has been recommended by the majority of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes; an active propaganda in its favour is being vigorously conducted by the "Leaseholds' Enfranchisement Association," a body with forty Parliamentary Vice-Presidents; three several Bills upon the subject, a Conservative Bill, a Gladstonian Bill, and a Parnellite Bill, are now before the House of Commons, and a Select Committee of that House has been investigating the matter for two successive sessions. These facts prove that the agitation against the existing system is real and widespread, and that it may be well to give some preliminary consideration to the arguments of the promoters and the opponents of "Enfranchisement," pending the report of the Select Committee.

Many of the publications issued by the "Leaseholds Enfranchisement Association," or sanctioned by that body, are, indeed, hardly of a kind to merit serious treatment. They are the work of amateurs, and of amateurs who have not been at the pains to master the elementary facts of the highly technical subject they affect to settle out of hand. One writer gravely proposes that "every occupier of residential property, if in possession for five years continuously," should have compulsory powers to take the fee-simple. Another believes that building-leases injure both landowners and builders—in fact, that neither of those classes understand their own interests, or know their own business; while the character of a third publication, favourably mentioned in the

Association's Report, may be inferred from the title, *Ninety-nine Years' Swindle in a Nutshell.* Literature of this sort may have its electioneering uses, but it can scarcely be intended to help in the formation of a judicial and intelligent public opinion on the controversy. Even the little handbook published by Mr. Broadhurst and Mr. Robert T. Reid, upon "Enfranchisement," is seriously disfigured by the violent and unreasonable animus it reveals. Still, it seems to be the most complete and authoritative statement yet issued of the extreme Radical case. Mr. Broadhurst has been a Minister, and President of the Leaseholds Enfranchisement Association. Mr. Reid is a distinguished Queen's Counsel. They have probably said all that can be said against the leasehold system, and in favour of its subversion. It is proposed to recapitulate their main arguments here, and to compare them with those put forward in the sober, concise, and admirably-reasoned reply published by Mr. C. H. Sargant, under the title, *Ground Rents and Building Leases.* Such an examination will disclose the real nature of the principal issues in controversy, and the true value and effects, economic and social, of the suggested statutory modification of the chief existing urban tenure.

Messrs. Broadhurst and Reid allege that the leasehold system "conveys to one man the fruits of the outlay of another," that it thereby causes bad building, neglect to repair, and neglect to demolish and replace worn-out buildings, and that "accordingly, it condemns many persons to live in houses which are not fit for their habitation." But not only is the system unjust and insanitary: it is also oppressive. "It lays whole towns and villages at the mercy of one or two men, who can either wholly prevent or impose any terms they please on the building of new houses"; "it perpetuates for a long period" unreasonable and antiquated restrictions upon user, and "it confers upon landlords a degree of authority, and a right of interference in regard to the homes of the people, which is unendurable in a free country." It deprives men, moreover, of that "incentive to industry and thrift," the prospect of acquiring a freehold house. The landlords are, in fact, "monopolists," actuated by "uncontrolled impulses," and "the public is at their mercy," and thus "to say that the leasehold system enables landowners to plunder their lessees, and injures the whole community by deterring occupants of houses from improving them, thereby contributing to the plague of filthy dwellings under which we are groaning, is no exaggerated statement."

It is a strong statement, at all events, and one which should not be advanced except upon substantial and well-ascertained grounds. Now, no real effort is made to prove several of the charges so positively made; one of them is contradicted, almost in terms, by

its authors, and the evidence adduced in support of the remainder seems largely irrelevant. No single instance is given of a "monopolist" so foolish as "wholly to prevent the building of new houses," either directly, or by "imposing" prohibitive terms upon persons desirous to build. No examples are quoted of the oppressive maintenance and enforcement of obsolete and vexatious restrictions upon user. No proof is attempted of the assertion that men will toil harder for a freehold than for a leasehold house. These omissions are significant; but more significant still of the spirit in which this grave question has been discussed by persons of such position and authority as Messrs. Broadhurst and Reid is the fact that, while they complain, on p. 41, that the leasehold system gives landlords an intolerable control over "the homes of the people," they complain, on p. 71, of "the want of control by landlords who have granted long leases." The only charges which it is seriously attempted to establish are those of "plunder," and the creation and maintenance of insanitary dwellings. To examine these effectually, some preliminary consideration of the usual methods of developing building-estates seems indispensable. In the first place, the landowner hardly ever ventures upon this operation himself. The cost is enormous, and the risks are great. The landowner not unusually makes the roads and sewers (in itself an exceedingly expensive undertaking), and then either sells the land absolutely, or sells it subject to a perpetual rent-charge, or leases it. Building-leases for lives were at one time common, and are still to be met with in the West of England, and particularly in Cornwall. The lives are chosen by the lessee, and named in the lease. While any one of them survives, the tenant holds at the agreed rent; when the last life drops, the land and the house built upon it revert to the landowner. The transaction is clearly in the nature of a wager; if all the lives drop before the average age, the lessee loses; if any of them survives that age, the landowner loses. This tenure is, however, rapidly dying out. It is mentioned here only because out of some twenty instances of alleged hardship under the leasehold system, quoted by Messrs. Broadhurst and Reid, all but two or three occurred under leases for lives. Most of them it should, perhaps, be added, might have been prevented by the very ordinary and obvious precaution of insuring the lives in the leases. At all events, they can be no argument against leases for years, all of which necessarily possess that certainty of duration, the want of which constitutes the alleged grievance in the very great majority of Messrs. Broadhurst and Reid's "hard cases."

The lease for years is almost always granted to a professional builder or his nominee. It is the result of a definite and hard-

fought bargain, the terms of which are carefully "thrashed out" and settled upon both sides under legal advice, and embodied in a formal "agreement." By this document it is provided that the builder shall build upon the land to be leased a certain number of houses, of a certain character within a fixed time, and that as these houses are finished, the landowner shall grant leases for so many years (usually ninety-nine) at ground rents amounting in the whole to such and such a sum. The leases are to be in a specified form, and always contain covenants by the lessee to repair, to pay all rates and taxes, and to surrender the land and house quietly on the expiry of the lease, together with various covenants restrictive of the user, and intended for the protection of the property and the adjoining tenants. The builder's business is to sell, and not to let houses. He accordingly disposes of his leases as fast as he can, and the purchasers from him, in the great majority of cases, are not intending occupiers, but investors in house property. These "building-owners," as they are sometimes conveniently called, sublet to occupation-tenants, and become their "landlords." It is not easy to see who is "robbed" by this transaction. It is the result of a series of bargains between business men, each of whom understands perfectly what the meaning and effect of his contracts is. If the builder was habitually robbed, he would refuse to be a party to fresh frauds upon himself. But the complaints against "the system" do not come from builders, many of whom make large fortunes under it. If the "building-owner" was despoiled, he would not buy from the builder, and the builder would cease to purchase an unmarketable interest from the landowner. Nor is the occupier robbed, for he pays the same rent and holds upon the same conditions, whether the "building-owner," from whom he hires, is absolute owner or lessee. Indeed, except in the comparatively rare cases where the occupier himself owns the fee or the ground-lease, the chances are that he does not know whether the house he lives in is freehold or leasehold. It is quite true that on the expiry of the ground-leases on an urban estate, the owner of that estate suddenly receives a considerable accession of wealth. But why? Because he and his predecessors have been consciously accepting less than the full rent, not only of the land and buildings, but of the land alone, during the entire term of the leases. The builder and the "building-owner" know quite well that they are buying practically a terminable annuity. They accordingly offer lower sums as ground-rents under a lease, than they would offer as rent-charges for the same land under a grant of the fee-simple. They, in fact, deduct from the annual ground-rents they would otherwise pay, a sinking-fund amply sufficient to replace the capital cost of the buildings

before the end of the lease. The landowner understands this as well as the builder. He consents to take less than the land is worth during the lease, because the builder contracts to give him the buildings as "deferred pay" afterwards. The owner of a building-estate, and the owner of a mining-estate, are, in fact, in converse positions. The mining lessor gets a high rent during the mining lease, because the corpus of his property is deteriorated by the lessee. The building-lessor gets a low rent during the building-lease because the corpus of his property is improved by the lessee. The mining-rent represents the full income *plus* a sinking fund; the building-rent is less than the full income, because part of that income is being accumulated in the gradually ripening reversion. The building-lease may accordingly be viewed as a partnership between the landowner and the lessee. The landowner's capital is the land; the lessee's capital the buildings. The landowner's share of profits is the small fixed ground-rent, but his interest in the joint capital is continuously growing; the lessee's share is the entire balance of the rack-rent, but his interest in the joint capital is continuously decreasing.

The conclusion to which this reasoning points, as to the perfect fairness of the leasehold system, is very fully confirmed by the conduct of both purchasers of the fee-simple and of lessees. The former, when they wish to build themselves, not unfrequently provide the necessary capital by reselling the fee-simple, and immediately taking building-leases of the land sold from the new buyers. So, too, traders sometimes erect buildings to suit their business upon their own land, and then liberate a great part of their capital by selling both land and buildings, and taking a long lease of them at a ground-rent. Conversely occupiers or lessees comparatively seldom buy the freehold ground-rents to which the houses they are interested in are subject, when, as often happens, these rents are publicly sold. The inference seems irresistible. If the leasehold system really "enabled landowners to plunder their lessees," landowners would never voluntarily descend from the ranks of the plunderers into the ranks of the plundered, and lessees and occupiers who had experienced the terrors of spoliation would always hasten to ransom themselves from fear of further oppression on the first opportunity. With regard to the alleged "confiscation" of occupiers' improvements and goodwill, it appears that the advocates of enfranchisement have so far failed to prove any instances of this kind of wrong-doing by ground-landlords before the Select Committee. Moreover, the occupier's immediate landlord only can commit this kind of injustice, and he seems equally likely to do so, whether he be an absolute owner or a lessee. The contention, then, that the leasehold system

"conveys to one man the fruits of the outlay of another," and thereby leads to the construction and maintenance of insanitary dwellings, is demonstrably untenable. But, although the premisses of the Association are false, that body may have happened to hit on true conclusions. We must, therefore, see whether in fact the leasehold system does "contribute to the plague of filthy dwellings." The existence of the plague is admitted, and if it can be traced to the leasehold system, a strong case for legislative intervention with due regard to subsisting interests will be made out.

The majority of the Royal Commission on the Housing of the Working Classes, have issued a Supplementary Report, in which they fully endorse the views of the Association as to the origin of the mischief, and the nature of the remedy. The signatories state that "the system of building on leasehold land is a great cause of the many evils connected with overcrowding, insanitary buildings, and excessive rents," and they accordingly record their opinion "that the prevailing system of building leases is conducive to bad building, to deterioration of property at the close of the lease, and to a want of interest on the part of the occupier in the house he inhabits; and that legislation favourable to the acquisition on equitable terms of the freehold interest on the part of the leaseholder, would conduce greatly to the improvement of the dwellings of the people of this country."

This Report is not signed by some of the most eminent of the Commissioners, including Sir Charles Dilke, the President, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Goschen, and Lord Cross. Still, it adds great authority to the contentions of the Association. Authority, however, can no more decide questions of economics than questions of arithmetic, and there seems good reason to believe that, the exact contradictories of the propositions accepted by the Commissioners would be nearer the truth than those they have laid down; in other words, that houses are more cheaply and better built, better maintained, and more readily replaced when worn out, under the leasehold than under the freehold systems. Low rent and ample accommodation depend primarily upon the adequacy of the supply of houses to the demand, and a large supply in turn, necessitates a large investment of capital in building. The problem, as Messrs. Broadhurst and Reid see, is not peculiar to building-land. "The point," as they truly observe, "is how best to induce men to spend money upon land whether it is to be tilled, or planted with timber, or built upon." Now the British farmer has been enabled to spend a far larger capital per acre in cultivation than any foreign agriculturist, precisely because he hires his land instead of buying it. "He trades," says Sir James Caird, "on the capital of the landowner, practically lent to him at the low rate of 3 per cent.,

which he converts into a trade profit on his own capital of 10."* And this is exactly what the leasehold system enables the builder to do, except that he pays the landowner a slightly higher rate of interest. Both transactions are merely instances of that differentiation of securities, which permeates the whole modern system of economic organization as completely, and facilitates its operations as effectually, as the division of labour itself. The landowner in both, like the holder of preference-stock in railways or other commercial undertakings, is content to receive low interest perfectly secured. The lessee in both, like the holder of ordinary stock, seeks higher interest at increased risks. The opportunities thus offered for borrowing money at a low rate, and receiving a high trade-profit on it, must obviously tend to "induce men to spend money upon land" in both cases. In the one the supply of food is increased, in the other the supply of houses. And this increased supply of houses lowers rents and lessens overcrowding.

There is, indeed, one important element in that supply which cannot, it would seem, exist in London, except upon large leasehold estates. Mr. R. E. Farrant, the managing director of an artizans' dwellings company with a capital of a million and a half, has assured the Select Committee that "there is no hope at all of building artizans' dwellings at the proper price, except through the great landlords"; that these landlords, in the general interest of their estates, habitually leave land for this purpose at rates which reduce the weekly room-rents considerably below those payable on the cheapest freehold sites, and this after making ample provision for the lessee's sinking-fund; that "the big landlord now does, in a way, become a trustee for the working-man"; and that "dwellings for the very poor would be made much dearer by leasehold enfranchisement."

We have next to consider whether the houses provided under the leasehold system are worse constructed or worse maintained, than those built under the freehold system. On *à priori* grounds, they should, in both respects, be better. There are only three checks upon bad building and subsequent dilapidations, namely, legislative regulations, the requirements of the occupier, and the control (if any) of the landowner. The first two checks are common to all systems; the third is far more efficacious under the leasehold tenure than under any other; for under the leasehold tenure the landowner has greater powers of control, and more motive to exert them. The enforcement of covenants, and particularly of *positive* covenants, such as covenants to repair, can be easily eluded, as every lawyer knows, under all freehold tenures,

* *The British Land Question*, p. 19.

while the covenants of a lease "run with the land," and remain binding, upon all successive holders under the lease, throughout the entire duration of the term. But the landowner is also far more deeply interested in the enforcement of these covenants where he has only leased his land. Where he has sold out and out, he is merely concerned to see that the purchaser does not deteriorate the value of neighbouring property still in his own hands. Where he has sold subject to a perpetual rent-charge, he has only to take care that the property is not so greatly depreciated as to endanger his chief-rent. But where he has leased his land, he has a direct and growing interest in the state of the buildings which form his "deferred pay." So too, the leasehold system gives the owner exceptional opportunities for replacing worn-out houses under favourable conditions, and frees him from a usual and powerful temptation to postpone improvements. The leases are timed to expire simultaneously upon adjacent plots on the same estate, so that a considerable tract of building land comes suddenly "into hand" at the same date. The owner is thus in a position to remodel a whole neighbourhood on a uniform plan, suitable to the changed character of the quarter. He can lay out new streets, widen old ones, and construct squares and gardens, with the certainty that he will get the full value of his improvements. Where ownership is much divided, such projects can only be executed by Acts of Parliament, which invariably and necessarily provide for vesting the whole area to be dealt with in a single hand, and of course throw the entire cost of expropriation on the public. Moreover, the landowner whose leases have fallen in, is usually able to rebuild and improve, without submitting to any diminution of his customary income. He foregoes part, or the whole of a great and sudden addition to his revenue. But he is not obliged to reduce his ordinary expenditure. The freehold owner on the contrary, in direct receipt of the rack-rents of old houses, can only re-build by letting on building leases, or by borrowing capital for the purpose. In either case, his income will probably undergo a very serious diminution. He is, therefore, under a strong and continuous temptation to leave things as they are.

Turning from theory to facts, we find ample evidence in the principal report of the Commission that the evils so positively attributed to leasehold tenure by the Supplementary Report, are at least equally rife in freehold districts. Of four provincial towns, Bristol, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Alnwick and Camborne, selected as examples of over-crowding, the first three are freehold, and the fourth leasehold not for years, but for lives. So, too, Doncaster, where there are "a large number of houses

without any back ventilation," is a freehold town. For London, the report quotes, amongst other evidence, that of Messrs. Mearns and Dawes. Mr. Mearns, the author of the *Bitter Cry of Outcast London*, identified the district in Southwark described in that pamphlet. The tenure of the houses there, has since been disclosed in a scheme under the Artizan's Dwellings Act. Out of forty-one houses condemned by the Metropolitan Board of Works, thirty-six have turned out to be freehold, and five leasehold. So Mr. Dawes particularly instanced the City Baths in St. Luke's, as a sample of the worst kind of tenement-dwelling. The property has been put up for sale, and it proves to be freehold. Mr. Beveridge again, the Town Clerk of Dublin, informed the Town Holdings Committee that, " some of the worst properties in Dublin " are held under fee-farm (*i.e.* perpetuity) leases. All this, of course, only shows that the same evils exist on freehold and on leasehold properties. Nothing but a comprehensive comparison of a large number of such properties, developed under similar conditions in all respects except tenure, would suffice to demonstrate the effects of tenure with scientific certitude, and adequate materials for such a comparison have not been collected. There are, however, some grounds for a presumption in favour of leaseholds. The number of leaseholds in London is many times greater than the number of freeholds; but out of 2,581 houses condemned by the Board of Works as insanitary since 1877, no less than 1,126 were freehold. There are, again, several districts in London where the two systems have grown up side by side. The leaseholds, it is said, can be easily distinguished by the superior state of the buildings. The Duke of Westminster, for example, has been blamed for the state of Robert Street, Pimlico; but Mr. Boodle, the solicitor to the Westminster estate, has informed the Committee that Robert Street is in fact a freehold property, which does not belong to the Duke. The Soho estate of the Dukes of Portland was sold in small freehold lots, at the close of the last and the beginning of the present centuries. It is covered with very old houses, and contrasts most unfavourably with the Portland Marylebone estate, and the estates of Lord Portman and the Duke of Westminster. All of these are neighbouring properties, and, of course, leaseholds. But the Bedford property affords a yet more striking illustration of the results of the two systems. Between 1620 and 1630, the sites of Bedford Street and Bedfordbury were converted from pasture into building land. Bedford Street was let on building lease. The houses were well built, the street was long fashionable, and it is still one of the handsomest in the West Central district. Bedfordbury was granted out in small fee-farm lots, subject only

to low perpetual chief-rents. First covered with shanties and alleys, it went from bad to worse for two centuries and a half, until it was cleared some eight years ago, under Lord Cross's Act. Strangely enough, the necessity for any comparison of this kind seems to have escaped the signatories of the Supplementary Report. Certain evils were proved to exist upon the Marquess of Northampton's Clerkenwell estate; that estate is leasehold. The Commissioners somewhat impulsively concluded that the evils are the result of the tenure, and proceeded to recommend "legislation favourable to the acquisition of the freehold interest on the part of the leaseholder," as the remedy. It remains to show that, this remedy would inflict grievous injustice and hardship upon the thousands of small investors who have sunk the savings of their lives in ground-rents or head-leases as a provision for their families, while it would only extend, perpetuate, and intensify the mischiefs it is designed to cure.

Mr. Broadhurst's Bill may be taken as a sample of the legislation advised by the Commissioners. It may, perhaps, be argued that that measure contains clauses of exceptional and needless severity to owners. But most of its harshest provisions, it will be shown, are apparently indispensable in any practical enactment of the kind. It may, therefore, be provisionally accepted as a type of "enfranchising" acts, until the advocates of such legislation produce a Bill of equal efficacy, which does not involve similar hardships. At all events, Mr. Broadhurst's Bill may be presumed to embody the views of the Leaseholds Enfranchisement Association, the organization which really works the entire movement. Under this Bill, the lessee entitled to purchase has an absolute right to force a sale *at any time* upon the landowner, and he will naturally do so when the market value of freehold ground-rents is abnormally low. The price at this forced sale is to be fixed by a Court, at what a *willing* vendor, owning all the interests in the house superior to that of the purchaser, would take for them all together in the open market. Now, there are usually many such interests in each house, owned by separate owners, and the total of their separate market values may well exceed the aggregate market value of the whole. In any case, the proof of the several titles, and the apportionment and distribution of the purchase money amongst the several owners must necessarily be expensive proceedings. The Bill, accordingly, provides that one set of costs only shall be allowed the vendors, except for cause shown. Consequently the vendors would frequently have to pay the greater part of the necessary costs of expropriating them from their own property. Again, the Bill appears to exclude all compensation for

"severance" or other consequential damage. Yet unity of ownership has been shown to be one of the most valuable incidents of this tenure to the landowner. No possible money payment would be adequate compensation for the destruction of that unity by the "severance" of a single house in the centre of a great leasehold estate. The injustice of the Bill in both respects is manifest. But the choice seems to lie between injustice and inefficacy. No Bill which is fair upon these points to the superior owners would facilitate "enfranchisement"; no Bill which facilitates "enfranchisement" would be fair to the owners. Mr. Broadhurst chooses the former alternative, and his Bill would probably work after a fashion. But it is hard to see how it would tend to abate the evils charged on leasehold tenure. Only a few Irish witnesses before the Town Holdings Committee have had the hardihood to suggest that any weekly or monthly tenant should have the option of compulsorily acquiring the fee simple of the house he lodges in. Moderate persons, such as Messrs. Broadhurst and Reid, propose to limit the right to lessees of whose leases more than twenty years are unexpired. But both the Association and the signatories of the Supplementary Report seem entirely to ignore the cardinal fact that working-class occupiers are hardly ever lessees at all. The overwhelming majority of working men hold on weekly or other very brief tenancies. It is not they who would acquire freeholds, but their immediate landlords—that is, those very "middle-men, house-jobbers, house-farmers, and house-knackers," whom the Commissioners unanimously denounce, and the Association is eager to "control." These men are naturally eager for "enfranchisement," and Mr. Farrant has informed the Select Committee, that, to his personal knowledge, many of them are active promoters of the agitation. It seems, moreover, that the ownership, or even long occupation tenancies of their houses, would be of very doubtful benefit to most working men. Trade and employment move frequently and rapidly from place to place. Under his present tenancy the artizan is free to follow his work at a week's notice. Rooted to his dwelling by ownership, with a mortgage probably for part of the purchase money round his neck, he would in the apt and striking phrase of the late Mr. Chief Commissioner Vernon of the Irish Land Commission, become a serf *glebæ adscriptus*. And here it is perhaps worth noticing that in the north, where the freehold tenures are most general, very short occupation tenancies seem to be much commoner than elsewhere. But, at all events, it can hardly be the desire of the Association or the Commissioners to benefit the "house-knackers," who "break up houses, built for single families, into tenements," as the Principal Report declares, who cause "all the evil and in-

convenience attending that arrangement," and who extort "the enormous rents charged for the single rooms in tenement-houses," at the cost of the numerous investors large and small, in ground-rents and head-leases. And it is certainly impossible to perceive how the growth and confirmation of the "house-knacker's" power necessarily involved in all operative schemes of Leasehold Enfranchisement, can help to abate any single one of "the many evils connected with overcrowding, insanitary buildings, and excessive rent."

J. W. Flanagan.

IRISH DAIRY-FARMING.

That very useful institution, the British Dairy Farmers' Association, has undertaken, during several years past, to awaken an interest in butter-making, and in the general industry of the dairy, with the substitution of scientific machinery and methods for those which are old-fashioned and inferior, by the holding of annual conferences and exhibitions in various parts of the country, taking a fresh district every year. It is generally recognized and very much regretted by all who have the interests of agriculture at heart, that although this country produces a certain amount of the best butter in the world, the bulk of our produce is inferior to that of foreign make. This means that the great body of English and Irish dairy-farmers are less skilful, as a rule, than foreign farmers, and that they are, therefore, losing their place in the world's markets, and are, in short, sadly in need of the special teaching of the experts of the British Dairy-Farmers' Association. It is often made a matter of complaint in agricultural newspapers that English farmers do not read. In this respect they are far behind American farmers, so that the excellent literature of the dairy, prepared by such authorities as the late Mr. H. M. Jenkins, the much-regretted Secretary of the Royal Agricultural Society, Professor Long, and others, does not reach them. But seeing is believing; farmers, like most other people, are fond of exhibitions; they do not disdain to come and look when a dairy show is provided not too far from their doors, nor can they always avoid conversion from the error of bad butter-making when the new methods and their results are actually set before them.

Last year the annual conference of the Association was held at Derby, Lord Vernon, one of the excellent landlords in that district, and the founder of a butter factory, being the chairman. The results of the gathering were palpable, and, as Lord Powerscourt happened to be the president of the Association this year, and as Ireland has lost ground in the face of foreign competition, it was decided that this year's conference should be held at Dublin, Cork, and Killarney.

The conference commenced on May 17th, when papers, such as "The Utilization of Skim Milk," by Professor Long, were read before a crowded audience, and were afterwards discussed. On the following day, Canon Bagot, who is widely known far beyond the limits of Ireland for his persistent efforts for the improvement of dairying, read a paper on creameries and butter factories, which are both essential to improvement in a country like Ireland, where the necessary appliances for dairying are usually wanting. On May 19th an adjournment to Cork took place, and a paper by Mr. James Howard, late M.P. for Bedfordshire, and distinguished as a farmers' member, was read on Butterine Legislation, having for its object the protection of dairying as well as of the public, ours being now positively the only country where butterine and objectionable fats may with impunity be mixed with butter, as they are to the extent of 70 per cent. in some cases, and then stamped and sold as genuine butter. By all means, says Mr. Howard, let butterine and Russian tallow, train oil, and other nice things, be freely imported, and freely sold, but let them be sold for what they are.

We met that day at the Munster Dairy School two or three miles from Cork, and next to Mr. Howard's paper came one by Mr. Lloyd, the chemist of the Dairy Farmers' Association on "Silage and Succulent Food for Dairy Cows." The discussion of that technical but highly important subject brought the sitting to a close at 6 P.M. when we entered our cars and carriages, and drove to Blarney, taking an Irish dairy farm on the way as arranged beforehand with its occupier, who is as good a farmer as any of those who have given the butter market at Cork its world-wide renown. At the following and last day's conference a paper on butter-making was read by an Englishman from Gloucestershire, who makes and sells at more than market price more than 21,000 lbs. a year, last year's average price having been 16d. per pound.

If all Ireland understood the principles laid down in this short paper, her income would be much increased, and the butter market at Cork would not be fast losing its *prestige*, while the foreigner has already got the London market in his possession, so that the reader of the paper had great difficulty in getting from the merchants a fair trial of his produce. It is for the sake of distributing such knowledge, easy to master, yet so constantly ignored, that Canon Bagot inaugurated the plan of travelling dairies, and we may be assured that the art of making butter may be mastered, even by a novice, in a short time, since the gentleman selected to instruct us in butter-making was Colonel Curtis Hayward, of Quedgeley, Gloucestershire, who commenced three or four years ago with a sale of a few pounds a week only, and who rose to 12,000

lbs. of tip-top butter per annum immediately. Like reading and writing, according to Dogberry's version, good butter-making almost "comes by nature."

But you must set the stone rolling in every neighbourhood, and for that reason, on 20th May, we all took train for Killarney, where, in the Town Hall, in the midst of a population most deeply concerned in agriculture, and especially in butter-making, profoundly ignorant and careless, and stained by agrarian crime in some cases, we exhausted our learning for the time by a paper on "The Pig in Relation to the Dairy." The Irish bacon-curers were there, and two of the largest of them gave exceedingly instructive addresses on the kind of pig best suited for their purpose. But although the pig is said in Ireland to be the "gintleman that pays the rint," the farmers were not present to be instructed in a variety of points in connection with the great pig and bacon question, although they are said to need enlightening, and to be at present very much behind.

The farmers, however, who will probably derive benefit from the sowing of good seed among them during the visit of the Dairy Farmers' Association, are of very superior intelligence to those whom we noticed during a week's pleasuring at Killarney, daily loitering and gossiping in the streets, so that each day seems a market day, just as they did a hundred years ago. We had been boycotted by this class, who thought, in their ignorance, that we were present in the Town Hall to "spake" in the interest of landlords, just as their own agitators and pernicious orators are in the habit of "spaking," as they think, for themselves. It is much to be feared that whoever may speak for these idlest, dirtiest, and most ignorant people in Europe, though he speak with the tongues of men and of angels, will speak in vain. "Farmers," as they are called, however small their operations may be, and however wretched their plight, who persist in clinging to land which has become since the depression of agriculture too poor and poorly farmed to admit of profitable culture, who travel daily from their mountain sides, ten miles perhaps, into town, on crazy pony barrows, never walking a step, with six eggs or a hen to sell, who do not perform one day's work in a week, and who would, if not prevented, shoot the landlord who disturbed them in their holdings; such men are quite incapable of being influenced by any teaching such as we had to offer.

Our discourse is drifting towards a most painful subject. We might go on to tell of the protection of Kenmare House at the present time, day and night, by armed policemen; of its owner, the Earl of Kenmare, a wise and good landlord and lover of his neighbours, himself an Irishman, attached to his home, having been compelled

to quit it, and requiring during his brief visits an armed escort even in his own demesne; and we might tell of murders committed by these impracticable people, and of evictions necessary but very sad, and resisted, now that the guns have been seized, with barricaded doors and kettles of hot water poured on the besiegers, besides curses and broken bottles; but our subject is butter and the conference.

The dairy is the chief industry of Ireland, and has been so from time immemorial. According to the evidence brought forward in a paper read in 1839, at the Irish Royal Academy, by Mr. Ball, even pre-historic Ireland must have possessed breeds of cattle peculiar to the country. Judging from the remains of oxen found in bogs in Ireland it appears to have possessed at least one native race of cattle peculiar to itself. In *Irish Names of Places*, Dr. Joyce noticed the frequent allusion to the cows in the legendary lore of the Irish, as, for example, in the story of Breasal Boidhiobhadh, a King of Ireland, A.M. 5001, whose cognomen was derived from *bo*, "a cow," and *diobhadh*, "death," on account of a great mortality of cows in his reign. We read in reference to this disaster, in the *Annals of Clonmacnoies*:—

In his time there was such a morren of cows in this land as there were no more then left alive but one bull and heiffer in the whole kingdom, which bull and heiffer lived at a place called Gleann Sawasge. This glen is situated in the county of Kerry, in the parish of Templemoe, north-west of Kenmare, and near the valley of Glencarr, and it is still called Gleannsamhaisch—the Valley of the Heifer. The tradition is well remembered in the county, and they tell many wonderful stories of this bull and heifer, from which they maintain the whole race of Irish cows is descended.

It has been imagined that Kerry, whose breed of cattle is especially distinctive, may have been the scene of this disaster. Further evidence in regard to breeds has been derived from a set of skulls of cattle which have been preserved in the National Museum, and of which Dr. Wilde observed, in a paper read before the Royal Irish Academy, that "the whole collection offers incontestable proof that at a remote period Ireland possessed not only several varieties of cattle, but also breeds analogous to those most valued in England at the present day, and lately re-introduced into this country."

We were told at the Conference by Mr. Carroll, Superintendent of the Agricultural Department of National Education in Ireland, that Dr. Sullivan's collection of O'Curry's lectures on the manners and customs of the ancient Irish, assigns a prominent position to the cow in public estimation, that the value of milk was well understood in old times, as well as the use of butter. We are told that—

Laws regulated the diet which should be set before visitors of distinction, as well as that of prisoners. The use of butter on certain days was prescribed, and it would appear that butter was considered not alone a luxury but also a valuable food. "The

class of food and attendance," says Dr. Sullivan, "which each man was entitled to was fixed by law in proportion to his rank, in the same way as his corpdire." ("Corpdire" was the fine paid to a person for bodily injury to himself.)

Fynes Moryson, writes in 1563, on the diet of the Irish, "They feed most upon white-meats, and esteem for a great dainty sour curds, vulgarly called Bonachlabbe, and for this cause they watchfully keep their cows, and fight for them as for religion and life; and when they are almost starved, yet they will not kill a cow, except it be old and yield no milk, yet will they upon hunger in time of war open a vein of a cow and drink the blood." He says, "The greatest part of these calves they cast out to be eaten by the *crowes* and *woolves*, that themselves may have more abundance of milk." Dr. Sullivan states that, "Milk, besides being taken in its natural fresh state, and as skimmed milk, furnished butter, curds, and cheese. Butter, whilst abundant in summer, was preserved in small firkins or barrels for winter use, and for expeditions and feasts. Many of these vessels filled with butter are found in peat bogs, being altered into a hard, crystalline fat free from salt."

This, perhaps, is rather old-world lore. Passing on to the time of Arthur Young, that eminent authority did not fail to notice the excellence of Irish cows which produced, he assures us, more milk than those of this country, yielding from four to six pounds of butter per week, while any cow that gave less than eight quarts of milk daily would be rejected. As for the famous Kerry cows, which are now becoming so fashionable on account of their large production of rich milk and their small size—for you may tether them on a lawn, and house them in the smallest shed—he met with three specimens, kept by a Colonel Marlay, which yielded from the middle of May till the middle of September twenty-four pounds of butter per week.

The dairy system in the great dairy district of the South of Ireland, at the time of Arthur Young's visit, was the same as at present. Cows were let to dairymen at from 50s. to 70s. per cow for the season, and they were expected to give at least two gallons of milk daily. About an acre and a half of grass per cow was required for pasture.

Passing on rapidly, we may here state that the value of the exports of butter from Ireland to England rose from £173,259 in 1768 to £422,883 in 1825, when the extent of the traffic between the two countries ceased to be recorded. As to the possibilities of the future production the United Kingdom produces at the present time 90,000 tons of butter, and consumes 205,000 tons, or 13 lbs. per head of the population. Germany produces 160,000 tons and consumes 160,000 tons, or 8 lbs. per head. France produces 90,000 tons, and consumes 65,000 tons, or 4 lbs. per head. Russia also produces 90,000 tons, and consumes 86,000 tons, or 2 lbs. per head. The consumption of Austria is identical with her production, viz. 88,000 tons, or 5 lbs. per head. Scandinavia consumes 11 lbs. per head, and can spare for export 15,000 tons annually; while Holland, consuming 6 lbs. per head, can spare 36,000 tons a year. France,

Holland and Scandinavia are the countries that send us the greater part of the 115,000 tons of butter which are annually imported; while the United States and Canada furnish most of the balance, producing, as they do, 404,000 tons, and consuming 374,000 tons.

We offer these dry statistics for the purpose of showing the capabilities of our leading rivals in butter-making, and in order to make apparent the propriety of an improvement and extension of our dairy industry, especially in Ireland, so that we may add 115,000 tons to our annual production and save £11,500,000 in the amount of our imports.

At present the 1,418,726 milch cows in Ireland are entirely devoted to the making of butter and the supply of milk to the towns. Cheese-making has not been introduced, owing to the minute division of much of the land, and to the want of technical knowledge. The cows in recent times have been very much mixed with those of English and Scotch blood, such as Ayrshires and Shorthorns; and nothing is now needed but care and persistence in selection, for the production of a magnificent breed of dairy cattle founded on our large varieties. But at present such useful work is suspended by the state of the country, and the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland, which would have taken the lead in the encouragement of such work, has been compelled to abandon its exhibitions in various parts of the country, and is, in fact, about to retire from the field for want of support. The Kerry cattle, as a true breed of the country from which they are named, will always hold their own, as in every sense furnishing the best dairy cow for poor land. But although all attempts to improve the old stock by crossing have proved unavailing, they greatly need systematic and scientific breeding, with selection, for the purpose of establishing a uniform type and a true breed instead of the heterogeneous race which are found on the hills at present owned by stock farmers who are scarcely worthy of the name.

It can easily be imagined that any large proportion of the Irish farmers are indifferent managers of stock and impossible butter-makers. In spite of evictions and emigration, and of various attempts to relieve congested districts of their surplus population, one-fifth of the holdings in Ireland are still under five acres. Speaking generally these small occupiers, bearing but a slight resemblance to any class called farmers in England, live in a state of chronic poverty, which a single bad season degrades into destitution. It has been said with truth that they are fonder of politics than of farming, and that they are experts on the question of land tenure, holding very advanced views. They are not, as a rule, industrious, and they are rarely cleanly, herded together as their

families are in the most primitive home-built houses, with peat fires and pigs included in the *menage*. We will not say that these people are an incubus and cause of dire misfortune to their country, but we do say that even if their capital sufficed they would still be totally unfit for carrying out the only industries that suit their soil and climate, which are stock-raising and butter-making.

Winter dairying has been hitherto entirely neglected in Ireland, and in this direction a great deal might be done by a class of tenantry receptive of new ideas, and capable of carrying out sustained efforts of industry. On those larger farms comprised in the dairy district of the south of Ireland, the milk is set until the whole of the cream has risen, and sour or ripened cream is churned. In the north the opposite method of churning the whole of the milk has been adopted, probably on account of the ready sale for buttermilk.

As to the improvements now in progress they are admirable and most creditable to those by whom they have been originated, but the extent of their adoption has been limited by those painful causes which have been already briefly noticed. An initial step was taken in 1879 when the Royal Agricultural Society sent a commission to investigate the dairying of the Continent, composed of Canon Bagot, and others, whose reports contained much valuable information. Under the auspices of the same society a working dairy was exhibited at Clonmel in 1880, when the improved systems of butter-making were carried out in the presence of Irish agriculturists by a German dairymaid. The Munster dairy school was founded in the same year by the Commissioners of National Education, after representations which were made by the Cork Agricultural Society, much to its honour, for this was the first dairy school established in the United Kingdom.

At the International Dairy Show held in Dublin in 1882, the same work was carried on by lectures on dairying, and the exhibition of a working dairy. Previously to this Canon Bagot had organized a travelling dairy which was sent to various stations by the Royal Agricultural Society, and which did good service. A further step was taken two years since, when the Commissioners of National Education instituted a department for dairy instruction to young women at their agricultural establishment Glasnevin, near Dublin. The Creameries Association of Ireland, which has been established recently for the purpose of encouraging associated dairying, has already twelve dairies affiliated. Factories have also been started here and there for the purpose of mixing the butter of small farmers, on the continental system, for the sake of that uniformity of quality which merchants require.

It must be admitted that much good work has been effected for

the education of the farmers. Among existing drawbacks must be mentioned the want of improved means of carrying butter by railway and steamboat. We should like to describe the farm at Glasnevin, which furnished daily to the sittings of the conference at Dublin a strong contingent of intelligent pupils, the sons of farmers. Still more interesting in some respects was our visit to the Munster Dairy School, with its large establishment and numerous dairymaids in training, and which furnished an excellent luncheon to the numerous visitors from England, and others, prepared by the pupils of the cookery class. But the limits of space forbid further details.

We shall only add that the seeds of improvement already sown will bear fruit among all those farmers who cherish the rising crop, and thereby serve their country by extending her industry.

HENRY EVERSHED.

BURKE AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

I PROPOSE to add one more to the many expositions already made of the course taken by Burke in the crowning passage of his life and of European history in his century. This design may seem both superfluous and presumptuous. But I see no reason to apologize for it; the present enlightened age is not remarkable for the length of its memory: even a halting attempt to remind it of the reasons and motives that determined the conduct of our greatest political thinker at an extraordinary crisis may not be thrown away. In any case, such a reminder can hardly be held to be inopportune—indeed, is never inopportune; Burke's thoughts are always in season, are of the order that "custom cannot stale."

My work is, however, one of exposition merely; my only effort is to reach some degree of clearness regarding the exact meaning of Burke's hostility to the French Revolution, the modes of thought and feeling, the moral and intellectual springs of action that ruled in Burke's nature, and set him, almost from the first, in unrelenting antagonism to the movement. My primary aim, in fact, is not criticism; is neither to justify nor to condemn; it is simply to get a good look at the subject, to gaze steadily at the chief workings, during the last seven years of their activity on earth, of one of the richest natures that have ever toiled in the cause of England and of humanity, until they consent to give up their secret—which they cheerfully do to anyone that honestly seeks for it. Burke's hatred of that master-movement of modernism, of that ruthless creature and creator of the mysterious force that critics name the modern spirit, for a time absorbed almost all his energies, exhausted his spirits, and, as some think, brought his life to a premature close. There stands on record no historic example of a deeper-seated, more inveterate, more unappeasable, more illimitable rage. Very irrational, unphilosophic, and wrong-headed it all seems; the emotion of the critical mind before it was once most touching; certain critics still shake their heads over it, and bewail the waywardness of genius. One great authority not long ago read madness in it, but wisely thought it would be "displaying a

morbid curiosity to attempt to raise the veil, and trace the decay of so mighty a mind."* Of its sanity, however, its entire reasonableness, even its obligatory force, Burke himself never had a doubt; to him the warfare of these seven years was absolutely of a piece with the warfare of the twenty-five that preceded, was but "one fight more, the *best* and the last." In such a subject there is surely no lack of the larger elements of human interest.

An earlier and well-known passage of Burke's career so decidedly illustrates that side of his nature which revealed itself with such distinctness in his attitude towards the French Revolution, that it may be useful to glance at it first. I refer to his connexion with Bristol. His conduct during that connexion looks like a serious rehearsal, in a narrower field and on modester conditions, of the part he was to play in the most awful of all practical issues.

Rather more than a hundred years ago, in October 1776, Burke stood for the first time on the Bristol hustings, having a few minutes before finished his sleepless drive of forty-four continuous hours from the little Yorkshire borough that had just gone through the formality of electing him; the honour, the "awful situation," as he called it, which he had been suddenly asked by the local Whig leaders to seek, being in his opinion one that justified unusual exertions. Though tardy in his arrival and even in his nomination, he gained the awful situation, beating his opponent at the poll, and on the petition that followed the election. But the alliance was hardly formed when the seeds of dissolution were sown. Burke and his new constituents were at issue from the first on a constitutional question that has not yet lost its importance; they deemed him bound to speak and vote in Parliament as they instructed. He contended—and frankly told them his contention in his speech after the election—that he was under no such obligation, that he owed them not his industry only, but his judgment also; that he was member, not for Bristol only, but for the whole nation also; that in the august image of Great Britain which met in St. Stephen's Chapel, "not local purposes, nor local prejudices, ought to guide, but the general good, resulting from the general reason of the whole." This boded ill for the harmony of the connexion; and the sequel proved in strict keeping with the unpromising beginning. Burke found in Bristol a jealous and exacting taskmistress, Bristol found in Burke a too self-willed and broad-minded servant, most provokingly given to taking national and rational, instead of provincial and prejudiced views of public questions, and, worst of all, to voting on these questions as reason and conscience dictated. Their judgments, therefore, often differed. Burke judged that justice and sound policy alike called for some

* Buckle.

relaxation of the cruel and senseless legal bonds to which Irish industry and commercial enterprise had hitherto been condemned; Bristol judged otherwise, and sent its members peremptory orders to oppose the measures of relief brought in by the Government. These orders Burke disobeyed. "I conformed," he proudly said to his constituents afterwards, "to the instructions of truth and nature, and maintained your interest against your opinions with the constancy that became me." Burke judged that justice and humanity alike called for some mitigation of the old savage law of debt, which turned English prisons into hells swarming with woe-stricken wretches guilty of the unpardonable crime of ill-success; Bristol judged otherwise, and petitioned against, and directed its members to oppose, a very modest little Bill that Lord Beauchamp sought to carry with a view of abating the scandal. Again Burke spoke and voted as brain and heart, not as his constituents, prompted. Lastly, Burke judged that the time had come for relieving English Roman Catholics from the inhuman, insulting, and motiveless legal disabilities that cast a malignant shadow on the lives of many of England's worthiest sons, and gave his hearty support to the measure for repealing the statute that had imposed them. But the slumbering furies of a degenerate Protestantism at once awoke, and lashed certain of Burke's constituents into a rage against him that was not godlike; and this rage they treasured up and nursed in their hearts until the day of reckoning should come. For these sins against light and knowledge, when the day came, Bristol turned its back on the broadest-minded and manliest political thinker that has ever sat in Parliament, and put in his place some vanished shadow, who doubtless did not hold the dangerous doctrine that the voice of reason and justice was to be obeyed rather than the voice of his constituents. But Burke bore no grudge against his fickle supporters, and once more took the bye-way into the Commons which the little Yorkshire borough, on a hint from its magnanimous patron, again cheerfully threw open to him.

For all that, humanity is under some obligation to Bristol on this occasion. To its choice of Burke and its dealings with Burke when chosen, we owe some half-dozen political speeches and letters that for solid value are, in their kind, unmatchable in our language except by other utterances of the same speaker and writer. This ample return that Burke made to his constituents was made, not to Bristol only, but to the world; for among his distinguishing characteristics was the singular incapacity of speaking or writing upon any question to any audience or correspondents, anything of merely limited or ephemeral interest, or—to borrow a later expression of his own—of merely "parochial importance." Nothing of

his would consent to narrow its area of activity, or to die. Thus the Bristol of our great-grandfathers earned a renown that no other city has yet won—a renown that will last as long as the language. The only election speeches that have proved their right to a place in the front rank of English classics were spoken in the Bristol Guildhall; the only letters to local officials to which the generations have sought, still seek, and will long continue to seek for light and strength, were addressed to Bristol sheriffs; the memory of Samuel Span, Esq., must continue long to belie his name. Preserved in the amber of Burke's works, these names will live long.

Here I have touched on what seems to me the most wonderful fact concerning Burke, the fact that bears unerring witness to the singularly exceptional, the almost transcendent character of his genius. Though a party-man, and too often an intemperate party-man, all his life, though having generally under his eye and in his heart the ordinary party-question of the hour, though usually longing for a party-triumph as the immediate goal of his desire, though seeming to his hearers to outstrip his peers only in party-passion and the unmeasured violence of his denunciations, he could not lift his voice in Parliament or on the hustings, could not pen a pamphlet in the cause of his party, could not write a letter explanatory of a vote, without falling into a strain of thought and feeling, seemingly the mere natural effusion of the moment, that had not a perennial, universal element in it, springing direct from the centre, of force to enlighten, invigorate, and refresh the souls of men throughout the ages. To him it was a destiny unshunnable as death to speak with the large thought of a born thinker, and with an equally large utterance, after a fashion of his own, in which he has never had an equal nor even an imitator. These kingdoms have given birth to a fair share of political philosophers and a fairer share of orators, both of undisputed excellence, but, besides Burke, to none that was both philosopher and orator, and supreme as both. Mr. Matthew Arnold quarrels with Goldsmith's well-worn criticism of him, alleging that it is far from true that Burke "to party gave up what was meant for mankind." I hold, however, that Goldsmith was right, and yet that Mr. Arnold is not wrong; and that the special character and full grandeur of Burke's genius may best be seen in the reconciliation of these apparent contradictions. Regarded from the outside, Burke's public career was one of almost unbroken and single-minded devotion to the cause of party; for twenty-five years he lavished the whole wealth of his nature on the service of party; he seemed never to grow weary of straining his throat to persuade the Tommy Townshends of the day to lend him their votes; in that part of the volume of

his works which precede his writings on the Revolution hardly an utterance may be found which had not party feeling as its immediate motive, and did not reach forward to party ends. But through all a potent force was constantly working; the higher intellect, the larger soul, the more human heart, were asserting themselves; the insuppressible element in him that belonged to the Universe and the Future, kept perpetually bursting through the external crust of what belonged merely to party connexion and the present; in fact, while Burke the Whig was storming, perorating, hurling sarcasm, scorn, defiance at the Right Honourable Gentleman on the floor, or the Noble Lord in the Blue Ribbon, rising and sinking through all the moods in the scale of eloquence, Burke the Immortal was calmly shaping the glorious thoughts that enrich the understanding and animate the soul. Under Burke the Whig men, even men of intellect and sensibility, fell asleep, while they thumbed the works of Burke the Immortal to rags. Burke undoubtedly did give up his entire energies to party, but as undoubtedly these energies proved themselves in the consequence to have been *meant* for mankind. At all events mankind has them, and will be slow to part with them.

In this respect it is, perhaps, not altogether fanciful to trace a resemblance between Burke and Shakespeare. The Globe Theatre, the pleasure of the pleasure-seekers that assembled there, his own worldly interests and those of his fellows—these and such-like things formed the conditions under which Shakespeare wrote; the first longing of his heart was to make plays that would fill the house, bring grist to the mill, wealth and the consideration that comes from wealth to himself. But the miraculous power that dwelt in the man, his countless gifts and inborn graces, the sum, in fact, of those mysterious faculties that men call the genius of Shakespeare, were busy doing their work in everything he did; and while he was painfully toiling in "the forge and working-house of thought," hammering out quips and conceits and verbal quibbles that might tickle the fancies of the wits, or blowing out swelling bombast that might gratify the ears of the groundlings, they—these mystic creative forces—were insensibly moulding his material into deathless dramas, beautiful works of art, were making the obscure London playwright "immortal in his own despite." Shakespeare's greatness lies in this, that, while consciously writing for the Globe Theatre, and with homely though not ignoble aims, he was led, perhaps unconsciously, at most half-consciously, into writing for the Universe also. Now the Whig Party and the House of Commons were Burke's Globe Theatre; to forward the interests of his connexion, in which his own were included, to harass and damage his political foes, to hasten the happy day of Tory defeat and Whig

accession to office, were his primary objects; and to the gaining of these he bent the full might of his matchless powers. But by the operation of the Universal genius within him, to which the Whig Party was but a section of humanity and the existing generation but one of a long series of generations stretching back into the dim past and forward into the dark future, the *Thoughts on the Present Discontents*, the speeches on *Conciliation with America*, *Economical Reform*, *The Nabob of Arcot's Debts*, his great Bristol speech, even the *Letters on a Regicide Peace*, issued from his lips or study as classic compositions, weighty with thought, rich in world-wisdom, not unworthy of as high a place among their kind as *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and the *Tempest* were among theirs. Burke spoke often to dull, if not deaf, ears in his own time; but his real hearers have proved to be those on whose ears his voice never fell.

Burke's work in his Whig harness, however, was not thrown away; far from it. We have no reason to deplore his eager pursuit of political distinction, or to be jealous of "the Saviles, the Dowdeswells, the Wentworths, the Bentincks," for their apparent monopoly of a life that belonged to mankind. Just the reverse is the case; we have reason to be glad of it. Not only was Burke thereby enabled to do more than one splendid stroke of work in practical legislation, and for the general good, but also half, perhaps more than half, the value of the immortal part of him is due to his knowledge and experience of practical politics, to his perfect mastery of those politics in all their details. A close and accurate observer, as well as an untiring student, he had gained a familiarity with the vast and complicated working of the State machine, from its very pulse to its commonest outward manifestations, had more than once presided in one of its departments, and shown an aptitude for the management of public business without parallel before or since in a man of radically speculative genius. His, therefore, was no purely speculative genius; in his highest flights of thought and imagination his eye never strayed from the busy, bustling, but to him undistracting, work of public life and action; seldom did his feet lose their hold on the firm earth. Had Burke never been drawn into active politics, or been drawn into them before letters had won a goodly share of his allegiance, he could not have failed to develop into a mere political philosopher with a restless, insatiable brain, an unchecked imagination, and an imperfect sense of the impossible, or a mere statesman of the passing generation, a brilliant debater, an efficient administrator, a popular orator, a spirit of the storm in Parliament and the country, in a word must have grown into a William Godwin or a Charles Fox. Not only was he both "of an age and for all

time," but he also could not have been so effectually "for all time" had he not been "of an age" as well.

Burke "is so great," says Mr. M. Arnold, "because, almost alone in England, he brings thought to bear on politics, saturates politics with thought." Here, again, I venture to be imperfectly satisfied with a judgment of the great critic's. Undoubtedly, Burke was great because of the fact stated, but not *so* great; his habitual saturation of politics with thought does not explain the full measure of his greatness, leaves still a considerable complement to be accounted for, does not rise to the height of the argument. Men of genius have, I think, lived in England as rich in political thought as he, who have missed Burke's greatness. Burke is *so* great, I take it, because in him, alone of British men, we have strong, manly, liberal thought, and strong, manly, liberal feeling combined; have a wealth of intellect and a wealth of generous emotion blended in the closest of possible unions. It is not altogether that his intellectual part and his moral part grew and laboured side by side on equal terms, that head and heart always moved together by a kind of pre-established harmony; it is something more than either. It is that in him the thinking faculty and the emotional force formed a single irresistible energy, have united into a sort of spiritually-chemical compound; in any case—to use Coleridge's word—"interpenetrate" each other. Like Joubert, Burke had a "very headstrong heart and a very loving head"; his most passionate passages are laden with thought, his most thoughtful are warm with generous passion. I might go farther and say, that the various simples whose aggregate made Burke's spiritual endowment, had become fused together into a single, grand master-virtue; at any rate, the orderly array of his manifold powers went to war against wickedness, stupidity, and bigotry, with a singleness of aim, a concentrated vigour, and a precision that could come only from a single life animating them all. It is this fact that gives elevation of sentiment and tone to Burke's nature. Whatever he touched became at once gilded with a winning glow; he approached the most vulgar concerns of politics in the spirit of religion. "In the way that men call party, I worship the constitution of your fathers," he wrote to the Sheriffs of Bristol; and men love to repeat the words, and gather strength from them still. Him no curiously-cut and curiously-finished, no lifeless definition of the State will satisfy; the energy of a moving passion must be shot through it, and make it a living thing for men. "The State is not a partnership in things subservient only to the gross animal existence, of a temporary and perishable nature. It is a partnership in all science, a partnership in all art, a partnership in every virtue, and in all perfection. As the

ends of such a partnership cannot be obtained in many generations, it becomes a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born." Some of us hear now and then of a thing called historical perspective; but Burke alone, who never heard of it, can define it in words that stick to one. It is "that elevation of thought which places centuries under our eye, and brings things to the true point of comparison, which obscures little names and effaces the colours of little parties, and to which nothing can ascend but the spirit and moral quality of human actions." His works are sown thick with examples; these few have, I hope, adequately illustrated my meaning. Burke was himself conscious of this exceeding sensibility. "It is a subject," he once wrote of a passing question, "on which I have often reflected, and never reflected without feeling from it." When Francis told him that his high-pitched eloquence about the sorrows of Marie Antoinette was "pure foppery," "I tell you again," wrote Burke in reply, "that the recollection of the manner in which I saw the Queen of France in 1774, and the contrast between that brilliancy and beauty and the prostrate homage of a nation to her, and the abominable scene of 1789 which I was describing, *did* draw tears from my eyes, and wetted my paper." This, then, would seem to be the true source of Burke's greatness, the secret of his continuous sway over the minds of men. Other great speakers have had it in them to steep in feeling their "strenuous, direct, high-spirited talent of oratory," supposed to be exclusively characteristic of our race, and thereby to conquer the applause alike of listening senates and of popular audiences; but the kindling spirit of their eloquence has died away with men's interest in its subject, and a stagnant pool of rhetoric alone remains. Other great writers on politics have thought deeply, reasoned logically, and speculated brilliantly; but, lacking that wide human interest, that large capacity of feeling, that broad practical knowledge, that come only to great natures from contact with great affairs, they either do not move at all, or move the men that move the world. But in Burke the two capacities inseparably co-exist; and the result is that his speeches—the remark is Mr. Leslie Stephen's—"are the only English speeches which may still be read with profit when the hearer and the speaker have long been turned to dust."

At this point I am again tempted into the slippery ways of paradox. It was Coleridge's opinion that Burke "rarely showed all his powers unless when he was in a passion"; and it was also Coleridge's opinion that "in his writings the germs of almost all political truths might be found." If this view be correct, passion did for Burke what he himself says "strong passions" often do

for men, "awaken the faculties. They allow not a particle of the man to be lost." My paradox is, that in his case passion sharpened and extended his vision, made him see clearer, and see farther than his calmer mood; that which usually dims, and sometimes blinds the inward eye, purged his. Perhaps his passion was but the boundless interest that he took in everything that concerned mankind, was the passion of humanity, putting an intense strain on all his nobler faculties, and so working them up to a pitch of efficiency little short of prodigious. His writings on the French Revolution are instinct with a passion that is always transcendent, often, too often, furious, once or twice even convulsive, a passion to which I know no parallel save one in our literature, that of the *Latter Day Pamphlets*. Yet in no other English writings are there found so many indisputable proofs of extensive, correct, and even minute foresight; his conception of the movement may have been false, and was certainly inadequate; but the almost unerring power that he shows of foretelling many of its immediate, and not a few of its remotive consequences, is extremely startling. We shall have a few examples of it shortly. It is true, painfully true, that this passion of Burkes often became his master, and swept him headlong into deplorable extravagances of thought and speech. Hence those numerous passages in this group of his works, that shock most readers, irritate some, and sadden others, passages that the ungovernable rage of the moment have stamped with all the faults of violence, injustice, and bad taste. For Burke's faults —and he had many—are all faults of excess; his passionate sensibility had a trick of swiftly passing into an exceeding fiery temper, under whose influence he lost for a moment all sense of propriety and played fantastic tricks that made the irreverent scoff and the judicious grieve.

Burke's bearing towards the movement in France that a few months after it received its official impulse became the Great Revolution, had something distinctive in it almost from the first. An unflinching and zealous Whig all his life, a vehement champion of the Americans throughout their Revolution, a vigilant guardian of the cause of Liberty everywhere, and an active reformer, he would seem to have given this movement a cold welcome into the political world, to have looked at it askance and with a questioning air even at the outset. His heart certainly did not go out towards it as the hearts of the other great Whigs did; instead of sympathising with it he observed it curiously; "the thing," he wrote to a friend in August, 1789, "has somewhat in it paradoxical and mysterious . . . the progress of the whole affair is one of the most curious matters for speculation that ever was exhibited." Then came misgivings; he began to watch the thing narrowly and

nervously; and long before it had disclosed its special character to others, he came to the conclusion regarding it that all the world has long known. Not only did he lose all faith in it, but he conceived a hatred of it that gave him no rest, and drove him into a warfare against it that ceased only with his latest breath. His wrath was fed by various streams of feeling, contempt and horror, disgust and terror, sorrow because of the deluge of woes that he saw about to burst over the world from this single source, a pervading sense of the scandal that "the red fool fury of the Seine" was bringing on the cause he loved. To his political friends his conduct was inscrutable and alarming; while their hearts swelled with enthusiasm, and they proclaimed their assurance of the infinite promise that lay in the movement for France and Europe, glorifying it in Parliament whenever the rules of debate permitted, he declared in reply that "he would spend his last breath, and the last drop of his blood, he would quit his best friends, and join his worst enemies, to oppose the least tittle of such a spirit or such an example in England." This was early in 1790, when his great book was yet unpublished. And for a year or two after this he stood utterly alone; not one even of the Tory leaders shared in his convictions. There is indeed a striking and most instructive contrast between the feelings that the Revolution excited in Burke, the way-worn statesman and veteran, thinker, whose whole life, as he was once stung into boasting had been a struggle for the liberty of others, and those of the budding philosophers and poets—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey—who were eagerly looking forward to a wider and more animated life spent in the same ennobling service. *They* found it "bliss in that dawn to be alive," and "very heaven to be young." "Alas!" moaned Burke, "the few of us who have protracted life in any measure near to the extreme limits of our short period, have been condemned to see strange things, new systems of policy, new principles, and not only new men, but what might appear a new species of men." Yet in a few years every one of these spirits of the dawn had been sucked into the whirlpool of Toryism; and in the Tory faith they all died.

The story of his secession from the Whig ranks and solemn renunciation before Parliament of his allegiance to the leader that he had often led, has been told a hundred times; and I will spare my readers its recital. His conduct in thus severing himself from a party with whose traditional principles he was in perfect agreement, only because he had a different opinion from its other leaders about the affairs of a neighbouring country, had few defenders then, and has many assailants still, and undoubtedly it was in the consequence the signal—some say the cause—of a long

succession of disasters and humiliations to the Whigs. But to Burke the French Revolution was the most momentous question for European, and therefore for English, statesmen that had arisen for ages, a question that for a generation at least would make all other questions of little account; for English statesmen to misinterpret it, to choose the wrong road in dealing with it, might, in his opinion, mean a train of political and social convulsions, calamities, horrors, such as England had not suffered since she became a civilized nation. The thing in the speeches of Fox and Sheridan that pained and alarmed him most, was the insinuation, if not actual assertion, that it might be well for England to copy the new French fashions in some points. That French Constitution, which proved to be only the first in what Charles Lamb would call a quarter of a mile of constitutions—the one that wouldn't march—Fox pronounced "the most stupendous and glorious edifice of liberty which had been erected on the foundation of human integrity in any time and country"; and Burke, who regarded this imposing structure as the perfection of human *un*wisdom, was aghast at his friend's words. To act with a party whose leaders held opinions that he felt to be fatal seemed impossible; and he abandoned it, retiring not long after from Parliament also. His last advice to his old pupil and chief, who freely owned that he had been instructed more by him than by all other men and books put together—who had, in fact, "learned his great language, caught his clear accents"—was "Fly from the French Constitution." To Burke, this Constitution was the political wrath to come.

This passage in Burke's life repeats in some of its features, but in connexion with a vastly wider range of interests, his experience at Bristol; and we are under a similar obligation to the causes that led to it. There is, however, this difference between our gains from the earlier, and those from the later source, that the latter belong almost exclusively to literature in its strictest form, consist of *Reflections*, *Thoughts*, *Appeals*, *Considerations*, *Letters*, and such like: his audience is no longer Parliament and his party only, but Britain and Europe. But, whether it be with pen or lips, Burke always *speaks*, is always a voice. We do not read him, we listen to him; it is curious that all his writings of the Revolution group, save one or two of secondary value, are addressed to real persons, there would seem to have been a stimulus for him in even the imagined presence of a hearer. Hence comes, perhaps, the moving, kindling, pulsatory power that informs these; hence, too, perhaps, the grand roll and swell, the sustained volume as well as penetrating intensity of eloquence that characterize them. From no prose works of English growth have come forth so many

of those utterances that peal through the souls of men from generation to generation. Throughout these writings reigns a single tyrannous conviction, that this French Revolution was "a vast, tremendous, unformed spectre," and that it had arisen in a guise far more terrific than any which had yet overpowered the imagination and subdued the fortitude of men; throughout them rings one dominant note, the note of undying hatred and enmity, a note that at times becomes almost a hiss of concentrated scorn and defiance, which says as plainly as words can say, "Here, ye raging and blustering Anarchic Powers, is one son of order whom you will never bend to your will, who will fight against you as long as his fingers can hold a pen."

These writings begin with arraigning the Revolution at the judgment-bar of civilized mankind as proceeding upon false and fatal principles; they end with an impassioned protest against England making peace with the Anarchic Powers until the objects of the war had been fully gained. So fierce and unrelenting is the spirit that rages in this last of his works that once at least it made Mr. Buckle's flesh creep; it contains a sentence which this historian, who goes very near idolatry in his admiration of its writer, stigmatizes as "a horrible sentence, perhaps the most horrible ever penned by an English politician." This horror of Mr. Buckle's, though, in my opinion, without fair warrant, is significant of the character of the work. The explanation of this unwelcome temper and conduct in a much-loved statesman Mr. Buckle found in a diseased condition of Burke's brain. "It would be affectation," he said, "to deny that . . . during the last few years of his life the feelings of Burke finally o'ermastered his reason; the balance tottered; the proportions of that gigantic intellect were disturbed." Buckle's case is stronger than he seems himself to have suspected; there are more convincing proofs of it than that "it is certain," "is evident," that one Member of Parliament "hinted at Burke's madness, even in his presence," that another reports him as having "finished his wild speech in a manner next to madness," that he denounced the Republic and its leaders with unmeasured violence, and never wearied of pelting them with words and phrases of furious abuse. There is the unimpeachable testimony of Citizen Lasource, who warmed his imagination with a vision of that glorious coming day when "that Orestes of the British Parliament, that madman Burke," would first "be laid prostrate before the altar of Liberty," and then "mount the scaffold that awaits him." There is the equally unimpeachable testimony of the whisper that stole through the clubs that he was often seen going about his Beaconsfield farm kissing his horses and hugging his cows. Notwithstanding these weighty proofs, however, I for

one am still unconvinced. If Burke were mad when he wrote the *Letter to a Noble Lord*, one would not mind having a touch of his disease; if he were mad when he called Robespierre an "execrable villain," he was madder when he called Warren Hastings a "swindling Macenas." If an excessive indulgence in the luxury of abusing the upholders of hated opinions be a mark of madness, most men of genius have been mad at times. In any case, Burke's lucid intervals are so numerous, so prolonged, and so inspiriting, that we only regret, and readily forgive, his relapses into his normal state.

It may be that there was a touch of fanaticism in Burke. It is a sharp saying of Macaulay's, that he chose his side like a fanatic and defended it like a philosopher. To my mind, it would be nearer, yet still a good way from, the truth to say that he chose his side like a philosopher and defended it like a fanatic. But after all, what open-minded man, what honest thinker, ever *chooses* his side? In all the great crises of life at least, it is his side that chooses him. His side has been determined from the first by conditions that dictate and will be obeyed; the so-called choosing is merely the process whereby the imperious dictator works his will. This, I suspect, is the true explanation of the attitude towards the French Revolution that his political friends, somewhat to their surprise, found Burke firmly planted in while that movement had hardly yet got under weigh. I am disposed to agree with his own contention, that his public career, from the day he entered Parliament to the day he left it, was substantially consistent, that he was as good a Whig when he wrote his famous vindication of the pension he accepted from the Crown as when he wrote the *Present Discontents*, and that his course in throwing the weight of his voice and pen into the scale against the Revolution, was not only in entire harmony with the principles of his whole life hitherto, but already determined by the strength of his attachment to those principles. I think that had there been among his contemporaries another man of equal honesty, sagacity, penetration, power and depth of feeling—in a word, another Burke—who had made him his study as much as he made politics and society in the past and present *his*, he—this other Burke—would have been able to foretell that our Burke would be an irreconcilable enemy of such a movement as the French Revolution, and the most uncompromising antagonist of its friends, even if some of these had been the dearest among his own. A clear-sighted student, who had the intellectual conscience to fix his attention exclusively on the essentials of a political creed, would be able, I am convinced, to trace an unbroken continuity of fundamental doctrine throughout Burke's works from his earliest to his latest. And the reason why his wrath was

kindled into a flame of seven-fold intensity against the French Revolution was, that it struck at the heart of his system of political belief; if its principles and ideas were sound, then the faith he had clung to and preached his whole life, was a fond imagination, a body of mischievous error.

The fundamental article of Burke's creed as a statesman was that the science of Government—which he defines as "a contrivance of human wisdom to provide for human *wants*"—was an experimental science, that semi-civilized and civilized mankind had been for long engaged in making, however unwillingly and unwittingly, the experiments necessary to the ascertaining and establishment of its principles, that human history was a record of the successes and failures of these; and that it was the part of practical wisdom to read these aright, and draw from them the guiding light indispensable to the management of State affairs. Experience is the word that strikes the key-note of Burke's political philosophy; to him experience was a judge from whose decision there was no appeal; "the solid test of long experience" was the nearest possible approach to an unerring guide through the intricacies of human affairs vouchsafed to man; he speaks as scornfully of those who "consulted their invention and rejected their experience" in dealing with the American question in 1774, who remained unconvinced when "experience had given judgment," as of those later objects of his abhorrence, the French regenerators of society on abstract principles, who, he tells us, had "a certain inward fanatical assurance on all subjects, and who wholly abjured the errors and heresies of experience and observation." Every political system that had grown up in a nation was an embodiment of the experience of countless generations; the Constitution of the English People, for instance, was an expression of the practical genius of that people, working patiently for more than a thousand years, feeling its way towards a destiny of its own, and in its course not only unfolding certain vital principles, but also taking into its substance such new material as altered circumstances had made necessary to its expansion or continued vigour, and throwing off whatever had become obsolete and harmful. This Constitution was the tale of the experience of the English nation; and he who would play the part of State-Reformer in England must be very careful to read it aright. And quite as strong an obligation, he was persuaded, lay on those who would essay the far more difficult task of State-reform in France; the fact that France had grown great and developed an unconquerable strength under a particular kind of Government he regarded as an unanswerable argument in favour of there being something of special value in its long-tried political

system, something in harmony with the national character and adapted to the national wants, something that it would take generations to fittingly replace, which, therefore, in all systems of reform, however searching, it would be of vital importance to preserve. Burke's thoughts on this momentous question were in substance the same as those of Carlyle, though cast in a different mould, and finding a different, but still energetic, mode of utterance. Like his crabbed successor he looked upon the history of any great nation as a revelation of the principles and laws of action essential to the wise guidance of that nation, its records as the treasury of its hoarded experience, its fundamental institutions as the product of that experience. He would certainly have demurred to some things in Carlyle's language, but would as certainly have found himself in complete accord with such a sentiment as this :—" The History of a nation is the Bible of the nation ; what part of it they have laid to heart and do practically know for truth, is the available Bible they have." Or as this: " There is no Biography of a man, much less any History or Biography of a nation, but wraps in it a message out of Heaven, addressed to the hearing ear or the not hearing." But for a naked, undiluted expression of the sentiment it would not be easy to beat Bacon's : " The Counsels to which Time is not called, Time will not ratify." It was, therefore, not merely a leading principle with Burke, but an imperative duty, which a statesman could neglect only at a dreadful cost to his nation, to make use of existing materials in all reformations of the State.

This we may call the rational basis of that deep reverence for antiquity which filled Burke's soul as men's souls are filled with the fervour of a cherished religious belief, which was to him almost the " article of a standing or falling State." In words that remind one of the well-known but not always understood French saying, he told his countrymen that he was " obliged, by an infinitely overbalancing weight of authority, to prefer the collected wisdom of ages to the abilities of any two men living "—even if those two were Pitt and Fox. It is the basis of his favourite doctrine of prescription, and of the sacredness of all rights that rested thereon, " which, through long usage, mellows into legality Governments that were violent in their commencement." It is the basis of the tenderness which he shows for even the faulty parts of the Constitution, which he exhorts us " to improve with zeal, but with fear " ; for it was his opinion that " the very defects of a political system may tend to its stability, because they are agreeable to its nature." It is the basis of his assertion that " the State is a perpetual succession," and that " the greatest of all evils in a State is a blind and furious spirit of innovation under

the name of Reform." It is the basis of his conviction of the enormous value of prejudices to a people; he held that so far from these being condemnable as clogging the State's advance towards perfection, they were absolutely essential to that advance, that the well-being and steady growth of a nation depended on the transmission from generation to generation of a good solid stock of inherited prejudices, that a nation which had disencumbered itself of every traditional prejudice, fixing an impassable gulf between its present and its past, would soon find itself in a welter of confusion from which time and dear-bought experience alone could rescue it. For prejudices, he thought, contain a latent wisdom which was the uniformly continued sense of mankind, which human sagacity could not be better employed than in discovering; prejudices, rightly considered, were "the general bank and capital of all nations and of ages." It is the basis, too, of his refusal to reprobate any form of Government merely upon abstract principles, of his admission that there are "situations in which the purely democratic form will become necessary, and that there may be some where it would be clearly desirable." And it is the basis of his abhorrence and dread of systems, political mechanisms manufactured by human ingenuity out of materials supplied solely by itself.

From this radical rule of Faith necessarily sprang an aversion to abstract reasonings in politics, to which he gave repeated expression years before the beginning of the Revolution. Throughout his career few things were surer to put him in a passion than the advocacy in Parliament of a policy upon general principles; he never could listen with patience to any argument that was based on *a priori* grounds. He hated the very sound of metaphysical distinctions, he once declared in Parliament, as well as that "a resort to abstract ideas of right, to mere general theories of government, was, in the circumstances then present, no better than arrant trifling." He told the sheriffs of Bristol that "one sure symptom of an ill-conducted state was the propensity of the people to resort to theories." Subtle deductions, sweeping generalizations thrown out like nets in which the most dexterous practical politicians, however nimbly they skipped, might find themselves caught, he brushed contemptuously aside as idle, yet perilous, frivolities that impudently tried to win the notice of men absorbed in the task of shaping the policy of a great nation in the presence of pressing public questions, on which a false step might bring death or ruin to thousands. To the intrusion of philosophers into practical politics he had always a special dislike; and his opinion of metaphysical statesmen—Condorcet, for instance—is conveyed in one terrible sentence, which, let us hope, he wrote in his haste:

"Nothing can be conceived more hard than the heart of a thoroughbred metaphysician."

This attempt to indicate—for it is nothing more—one or two of the essential articles of Burke's political creed will perhaps be sufficient, in spite of its imperfect expression, to show that Burke's enmity to the Revolution was no mere caprice, was an inevitable thing, a kind of Fate. His principles were the breath of his intellectual and moral being; no saint or martyr ever lived or died with a firmer persuasion of the saving efficacy of his religious faith, than Burke had of the saving efficacy of his political. The political salvation of a people at any important turning-point of its destiny, depended on the observance of the rules of this faith; should this people, on such an occasion, reject its experience and consult its invention, it could not fail to do incalculable mischief to itself and others. Now this was precisely what France did in its terrible Revolution; it put itself unreservedly in the hands of men who denied everything that Burke affirmed, and affirmed everything that Burke denied; it spurned away from it as a pernicious thing that inheritance from the past which, along with much that was evil and not a little that was vile, contained that experience of ages which, in Burke's eyes, was of such priceless value to them, and never so distinctly priceless as at the dread moment when a thorough purgation of the whole state system had been decided to be necessary; it tore itself away with one demoniac wrench from its whole past, set all its energies to work, and brought into play all its vigilance, that it might carry into the new order it had planned not even the most paltry detail of the old. In De Tocqueville's words, "The French people submitted themselves to every species of constraint in order to fashion themselves otherwise than their fathers were; they neglected nothing that could efface their identity." They acted as if their entire history hitherto had been one gigantic blunder and crime without a single redeeming feature that was worth preserving; they proscribed the most colourless terms that reminded them of their former condition; for a time it was torture to French ears to hear these. The Revolution was therefore a process of destruction without example in human history for swiftness and finish; not one stone was left upon another in the whole fabric of society. As Taine puts it, it was not a revolution, but a *dissolution*; or, in Burke's more eloquent language, "a decomposition of the whole civil and political mass for the purpose of originating a civil order out of the first elements of society." It was chaos come again. The men of the Revolution "chose to act as if they had never been moulded into civil society, and had everything to begin anew." Burke did not live when genius, not incorrectly perhaps, gave fine names to this operation,

calling it a Phœnix fire-consummation, the death-birth of a world, and other grandeurs of expression; but if he had, they would not one whit have abated his horror and indignation. He looked upon it as a Medea's cauldron process, or rather as the action of the Chinaman who slays himself in California in the confident assurance that he will instantaneously find himself at his native home in the Flowery Land; and the men—the miscellany of country lawyers, country doctors, and country magistrates, that formed the third estate in the National Assembly—an impious parricidal band who were leading France straight into "a horrid medley of madness, vice, impiety, and crime." The necessity for great changes he did not deny; admitted, too, that good would come out of the dreadful evils he saw and the more dreadful he foresaw, but maintained with characteristic vehemence that patience would accomplish more than force, and that the regenerators of France were exacting from their countrymen and themselves the highest possible price, the uttermost farthing, for the benefits gained. He compared these to a man who sets his house on fire because his fingers are frost-bitten—for as yet Elia was not—seems to think them like Sylla's husbandman, who burned his only toga because it held certain vermin that troubled him. He moreover declared that "men had no right to deal out measureless evils to the present generation that future ones may benefit."

And the men that set France on the pyre, the principles on which they wrought, the new Phœnix that they hoped to cunningly substitute in place of the old, and the character of the phantom Phœnix itself—how Burke's gorge rose when he saw such men and such things intruded into practical politics at such an awful moment, and with such a trust committed to them. Among the first the most active spirits were abstract philosophers, metaphysicians, dreamers, generalizers of maxims of natural law, builders of systems, despisers of antiquity, daring speculators into the origin of society, with as absolute a confidence in their own ability to regenerate France as without experience in affairs, men whom Burke described as "carried with such a headlong rage towards every desperate trial that they would sacrifice the whole human race to the slightest of their experiments," and who certainly soon did strange work, work that converted for a time the sacred city of civilization into a Coomassie, and France into a land peopled by mere Furies. Upon the pernicious influence of these men the judgment of De Tocqueville is not materially different from Burke's, however different may be the temper in which it is given. The principles on which their action proceeded were of the kind that Burke had always detested, principles deduced from the myriad speculations of a speculative age—harmless, perhaps

stimulating, so long as they remained speculations—from airy abstractions woven out of native material by subtle brains that despised the ancient permanent sense of mankind, had faith only in all-victorious analysis, in individual reason, and had a fatal desire, peculiar, we are told, to the French character, to see their great ideas triumphant in practice. And as for their Phœnix of a Constitution, with its symmetry, its exquisitely proportioned parts, its graceful lines, its nice adjustments, so beautiful in the world of ideas, so helpless anywhere else, Burke's contempt for it as a thing constructed on a basis of metaphysics, geometry, and arithmetic, without any reference to "anything moral or anything politic, anything that relates to the concerns, the actions, the passions, the interests of men," was unbounded. Yet it was, though the first, the most highly-finished piece of mechanism turned out of the workshop of the indefatigable Constitution-builder of the time, the Abbé Siéyés. Its only defect was that it would not march; and it had to give place to a succession of other Phœnixes, all of exquisite workmanship, and mostly from the same works. The only thing, Burke said, that could give it a chance of success was that its frame-work should also "make a revolution in nature and provide a new constitution for the human mind."

There were many other things in the conduct of the makers of the Revolution that Burke regarded as mistakes so calamitous as to be crimes; but no space is left even to enumerate them. The childish impatience that they showed, their seeking to do in a year or two, at most, the work of as many generations—their attempting, in fact, to clear at a single bound the broad space that separated the old from the new age—seemed to him an ominous characteristic. But the master motive of this antagonism would seem to have been dread of the example in England. If the principles and ideas of the Revolution gathered head here, the sacred Constitution itself, in whose eyes, as our poet says, is the wisdom of a thousand years, would not be safe. What the church of S. Mary Redcliffe was to Chatterton, this Constitution was to Burke: an object of passionate reverence. He had gazed upon it so long and so lovingly, had pored over its minutest details with such admiration and sympathy, that it became a part of himself, its spirit got blended with his own. He watched over it, therefore, with jealous care, scented danger to it in every breeze, and flew at anything that approached it with a questionable look with the spirit of a brood-hen. But even on this topic I am not now at liberty to dwell.

Burke's works on this subject abound in faults, in gross and palpable blunders, misconceptions, misrepresentations, injustices, exaggerations; in an unwarrantable heightening of whatever was

redeeming in the men or institutions of the old *régime*; in an equally unwarrantable heightening of the crimes of the new. Yet a close scrutiny would, I suspect, reduce not inconsiderably the sum of the sins of this class laid to his charge. If he praises the parts, as well as the good intentions, of Louis XVI., De Tocqueville does the same; if he brands the French as a "Cannibal Republic," Carlyle solemnly avers that there was a tannery at Meudon for human skins—a statement that is at least a mythical, if not a literal, truth; if he reprobates the presiding genius of this Republic as "a spirit which evokes the powers of Hell to rectify the disorders of the Earth," Carlyle almost echoes his words,—"Hell, very Hell, bore sway on the Earth for a season." To enlarge on this topic is, however, also impossible at present.

Even now, after wagon-loads of books have been written on the Revolution, after an army of poets have sung so many lofty hymns, or wrung so many alliterations from the language, in its praise or reprobation, Burke has still, I think, a special right to be heard on the subject. No contemporary gave such decisive proof of exceptional insight into the character of the movement; and his forecast of its future is astonishing for general correctness and occasional accuracy. Alone among men then living, he had a premonition at the outset that it was no ordinary struggle for freedom, no simple revolt against oppression and wrong of the type familiar to readers of history; long before what De Tocqueville finely calls "the head of the monster" had become visible to others, its outlines, dim but unmistakable, had revealed themselves to Burke. Five months after the meeting of the States-General he stated his impression that the French "would have to pass through many varieties of untried being before the State reached its final form," and spoke of their "progress through chaos and darkness"; four months later, when not a suspicion of coming trouble ruffled the mental calm of other English statesmen, he wrote: "It looks to me as if I were in a great crisis, not of the affairs of France alone, but of all Europe, perhaps of more than Europe. All circumstances taken together, the French Revolution is the most astonishing that has hitherto happened in the world." He was the first to see that it was a European concern, would ere long set the whole of Europe boiling; when Pitt was confident that "the present convulsions of France must terminate in general harmony and regular order," he warned his countrymen that a terrible experience was in store for them. An entire year before the notorious decree of November 1792 went forth from the Convention, he alleged that it was "the very essence of the plan of the Revolutionary leaders to disturb and distract all other Governments," and predicted for France "an endless succession of rest-

less politicians that would pursue the same course." He thought the pure democracy of 1790 "in a direct train of becoming a mischievous and ignoble oligarchy"; and in a year or two it *was* one. And exactly at the same time, six years before men heard of Napoleon Buonaparte, he wrote these words: "Some popular general, who understands the art of conciliating the soldiery, and who possesses the true spirit of command, shall draw the eyes of all men upon himself. Armies will obey him on his own personal account. . . . But the moment in which that event will happen, the person who really commands your army is your master."* And in another place he says that this restored monarchy would probably be "the most completely arbitrary power that has ever appeared on earth." Two years before the 21st of January 1793, he recorded his belief that in spite of solemn declarations, oaths, addresses, and protestations, the French would "assassinate the King," and was at fault in only a single detail, that they would probably "*first* assassinate the Queen." In 1796, when someone spoke in his presence of the termination of the Revolution, he burst out: "The Revolution over! why, Sir, it is scarcely begun." He not merely asserted that the war would be a long war, but went near fixing its exact length. And, strangest thing of all, he foretold that the reigning Emperor (Francis II.) would, if he took a particular course, be the last to wear the Imperial Purple. Francis took that course, and he was the last.

A host of other considerations remain, but these must suffice at present. With one thought more I will close my paper, a thought that is full of consolation in its general application, and, on the worst supposition, indicatory of a place in the universal economy for this part of Burke's work. It seems to me one of Burke's happiest utterances, and to belong to that class of maxims which, as Joubert says, nourish the will. It is this: "Our antagonist is our helper."

* More than two years after Burke's death, the revolution of Brumaire happily accomplished, "Siéyés s'écria en présence des principaux auteurs du coup d'état: 'Messieurs, vous avez un maître! Bonaparte vent tout faire, il sait tout faire, et il peut tout faire.'"—Lanfrey, ii. 1.

J. Rowley.

FIFTY YEARS OF WOMEN'S WORK.

In looking back, from the vantage-ground of the present memorable year, over the past half-century, we cannot but be struck by the remarkable advance that has taken place in all matters concerning the position and occupations of women.

We may, indeed, say that it is fitting it should be so, when the fifty years have been passed under the rule and influence of a woman who has ever shown herself in sympathy with her sex. But the changes have been effected with such slow and gradual steps, and spread throughout a period which it exceeds the memory of many at the present time to grasp, that it may be well, and not without interest, to recall, in a brief summary, some of the results of that change which has passed over public opinion during the interval we have alluded to, and which has produced such astonishing consequences.

In considering the subject as a whole, there seem to be some natural divisions which we may discover on starting our inquiry. Women's work may be classed as official and unofficial; and the changes which have been effected in their position have been brought about either by legislative enactment, or public opinion and consent alone.

It can hardly be said that the progress we have alluded to has occupied the whole period of fifty years. With regard to one especial and important branch of work in which a decided emancipation took place—that of nursing—the date of the Crimean War (thirty-two years ago) is clearly our starting-point; and we may consider that the movement then begun, gave rise to the two remarkable lectures which embodied the thought and aspirations of many hitherto unspoken minds, on "Sisters of Charity" and "The Communion of Labour," delivered by the late Mrs. Jameson in 1855 and 1856, before sympathizing and appreciative audiences, a letter to Lord John Russell being added, as a preface, in 1859.

And in estimating the labours of those who have contributed to the results in which we all rejoice, let us not forget what we owe to those first labourers in the new and untilled ground. It is easy now to acquiesce in all that they accomplished; but it is not easy to place ourselves in their position, surrounded as they were by a "Chinese wall of prejudice," through which, at first, it seemed quite hopeless to attempt a breach. Let us do honour to the

noble courage and discernment of one who dared to attack and expose the defects of many of our systems and institutions, tracing to its true source the cause of the evils she proclaimed, viz. the exclusion of women from their rightful share in the social work it was intended, in the Divine order of things, that they should perform in common with men.

The generation which is generally known as that of our grandmothers, is considered to have been occupied by domestic and household work, and in the care of the family; but we are inclined to ask, if there was ever a time in which women were thus exclusively engaged? From the earliest ages of which we have records we find many women far otherwise occupied, even filling the highest posts amongst their fellow men.* And, coming down to later times, let us think of the long roll of heroines immortalized by Shakespeare, idealised, perhaps, but yet having their counterparts in history. Our own land will furnish abundant examples of this fact, besides the testimony of all other nations; for even in India, with no advantages of Western education, two Hindoos and one Mahommedan lady have been lately named as affording extraordinary instances of powerful character and influence in women.

In thus bringing into one point of view what has been done to advance women's work in recent years, one object has been to direct attention to the vast sphere of opportunities which already lies open to them, whatever doors may still be closed in front of the field of action. We would ask those who are desirous of possessing more extensive powers, to consider what an enormous increase of ability to do good they might gain by acting, for example, with and on the Guardians of the Poor—by using, in fact, the privileges they already possess while waiting for still further means of usefulness. Many are even now grasping at distant objects beyond their reach, while duties, numerous and important, waiting to be performed, are within the power of everyone.

There are two privileges, the one desired by, the other already conceded to, women, viz. the power of voting for Members of Parliament, and the voting for, as well as becoming, Guardians of the Poor, and members of the Vestry, in the different unions and parishes of the land. In the latter case there was no disability to remove; no law had proclaimed that a woman shall not become a Guardian. Yet, during the fifty years which have elapsed since the passing of the Poor Law Amendment Act, it was only in 1875 that the first woman was elected by the ratepayers of Kensington. Since that time no year has passed without an election of women;

* We hardly need to be reminded of her who was at once a "mother" and a "judge" in Israel.

but yet how comparatively few have been found to follow the example! On the 647 Boards of England and Wales only fifty women are at present acting, of whom fifteen are in the metropolitan district of thirty centres. When we consider the number of women who, notwithstanding all present restrictions and impediments (some of which, we hope and believe, will, ere long, be removed), might offer themselves for these important duties, we cannot help expressing surprise at the demands which are made for still more extensive powers, not yet granted. The public opinion which, at one time, would have presented a formidable barrier when the proposal was a novel one, cannot be said, at present, to be an obstacle to deter women from this work of usefulness. Whatever prejudices formerly existed, they have rapidly disappeared before the growth of experience, which proves that there is much in the work of a Guardian which a woman *may* do, —we may say, indeed, nothing which she may not do. The amount of leisure possessed by women is greatly in favour of their filling posts which demand a considerable sacrifice of time, such as most men of business or professions are unable to afford. The Society for promoting the return of Women Guardians* has published ten reasons why women are fitted to fill these posts; but we will not repeat them here, though we think they will be found convincing to those who will study them.

Besides acting as elected Guardians, we may now add that official sanction has been given to the appointment of a lady nominated by the Local Government Board, as well as, within the last two years, by the nomination of women as members of the Metropolitan Asylums Boards of Management.

We are not without a precedent for this action, even under the Pontifical Government, as it existed, not long ago, in Rome, when the city was divided into "regions," and these into parishes, in every one of which was a "Relief Board," composed of the incumbent and two parishioners, one of whom was a lady, all the members serving gratuitously.

In the various departments of our vast social machinery, women, as Guardians, have a greater power of doing good than in any other position, and we look forward with confidence to the time when, in still larger numbers and in more equal proportion, they will share the work with men.

With four-fifths of our pauper population consisting of women and children, we do not consider it unreasonable that women should claim some responsibility in their management; and more especially we hope that the time is coming when they will be allowed to form sub-committees for the consideration of those questions

* 14, Onslow Place, S.W.

and cases which now come before either a mixed body of men and women, or, too often, before men alone. Both to the shameless and hardened women and girls, as well as to those who have a remnant of modesty and shame still left, the process is at present both hardening and deteriorating, and we earnestly ask that such womanly questions may be referred to women alone. The important subject of the education of the thousands of children under the care of Guardians, "children of the State," as they have been well called, comes in great measure under the attention of women; the questions of "boarding out," and "cottage homes" were started, and are mainly carried on by them, the motherly instincts of women being best fitted to deal with matters that affect so largely the future pauperism of the race. And to decide upon their education is not all; women are called upon to look into their condition and well-being after that period is over, and for the lack of which supervision so many have, alas! gone wrong. All honour to the President of the Local Government Board who, in 1873, had the courage to act upon the conviction that it was women's work to care for the helpless children of our Poor-Law schools, and who selected a woman, incomparably well fitted to carry out the delicate, difficult, and arduous task of inspector. After an interval of thirteen years another lady has been appointed to a similar, though not exactly parallel, post.

We can only express our deep conviction that these appointments require to be greatly multiplied, for on all sides and in all departments, work is waiting for women inspectors, which the ablest of men feel themselves unable adequately to perform.

With regard to some other privileges which women may not be aware that they possess, we may briefly allude to their qualification to vote for Guardians, School Boards, vestries, and local boards, which was granted in 1869, by passing the Municipal Franchise Act; this may rather be called a return to an old law, than the passing of a new one. Women then began to exercise this power, and in the following year eight ladies were elected on the School Boards, a number which has now increased tenfold.

Efforts have recently been made in two prominent and enlightened localities to elect women as members of a vestry, and on the Commission of Baths and Wash-houses, such elections resting with the vestry. Although both, being first attempts, were unsuccessful, there can be no doubt that we shall, ere long, find qualified women filling these useful and important offices.

The occupation of nursing can hardly be classed as entirely official or unofficial, for it partakes of both characters. The Jubilee year is, amongst other notable events, to be marked by a

wide extension of the benefits both of nursing and doctoring in our great Indian possessions, the fitness of such a development at the present time being obvious. The movement in favour of the profession of a physician being open to women, has gone on through many and various difficulties during the last ten years, slowly but gradually making its way through an apparently impenetrable wall of prejudice surrounding it in every country of Europe. But now, the openings which seemed to be scanty at home, may be considered to be practically unlimited in the face of this new departure, and the demand for some years to come will probably far exceed the supply of competent and qualified women. Twenty years ago there were but two women who had ventured into this field of scientific study, but, since the legal impediments have been removed, a steady increase has gone on, and within the last four years the important step was taken of the appointment of a woman as physician in a public department of the Government.

The qualifications demanded for nursing are fitness and training; the first was found amongst many before the second was provided. Natural aptitude and experience were all that was then required, and this combination was, no doubt, met with in many of those who are even now remembered with pride and affection as "old-fashioned hospital nurses." Physicians tell us that such did exist when the art of "training" was hardly thought of, certainly not talked about, as at the present day, when, we fear, there is often the name without the reality.

Nevertheless, we dare not, in the preparation for an arduous and responsible calling, dispense with the process which is acknowledged to be essential in every other profession, and a fixed period of instruction is therefore demanded of all who desire to enter it. A still further security is now called for by the requirement of a certificate from recognized authorities, to prove that the holder of it is competent to fill posts, now so readily obtained, if not by false pretences, at least by testimonials which give little security against deceit and incompetency.

We cannot doubt that the first impulse of advance in nursing was given in 1855, when the horrors of the Crimean War had moved all hearts with sympathy for our brave soldiers, dying uncared for in a distant land.

Even after the long interval which has elapsed, we can well recall the thrill of enthusiasm with which the tidings were received that a noble band of women had, in response to an appeal from the Government, offered their services for the sick and wounded of our army. We can hardly have forgotten the memorable words of Mr. Sidney Herbert in Parliament, which mark an epoch in

this cause: "I believe that not only the patients themselves, but every person connected with the Hospital, will be benefited by the admixture of this new element in the management of a Military Hospital." The one who volunteered to lead her sisters to the task had not yet been known to her country, while quietly preparing for her life's work in a foreign land because the opportunities were lacking at home. But the time for making a world-wide reputation had come, as it does to some who look and wait for it, and no wonder that the name of Florence Nightingale was in all hearts and on all tongues during those terrible months of anxiety and suspense.

But amidst all the admiration which this splendid exhibition of sympathy, devotion, and patriotism called forth, the conclusion was arrived at, that a generous impulse alone could not suffice for enduring work and service, and the lesson thus taught was the important discovery resulting from the experience of those sad months. Training schools were started, and institutions for nurses sprang up, one only having previously been begun in 1848, with a view to provide what had been found to be lacking. Our readers may not be aware that "Nursing Sisters" have now become a recognized part of the British Army Medical Staff, under the title of "Her Majesty's Nursing Sisters." Their head-quarters are at Netley, but some are attached to other military hospitals, and they are all ladies, wearing a grey and scarlet uniform dress.

The same system is also adopted in naval hospitals. Nurses for the sick poor are now demanded throughout England, as well as in all institutions, and who can estimate the amount of good that has been accomplished, and of evil averted, since the day when that courageous band of women ventured forth into new and untried fields of labour thirty-two years ago? Precious lives saved, pain and suffering lessened, and last, but not least, expenses avoided, by the shortening of the time of sickness and incapacity amongst all classes of the community.

Nowhere was the need of improvement more sorely felt than in the workhouses and Poor-Law infirmaries of our land, because the state of things was so far worse than in the hospitals. There, at least, publicity was in some measure a check upon evil, and the eyes of the best of medical men were upon the proceedings; patients who came and went were free to tell of the treatment they received, and governors and subscribers might be expected to hear of it. But none of these checks existed in the case of the thousands of the sick and incurable and dying poor in the work-house wards. The complaints of "paupers" would hardly be listened to, and the over-worked medical officer, and his masters,

the Guardians, did not suggest a remedy. The "feminine element" in these institutions being too often the one paid matron, reform was hardly likely to enter from within. Of what we call "nursing" at the present day, there was none thirty years ago. The inmates who had the physical capacity of strength, performed the duties, entirely without regard to character or knowledge. Great as has been the advance in this department of nursing (greater, perhaps, than in any other, because the starting-point was so exceptionally low), we have not yet attained to all we desire. Women of higher position and training must come forward to serve in these our State hospitals throughout the metropolis, as well as in the workhouses and smaller infirmaries scattered through the country, for we need a higher tone in them all. Those who have served in subordinate posts in workhouses, must not be placed in charge of the sick, nor put in authority over trained nurses. We also desire to see women take their due place in command over the female staff, and with responsibility for their control, and not, as too often at present, be regarded as "housekeepers" only, no allusion being made even to their supervision of the nursing arrangements. When these new institutions were started, and rules framed, many years ago, women had not taken the part they now claim in the working of them, and the medical superintendent (always a young man), was the one person of education and authority on the staff. But we look forward to many beneficial changes in the future, brought about by conviction and experience, when the position of the matron of these large institutions will not be (as it is said to be now), "exactly what the medical superintendent likes to make it." As things are at present, the most superior women, whom we require, will hardly come forward for these posts.

We have only space to refer to one or two more important spheres of women's work, in which the influence they might exert has hardly yet been realised. Amongst the most degraded and hardened classes of men and women in prisons the pure and the high-minded are called for, and yet but little has been done in this direction, since the efforts made by Elizabeth Fry more than seventy years ago. There are at present 318 women employed as prison officers, but of these only three come under the description of "Lady Superintendents" (with salaries of £400 and £500 a year); thirteen are "matrons," who are, we conclude, of the type of those in workhouses. The rest is made up of "Warders" of different grades. What an enormous field of work and influence is here open to women of power and character, yet we are told, "Gentlewomen do not often apply." It is strange that no "Sisterhood" has yet taken up this sphere of work, where self-denial,

order, and discipline are so urgently demanded. Still more surprising is it that women have as yet been allowed but little share in the management of reformatories for boys and girls, where the motherly and the sisterly influence would naturally exert so great a power, and where we may, therefore, ask that it should be utilized.* Yet more astonishing is it that even on committees of management in penitentiaries for women and girls, men should, as at present, act alone. In five of the principal societies in London for the reclamation of women, there is not one person of their own sex acting on the committees; and we cannot help remarking that the list of printed questions that applicants are sometimes required to answer to men, appear calculated to obliterate the last spark of shame and modesty that may yet linger in their fallen natures. A matron has expressed the embarrassment she sometimes experiences at this anomalous arrangement, and we cannot wonder at it. We have also heard certain bodies of men complain of the presence of women being "embarrassing" on some occasions. Might it not be well to consider if this could be avoided, by some of the matters which cause it to be so, being relegated to women alone, who surely are the fittest and most natural counsellors in questions of such delicacy appertaining to their own sex? What we have said with regard to prisons and reformatories applies with equal force to our workhouses and district schools, where the experiment has hardly yet been tried of bringing a higher influence to bear on the lowest classes. Such an influence might obviate many of the present difficulties of management, and

* In the Report of the Royal Commissioners on Reformatories and Industrial Schools, they advise the assistance of ladies on committees, and as visitors, and say, "A striking example of their influence is to be found in the bright tone of the girls in many of the Roman Catholic Industrial Schools and Reformatories, especially those in Ireland, conducted by Sisters of Charity."

The Rev. J. W. Horsley, in his recent valuable book, *Jottings from Jail*, gives the result of his ten years' experience in these words:—

"It seems to me that such committees (Prisoner's Aid Societies) should never be, what they almost universally are, exclusively of one sex. John Howard has his work, his power, his insight into things, and his special experience, and Elizabeth Fry has hers as well, parallel but not identical; and in the working out of the details of a society's work, the need of the special qualifications and powers of either sex must or should be felt. . . . I must express my regret that in one instance England seems far behind other countries in the management of prisons; I allude to the admission and recognition of voluntary, but accredited, agents to the prisons. . . . I believe any earnest official worker would welcome heartily such supplements to his work. In France there is a special order of Sisters for female prisons, and others are allowed by authority of the Minister of the Interior. In Austria volunteer visitors are admitted, if of societies occupied in the care and improvement of prisoners. In Prussia they are admitted, and in some provinces of Italy. In the Netherlands special associations for this work exist in some cities. In Mexico, Switzerland and Maryland they are allowed. In England however, the land of Howard and Elizabeth Fry, they are few and far between, and their existence is abnormal and unencouraged."

in the former, would probably avert the not unfrequent necessity of sending unruly offenders to prison. The dignity and self-control of a higher class of persons, trained in the difficult art of government, would enforce obedience, and check the insolence which is now so common. The power of gentleness and virtue might be found to prevail where vulgarity and force have failed to produce anything but a retort. Hardly any more demoralizing process can be imagined than contact with the able-bodied paupers and casuals in our workhouses, and the need of patience and self-control can scarcely be realised by those who are ignorant of this department of our social life. Refinement and dignity are weapons in the art of management of which we have as yet made but little use, but which Englishwomen will do well to learn to combine with careful and systematic training—a combination from which, as a nation, we have still much to learn.

To the institutions we have already named as calling loudly for the help of educated women, we have yet to add our lunatic asylums, of the interior management of which, alas! we, the outside public, know so little, but where, we are convinced, the "communion of labour" is so greatly needed, and the temptations and trials of the work are so heavy.

There is yet another office to which we would gladly see women appointed, viz. as governors (not in name only) or members of committees of management in hospitals, thus becoming entitled to take their share in the control of these institutions, where there is so much that needs their experience and help. To advise on all matters concerning the sick, of whom many are women and children, must surely be a fitting sphere for them; and we have no hesitation in saying that, to enable women to act with authority with and between governors, officers and patients, would cause many present difficulties to be overcome.

In concluding this imperfect review of what has been accomplished during the last fifty years, may we not close the retrospect with thankfulness, while looking forward with hope and confidence into the future, believing that "the goal of to-day will be the starting-point of to-morrow"? And in the words of one already named as having done much for the cause, we would ask, "what can concern the community at large which does not concern women, and what can concern women which does not concern the community at large?"

LOUISA TWINING.

CHARACTER AND ABILITY IN POLITICS.

Every community, like every individual, has consciously or unconsciously its Ideal, in other words, its conception of what is best in human conduct and human speech. What its Ideal is, is most clearly shown by the admiration it extends to individuals, thus revealing to the shrewd observer its real character. The England of Edward III. demonstrated, by its pride in that Monarch, its conception of what is best and highest in a nation, *i.e.* courage, love of adventure, military self-assertion, and a keen sense of national existence and national dignity. The England of Elizabeth proved, by its attachment to the Virgin Queen, that its Ideal was the blending of national spirit with judicious statecraft, and in religious matters the avoidance of extreme opinions and extreme action. True child of the Renaissance as it was, it could overlook many personal foibles, even want of modesty and want of truthfulness, provided these were accompanied by a proud temper, and a prompt sympathy with the instincts of the people. When a generation can find nothing better to admire than a Sir Robert Walpole, we know what to think of it; and we can see what a change had come over England when, in lieu of accepting as its Ideal that dexterous manipulator of men, it bestowed its enthusiasm on Chatham, and afterwards stood by the chequered fortune of William Pitt. The England that worshipped Wellington was surely a different England from the one which recognized the embodiment of its highest conception in Sir Robert Peel. Prominent characters like these may be regarded as registering, with tolerable accuracy, the elevation or depression of the national Ideal. In more recent times, Palmerston, Beaconsfield, and Mr. Gladstone, afford us a similar test or index of the conception of the community as to what is best, highest, and most admirable in individual ability and individual character. Goethe, who lived in a country where men do not choose their own Rulers, says we can best judge men's disposition by observing what it is they ridicule. Yet, in a sense, this test can be applied even to ourselves. Our esteemed contemporary, *Punch*, never takes the trouble to caricature frequently or prominently political characters that are not popular. Thus, we might almost discover who they are that most nearly approach the

English conception of what is best, highest, and most admirable, by observing who most frequently figure in its ingenious and, for the most part, good-natured cartoons.

The inquiry I would make in this paper is, what is the conception or ideal of Political Worth at present prevailing in England? Whether our Five Million electors attach more value to Character or to what they conceive to be Ability, is no merely curious question. It is eminently interesting to all those who are anxious that England should itself live up, more or less, to the ideal of what the Greeks called Τὸ Καλὸν, and the Latins, HONESTUM, as opposed to TURPE, or the base.

If, for a moment, we cast our eyes across the Straits of Dover, and, after contemplating the condition of France, ask ourselves who are the persons whom in their long and chequered history Frenchmen have most admired, I think we shall find in the answer to the question an ample explanation of their misfortunes in the past, of their embarrassments in the present, and of their gloomy prospects for the future. For who are the French Monarchs that have most keenly stimulated the imagination, and most powerfully appealed to the enthusiasm, of the French race? They are Louis XI., Francis I., Henry IV., Louis XIV., and Napoleon I. Many persons have been made familiar with the character and favourite expedients of Louis XI. by a drama that may be accepted as fairly reproducing his cardinal peculiarities. Of Francis I., it is related with pride, that he exclaimed, "*Tout est perdu fors l'honneur.*" Yet the idea of honour entertained by him, and by those who love to repeat the *mot*, may be gathered from the fact that, when released from captivity by Philip of Spain, he refused to abide by the pledges he had given to that Sovereign, on the pretext that the pledges had been extorted by force, or, in plainer words, that if he had not given the pledge he would not have been released! The most famous saying, and indeed the most important action, of Henri Quatre, is resumed in the words "*Paris vaut bien une messe.*" This popular character changed his religion in order to save his Crown, and, in doing so, was thoroughly in harmony with the *esprit Gaulois*, which shrugs its shoulders and smiles compassionately at "*le pauvre bon Dieu.*" The mere fact that Louis XIV. should ever have been known, and is known still in France, as "Le Grand Monarque," conclusively demonstrates what is the average French ideal of the Τὸ Καλὸν of Plato, or the HONESTUM of Cicero. No doubt he had some kingly qualities, and no little capacity. But the final impression left by him on other nations is that he was a Great Master of the Ceremonies. Napoleon I. had boundless genius, but it may be doubted if he possessed one single

moral quality. He was far worse even than Byron's Corsair; for the name of the latter was, we are told,

Linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes.

To Napoleon we can set down only the crimes.

But it is not in the admiration exhibited by our neighbours for its pet Rulers only, that they have been unfortunate. It is surely equally disastrous for a nation to have two such literary heroes as Voltaire and Rousseau; of whom a French writer, more alive to their odious qualities than most of his countrymen, has lately declared, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "When I think of one, I prefer the other." Another of the leading heroes in French History is Mirabeau; and though Gambetta was free from the infamies clinging to the memory of that great orator, a nation that can find nothing better to admire, in the space of half a century, than Léon Gambetta, is either very unfortunate in its children, or is singularly crooked in its tastes. Amongst ourselves, the failure of such men as Charles James Fox and Sheridan to inspire complete respect has prevented them from reaping the full credit due to their abilities. We know nothing discreditable against Chaucer, nothing discreditable against Milton, nothing (save absolute conjecture) against Shakespeare; and Spencer and Scott may be taken as the *beau-ideal* of lettered gentlemen. Pope's methodical lying, as the phrase is, "sticks in our gizzard," and darkens his fame. Byron's coarse irregularities in Venice, though probably not so bad as vulgar rumour and his own perverseness represented them to be, have militated, and will always militate, despite his enormous genius, against his general popularity; and it is in vain that Shelley's special champions will endeavour to persuade us to accept him as an exceptionally beautiful character, until they can clear him from the reproach of having treated Harriett Westbrook with a deplorable unconsciousness of marital or even masculine responsibility.

It is, therefore, no merely speculative or academical task to inquire what is the idea or conception of the truly admirable at present held by the English people; for in proportion as their conception is or is not just and manly, shall we be forced to conclude that they are in the right path or the wrong one. In the present juncture of our affairs, their heroes or favourites are no longer Kings, Statesmen properly so called, or Soldiers, but speakers, and that particular class of speakers whose theme is politics and who sit in the Lower House or popular Chamber. It is perfectly natural that this should be so; for Monarchs in England, being now confined to the practice of negative virtues, however much they may be loved and revered, cannot well figure as the embodiment of ideal conduct in the popular

imagination; while statesmanship proper is, perforce, imperfectly apprehended by the crowd, and we are too peace-loving to look for our current hero in a bold, competent General. Oratory, on the other hand, more especially political oratory, brings a public man into the closest contact with the millions who now decide, at least during his or their lifetime, whether a man is a proper object of admiration and enthusiasm. He talks a language they understand in a manner they understand, and the subjects of his discourse are subjects they, at any rate, believe they comprehend, and in which, in any case, they are all interested.

But, indeed, few words are required to explain how it is that prominent politicians have become, in these days, persons ostensibly of so much consequence. They are the register of the national ideal or conception, I will not say, of greatness, for that might sound like an exaggeration, but of what is admirable. That being so, it is a matter of no small interest, and no small moment, to learn who the politicians are whom the English people most admire, and what are the qualities for which mainly they admire them. In other words, do the English people admire their leading politicians chiefly for their Character, or chiefly for their Ability? To me it seems that if their admiration be principally bestowed on Character, then we are still sound and hale as a community, and may face the Future, whatever difficulties it may have in store for us, if not with a light heart, at any rate with a cheerful one. If, on the contrary, the popular admiration and enthusiasm be for Ability rather than for Character, then we are in a parlous bad way, and are treading the road at the end of which are national decay and decadence.

I suppose the two politicians who, in our time, have excited the largest amount of popular admiration and aroused the strongest feeling of popular enthusiasm, are Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone. For what have they been admired, and what was it in them that caused them to be the object of such fervent worship? The ability of both is incontestable; but there exists considerable difference of opinion concerning their character. It seems rather a hazardous thing to attempt to adjudicate on so ticklish a point. Nevertheless, let us handle it with as much impartiality as circumstances will permit.

I do not know whether it has ever struck anyone else; but it has more than once occurred to me, that these two men, so unlike in almost every particular, rivals for so many years, and certainly entertaining for each other a very qualified admiration, afford the greatest of all contrasts in this one respect: that, whereas Lord Beaconsfield, as far as Character is concerned, began his career very unsatisfactorily, and ended it with remarkable and justly-

earned credit, Mr. Gladstone entered public life, and for many years comported himself, in the most blameless manner, yet has so demeaned himself towards the close of his days as to forfeit the approval and, I fear, the esteem, of the most approved and esteemed of his oldest friends. Surely there is something very curious in this. While the author of *Vivian Grey* was proclaiming the world to be his oyster, which he with pen and tongue would open, "the hope of the unbending Tories" was entering Parliament, in the then orthodox fashion, under ducal patronage, and advancing no claim save to be a useful and modest public servant. But, as the years went on, the flippant writer of *Vivian Grey* ripened into the serious author of *Coningsby* and *Sybil*, and the outrageous candidate for High Wycombe sobered down into the orderly member for Bucks, and finally matured into the parent of the Reform Bill of 1867 and the sponsor of a European Treaty that brought England Peace with Honour. Perhaps I may be allowed to cite what I said in verse on the morrow of his death, since it expresses with more succinctness than is attainable in prose, what seems to me the just verdict on his character and career :—

From callow youth to mellow age,
Men turn the leaf and scan the page,
And note, with sense of loss,
How wit to wisdom could mature,
How duty burned ambition pure,
And purged away the dross.

Thus he, unwitting youth once flown,
With England's greatness linked his own,
And, steadfast to that part,
Held praise and blame but fitful sound,
And in the love of country found
Full solace for his heart.

No impartial or wise biographer of Lord Beaconsfield will attempt to exonerate his youth and the earlier stages of his manhood from the reproach of a selfish and somewhat vulgar ambition, entailing flagrant aberrations from fixed ideas and tenacious principles. *Rem, honeste, si possis; si non, quocunque modo, rem*, was, at the outset of his life, the dominant maxim of his conduct; the *res*, in his case, being notoriety, power, and personal advancement. Some persons, perhaps, will think that, in saying this, I am excessively frank; but my candour would not be complete if I did not add that I think we ought to look somewhat leniently on these lingering manifestations of the taint of original sin, the abundant inheritance of egotism and self-assertion, we all more or less bring into the world with us; more especially when the culprit reaches puberty with the consciousness of great capacity, and is destitute either of the rank or of the wealth, in the absence of which an aristocratic and plutocratic community, such as

England was when Benjamin Disraeli attained his majority, is not in the habit of extending to great capacity a cordial welcome. The lines of the satirist, so bitter in their simple truth,

> Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat
> Res angusta domi,

taking *res angusta domi* to signify lack of connection with some powerful House as well as a slender purse, may fairly be pleaded as some excuse for the undignified and devious vagaries of a youth eager to force himself into a position which he perceives other men occupying, simply because, in the phrase of Voltaire, they have given themselves the trouble of being born. To suggest this palliation for the political and literary extravagances of Disraeli's youth is not to absolve, much less to admire, them; nor would it be worth while to do even that much, were it not that he made amends, when he got fairly into the saddle, for the irregularities originally committed by his vaulting ambition. That he became in the end as true and steadfast a patriot as is possible to any man thoroughly enmeshed in Party Politics, I am certain. I remember his deep distress on the morrow of the announcement of the Armistice concluded with the Boers after Majuba Hill. "A Ministry," he said to me, not with exultation or hope, but with profound despondency, "that follows up that disgraceful Armistice with a disgraceful Peace, will not last a week." He proved to be an indifferent prophet; but, at least, he spoke like a sound patriot.

Now, for what qualities was it that the English people admired Lord Beaconsfield, when of their admiration he at length became the object? Was their enthusiasm excited by his Ability or by his Character; by the tinsel and glitter of *The Young Duke* and *Henrietta Temple*, or by the solid reflections and sober survey of Party strife to be found in *Lord George Bentinck, a Biography*; by the flashing and crackling pyrotechnics of his earlier oratory, or by the steady light-giving flame of his later speeches? In a word, did they admire him for his defects or for his real merits?

In answering this question, one must be cautious, lest one should justly be accused of overlooking indisputable facts. But what the reply must in substance be, I entertain little doubt. That the attention of the English people was first aroused by the air of original coxcombry with which Benjamin Disraeli made his appearance on the stage of public life; that they were interested by his audacity and fascinated by the strange mixture of genius and charlatanism that distinguished his early utterances; would not be denied by any candid person. But attention, interest, and even fascination, are something quite different from admiration; and, far from the English people being quick to entrust the direction of their fortunes to this brilliant writer and sparkling

speaker, they continued to be disinclined to commit any serious task to his charge, by reason of this brilliance, even for a considerable time after he had in large measure purged himself of it, and had become a painstaking, methodical, and measured politician. If anyone will take the trouble to read carefully the speeches on the condition and prospects of Agriculture delivered by him in the House of Commons in the years 1846 and 1847, included in the collection of Lord Beaconsfield's speeches edited by Mr. Kebbel, he will, I think, allow that there must have existed the strongest prejudice against a man who could not, on the strength of those speeches, get the whole world to regard him as a serious and solid statesman. The prejudice did exist; and it was a just prejudice, a prejudice based on the political vapouring that had accompanied his path to notoriety. No doubt when, in course of time, this just prejudice was justly discarded—by many persons it never was—then the English people, always generous to their favourites, not only made allowances, as I have argued we all should do, for the fermenting ambition of his youth and for the obstacles it had to encounter, but placed to his credit the courage, the tenacity, even the recklessness, which by a rigorous analyst are not to be disentangled from the errors all dispassionate persons must condemn.

The answer, therefore, to the question is that, in the case of Lord Beaconsfield, the English people blamed what was blameworthy, distrusted what was untrustworthy, and admired what was admirable. Had not wit ripened into wisdom, had not duty burnt ambition pure, he would never have become Prime Minister of England.

At the same time, though this may be the equitable verdict on the career of Benjamin Disraeli taken in its integrity, it is not to be denied that it is in some respects *pessimi exempli*, and that the nation has nothing to gain, and everything to lose, by encouraging others to seek fame along the road of notoriety. Fortunately, the danger in the long run is not very great; since it is not every ambitious politician that fancies himself an embryo Alcibiades, who gains much by painting his dog's tail. I will not say there has not been recently any example to the contrary. But, as a rule, the qualities and the character that enable a man to be rapidly notorious, disqualify him from becoming solidly and continuously successful; and it is not on the race-course alone that "certain winners" fall out of the running, by reason either of want of staying power, or through defects of temper. Those who want to imitate the career of Lord Beaconsfield, whether they possess something of his other gifts or they do not, must at least learn to be patient and self-controlled.

What is it, we have now to ask, that has aroused in the English people the admiration they certainly once entertained, and the enthusiasm many of them apparently still feel, for Mr. Gladstone? Is it his character or his ability? Is not the true answer this, that what we all of us once admired was the seemingly harmonious combination of ability and character to be observed in him; and what some people still admire is the manifestly unimpaired ability, and their reminiscence of his character, which they are unwilling to surrender. Never did an English politician lay the foundations of his reputation more deeply or more solidly. Though leaving college already notorious for quickness of apprehension, for readiness of language, and for an ample vocabulary—attributes that at once tell in the House of Commons—Mr. Gladstone attached himself to the rudimentary drudgery of official life with all the conscientious humility of a person of moderate but painstaking talents. Thus, he was highly esteemed as an expert in matters of administration long before he was famous as an orator. There was no precipitation in his advance to distinction. All was leisurely and decent in his gradual progress to the port of power; and even when, at length, he was borne gallantly along by the winds of unsurpassed popularity, the cargo was worthy of the sails, and the solidity of his knowledge more than balanced the fulness of his renown.

Who would have thought that a vessel, at once so well-trimmed and so well laden, could capsize? Only those who foresaw that, as the gale and gusts of popular acclaim rose higher and ever higher, instead of the sails being reefed, more sail, and ever more sail, would be clapped on, and this splendid bark would hurry downward to perdition.

More than fifty years ago, the father of this remarkable man, on being complimented concerning the ability of his son, replied that his ability was indisputable, but that "he feared ability was not associated with stability." I think it is want of stability of character that places a man at the mercy of the winds of private flattery and of the waves of popular enthusiasm. Like other people, Mr. Gladstone had a bent; no ignoble one, surely. But he has been fooled to the top of it. The bent was sympathy, and the lavish exercise of it. He has given of it in abundance, and in super-abundance. But what he gave, he demanded. Without the sympathy of others he can neither live, move, nor have his being; and to such a nature, in such days as these, the sympathy that is at once the most tangible and the most efficient is the sympathy of the multitude. Committed to such company, and borne along by such helping hands, a man's course can easily be foreseen. He will be carried fast, and he will be carried far. But he will be borne beyond himself, and beyond any prescribed or possible path,

and the end of the journey will be the sudden cessation of any road at all, and the perplexity of the brilliant traveller and his vociferous escort when confronted with a dense and impassable jungle.

There is this peculiarity, moreover, to be noted, when discoursing of Character and Ability, that whereas Ability, as a rule, is a thing manifest, continuous, and identical, Character, though a much more profound and more persistent attribute, is far more occult and, at certain times and seasons, singularly misleading. The reason of the contrast between them I take to be this: Ability is given fair play, is encouraged, and is allowed to manifest itself in its own fashion, and of its own free will; Character is checked, disciplined, moulded, and apparently modified. Thus the character displayed by a person in childhood may seem almost to have vanished in youth and early manhood. But with the meridian, and still more in the decline of life, it returns. Horace's pitchfork, or what we should call the force of education and external discipline, is laid aside; and then back comes the natural man.

If we apply this theory to the case in point, we shall understand how it is that the Mr. Gladstone of the last ten—I should myself be disposed to say, of the last twenty years, or during the period that has elapsed since Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill of 1867—was not visibly foreshadowed by the Mr. Gladstone of the thirty years that preceded them. His character was held in check by his admirable education. He came out of an excellent nest, and he was fledged in the best of fields—Eton, Oxford, and the House of Commons, as it then was. What a contrast to the lonely and morally untutored nonage of the author of *Vivian Grey*, or rather to the impersonal but injurious influences that spurred into excessive self-assertion a character so solid and stable as Lord Beaconsfield's proved itself to have been? But, by degrees, the restraints of early training wore off; and the natural temperament of Mr. Gladstone, the temperament that, yearning to give and to receive sympathy, found its highest satisfaction in the panegyrics of friendship and the adulations of the mob, asserted its freedom. It is the cardinal defect of such characters that they cannot bear defeat with equanimity; for defeat seems to show that the balance of human sympathy is against them. These are the men who, if the world was falling, instead of standing fearless among the ruins, would help to pull it down. They cannot live without a majority. The first conclusive symptom in Mr. Gladstone of this diseased desire for sympathy, or for the support of the greater number of those who have support to offer, was when Mr. Disraeli got the better of him in the duel between them in 1866–67 over the Electoral Reform Bill.

From that time to this, there has been a steady deterioration, or, rather, a steady development, of the character of Mr. Gladstone, acting as a politician. The process need not be described in detail; and indeed it would furnish forth a melancholy and depressing story. But the inflammatory Midlothian Campaign, on the morrow of the publication of the memorable and mischievous pamphlet, "Bulgarian Horrors," may perhaps be regarded as the half-way house of the downward journey: and its last stage is now being traversed, in the friendly company of men whose steps Mr. Gladstone himself once denounced as being "dogged with crime."

Such is the contrast between the two most popular public men of our time. Might we not say that Lord Beaconsfield acquired his reputation, as some men acquire fortune, by gambling on the Exchange, and then husbanded and spent it like an English gentleman; whereas Mr. Gladstone, having inherited a fair stock of esteem, and having greatly added to it by the steady industry of his manhood, has squandered it in his old age with all the recklessness of an incorrigible spendthrift?

But, in the case of the one man, as in the case of the other, I believe the English people have admired what is admirable, and now in their heart of hearts do most seriously blame what is blameworthy. Mr. Disraeli had to contend for years against the prejudice his own antecedents had excited against him. Mr. Gladstone is still profiting, to some extent, by the remembrance of the virtues he has abandoned. The one stumbled at the beginning, and then righted himself. The other has fallen at the end, and his recovery from the fall seems almost beyond the range of hope.

The popularity of Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone was acquired, for the most part, at a time when the persons directly interested in politics were only half as numerous as they are at present; and it may perhaps be thought that, even if it be allowed that the Ideal of the Electoral Body, when limited, was sound and manly, it does not follow the Ideal of an Electoral Body practically unlimited will be equally sensible and wise. I see but little reason, however, for believing that the Ideal of the one will vary materially from the Ideal of the other; at least, not in the long run. It is easier now, than it once was, for a political adventurer to make himself conspicuous, and in a certain sense popular, by unworthy arts and flimsy accomplishments. But if he is to retain any notoriety that will be useful to himself, still more if his popularity is to be enduring, he must supplement the gaudy show in the shop window by honest goods in the back premises. In other words, mere speech will not do for ever; there must be brain-power at the

back of it, and there must be character as well. It might be deemed invidious to illustrate this assertion by a definite example. But surely everyone can satisfy himself by taking a little thought, that it is exceedingly dangerous for the most popular speaker, even when he has been afforded the opportunity of exhibiting his capacity as an administrator, to give a shock to the growing belief in the solidity of his talents and the sobriety of his character, by gratuitous displays of ignorance and wanton outbursts of perverseness.

If, on the other hand, we ask ourselves who are the public men that are the most admired and the most trusted even by the multitude, I hardly think I can be wrong in naming Lord Salisbury, the Marquis of Hartington, and Mr. Goschen. The talents of the three men are dissimilar and unequal; but they all possess the specific attribute of character. They carry weight. Why? Surely it is because they have placed their abilities at the disposal, not of their personal rancour or individual aggrandizement, but at the disposal of their judgment and their conscience. To use a colloquial phrase, you know where you have them. They do not say one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow. They are *tenaces propositi*. Their chief endeavour is to say what they think, in contradistinction to those orators who are anxious mainly to say something or other in the most telling manner possible, whether they think it or they do not. The intellect of Lord Salisbury is so efficient an instrument that it must perforce have cut deep, however employed. But it is the growing public consciousness that it is employed only for the purpose of helping the State, which has slowly but surely procured for him the position of authority and influence he now occupies.

The brain-power of Mr. Goschen is patent. But it seems to me there is less of the literary quality, always so attractive, in his speeches, than in that of any other politician of like distinction. Moreover, he seems to disdain to cultivate the graces and tricks of the orator. Yet, listen to him for five minutes, and you are at his mercy. A Man is before you; an able, honest, overpoweringly earnest man; and all the canons of Aristotle and Longinus lose their force, all the standards of oratory lingering in your mind from your reminiscences of Demosthenes, Cicero, or Burke, are overthrown, and you are swept along by that tumbling, stumbling, headlong torrent of irresistible conviction and courage.

The native ability of Lord Hartington, though unquestionable and conspicuous, cannot, I think, be paragoned with that of either of the statesmen just mentioned. Yet there are numbers of people who pin their faith to Lord Hartington more than to any poli-

tician living; and they do so because they believe he possesses, in a pre-eminent degree, the qualities that are comprised in the word Character.

It would be easy to name other men living in the public eye, who owe the great esteem in which they are held less to their ability, notorious though it is, than to their character. But there is one public man more especially whom this comparison and contrast at once brings before the mind. Opinion has usually been indulgent to the practical ambition of successful lawyers. It is the proud distinction of Sir Henry James to have refused the legitimate crown of his powerful talents, in deference to political scruples that have never been exacted from members of his profession. It is a fine thing to be a great lawyer, a far finer to be a fastidious man of honour. But, indeed, one may say of all the prominent members of the Liberal Unionist Party, that they have almost made us forget their intellectual attainments, their political vigour, and their gift of effective speech, by riveting our attention on their disinterested virtue.

These, surely, are facts worth dwelling on; these, surely, may be accepted as encouraging omens, in days when the note of despondency, not without some cause, is struck so frequently by commentators on our condition and prospects. Yet another phenomenon of promise may be mentioned, viz. the complete and acknowledged success, in a singularly difficult post, of the present Leader of the House of Commons. Others may admire a more Corinthian style. For my part, I am well content with the Doric deportment of plain Mr. Smith.

It behoves us all, it seems to me, to minister in our small way, but to the best of our ability, to the formation and maintenance of a just national ideal of what is admirable; and it is for that reason I have ventured to write this paper. As I close it, words that seem to sanction what I have written, since they are a portion of the imaginative yet strictly practical wisdom of Shakespeare, come into my mind:

> The purest treasure mortal times afford,
> Is spotless reputation; that away,
> Men are but gilded loam and painted clay.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

SOME MINOR WORRIES.

By a Member of Parliament.

Before I became a Member of Parliament, I had, in common with the bulk of my fellow-creatures, endured much for the privilege of flourishing in what will be known to the historian of the future as the Circular Age; but when I was entitled to append the letters M.P. to my name, the communications that reached me by every post comprised, besides the ordinary run of prospectuses with which I was familiar, a vast number of appeals for support and assistance, which but for my public position I should probably not have received, or, having received, should have turned a deaf ear to. In my canvass of my present constituency—the Great Western, or Little Witley Division of Dampshire—I was not specially struck with the thews and sinews of the younger part of the population; but there must be some noticeable athletes among them, to judge from the number of associations my division contains for the advancement of manly sports. I would as soon trust myself on an albatross as on a bicycle, yet at this very moment I am president of at least a dozen clubs of "cyclists," and next week I have to present prizes to successful competitors on the "cinder path" (I believe this is the sporting term) for their proficiency in what I shall be forced to describe as a delightful pursuit, which nothing but my devotion to my country prevents me from indulging in. Cricket an Englishman is, of course, bound to support and profess an admiration for, and I own that I like to look on at a game, though I never was an adept at wielding "the willow"—again the sporting phrase. I shall not lack opportunities of gratifying this taste if each of the clubs of which I am president, or patron, or honorary member, expects me to attend its matches. I thought clergymen were the most persistent beggars in existence, and I shall have a word to say in respect to them presently, but the young athletes run them close. They are more wary, too. They do not unblushingly ask for money, but they are convinced that if the name of a person so justly eminent as myself were to be announced as the president of the All Muggletonian Cricket Club, that institution now, they regret to say, far from flourishing, would at once spring into new life again. Say I consent. It is then, I reflect, midwinter; I shall certainly not be asked for a subscription till the next summer. Write me down an ass. In a week's time I receive an invitation to attend a

concert (under my own distinguished patronage) in aid of the funds of the All Muggletonian Cricket Club, together with a bundle of tickets—five shillings each—which I am requested to pay for and distribute among my friends. But not cricket and bicycle clubs alone engross me. The Royal Rovers (hare and hounds), the Reckless Rushers (football), are but types of many kindred associations of ardent youths who all behold in me the sole source of their success in the future. If I will but become a member (honorary), not merely will all manly sports, of which they are sure I must be a staunch upholder, receive an immense impetus, but (and here is where the artfulness comes in) the personal popularity which would attach to me in consequence could not fail to be advantageous in certain contingencies "which the present aspect of the political horizon suggests may not be far distant."

I lay no special stress on race meetings, hunt and tradesmen's balls, bazaars, and so on, because all the resident gentry, in common with myself, are called upon to support these, but there are many appeals made to me from distant and unknown quarters, which they escape.

> Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
> The Man of Ross, each lisping babe replies.

So wrote Pope. If the Man of Ross lived in our day, he would proceed on quite different lines. I assume, for the purpose of illustration, that the Man of Ross was a clergyman and rector of the town which his benevolent deeds have immortalized, though, as a fact, I believe he was a layman. He might adopt various lines. This would be an effective one—

"The Wye Tour. *Important and Interesting.*

"No one who has traversed the lovely valley of the Wye can have failed to notice, towering conspicuously above the picturesque little town of Ross, and suggesting the holiest reflections by its heavenward direction, the elegant spire of the venerable parish church. Close inspection of this ancient pile would, however, reveal the fact that this splendid monument of the piety of our forefathers was rapidly falling into decay. Such, indeed, was the case but a short time since. So ruinous was the condition of this beautiful edifice—a chaste specimen of the Florid Gothic order—that the rector, the Rev. John Kyrle, resolved to have it thoroughly examined, with a view, if necessary, to its complete restoration. He accordingly consulted that eminent architect, Mr. Queerson, F.R.S., F.A.S., F.S.A., &c. &c., who gave it as his opinion that not only was the spire in such a dangerous condition as to require to be taken down and rebuilt, but that the whole edifice needed extensive renovation."

Here would follow a summary of the report of the eminent

architect, including the estimated cost of the restoration, and further statements to the effect that a certain sum (wholly insufficient) having been subscribed, the work was commenced, extensive additional repairs were found necessary, and large "extras" incurred, so that in the end, the original estimate having been greatly exceeded, when the church was reopened (by the Lord Bishop of the diocese), there was a debt upon it of an enormous amount. The appeal would conclude somewhat in this way:—"This debt has since been reduced by the sum of £1 17s. 9d., the proceeds of the sale to the contractor of the old oaken fittings, which have been replaced by neat structures in pitch-pine; but with this exception, no substantial reduction in the liabilities incurred, amounting to over £6,000, has yet been effected. Under these circumstances, the rector confidently appeals to all supporters of our grand old Church of England, and especially to the admirers of the beautiful scenery to which the spire of Ross church (so conspicuous an object since its re-erection in Bath brick) lends an indescribable charm, to come to his relief in the difficult situation in which he finds himself placed," and so on.

The above would stand as a not unfair specimen of the communications of this nature which reach me by each morning's post. All are characterized by certain unvarying features. The good folks who desire to restore their churches, build their chapels, their mission halls, and their schools begin the work either without counting the cost or without having any reasonable expectation of obtaining the funds they know will be required in order to complete it. They are consequently reduced to the pitiful necessity of plaguing every person to whom any sort of publicity attaches to help them out of the difficulties their own recklessness has brought them into. In prospect of the restoration of his church ordinary considerations of prudence desert the average parson, especially should his brethren in adjoining parishes have lately succeeded in restoring their churches. He then goes into it "bald headed."

From the point of view of the subscriber, parsons who err from excess of caution may, however, be as objectionable as the plungers. These are the folks who circulate far and wide a neat history of the building they desire to restore, which, strange to say, is invariably an edifice marked by features of an unusually interesting character. There is a unique monument in the chancel in alabaster, supposed to represent Sybilla de Fydelstyck, the third wife of Hugh de Fydelstyck, a knight of fame in the Holy Wars, surrounded by their combined family of sixteen sons and sixteen daughters. It is supposed that the poet Shakespeare, as a boy, in a boyish freak (his youth being admittedly riotous) may have

chipped off the nose (which is undoubtedly missing) of the sixteenth daughter. Possibly, too, the redoubtable Oliver may have stabled the steeds of his buff-jerkined followers in the side aisle, now used as a vestry, distinct traces of crib-biting being visible on an ancient oaken coffer therein, which may have served as a temporary manger, and so on. Appended to this circular is a list of subscribers which bears painful evidence of repeated parsonic importunity.

	£	s.	d.
Miss Dobbs	10	0	0
Do. do. 2nd Donation	5	0	0
Do. do. 3rd do.	2	10	0
Do. do. Special Spire Fund . . .	1	0	0
Miss Clack	5	0	0
Do. do. annually (5 years) . . .	0	10	0
&c. &c.			

Applications for money for some specific object are not, however, the only appeals that reach me. I am ashamed when I think how utterly ignorant I have hitherto been of the very existence of institutions and associations of the most praiseworthy character which I am now for the first time invited to support. There is the Mad Dogs Convalescent Home, with a long array of lady patronesses; the Harmless Idiots (male and female) Mutual Improvement Society; the Domestic Cats' Choral Union; the Housemaids' and Christian Young Men's Sunday Out Society; the Silly Society; and those admirable and justly valued institutions, the Society for the Prevention of Women and Children, and the Society for the Propagation of Small Pox in Populous Places, which latter, I find, was awarded a gold medal at the late Health Exhibition.

It is wonderful, too, what interest a large class of public benefactors take in my health and general physical and mental well-being since I became a Member of Parliament. There is great danger, I am kindly informed, of serious injury to the lungs and bronchial tubes by sudden changes from the heated atmosphere of the House to the cooler air outside. If, however, I will but wear Dr. Dash's Nasal Protector, which is "rather ornamental than otherwise," I need be under no apprehension on this score. A "troublesome tickling in the throat" is, I am assured by one professor of the healing art, who has made diseases of the larynx his *specialité*, frequently produced by the atmospheric causes above-mentioned. The remedy prescribed is a petrified pellet (containing in a concentrated form ozone and carbonic-acid gas) to be placed on the base of the tongue as far back as possible, and allowed to dissolve slowly in that situation, where, I am told, that it forms

"no impediment whatever to free articulation." "Relaxed or clergymen's throat" is, it seems, a malady from which even senators may suffer. It is caused, I am informed, by unequal tension of the vocal chords combined with an irritable condition of the uvula, and can be effectually cured by taking several deep inspirations daily through the patent lung-inflator. This handy instrument, which, to judge from the accompanying diagram, would seem to be of the size and shape of a Whitehead torpedo, is highly charged with a compound which gives off a vapour exactly resembling the delightfully pure air to be found on the summit of Chimborazo. I am advised, if I would desire to address the House of Commons in a sweet, clear, resonant, ringing voice, which could not fail to penetrate into every nook and cranny of the chamber, to take six deep inspirations through the inflator just before rising to speak. I should like to address my fellow legislators in tones answering to the above description; but I do not see how I am to get the inflator into the House without incurring a suspicion of dynamite, and I am persuaded that if this preliminary difficulty were overcome, any attempt to utilize the instrument in the presence of the collective wisdom of the nation would clear the House as effectually as my own voice.

So I pass, with a shade of disappointment, from this class of correspondent and turn to another, which I would term the Class of Inquisitors. These are the gentry who are engaged in the compilation of works of a biographical character, which cannot fail to interest the present generation, and, at the same time, be of incalculable service to the historian of the future. I am desired by one to send him a concise sketch of my life, my family, and my works, literary or otherwise, if any. He has, he adds, addressed a similar communication to my brother legislators, who have, in the majority of instances, most favourably received it. The answers he proposes to publish in an attractive form, at a price varying with the binding and general get up of the volume. He invites my subscription to the work, and, to save me trouble, encloses an order form and a stamped and addressed envelope.

Another member of this class sends me a printed list of questions, something similar to those required to be answered by intending life-insurers. This gentlemen is apparently a believer in Mr. Galton's theory of the transmissibility of mental qualities, for he institutes the most minute inquiries into my ancestry in the direct line, and, should any of my collateral relatives chance to have distinguished themselves, he would be glad to hear of them and their deeds.

One of the most simple-minded of these purveyors to human curiosity is the gentleman who is making a collection of the

election addresses of Members and candidates, with a view to their publication. Possibly these compositions are about the last of their literary efforts which politicians would wish to see revived in a shape handy for reference. I did not comply with the request of this confiding individual, who, I suspect, has discovered, ere this, the unprofitable nature of his venture.

I forgot to mention in their place, which, I take it, would be among the Inventors of Petrified Pellets and Lung Inflators, the Professors of Elocution. Only two have sent their circulars to me, though I should judge, by the quantity of indifferent speech-making one is compelled to listen to, that there ought to be business enough for at least a score. One of these very two did give me some instruction many years ago, from which I might certainly have profited had I been of an age to consider the utilities. My first lesson in elocution, at the hands of this gentleman, often recurs to my mind. I was bidden to stand behind a desk at the end of a long class-room, and make a speech on some simple subject—freshmen, dons, senior wranglers, or the like common objects—selected offhand by our instructor. On a bench in front were some dozen or so ingenuous youths, prepared even to scoff at Demosthenes had he failed in pebbles and taken up with preceptors. Behind them, at the opposite end of the room, stood the reverend elocutionist himself. I went through my task, lamely enough, as the event proved, for, taking my place at the desk when I vacated it, our instructor, for my benefit, and to the infinite merriment of the ingenuous youths aforesaid, proceeded to give a broad, but seemingly striking, imitation of myself. He hummed and hawed as, I suppose, I hummed and hawed; he lounged inelegantly at the desk as, I suppose, I lounged; he fingered and toyed with books and small articles lying on the desk as, I suppose, I fingered and toyed with them. In fine, he illustrated my own awkwardness in so graphic a way that the picture has always remained imprinted on my mind. I remember that at the time, youth though I was, I thought the hints thus conveyed useful, and the teacher of elocution not so contemptible as some would regard him; for, returning that evening through the quadrangle of the college where the professor held his class, on some young blades at an open window striking an attitude, as was their wont when they saw us, and exclaiming in theatrical accents, "My name is Norval!" I fiercely defied them from the safe level of the court, and assured them that my name was not Norval, nor anything like it, intelligence which, with unseemly gestures, they derided. Now-a-days the instructor most needed by Members of Parliament would be some daring soul who would teach them when not to talk.

THE STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS OF RUSSIA.

At the present moment the foreign policy of Russia is a matter of vital importance, not less to England than to the rest of Europe. It is only necessary to remember that Russia has always based her policy less on her real strength than on the estimate in which other nations hold that strength, to show how desirable it is that while the directions in which she is strong should be clearly seen, those in which she is weak should not be overlooked.

A sombre picture of the overwhelming might of Russia has lately been painted for the English people, so that it may be worth while urging some considerations which tend to put a brighter face on the outlook as it affects this country.

Owing to fundamental differences between Russia and other European nations, such as the want of a middle class, the numbers and homogeneity of the mass of the people, and their peculiar cast of character and temperament, it may be said that the nation is the people in a sense unknown in the rest of Europe. Though details of administration may be regulated by the caprices of the sovereign, or the interests of officials, yet in the long run the action of Russia will be that which the people wish. To find out the probable course of Russian action abroad, the heart of the Russian peasant must be examined, for the peasant *is* the nation. There are of these some sixty millions, all alike, tall, broad-shouldered, with fair long hair, and blue eyes; phlegmatic, child-like in ideas and speech; good-humoured and easy-going; all identical in mode of life, in interests, in feelings, and of one creed and one race.

In his heart, amid all the unintelligent monotony of his daily life and surroundings, the peasant cherishes two ideals—Holy Russia, and the Orthodox Church; and the depth of feeling he is capable of displaying on these two subjects, and its power to arouse him to action and self-sacrifice, can hardly be realised in England.

The enthusiasm roused in each peasant is rapidly communicated. With regard to religion and country the whole mass of the people is sensitive to an extraordinary degree. It will thrill like one huge organism at any touch, and the excitement raised by danger to Slav soil or Orthodox Church spreads through the country with

incredible rapidity. When the whole is once roused, there will be no sacrifices of property or life too great, as long as there is an invader of Russian homes, or an enemy of the faith, to be resisted.

So it was in 1877 that the tales of Mussulman barbarity on a Christian people, backed by crowds of destitute exiles flying into Russia for protection, first roused popular feeling in favour of action. The refugees, as they were passed from home to home to make room for fresh arrivals, fanned the flame. Their stories, losing nothing in the telling, were repeated from mouth to mouth, reviving the popular hatred of the hereditary enemies of their faith. Before long the whole people was roused to a high degree of excitement; petitions poured in to the Czar from thousands of villages; the movement had assumed the dimensions of a crusade. Urged on by the unanimous voice of the nation, and powerless to check the popular feeling without endangering the dynasty, the Czar, in spite of his own wishes, led his armies against the Turks. Such was the real origin of a war usually attributed to minor co-existing causes, such as the ambition of officers, and the political designs of the government.

The same result will occur if popular feeling is ever again aroused. This might happen, as before, in consequence of severities on the part of the Turks in repressing revolts among their Christian subjects; but nothing would more effectually rouse the people than an invasion of Holy Russia by the hated Germans. At the first village in flames, nay, even at the first step of an invader on Russian soil, the country will rise like one man, ready to submit to any sacrifices of life or wealth, in order to resist to the last. The whole resources of the land will be at the disposal of the Government for carrying on the war; defeat will only embitter and deepen the resolution of the nation, by enlarging the area of invasion; one campaign lost will only lead to another more desperate; and in the end the advantages of Russia in numbers, resources, and extent of territory will tell, in spite of any superiority on the part of the invader in mobility and generalship.

The immense size of Russia makes it a country where the hearty co-operation of the people is essential for vigorous war. Movements of concentration depend on the troops being provided locally with supplies, quarters, and conveyance, and, though actual resistance to police orders is not to be expected, a merely sullen or listless compliance will paralyze the action of the clumsy administration, and cause indecision, waste, and uncertainty in prosecuting the campaign. It is not too much to say that Russia is incapable of carrying on a war, not only unless it is one supported by public opinion, but even unless it is demanded by popular enthusiasm.

It is not necessary to point out that a war on the part of Austria or Germany against Russia, must take the form of an invasion of the latter country, unless the former Powers throw away the most conspicuous advantage they possess, that of the initiative which their more rapid mobilization confers on them. It is, therefore, difficult to resist the conclusion that such a struggle must, in the long run, turn out in favour of Russia. It is the above train of reasoning which explains the cautious attitude of Germany with regard to Russia, and the hesitation on the part of Austria to thwart that Power's action in the Balkan peninsula, however injurious to non-Russian interests.

In case of a war between Russia and England, however, a very different result seems probable. To begin with, the Russian peasant knows nothing of England or the English. He is incapable of feeling interest in, or even understanding, the points of difference between the two countries; Central Asia is a dim idea to him; India is beyond his ken. No invasion of Russian soil will take place, to fire his patriotism; disasters to settlements in east Siberia will not be heard of in Russian villages; the clash of arms in Afghanistan, or Asia Minor, will leave undisturbed both Russian homes and the interests of the Orthodox Church. So far, the war will affect the people but little directly; but indirectly they will find that it causes suffering that they can ill bear without the stimulus of patriotic enthusiasm.

It is clear that the first action of England would be to blockade the coasts, and stop the sea-borne trade of Russia. Now seventy per cent. of the total exports are carried by sea. These consist almost entirely of bulky articles:—grain for the most part, and also flax, wood, hemp, wool, tallow. To attempt to divert this trade to any great extent into land channels will be hopeless, as the cost of transit will be prohibitive. Thus the market for these products will be greatly reduced, and those who produce them, that is to say the agricultural population of Russia, or nine-tenths of the people, will be greatly impoverished. At the same time the burden of taxation will necessarily be increased, even for the ordinary expenses of government; putting on one side entirely the extraordinary expenses of the war. To see this, the sources of Russian revenue must be examined. In 1886, seventy-three per cent. of the total revenue was raised by taxation, of which nearly one-third was levied directly, and the remainder indirectly chiefly by means of customs, stamps and excise. The depression of trade will cause diminished revenue from customs and stamps, which it will be difficult to avoid supplementing by increased direct taxation. At present nine-tenths of the direct taxation is levied on the peasants, who will, therefore, be subject to increased taxation, at

the very time when their diminished prosperity is rendering even the existing burdens hard to bear.

Uncompensated by enthusiasm for the war, the reasons for which must seem vague and mysterious to the peasant mind, this pressure can only have one effect, namely to cause murmurings, questionings as to the necessity of the war, and eventually a strong feeling in favour of peace. This feeling will bring, by a thousand channels, pressure to bear on the Government, which no Russian executive will long be able to resist. Though in name an autocracy, Russia is in reality the most democratic country in Europe, in the real sense of the word, namely that the people have the power of controlling the action of the Government. In spite of any isolated successes in distant lands, a war with England cannot fail to be an unpopular war in Russia, and will be brought to a close at the earliest chance of peace, even on terms unfavourable to the policy of that country.

It seems likely, then, that Russia is in little danger of interference from her German neighbours, who justly shrink from the prospect of a death struggle with that Power, secure in the tenacity and patriotism of her population; but it is probable that she is aware that she can by no means afford to risk a war with this country, in which she will certainly suffer materially, and most likely be compelled before long to make peace at the sacrifice of the immediate object of her policy.

It is for statesmen to apply this conclusion to the foreign policy of England; for Englishmen it is a more hopeful one than that generally arrived at as to the influence of England in the Eastern Question, and therefore in Europe. It would seem that we may watch the course of events with a composure that the Emperor Franz-Joseph, and even the great Chancellor himself, may well be supposed to envy.

HUBERT FOSTER.

POSTAL COMMUNICATION, PAST AND PRESENT.

In Two Parts.—Part I.

There is certainly no department of the State which can fairly lay claim to so long and honourable a descent as the Post Office. Although its lineage may not literally be traceable to the days when "Adam delved and Eve span," there is no doubt whatever that, in some shape or other, the "post" flourished long before anyone cared "who was then the gentleman." The history of the Post Office, from the time when postal communication can be first said to have commenced, down to the present day, is not the history of an institution which, beginning upon a solid basis, has slowly worked its way to distinction, but rather the history of an edifice whose foundation-stone has never been really laid. Like Topsy, in Mrs. Stowe's immortal novel, it "growed." Allowing, however, for frequent and prolonged gaps in the continuity of its history—periods when all traces of a postal system disappear from contemporary records—the Post Office can lay claim to a family tree of very respectable antiquity, and to its credit be it said that it has always flourished best under the influences of law and order.

To attempt to form an idea of the period at which written messages were first transmitted by hand would be an impossible task. Without, however, going back to any more remote period, it may be pointed out that the existence of post-messengers is more than once referred to in the Old Testament. Job compares our fleeting life to the celerity of postal transmission when he says, "Now my days are swifter than a *post*: they flee away." Again, the institution is clearly pointed to in the Book of Esther thus: "And he wrote in the King's name, and sealed it with the King's ring, and sent letters *by posts* on horseback." Siculus, the historian, speaks of one of the Kings of Egypt "receiving his letters each day," which suggests very strongly not only a post but a daily delivery of letters, though it may probably be taken for granted that the King was the only person in the country so favoured. The Persians, for hundreds of years, were content with their "postal relays," a system by which letters were passed on from hand to hand—a very general practice in those days in many

Eastern Countries. According to Xenophon, King Cyrus was the first who established a horse-post, and this was presided over by Darius himself, who, before ascending the throne, was (says Plutarch) Controller of Posts ! Mention is also made by Plutarch of a " call-post," which, however, must not be confounded in its objects with the *poste-restante* of to-day. Any important news was called out in stentorian tones from a given spot or " call-post," and thus communicated to all persons within ear-shot, who in their turn passed the news on to others by similar means. This simple and effective system is also noticed by Cæsar as having been in vogue amongst the Gauls. Now, if we add to this idea the modern newspaper, it is not uninteresting to note that nearly 2000 years after Cæsar's time, that is up to the beginning of the present century, precisely the same method of imparting news was resorted to in small towns and villages in England.

The Egyptian Sultans, from the earliest times, recognized the necessity of rapid postal communication, and all over their vast territory they maintained a Government Post, the organization of which has been described, with many interesting details, by Arabian chroniclers of the different eras. In addition to the courier and horse posts, an arrangement had for centuries been in existence in Egypt for the transmission of messages by pigeon-post, an institution which had been brought to great perfection, and was unparalleled of its kind. The number of carrier-pigeons kept in readiness for the service of one of the Sultans, during the twelfth century, is stated to have been near upon 2,000, and of so great an importance and dignity was this pigeon-post considered to be that the Sultan alone had the right of taking the messages from the pigeons as they arrived. If eating, or sleeping, his meals, or repose, were disturbed for this solemn function.

The fleet foot and horse messengers employed by the Romans for conveying messages, were supplemented also by a pigeon-post, a system the usefulness of which is best proved by the fact that, after outliving the changes of more than twelve centuries, it flourishes in our own time, and is still found both safe and expeditious in certain cases. Correspondence, it will be remembered, was conveyed in and out of Paris, during the siege of 1871, by means of pigeons, and for a time the departure of the pigeon-post for Tours (where the letters were enlarged by photography and sent on to Paris) was regularly advertised by the British Post Office. Between Suva and Levuka, in the Fiji Islands, where no telegraph-wires exist, pigeons are to this day the sole conveyers of shipping intelligence. According to Professor Friedländer, in his interesting work, *Darstellungen aus der Sittengeschichte Roms*, great progress was made by the Romans, in the fourth and fifth centuries, in

their method of postal communication. Their excellent roads enabled them to establish rapid mule and horse posts as well as carts, and it is even stated that special "postal-ships" (*post-schiffe*) were kept in readiness at the principal sea-ports. These advanced postal arrangements, like many other traces of Roman civilization, survived longest in Gaul; but even there the barbarism of the people, and the constant wars in which they were engaged, gradually extinguished, first the necessity, and then, as a natural consequence, the means of postal communication, until we find, at a much later period, all European countries alike, for lack of any organized system, making use of pilgrims, friars, pedlars, and others, to convey their correspondence from one place to another.

The first attempt, of any importance, to rescue postal communication from the well-nigh hopeless condition into which it had for centuries fallen, was made in Germany in 1380, by the Order of Teutonic Knights, who established properly equipped post-messengers for home and international service. An improvement and extension of this plan was carried out by Francis von Thaxis in the year 1516, when a postal line from Brussels to Vienna, *viâ* Kreuznach, was established. It is true that, shortly before this, there is some record of Louis XI. of France having started, for State postal purposes, what were termed *cavaliers du roy*; but these were only allowed to be used for private purposes by privileged individuals, part of whose privilege, by the way, consisted in paying to Louis an enormous fee. It is to Francis von Thaxis that must be accorded the title of the first postal reformer. So eager was his interest in the work he had undertaken, that, in order to gain the right of territorial transit through several of the small states of Germany where his plans were strongly opposed, he actually agreed for a time to carry the people's letters free of charge, an instance of generosity, for a parallel of which we look in vain in the history of the Post Office. The mantle of this reformer seems, strangely enough, to have fallen in turn upon many of his descendants, who not only in Germany, but also in Spain, Austria, Holland, and other countries, obtained concessions for carrying on the useful work started by Francis von Thaxis. One of the Thaxis family, at a later date, was created a Prince of Germany, and took the name of Thurm und Taxis; and from him is descended the princely line bearing that name which flourishes at the present day. Another member of the family was created a grandee of Spain, and has the honour of being immortalized by Schiller in his *Don Carlos*.

The first establishment of an organized system of postal communication in England is wrapt in some obscurity. During the reign of John post messengers were, for the first time, employed

by the King; these messengers were called *nuncii*; and in the time of Henry I. these *nuncii* were also found in the service of some of the barons. In Henry III.'s reign they had so far become a recognized institution of the State that they were clothed in the royal livery. Mr. Lewins, in his interesting work, *Her Majesty's Mails*, states that several private letters are still in existence, dating back as far as the reign of Edward II., which bear the appearance of having been carried by the *nuncii* of that period, with "*Haste, post haste!*" written across them. Should such interesting relics of antiquity ever find their way to the auctioneer's hammer, there would assuredly be a brisk competition for them. Edward IV., towards the end of the fifteenth century, during the time that he was engaged in war with Scotland, had the stations for postal relays placed within a few miles of each other all the way from London to the royal camp, and by this means managed to get his despatches carried nearly a hundred miles a day, a very respectable distance considering the state of the roads at the time. This effort—a spasmodic one, be it said, and only made for a special purpose—was probably never surpassed until the great radical change was successfully attempted which made the transmission of correspondence by post continuous. This did not take place, however, until some hundreds of years later, and in the meantime no improvement is recorded in the postal service in this country from the period last referred to until the reign of Henry VIII. This king, we are told, appointed a "Master of the Posts," in the person of Sir Brian Tuke, who really seems to have made great efforts to exercise a proper control over the horse-posts, and to bring some sort of organization to bear on his department. Poor Tuke, however, was not rewarded with much success. The supply of horses was, in the first place, insufficient; and both lamentable and ludicrous are the records of the abortive efforts made by post-boys, mounted on bullocks and kindred beasts, to reach places of which they had never heard, by roads in an almost impassable condition. In the reign of Elizabeth we find, for the first time, a statement of the cost to the Exchequer of maintaining the posts in England, for in Scotland and Ireland there had been up to that period, no attempt to establish posts at all. The total excess of expenditure over revenue for one year is put down at £5,000 only. This is a very moderate figure, and it can only be accounted for by taking into consideration the enormous fees received by the Crown for the use of the royal posts, which, it may be observed, were still maintained for State purposes exclusively. In this reign a very curious incident occurred, which will serve to recall and illustrate the immense power held by foreigners residing in England during the sixteenth century,

but notably by that aggressively commercial people, the Flemings. Since the previous century these people had been permitted by the Crown to elect their own postmaster to manage what was called the "Stranger's Post," a function which consisted in controlling the mail-packet service between London and the Continent, and in looking after the letters of foreign residents. This office was separate from that of the Master of the Posts. A dispute having arisen between the Italian and Flemish merchants in 1558 as to the appointment of their postmaster, the dispute was referred to the English Government, who, to the utter astonishment of the foreigners, publicly denied them thenceforward the right of election. The English merchants, to whom the existence of this alien postmaster had long been a source of irritation and jealousy, saw their opportunity. They urged the appointment of an Englishmen as postmaster for the "Stranger's Post," and they so far gained the day that the Government then and there resolved that the dual control which had existed for many years should be done away with, and accordingly, an Englishman named Thomas Randolph was, for the first time in history, appointed to the Supreme Control of the Posts of England, under the title of Chief Postmaster.

The disputes above referred to between the English residents and the members of the foreign commercial colony which had established itself in London, served to draw public attention to the generally unsatisfactory condition of the postal service of the realm, a service which was far behind that established in Spain, Germany, and other Continental countries by the Taxis family. The matter was warmly taken up by the whole trading community, and from this time forward improvements rapidly succeeded each other. No further important steps were taken in Elizabeth's reign, but James I. established a regular post for inland letters, and Charles I., recognizing, no doubt, the financial importance of the Post Office, declared it, in 1637, by royal proclamation, to be State property. It was, however, during the Protectorate, twenty years later, that the first Act of Parliament relating to the formation of a State Post Office was passed. This statute was entitled, "An Act for the setling of the postage of England, Scotland, and Ireland," and the first clause of it runs as follows:—

Whereas it hath been found, by experience, that the erecting and setling of one Generall Post Office for the speedy conveying, carrying, and re-carrying of letters by post to and from all parts within England, Scotland, and Ireland, and into several parts beyond the seas, hath been and is the best means, not onely to maintain a certain and constant intercourse of trade and commerce betwixt all the said places, to the great benefit of the people of these nations, but also to convey the publique dispatches, and to discover and prevent many dangerous and wicked designes which

have been, and are, daily contrived against the peace and welfare of this Commonwealth, the intelligence whereof cannot well be communicated but by Letter of Escript.

This final sentence admits of but one interpretation; and, as in the slow round of years history always contrives to repeat itself, it is interesting to note how Cromwell's theory that the Post Office would be useful to "discover and prevent many dangerous and wicked designes" was applied by Sir James Graham nearly two hundred years later, in dealing with the correspondence of Mazzini and his friends while refugees in this country. The uproar consequent upon the conduct of the Home Secretary on this occasion, the Committee of Inquiry demanded by the House of Commons, and eventually granted by the Government, are now matters of history. If the Committee of Inquiry served no other useful purpose, however, it, at any rate, served to show that while the greatest care had been exercised in the earlier Post Office Charters to provide against the possible tampering with correspondence by the Post Office authorities during its transmission through the post, in later days the practice of granting special warrants for opening letters had become exceedingly common. Whether the Government acted rightly or wrongly in opening Mazzini's letters is a matter of opinion, but that "Tom" Duncombe's ventilation of the subject in Parliament was hailed with general and deserved satisfaction, there can be no doubt; and though the law on the subject still accords the Postmaster-General the right, in certain cases, to open letters in course of post, it was, without doubt, to the Mazzini incident that we are indebted for that law having become practically a dead letter.

The first trace which can be found of a regular tariff of postal charges is in the reign of Charles I., and even regarded by the light of to-day these charges cannot be held to be exorbitant; for example: a single letter from London, for any distance under eighty miles, was charged twopence; fourpence up to 140 miles; sixpence for any greater distance in England, and eightpence to all parts of Scotland. The notion of affixing postage stamps did not dawn upon the world until a much later date, and, consequently, these rates of postage were, for the sake of simplicity, collected from the addressee; and this system, though unfair in some respects, offered one superlative advantage to the postal authorities, namely, it formed a complete check on the letter-carriers, who were held responsible for the collection of the amount of postage chargeable on each letter given to them to deliver. Charles I., as has already been hinted, was shrewd enough to see that the Post Office revenues would eventually form no insignificant addition to the Royal Exchequer, and for this reason he

made persistent efforts to maintain for the Crown the monopoly of letter-carrying. In this, however, after a fierce struggle, he was defeated by the Parliament, but no sooner had Charles passed away, and Cromwell become master of the situation, than these very same Parliamentarians were ready to vote for an absolute Government postal monopoly. A desperate resistance to this infringement of the liberty of the subject was then, in their turn, made by the City Guilds, who, in direct opposition to a proclamation of Cromwell's, had themselves started a cheaper postal service, to supplement, and, at the same time, no doubt, to rival, the weekly service established by the Government. The Protector was as well aware as the King whom he had beheaded that the only way to make the Post Office a paying concern was to obtain an absolute monopoly of it for the Government. He, therefore, appointed a Council of State to report upon the matter, and, as might be expected, the Council reported against the rival scheme of the citizens, who thus found themselves and their scheme ignominiously snuffed out.

From that day, the Post Office in this country has remained exclusively a Government undertaking, in spite of the strenuous opposition of private citizens who, for years after Cromwell's decree, fought resolutely to break down what they considered an unjust monopoly, and an interference with their trading rights.

An Act confirming Cromwell's settlement of the Post Office was passed in the reign of Charles II., and this Act, from the ample nature of its provisions, has always been regarded as the Post Office Charter. Instead of a loss of £5,000 a year, an annual revenue of £10,000 was now obtained from the Post Office, or, more strictly speaking, from a Mr. Manley, to whom the postal revenues of the country were farmed for that sum, and Mr. Manley secured to himself a handsome profit on the bargain. In a very few years the Post Office revenue increased from £10,000 to £65,000 a year, a sum which Charles II. settled, by statute, on his brother James, then Duke of York; and, on the accession of James to the throne, these revenues were permanently vested in the Crown.

All this time the chief efforts of succeeding Postmasters-General had been directed towards obtaining good horses and men, and improving and accelerating the horse-posts between London and the provinces; but no steps had been taken towards arranging postal communication between the different parts of London, a city which now numbered some half a million inhabitants. The idea of starting a cheap town post for London only seems to have first occurred to an enterprising upholsterer named Murray, who undertook to receive and deliver letters and

parcels not exceeding a certain weight, at one penny a piece. Murray quickly found his enterprise so successful that he opened six offices in various parts of the metropolis, where letters and parcels might be handed in on prepayment of the penny fee. It was not likely, however, that a successful private venture of this nature would long be allowed to flourish unchecked in the face of the statutory monopoly of the Crown. The Government proceeded against the promoters for infringement of its rights, and easily defeated Murray and his partner Docwra.

The "London Penny Post," as it was called, was shortly afterwards incorporated into the Imperial Post Office, under the title of the "London District Post," but, curiously enough, it remained a distinct establishment from the "General Post" down to as late a period as 1854. Docwra was appointed, under the Duke of York, to the Controllership of the District Post, as a compensation for his loss of income, but his partner Murray probably returned to his upholstery, for his name ceases, after this, to appear in the annals of the time. It was to these two men, however, that we are indebted for the first idea of a cheap local post. In 1698 Docwra was removed from his post on a charge of mismanagement. The charge against him is contained in a memorial by the officers of the District or Penny Post to the Treasury, alleging that he wilfully "doth what in him lyes to lessen the revenue of the Penny Post, that he may farm it or get it into his own hands," for which purpose (it was declared) he had removed the Post Office to an inconvenient place. It also alleged that "he forbids the taking in any band-boxes (except very small), and all parcells above a pound which did bring in considerable advantage to the office, they being now at great charge sent by porters into the city, and coaches and watermen into the country, which formerly went by Penny Post messengers, much cheaper and more satisfactory." There was also another and a graver charge against Docwra, namely, that "he did stop, under spetious pretences, most parcells that are taken in which do much harm to tradesmen . . . and hazard the life of the patient when physick is sent by a doctor or an apothecary." There is, it is to be feared, only too good reason to believe that Docwra was guilty of some, if not all, of these charges. Eventually Docwra was granted a pension of £500 a year out of Post Office funds, as compensation for his loss of income.

In 1708 an attempt was made by a Mr. Povey to establish a halfpenny post; but this enterprise, like Docwra's, was suppressed by law.

It was hardly to be supposed that a Parliament which had been the instrument of conferring upon a nation so great a blessing as

an organized post office, was not going to reap some benefit from its labours. To the Post Office Charter in Charles II.'s reign, was annexed a proviso, that Members of Parliament should be allowed to send and receive their correspondence free of charge. *A propos* of this clause a rather amusing discussion took place in the House of Commons at the time, which is recorded in Cobbett's *Parliamentary History*. A certain Sir Walter Earle proposed that Members' letters should "come and go free" during the sessions of Parliament. Sir Heneage Finch replied indignantly to this proposal, that it was "a poor mendicant proviso and below the honour of the House." The clause, however, was eventually passed by a large majority; but the Lords threw it out, ostensibly from conscientious scruples, but really, as it afterwards transpired, because there was no provision made in the Bill for the *Lords' own letters to pass free!* A few years later, however, this omission was supplied, and both Houses of Parliament entered upon the enjoyment of a privilege which they for many years exercised with more or less freedom. In 1784 this privilege was greatly restricted, and on the introduction of cheap postage in 1840, was entirely abolished, a proceeding which, in itself, at once added £80,000 a year to the revenue.

From the time the Post Office first became a department of the State, the Government has always reserved to itself the right of sending its official correspondence unpaid, but it is doubtful whether the Treasury Warrant which granted that right ever contemplated, under the head of "official correspondence," some of the items which are recorded in the packet agent's book at the beginning of the last century as having been confided to the care of the Postmaster-General, and forwarded by him to destination free of charge. For example: "Fifteen couple of hounds going to the King of the Romans with a free pass." "Two maid-servants going as laundresses to my Lord Ambassador Methuen." "Dr. Crichton, carrying with him *a cow* and divers necessaries." "Two bales of stockings for the use of the Ambassador to the Crown of Portugal." Strange "mails" indeed, but this was during the war, and *à la guerre comme à la guerre!*

Up to the year 1720 the Post Office of the United Kingdom was so far in its infancy that the only postal communication in regular working order was that between the capital and the chief towns north, south, east and west. It was a simple matter enough to send a letter (provided the messenger was not robbed, or murdered, or lost in a snow-drift) from, say, London to Bath, or from London to Shrewsbury; but a person residing in Bath wishing to write to a friend at Shrewsbury found himself under the necessity of sending his letter to London first, whence it followed the Bath

road back again as far as Oxford, and then branched off to Shrewsbury. This course was rendered necessary more from the horrible condition of the cross-roads than from the scarcity of postmasters. The main high roads, though their condition would, of course, be an impossibility in the present day, were still maintained in sufficient repair to admit of their being used by the stage-coaches and mounted post-messengers of the time; but the cross-roads appear to have been quite neglected, and in the early part of George I.'s reign were in such a hopeless condition as to hardly deserve the name of roads at all.

About this time, however, an energetic postmaster, Mr. Ralph Allen, of Bath, appeared upon the scene with a cut and dried scheme of his own for reconstructing and improving the system of cross-posts (as they were, and still are, called) throughout the kingdom. The first thing was to get the roads into some repair; and after the delay necessary for this undertaking, we find Allen starting a cross-post between Exeter and Chester, viâ Bristol, Gloucester and Worcester, thus connecting the West of England with the Lancashire district. This and other experiments made by him were so successful that the Lords of the Treasury granted to Allen a lease of the cross-posts for life. He was to keep the entire revenue arising from this source, and to pay out of it an annual rental to the Government of £6,000. How far this arrangement suited Ralph Allen may be judged from the fact that among his papers, after his death, were found records showing that he had made, first and last, a sum of nearly £500,000 by farming the cross-posts. It must not be supposed from this, however, that Allen defrauded the public. He did the country excellent service, and was well paid for his work, and contemporary records point him out as a generous and charitable man in private life. He was especially charitable to needy men of letters; and it was perhaps in recognition of this excellent quality that Fielding took Mr. Allen as his model for the character of Allworthy in *Tom Jones*. Allen was, moreover, a friend of Pope's; and it is said to be to the worthy Postmaster of Bath, and inventor of the system of cross-posts that reference is made in the poet's well-known lines—

> Let humble *Allen*, with an awkward shame,
> Do good by stealth and blush to find it fame.

One of the most curious circumstances in the history of the Post Office is, perhaps, that no trace can be found of any attempt having been made till near the commencement of the present century to supersede the old worn-out system of sending the mails by mounted messengers. Long after stage-coaches had come into regular daily use for conveying passengers, the Government still

clung to the old horse-posts for forwarding the mails, and a pace of three to four miles an hour was considered quite fast enough for the mails, while passengers could often travel five or six! Time seems to have been quite a secondary consideration; the one aim of the Government was to make the Post Office *pay*. Indeed, so little were the interests of the public regarded that, at one period, we find the Postmaster-General declining to send letters to Warwick by the direct route because the postage, being calculated by distance, was higher and more lucrative to the Department on letters conveyed by the longer route, viâ Coventry! It is presumed that a similar practice with regard to letters passing between London and Bath was followed by the Post Office; for while the stage-coach, such as it was, managed to get over the distance in eighteen hours, His Majesty's mails took more than thirty-six to accomplish the journey. This state of things existed up to 1784, when one of the greatest reforms ever made in the Post Office was effected by the introduction of the plan of Mr. John Palmer. This gentleman, by a curious coincidence, was, like his predecessor Allen, of cross-post notoriety, a citizen of Bath, where he was lessee of the Theatre Royal. Now, Bath being an important city—indeed so far as its springs and its fashionable frequenters were concerned, a more important city then than now—and standing right on the main coaching road to the West of England, offered to a shrewd person like Palmer ample opportunity for observing the relative speed of the various conveyances between London and the West, and Palmer had observed that when the tradesmen of Bath were specially anxious to have letters conveyed with speed and safety they confided them to the driver of the stage-coach, though such a practice was, of course, contrary to law, and moreover very expen-pensive as compared with the cost of transmission by post. But the "post" still consisted of defenceless messengers, mounted often on worn-out hacks, and frequently found to be in league with the highwaymen who relieved them of their mail bags *en route*. Mr. Palmer accordingly drew up a very full report on the glaring inefficiency of postal communication in England, pointing out both the slowness of the system and its want of security, and this report he submitted to the then Prime Minister, Mr. Pitt, accompanying it with a very urgent recommendation that the mails should, as far as possible, be conveyed by the stage-coach, accompanied by well-armed guards. He also suggested that the mails should be timed to arrive in London from the various parts of the country simultaneously, and the same rule observed in despatching them from the metropolis, in order to secure to the public the great convenience (which up to that time does not appear even to have been considered) of regularity

in the receipt and despatch of their correspondence. Such a plan as this was manifestly a step in the right direction; but that persistent obstructiveness which appears in times past to have been displayed by the Post Office authorities in encountering any scheme for postal reform submitted by an "outsider" did not desert them at this moment. They opposed Palmer's scheme tooth and nail; but Mr. Pitt at once saw its merits, and, under his auspices, an Act was passed authorizing the transmission of the mails by stage-coach. This Act became law in 1784; an important era in the history of the Post Office.

Up to this period it may be argued that, with the exception of the Post Office having become a recognized institution for the benefit of the people, and being under Government control, little or nothing had really been done to place postal communication on a better footing than it was some hundreds of years before. The same means of communication were actually in use as those employed by the ancient Romans, namely, mounted messengers, and, if contemporary records may be trusted, neither the messengers nor the horses used for postal purposes towards the close of the eighteenth century were such as to bear favourable comparison with the men and beasts employed for the same purpose at any previous period of history. But what could be expected? The Post Office desired to show a good balance-sheet, and cheap labour was one of the necessities to this end. Boys of fourteen years of age, clad in the ridiculous garb of the post-boy, made familiar to us by the sketches of Cruikshank and Doyle, encumbered with perhaps two leathern bags apiece, mounted on any horse which could be picked up at a low price, were scarcely the kind of messengers to elevate the tone of the service or to expedite the delivery of correspondence. Then the roads they had to traverse, and the weather they had to encounter! Where was the use of persons writing, as they frequently did, across their letters, "Haste, haste, post haste!" or "Ride, villain, ride for thy life!" when the unfortunate post-boy was mounted on a nag which would have disgraced even a modern London four-wheeler, and in this plight had to ford swollen torrents, encounter snow-drifts thirty feet high, or ride all through the pitch-dark nights of winter on roads which, even in broad daylight, were all but impassable? The fault clearly lay with the Department in trusting letters of any value or importance to such hands. However, it is generally accepted that when things come to the worst they are certain to mend; and the "haste, post haste" of the Post Office in the year of grace 1784 having dwindled down to a speed of three and a half or, at the most, four miles an hour, it was certainly ripe for the sweeping change about to be introduced by

John Palmer; though it must have been gall and wormwood to the Post Office authorities to reflect, that the greatest of all the postal reforms which had up to that period been initiated was the work of a provincial theatrical manager who had failed in early life as a brewer!

Mr. Pitt appointed Palmer Controller-General of the Post Office at a salary of £1,500 a year, on August 2, 1784—the very day on which the first mail-coach was to start, experimentally, from London to Bristol, a distance which it accomplished in fifteen hours. The experiment was considered completely successful, and it was accordingly arranged that the system should be gradually extended to all the main posting-roads, and that the coaches should, so far as was practicable, start at the same hour from the chief post office in London.

Mr. Palmer had originally fixed the contract rate of speed of the new coaches at six miles an hour, but this was shortly afterwards altered to eight when a perceptible increase was again noticeable in the weight of the mails. Subsequently the official rate of speed was augmented to nine, and then to ten miles an hour, and with each acceleration the amount of correspondence transmitted by the coaches increased. This, however, was not quite the case with the passengers. Considerable distrust, it is stated, was shown at this alarmingly high rate of speed, a circumstance perhaps scarcely to be wondered at from a people who had never travelled more than five miles an hour in their lives. Lord Chancellor Campbell relates that he was frequently warned against travelling in Palmer's improved mail-coaches on account of "the fearful pace at which they flew, and of the instances recounted to him of persons who had died suddenly of apoplexy from the rapidity of the motion."

In spite of, or perhaps on account of, the enormous success which had attended Palmer's scheme, it was deemed advisable that he should surrender his appointment at the Post Office. The fact was that he could not get on with the permanent officials, the old "Tite Barnacles" of the Service, who never forgave him his success, and consequently did their best to make his post unbearable. Palmer retired from the Post Office in 1792, just eight years after his appointment, a pension of £3,000 a year being granted him in consideration of his valuable services to the country. He was, however, dissatisfied with the amount, and, after petitioning the Government for many years, he obtained, in 1813, a parliamentary grant of £50,000.

It cannot be denied that the history of the Post Office, up to the end of the last century, while it suggests no actual absence of capacity on the part of the officials employed in performing routine duties—indeed, the records of the office show many in-

stances of the exercise of scrupulous care in their discharge—still exhibits, as compared with the present day, a singular absence of even moderately inventive power. The old saying that lookers-on see most of the game would, indeed, find an unlooked-for application if it were applied to the professions and business of daily life. Yet it is literally true that the first man to suggest and carry out a cheap and expeditious town post in London was an upholsterer. Not only, as we have seen, was Murray never rewarded for his enterprize, but he was actually prosecuted for an infringement of Crown privileges, and his scheme absorbed into the postal system of the day, where it obtained a success probably never dreamt of even by its inventor. With Palmer it was much the same history over again. We see the ex-brewer and theatrical manager teaching the Post Office (which still clung obstinately to the wretched mounted messenger of a bygone age) the use of stage coaches. We see him nearly trebling the rate of speed at which mails were conveyed; giving safety and punctuality to the postal service; in short, taking the mails literally out of the mire and placing them in security on good high roads. And then? Not for his own sake, but for the sake of the organization which he alone was able to impart to his successful undertaking, was John Palmer taken into the service of the Crown; but as soon as he had set the machine thoroughly in motion, and the number of stage coaches carrying mails out of London had increased three-fold, the permanent officials, who had virulently opposed his scheme when first it was broached, saw that they could do very well without this "outsider," and he was politely shown the door. It is likely that, had Palmer been retained in the Service as Controller-General of the Post Office the improvements in the system of mail-coaches would have been much more rapid than they were. Impossible as it may seem, no sooner was Mr. Palmer's back turned than some of the officials of the department counselled a return to the effete horse-posts; but these counsels were fortunately over-ridden by the Prime Minister, backed up by the feeling of the country. The first year that the new mail coaches were started the net revenue of the Post Office stood at £250,000. Thirty years afterwards it had increased six-fold, and stood at £1,500,000. From this time until the period, so near at hand, when the greatest of all postal reformers was to take the world by storm, and create for himself an enduring name such as belongs only to a public benefactor, there is little of moment to record. Overshadowed as they are by the vast importance of the "Penny Post," and the introduction of railways, events which were so soon to revolutionize the commerce of the country, but little notice need e taken of the minor improvements in the Post Office service up to

the year 1840. Suffice it to say that more than twenty years before this period, the building in Lombard Street, which had served as the Head Post Office of the Kingdom since the reign of James II., a building once the residence of Sir Robert Viner, Lord Mayor of London, was found to be inadequate to the requirements of the service, and a petition was accordingly presented to the House of Commons in 1814, praying for the removal of the Post Office to more commodious premises. Among other reasons urged by the petitioners was the insanitary state of the office, it being stated that "two guineas were expended weekly for vinegar to fumigate the rooms and prevent infectious fevers." The Commons, however were apparently not convinced; for it was not till 1825, eleven years later, that the site for a new Post Office was chosen. The choice fell on St. Martin's-le-Grand, where formerly stood an ancient convent and sanctuary, and here in 1829 was completed and opened to the public the simple yet imposing Greek-Ionic building which is still one of the best-known objects in London. Of the work done inside that building, and in the still larger office facing it, erected in 1873, it will be our business to speak at future time.

THE SEPARATIST ATTACK ON FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES.

We sometimes hear it declared that the great teacher, from whom the followers of Mr. Gladstone have derived their political principles, is Jeremy Bentham. No doubt the claim of discipleship could, until very recent years, be made with a great deal of justice. But if Bentham could come to life again he would be not a little startled to hear that he is the author of the principles which are being propagated by those who follow the lead of Mr. Gladstone of 1887 and his "foreign" directors.

Bentham might almost have had in his mind the tactics which the Gladstonians are now pursuing in their endeavour to obtain Home Rule for Ireland, when he wrote the following words :—

> Many persons do not inquire if a state be well administered, if laws protect property or person; if the people are happy. What they require, without giving attention to anything else, is political liberty, that is, the most equal distribution which can be imagined of political power. Wherever they do not see the form of government to which they are attached, they see nothing but slaves: and if these pretended slaves are well satisfied with their condition, if they do not desire to change it, they despise and insult them. In their fanaticism they are always ready to stake all the happiness for a nation upon a civil war, for the sake of transporting power into the hands of those whom an invincible ignorance will not permit to use it, except for their own destruction.

This is an example of

> the phantasies which are substituted in politics instead of the true search for happiness. A small part of the plan or utility is seized upon; an exclusive attachment is evinced for that small part; in the pursuit of some particular branch of the public good, the general happiness is disregarded; it is forgotten that all these particular objects have only a relative value, and that happiness alone has a value which is intrinsic.

The Gladstonians in their lust for Home Rule appear to cast aside all the fundamental principles upon which the general happiness of any state must inevitably depend, and with which it is inseparably connected; all who cannot, or will not, look at sections and portions of the community without regard to the rest, are to be despised and insulted—the "Southern English" and their fellow-thinkers are stupid, and must live and learn. It is astounding to

find how little remains unassailed of what statesmen, politicians, and all reasonable beings have been accustomed to regard as the very root and basis of political society.

To insist—in this nineteenth century, in this fiftieth year of a Sovereign's reign—upon the necessity of the observance of existing law, one would have thought would be a superfluous undertaking. Yet we find Sir William Harcourt and his party preaching the doctrine that if there is moral justification a law may be disregarded—that though an act be illegal it may nevertheless be carried out if the law which it violates is, in the opinion of the person affected, unjust. Mr. Herbert Spencer is an Individualist, and, therefore, not likely to allow the majority too free play; but while he denies the authority of the majority to bind the minority in matters of private concern, *e.g.* religion or dress, he most fully and emphatically recognizes the right in other cases, *e.g.* in the protection of life and property from either external or internal attack. It is a pity that Mr. Gladstone and his followers cannot acquire something of the sentiments of Hobbes as to the efficacy and binding effect of law, "No law can be unjust," says Hobbes, and on examination the proposition is by no means so paradoxical as it at first sight would appear, but rather contains sound and much-needed truth. The standard of justice and injustice is the will of the community, as expressed by their "committee of management," *i.e.* the Legislature or Parliament; and if the judges do not administer the law as thus created, the parties concerned do not get justice, but injustice. With the justice or injustice of a law in any other sense the subject has nothing whatever to do so far as his duty of *observance* of the law is concerned, and to deny this is to break away the very bulwarks of English liberty and to destroy all that our forefathers fought for from Magna Carta to Bill of Rights; if this is what the new democracy will countenance, then woe betide it. Let us take heed to Mr. Chamberlain's wise counsel to the Crofters of Scotland, or to similar advice given in January last:—

> What is the law? The law is the security of the weak against the strong. It is the protection of the poor against the rich; it is the safeguard of the few against the many. If you destroy the law, which is the highest expression of the democratic idea of quality, you will have to take your choice between anarchy on the one hand and despotism on the other, and, to my mind, it is a suicidal course for any Radical to take to lay sacrilegious hands on this great edifice of our freedom.

Sir William Harcourt, in referring to the Liberal Party, used to be very fond of boasting of its tried attachment to the cause of law and order, and of prophesying the speedy downfall of any party that ceased to insist upon the strict observance of the law as the highest canon of its political faith. When the so-called Liberal

Party has to be satisfied with a majority of two hundred, where not long ago it secured one of as many thousands, facts seem to prove that Sir William can play the part of prophet better than that of statesman.

This general attack upon law finds its application in a disregard and contempt for the rights of life, property, and contract alike; and it is in these cases all the more dangerous because it is insidious—it purports to have entirely different aims—a quality for which Mr. Gladstone pretends to have a peculiar horror. Boycotting in 1882 is "In the first place, combined intimidation. In the second place, it is combined intimidation made use of for the purpose of destroying the private liberty of choice by fear, ruin, and starvation. In the third place—that being what 'Boycotting' is in itself, we must look to this—that the creed of 'Boycotting' requires a sanction, and the sanction of 'Boycotting'—that which stands in the rear of 'Boycotting,' and by which alone 'Boycotting' can, in a long run, be made thoroughly effective—is the murder which is not to be denounced." The same in 1887 is one of the methods of action which "may, when society is in an unhealthy state, be one of the only perfect remedies at the command of the people." Could anything be more irreconcilable than the language of to-day and the language of five years ago? "Is it not wonderful," says Mr. Bright, "how one-sided Mr. Gladstone can be, and how his great intellect can be subjected to one idea, and how he can banish from his mind everything, however important, which does not suit the purpose or object he has before him."

"*Nullus liber homo dissaisietur de libro tenemento suo, vel libertatibus vel liberis consuetudinibus suis,*" says Magna Carta; but the Gladstonians made a flagrant attempt at confiscation in their support of Mr. Parnell's Bill of last autumn, and since then they have gone from bad to worse, finally tacitly, and in not a few cases openly, approving and supporting a course which their own Lord Chancellor admits to be entirely illegal. The Conservative Party have always been upon their guard against attacks of this nature. In 1885 they opposed Mr. Chamberlain's Allotment and Small Holdings proposals largely on the ground of their confiscatory tendency, and of the further inroads which they might lead to. The danger of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme, however, sinks into absolute insignificance when compared with that of the doctrines of the Home Rule Party. Lord Randolph Churchill, in his Bradford speech, said last year, that as Mr. Jesse Collings was no longer a strong and bitter opponent of the Government we should be able to consider his proposals with a more judicial eye—to examine them free from passion and prejudice, with a view to

discover what there is in them which we can consider good and consistent with our principles. No doubt this is very true, and I think that any concession need not be made as mere pay for party services. Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Jesse Collings have shown by their action since the time when their proposals were first made that they set reasonable and well-defined bounds to their demands, they have refused to follow Mr. Gladstone and his party in the wholesale attack upon the rights of property, and have proved that they are worthy of more confidence than we were formerly disposed to place in them.

Let us see what the assumed Gladstonian teacher has to say upon the subject with which I am now dealing. In classifying and illustrating the various evils with which a legislator has to cope, Bentham says :—

> With respect to the motive of *cupidity*—if we compare the pleasure of acquiring by a violation of another's rights with the pain which such a proceeding occasions, they will not prove to be equivalents. It is true there are cases in which, if we confine ourselves to an evil of the first order (*i.e.* one which falls only upon certain assignable persons), the good will have an incontestable preponderance over the evil. Were the offence considered only under this point of view, it would not be easy to assign any good reasons to justify the rigour of the laws. Everything depends upon the evil of the second order (*i.e.* one which, taking its origin in an evil of the first order, spreads through the entire community); it is this which gives to such actions the character of crime, and which makes punishment necessary. Let us take, for example, the physical desire of satisfying hunger. Let a beggar pressed by hunger steal from a rich man's house a loaf, which perhaps saves him from starving: can it be possible to compare the good which the thief acquires for himself, with the evil which the rich man suffers? The same is true of less striking examples. Let a man pillage the public treasury, he enriches himself and impoverishes nobody. The wrong which he does to individuals is reduced to impalpable parts. It is not on account of the evil of the first order that it is necessary to erect these actions into offences, but on account of the evil of the second order.

In these remarks Bentham very clearly meets the fallacious arguments of the Gladstonians. He admits that in individual cases considered *per se* more good than harm may be done by the appropriation of what belongs to another; but he demonstrates the preposterousness of looking upon the question from this point of view alone. However, as we have already noticed, to consider only portions, sections, isolated or individual cases, is the key of the Home Rule policy—we are not to look to the Empire or to the United Kingdom, or even England, but only Ireland, or rather Ireland minus Ulster, or to "dear old Scotland," or "poor little Wales," or the North of England, or better, Yorkshire, or still better, West Yorkshire only, and similarly we are not to look to the general effect of the attack on property, but merely to its effect upon the pockets of the "slaves" or tenants, and the acquisition of others' lands "at less than prairie values."

The evils of these attacks upon property—non-possession, pain

of losing, fear of losing, deadening of industry—are clearly analysed by Bentham, but are so patent that they need not be further dwelt upon here, "the slow but fatal despair of long insecurity destroys all the active faculties of the soul." If then, the Gladstonian ideas and doctrines were to get a hold on the country, how terrible would be the result! It is not the "classes" alone who would suffer; it is equally to the advantage of the "masses" that they should preserve intact the security which has existed in respect of the right of property, even "abundance is never so distinct from subsistence, that one can be destroyed without a dangerous blow at the other"; moreover, the working classes—to their honour be it said—are the owners of something like a hundred million of pounds standing in the savings banks and similar institutions of this kingdom. Where is to be the security for this under the Gladstonian *régime*?

The typical institutions of the country, and even parliamentary government itself, have not escaped unscathed in the onslaught. Mr. Gladstone has been the first to insult, and imperil the life of what may be said to be largely his creature; he has been the first to "thwart the people's Parliament," and to assist in the realisation for Britain of Sir Henry Maine's conclusion as to the fragility of Popular Government. The judicial system is ruthlessly maligned, the probity of the judges questioned, and the honour of the Bar denied.

When law—the very life-blood of any political state—is being set at nought; when the most valued rights and privileges of the subject are being tampered and trifled with; and when almost fatal blows are being struck at the most representative institutions and systems of the country, it is time for all moderate men to declare themselves, and to rally to the cause of the Government in its battle with the varied elements of disorder and anarchy, and I believe that they are doing so. The Conservative party of the present day has a very sound and healthy constitution. By the elimination of all "privilege," and by the abandonment of what Lord Beaconsfield used to call the "aristocratic principle," it stands on a very firm basis; the youth of England are not Tories simply because their fathers were so before them, but from conviction; the highly-cultured scholars who formerly so warmly espoused the old school of Liberalism now shrink with an inherent dread from the latter-day Liberalism. Lord Selborne, Lord Sherbrooke, Mr. Goschen, Matthew Arnold, Sir John Lubbock, Professor Dicey, are among the most ardent of Mr. Gladstone's present opponents, while many of their type and time have, even in name, joined the Conservative or Constitutional party, and of the generation which is to succeed them a goodly majority hold the

Conservative faith. Finally, as even the Gladstonians in their calmer moments will admit, Conservative principles are making sure and steady progress among the working classes; as "the masses" acquire more knowledge and gain more experience they are perceiving the danger of the Radical principles of Mr. Gladstone and his party, and they are at the same time recognizing the reality, and the English common sense, of the principles of the Conservative party. With forces such as these the present attack on fundamental principles should be triumphantly repulsed.

LEONARD H. WEST.

POLITICS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

We have treated elsewhere of the real moral of the Jubilee celebrated on the 21st of the month just brought to a close. But no record of its events would be complete that did not, however briefly, recall the chief features of that great National Ceremonial. We have a poor reputation, as a people, for the capacity to express sentiment and enthusiasm in pompous shows and artistic apparatus. Neither by our temperament, our institutions, nor our climate, are we supposed to be fitted for street festivals, State pageants, and ecclesiastical ritual of the ornate kind. Yet it would surely be impossible to find anyone to deny that, even regarded as a mere feast for the eyes, the Royal Procession through the ways of the Capital, and the Jubilee Thanksgiving in Westminster Abbey, on June 21st, will ever be memorable in the annals of gorgeous public rejoicing. For once the English People threw their heart into the paraphernalia of street decoration; and though it is true that a handsome sum was voted by Parliament for the adapting of Westminster Abbey to the new and vast demand imposed on its space, everywhere else banner and mast, garland and festoon, gonfalon, drapery, and inscription, illumination and bonfire, were the result of labour and tax voluntarily assumed by the Queen's subjects themselves. No Monarch ever so thoroughly deserved a cordial and effusive welcome from a nation; none was ever more enthusiastically greeted than was the Queen of these Islands, and the Ruler of our Empire, on Jubilee Day. The whole country kept the day in the same fashion; every county, every town, every village and hamlet, having its own local celebration of the Event. In the Capital everything worked with perfect smoothness; officials and the multitude co-operating to render progress easy and organization successful. It would be impossible, and it is unnecessary, to enumerate here even the leading incidents of the Celebration. But there were two episodes more especially by which the popular imagination seems to have been fascinated. One was the escort of Seventeen Princes that rode by the Carriage of the Queen. The other was the tender and touching embrace bestowed by the Widowed Mother, in sight of the ten thousand

persons assembled in Westminster Abbey, on each and all of those whom She can in a more familiar sense call her children. Nor have our Jubilee Ceremonials failed to extort generous approval and warm admiration from Continental critics. An Englishman must, indeed, be cynical and churlish, and a foreigner eaten up with national jealousy, who, a witness of the scenes of that famous Day, did not feel that to England alone, of all existing nations, Empire, accurately understood, really belongs. That proud possession is still ours, bequeathed to us by the enterprise and valour of our ancestors. We have only to estimate it aright, and to emulate their courage and vigour, in order to hand it down, untouched and unimperilled, to our descendants.

At the time the Jubilee was being held, the demonstrations of popular rejoicing were so striking and seemed so universal, that men forgot to notice if on the occasion there existed a minority of malcontents and absentees. But the disloyal never permit us long to lose sight of their malignity; and it behoves us now to remember that the large Irish Wing of the Party led by Mr. Gladstone ostentatiously refused to have any part or share in honouring the Sovereign, or in returning thanks for the glories and mercies of her reign. O'Connell insisted on nothing more strongly or more pertinaciously than on his loyal attachment to the Throne; and on a celebrated occasion, when addressing a vast concourse of his countrymen, he declared that, if anyone ventured to offer insult to the Queen, there was not an Irishman alive who would not be ready to avenge the outrage. Political deterioration must have progressed apace in Ireland since those days; for Mr. Parnell is now the Chief of Eighty Irishmen, supposed to be the Representatives of their countrymen, who made a parade of their determination not to participate in celebrating the Victorian Jubilee. Be it so. But these men are the sworn allies and bosom friends of the so-called Liberal Opposition, the political associates and chief inspirers of the policy and tactics of Mr. Gladstone. This it is which shocks the minds and amazes the conscience even of men whom political life and Party struggles have accustomed to exhibitions of human malice. There is no reason to suppose that the Leader of the Opposition, and his 170 English and Scotch followers, will hesitate any more than heretofore to act and co-operate with these 80 disloyal Irishmen. But the constituencies will take note of the fact; and, as Mr. Chamberlain has more than once publicly predicted, will punish the culprits on this side of the Channel, when the opportunity arises, with exemplary indignation.

The proceedings in Parliament during the month have corresponded with strict accuracy to the anticipations we expressed

when last addressing the readers of the *Review*. The Obstructionist tactics indulged in by the Opposition from the commencement of the Session were once more resorted to after the Whitsuntide Recess; and a little time had to be allowed by the Government, in order to convince the country that some very stringent and exceptional remedy had become imperatively necessary. At length the Leader of the House gave notice that if the business of Committee on the Criminal Law Amendment Bill had not been got through by the 17th of the month, he should move that the Bill be Reported. It might have been thought that, well aware that the Motion, when made, would be carried, the more serious members of the Opposition would make the best of the time left them in order to render the Measure as perfect and as little unpalatable to themselves and their friends as possible. But they persisted in frivolous obstruction to the last, thereby conclusively demonstrating that their object is not to purge the Bill of any defects it may contain, but to throw everything, if possible, into confusion, to stultify government and legislation, and to make of Parliament a machine that cannot be worked. It is no easy matter to baffle this malignant strategy; but baffled it still will be, as becomes clearer and clearer every day. The outrageous tactics of the Opposition have had the effect of still further confirming the Liberal Unionists in the resolve to persist in their sympathy and co-operation with the Government. The breach between the two sections of the Liberal Party grows wider every hour, and patriotic Conservatives are anxiously considering how they can best shape their policy and apply their principles so as to bring them into yet more perfect harmony with the views, not only of those who look to Lord Hartington for guidance, but likewise of the courageous and disinterested Radicals who feel that Mr. Chamberlain is their ablest and truest exponent. Some of the best intellects of the country are to be found in the ranks of the Liberal Unionists, and Conservatives would be deviating from their best traditions if they did not show themselves wishful that so much and such remarkable ability should be turned to the account and profit of the State, in a more direct manner than is the case at present. The speeches delivered by the Marquis of Hartington at Manchester and Blackburn, on the 24th and 25th of June, testify in a striking manner to the political alienation and the moral reprobation caused by Mr. Gladstone's close alliance with Mr. Parnell in the minds of the Liberal Unionists. We infer that the absolute severance of that connection is regarded by Lord Hartington as an indispensable preliminary to the resumption of negotiations for healing the schism in the Liberal ranks.

Had things taken their normal course, the Convention concluded between England and Turkey respecting Egypt would by this time have been ratified. But, alarmed by the better understanding established between the Sultan and this country by the projected arrangement, and seeing in the Convention an instrument for the exclusion from Egypt in future of selfish foreign intrigues, the Governments of Paris and St. Petersburg have been actively engaged at Constantinople in labouring to prevent the Sultan from giving it his final ratification. At the moment at which we write, it almost seems as though the violent remonstrances and scarcely covert threats resorted to by those Powers have had the effect of paralysing Abdul Hamid's resolution. The situation is a singular one. Turkey ardently desires that the Convention should be ratified; Germany, Austria, and Italy entirely approve of its tenor; while Russia and France protest against it as in some vague and unexplained way trespassing on the rights of Europe. It is not for the English Government to insist on the ratification of a Treaty which was conceived, not in the interests of England, but in that of Turkey and Egypt, and which, it was thought, might possibly tend to disarm the suspicious pertinacity of France; nor are the expostulations of France and Russia addressed to this country. The utmost Sir Henry Drummond Wolff and Sir William White can do, is to point out to the Sultan that he will establish an evil precedent, if he allows himself to be intimidated into surrendering his manifest right to conclude the Convention. For the rest, England will feel no embarrassment, and suffer no hurt, should the Convention, matured with such pains and patience, become a dead letter. Instead of our engaging to withdraw the last of our troops from Egypt at the end of three years, if the situation of affairs permits us to do so, we shall be as free as we were before the Convention was thought of to take our own time over that operation. England will assuredly not abandon Egypt to internal discord or to foreign intrigue, because France and Russia succeed in depriving the Sultan of the satisfaction he sought for at our hands, and which we were willing to give him.

At the urgent solicitation of the Sultan the English Government has consented to wait till the 4th of July for the ratification of the Convention. But we trust it will not fail to make it perfectly plain that non-ratification is a matter of complete indifference to us, which unquestionably it is. Failing to make this clear, England might expose itself to the reproach, however unfounded, of having surrendered something to which it attaches great value, in deference to the indirect threats of Russia and France. Should the Convention fall to the ground, the diplomatic achievements of the two Powers that opposed it will be utterly void of practical

result, since our present position in Egypt will remain untouched and unaffected. But it is indispensable that the Government should take care not to expose the dignity and honour of England to even the semblance of a serious check.

The diplomatic action of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg at Constantinople in regard to the Egyptian Convention cannot be dissociated from the policy it still pursues, and the end it still labours to reach, in Bulgaria. That policy aims at breaking down the resistance of the Bulgarians by prolonging the provisional period indefinitely, and exposing them to all the dangers and perplexities of such a situation. So far the gallant little Principality has made head successfully against the passive but surly opposition of Russia. But it is not to be denied that the Bulgarians are sorely harassed by the political uncertainty to which this diabolic strategy exposes them; and the Regents have arrived at the conclusion that it is high time the Sobranje met. It has been summoned for the 3rd of July, and some have thought that one of its earliest acts will be to elect a Prince for the Throne of Bulgaria. This seems to us most unlikely. What is less improbable, is that the Regents may ask the Sobranje to nominate a single Regent, into whose hands may be entrusted the power they themselves now exercise. But it must be confessed that the situation is exceedingly obscure, and the public must be prepared to hear, at any moment, of some fresh sensational and startling news from Sofia. The Loan which the Regency was thought to have arranged with the Länderbank of Vienna is still not negotiated; the borrowers asking for higher and more onerous terms than the Regents have thought themselves justified in conceding. The prospect in the Balkan Peninsula has not been rendered more satisfactory or more free from doubt by the fresh shuffling of the cards that has occurred at Belgrade. The Cabinet of M. Garaschinin has been replaced by one presided over by M. Ristics; and, to all appearances, the change is one from which Russia may reasonably hope to extract some profit. King Milan has paid a visit to Vienna, doubtless in order to learn from Count Kalnoky how he had better conduct himself in a position of no little embarrassment. The King is not popular in Servia, and Austria exercises too much influence over the Servians to be loved by them. But it would be an error to suppose that the Servians coquette with Russia for any other purpose than to play off one Power against the other. All that can be concluded with certainty, is that Austria cannot permit at Belgrade any more than at Sofia, and, indeed, still less at Belgrade than at Sofia, the active assertion of Russian influence to the detriment of its own interests. The relations of Austria and Russia remain unchanged, and we should say

it is exceedingly improbable that the rumoured Meeting of the Three Emperors will take place. The Emperor of Germany, who has recovered from his recent indisposition, will have an interview before long with the Emperor of Austria; and the unbroken bond that links Germany and Austria continues to be the best guarantee for the maintenance of peace, and for the vindication of European interests, in case peace were unhappily interrupted.

The triumph of the Crown and Prince Bismarck at the General Election, held in the spring, has rendered the domestic politics of Germany much more quiet than usual. The Reichstag has shown itself disposed to meet all the Chancellor's wishes, even in the hitherto disputed territory of Finance and Taxation. Shortly after the last number of the *Review* was published, M. Rouvier succeeded in putting an end to the Ministerial Crisis in France, by forming a Cabinet. It contains a certain element of Conservatism, if not in its actual composition, at least in its ideas; and it was, therefore, assailed at once by the Extreme Left. So far, however, its position remains unshaken. The Chamber of Deputies has been busily occupied in discussing the new Army Bill, which subjects all French citizens alike to the obligation of serving the State in the Army for a reduced period of time. The main result will be that France will possess a much larger, but a somewhat less efficient fighting force. Another incidental consequence is that students for the priesthood will no longer be exempted from serving in the ranks. The Government evidently felt itself unable to resist the current of public opinion, which in France demands the semblance of an absolute equality among all citizens. Nevertheless, we imagine that, in practice, care will be taken to work the change in a reasonable spirit, and to employ Seminarists, as they are called, in the non-combatant portions of the Army.

June 30th.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[N.B.- The appearance of a letter in the *National Review* in no way implies approval of the opinions expressed by the writer. This portion of the *Review* is reserved for remarks that Correspondents may desire to make upon papers which have been published in the *National Review*, or for letters upon such other subjects as the Editors may think deserving of discussion.]

The Crimes Bill for Ireland: Its Justification.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

When in 1881 Mr. Gladstone was applying coercion for the purpose of suppressing disorder and crime in Ireland, and breaking the power of the National—*alias* Land—League, he declared that he and his Government were "endeavouring to relieve the people of Ireland from an intolerable yoke"; * and amongst his other reasons for interfering with what Mr. Gladstone *then* called the "reckless schemes the Parnellites had devised," † stated—"Rapine is the first object; but rapine is not the only object. They wish to march through rapine to the disintegration and dismemberment of the Empire, and, I am sorry to say, even to the placing of different parts of the Empire in direct hostility one with the other." ‡

Now, a consideration of the "reckless schemes" the Parnellites are engaged in attempting to carry out in 1887, ought surely to lead to the conclusion that "rapine" is still their first object, and that through rapine they still wish to "march to the disintegration and dismemberment of the Empire"; therefore, whatever were the arguments that could be advanced in 1881 for a Coercion Act, the same arguments will apply with equal, indeed greater, force in 1887; and whatever evidence there was in 1881 to prove the necessity of restraining the men at that time engaged in destroying all semblance of law and order in Ireland, has been greatly strengthened since 1881 by the words and deeds of the same men, reinforced and encouraged as they have since been by Mr. Gladstone himself and that section of his followers who have made "an

* Mr. Gladstone at Knowsley Hall, October 28th, 1881.

† *Ibid.* ‡ *Ibid.*

alliance—a baneful alliance—with the representatives of anarchy and disorder."*

But this alliance implies a great deal more than a political connection with a party which is striving to obtain Home Rule for Ireland since these "representatives of anarchy and disorder" are the "*subsidised agents of a foreign conspiracy.*"†

It would be well to understand from the mouths of some of the principal "subsidised agents of this foreign conspiracy" what are the real intentions of the foreign paymasters of the Parnellites, and consider what further arguments are thus afforded for the speedy enactment of a stringent Crimes Bill.

In August 1886 Messrs. W. O'Brien (the editor of *United Ireland*) and J. E. Redmond visited America, having been sent over as a delegation to the Chicago Convention held on August 25th, and following days. John Fitzgerald, Patrick Egan, Patrick Ford, Hugh McCaffrey, Alexander Sullivan (members of the Clan-na-gael murder club) and Finnerty (dynamiter) were amongst the principal men who attended and spoke at this convention, and there can be no doubt of the intimate connection between these men and the Parnellite party. Naturally, these Irish delegates thoroughly informed themselves of the desires of and the assistance they might expect from, their Irish-American allies. This knowledge they brought home for the encouragement of their supporters in Ireland.

On September 3rd, Messrs. O'Brien and Redmond arrived in Dublin from their American embassade, and proceeded to give an account of their mission to a large concourse of people, who had assembled in front of their hotel in Sackville Street. Referring to the Irish-American allies of the Parnellites, composed as they were principally of Fenians, dynamiters, and rebels who had fled their country, Mr. W. O'Brien said—"I want to say that these Irish-Americans across the Atlantic are very extreme men [cheers]. We are all, I hope, as extreme as they are in resenting and resisting English rule in Ireland [cheers]."‡ Then Mr. O'Brien proceeded to deliver the message which he said he had received from these American allies of the Parnellites, which message will afford an additional proof for the necessity of a Crimes Bill to prevent "a good account" being given of men in official positions in Ireland. "Go on! (was the message) go on as you have been going. Give a good account of the Churchills [groans], the Beaches [groans], the Castlereaghs [groans], the Bullers [groans], and all the rest of the 'Bull' family [laughter], who come over here to govern us against our will [groans]."§

* Mr. Chamberlain at Highbury, June 2nd, 1887.

† Mr. Chamberlain at the Birmingham conference of Unionists, June 1st, 1887.

‡ *United Ireland*, September 11th, 1886. § *Ibid.*

What could have been more dangerous than a message thus framed? Still fresh in the minds of the people was the remembrance of the "accident," as Mr. Parnell in the letter dated May 15th, 1882, attributed to him, and addressed to Patrick Egan, the facsimile of which was published in the *Times* of April 18th, 1887, termed the assassination on May 6th, 1882, in the Phœnix Park, Dublin, of Lord Frederick Cavendish; still fresh was the remembrance of the "deserts" as Mr. Parnell in the same letter termed the murder, on the same day, of Mr. Burke, and what would be more likely than that some among Mr. O'Brien's audience interpreted his—to express it mildly—*indiscreet* allusion to chief and under secretaries, and other Government officials, as a suggestion to give "a good account" of future Government officials by the means of bullets and daggers?

Having delivered his message, Mr. O'Brien proceeded to give the people advice of his own how they should act, by saying: "Go on as you have been going, and I promise you for all these millions in America that they never will spare their treasury [loud cheers], aye, and if the chance or the necessity should arise, never will spare their blood [loud and prolonged cheers]. On and on, until this great fight is ended in the happiness and in the independence of the bright green land that bore us [loud and prolonged cheers]."—*United Ireland*, September 11th, 1886.

The mischievous idea of receiving physical as well as pecuniary assistance from America has been dangled for some considerable time before the eyes of the Irish people, every opportunity having been taken by the Parnellite agitators to instil seditious poison into the minds of their dupes. For instance, "The Irish in America would rather win Ireland's liberty on Ireland's hill-sides," * is an example of the encouragement that has been given to resort to the use of weapons; and again: "The Irish in America wanted men not to falter in their expression and in their determination to make this country free, and they were perfectly willing to aid this country in any attempt to obtain self-government for Ireland, so long as the people of this country declared their determination never to cease agitation, and to use all the means in their power till they drove every man of English blood from every official position in Ireland." †

Before referring to the "rapine" the leaders of the Parnellite movement are at present so busily engaged in encouraging in Ireland, attention may be called to the following declaration by Mr. W. Redmond, M.P., which also very distinctly defines the object the agitators are striving to attain, and it is for the purpose of assisting them in this

* Mr. W. Redmond, M.P., in Dublin, September 8th, 1884.

† Mr. W. Redmond, M.P., at a Central Branch meeting of the League. September 16th, 1884.

disloyal scheme that these mercenaries paid by foreigners are, by their exertions to reduce rents, working so hard to enlist the tenants upon their side. Mark the goal they are striving to reach. "He believed that it was their duty to God as well as to their country, to do all that lay in their power to overthrow the domination of England."* And again: "I know how natural it is for Irishmen in this great republic to wish to win Ireland's freedom in the way that America's was won. I should be a recreant to my past if I said disrespectful words against those who urge the use of physical force."†

When advocating "rapine" the Parnellites have no scruples in recommending Irishmen to repudiate their legal obligations together with all honourable adherence to their contracts by holding out to them bribes such as the following: "Remember that if our struggle is a long and hard one, the rewards and prizes of victory are very great: prairie rents for the farmers; less than prairie rents, if possible, for the labourers."‡ And listen to Michael Davitt. "The landlords' interest (he said) had not yet been brought down to the level of justice. A few years ago there was a great deal talked about prairie value. It was good sound talk, and he would like to hear a little more of it to-day."§

Also mark the following advice by Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P., a barrister-at-law, to the tenants on Mr. S. Hussey's estates in Cork and Limerick, as to how they should act when purchasing their holdings. Clearly, in the opinion of Mr. Healy (and bearing in mind the prominent position Mr. Healy holds amongst his colleagues, it may be assumed to be the opinion of the latter as well), one of the most effectual ways to carry on a system of "rapine" is for the tenants to make bargains for the purchase of their holdings without having the slightest intention of carrying out their bargains. This was the lesson in honesty inculcated by Mr. Healy: "If I (Mr. Healy) were a tenant, pressed on the one hand by Mr. Sam Hussey and a sheriff's writ, and on the other hand pressed by Mr. Hussey with a purchase deed, and if I were compelled to buy at too big a price, I would repudiate it by and by, when I had the place in my possession."‖

In conclusion, the following quotations from speeches by Nationalist leaders will afford additional justification for the enactment of the Crimes Bill.

As if Ireland has not been sufficiently disgraced by the murders, moonlighting, the maiming men and beasts, and boycotting that have, in consequence of the Parnellite agitation, been so prevalent throughout

* Mr. W. Redmond, M.P., at Bohernabreena, County Dublin, November 15th, 1885.
† Mr. M. Davitt in Michigan, U.S.A., August 1886.
‡ Mr. O'Brien, M.P., at Bansha, County Tipperary, February 8th, 1885.
§ Michael Davitt at Carrickmacross, County Monaghan, May 29th, 1887.
‖ Mr. T. M. Healy at a Central Branch meeting of the League, October 26th, 1886.

the country during the last few years, Mr. W. O'Brien put the mischievous and dangerous idea of watching their farms from behind a ditch into the minds of evicted tenants.

Answering the question he himself had asked, viz. "Where is the evicted tenant?" Mr. O'Brien replied: "He is the other side of the ditch in a state of suspended possession; and back he knows he will come, for the title deeds of his farm are written in the hearts and determination of the Irish people, and woe betide the land-grabber that attempts to meddle with those title deeds."*

Mr. Deasy, M.P., who followed Mr. O'Brien, referring to the struggle taking place between the landlords and tenants, said: "Lord Randolph Churchill would have them (the tenants) to fight it out with the landlords, and he (Mr. Deasy) would treat the landlords just as he would treat a mad dog that was drowning."†

At Castlerea, in the County Mayo, on December 5th, 1886, Mr. John Dillon, denouncing the opponents of Home Rule, said: "In the day of our power we will remember them,"—which he thus explains—"When we come out of the struggle we will remember who were the people's friends and who were the people's enemies, and deal out our reward to one and our punishment to the other."

How can any constitutional party oppose the enactment of the Crimes Bill?

I remain, Gentlemen,
Your faithful Servant,
GEORGE W. RUXTON.

Tithes.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,

A Government Bill, introduced by Lord Salisbury on this subject, has passed through Committee in the House of Lords, and will ere long have arrived at the House of Commons, where probably it will be more roughly handled, and not be debated in the same temperate way as in the Upper House. To appreciate the magnitude and the vast importance of this subject, I would recommend a perusal of Lord Selborne's admirable work *A Defence of the Church of England against Disestablishment.* The Tithe Commutation Act of 1836 has been denounced more than it deserves; it is easy to find fault with it, under altered circumstances, but its provisions will bear scrutiny and show many merits; it

* Mr. W. O'Brien, Central Branch meeting of the League, October 26th, 1886.

† Mr. Deasy, Central Branch meeting of the League, October 26th, 1886.

has at all events for half a century rendered tithes, by means of a rent-charge, fairly easy of collection, and generally paid without much bickering. About the year 1836 British agriculture was making great strides in advance; the culture of root crops was, by the use of artificial manures and by greatly-improved methods of cultivation, developing into the great perfection it has since arrived at; the breeding, feeding, and forcing of stock to early maturity, the immense improvements in, and addition to, agricultural machinery, were day by day thrusting themselves upon the cultivators of the soil; these things required a constant increase in the capital to be applied to the land, and one of the arguments in favour of the Act of 1836, as used by the tithe-payer, was the inexpediency of taking tithes on the increased produce, the result of this increased capital; it was further advanced that such a claim, on the increased produce, did, more or less, prevent the flow of further capital into the cultivation of the soil, thus retarding improvements and lessening the production of food for the people.

Tithes were collected in kind more or less up to 1836; at that time, however, the greater part, no doubt, were paid by a composition agreed upon.

The Act of 1836 settled the amount of produce which should thereafter be paid, in the shape of a given number of bushels of corn, reduced for convenience into a money payment, regulated upon the average of seven years.

We see, then, that the quantity of produce is not variable; the price is.

Has the gross produce of the soil decreased since 1836? Certainly not. For many years production increased considerably, and at the present time doubtless is more per cultivated acre than it was in 1836. If this be admitted, the tithe-owner does not receive more of the produce than he is entitled to, and it follows that the grievance of the tithe-payer at the present time is the amount charged upon the produce. This grievance is due to the seven years' average system, which is too slow in operation, that is to say, the price of corn upon which the tithe is calculated does not follow sufficiently close the market price of the day; for instance, at this moment the reduction in the tithe rent-charge is about 12½ per cent., whereas the present reduction in the value of corn is about 35 per cent.

In the year 1846 Sir R. Peel's Corn Bill was passed. It does not appear to have immediately depreciated the value of corn, but, for some years past, prices have steadily gone down, and for the last three years have been so low as to have had a most disastrous effect on all interests connected with the land, and a general opinion prevails that the present prices are to be permanent.

We have now Lord Salisbury's Bill to deal with, and which seems

generally to be acceptable to the clergy and tithe-owners; and, on a superficial view of the case, this is not much to be wondered at, when the future is shadowed forth as "no more disputes with tenants, the landlord simply forwarding his cheque for the amount of tithe rent-charge," or under the redemption clauses of the Bill paying "twenty times the amount of tithe rent-charge paid by the confirmed apportionment"; this will certainly exceed thirty-three years' purchase if calculated on the present price of corn.

To the principles of this Bill I entirely object, as making tithes a simple contract debt, exactly reversing the Act of 1836, which distinctly lays down that no person is personally liable, a principle which has ever prevailed; and the enfranchising scheme, which, by removing the tithe rent-charge from the rate-book, will lessen, if not entirely deaden, the interest the clergyman has in the parochial expenditure, and, having made him simply a stipendiary, a State stipendiary, result in his taking and feeling no interest whatever in the temporal welfare of his parishioners. It is, indeed, another step in the direction of making one's own interest the only one to be cared for—independence, as it is called, the wisdom of which seems doubtful. It is said to remove friction of interests, but, unless in cases where the parties are like lucifer matches, and they are truly the exception, surely a little friction is far better than perfect apathy.

In conclusion, it seems a far preferable course, rather than altering the whole tithe system of the country, to keep the Act of 1836 nearly in its entirety, and merely alter the *seven* years' average to *three*; this will meet generally and immediately the present requirements of the tithe-producer, and he has a claim as the duty on corn has been removed since the Act of 1836. The tithe-owner will undoubtedly at once suffer a reduction of from *fifteen* to *twenty* per cent. in excess of the present septennial averages; but if the present price of corn continues, he must in three years time submit to this reduction. There will be exceptional cases, where under present conditions the cultivation of corn has ceased; in such cases the clauses in Lord Salisbury's Bill, giving relief when the net profit is less than the sum accrued due for tithe rent-charge, may be made operative. By such a course the tithe-owner will retain his right to his proportion of the produce of the soil, will retain his lien upon the land, and will retain real property as his security instead of exchanging it for colonial securities or the stocks or municipal boroughs.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your faithful Servant,

June 20th, 1887. W. Barrow Simonds.

Tory Democracy.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

That very able exponent of Liberalism, the *Spectator*, has declared, more than once in recent months, that if the "masses" had meant mischief to the "classes" in times past, they were quite as capable of inflicting it a hundred or two hundred years ago as to-day; that in the possession of overwhelming brute force they have always been in power; that the toiling millions of the plough, and of the loom, might, if so disposed, have ages ago introduced chaos and anarchy as easily as those who ply the same tasks to-day. Without quite accepting this contention, there is yet much truth in it. The English people have a marked predilection for order, which is to law as effect is to cause. In other words they are, and have been, a people of strong Conservative instincts. What more natural, then, than that the State, being in a normally healthy social condition, and enjoying a tolerable prosperity, they should, actively sharing in the choice of legislators, incline, of instinct, to the Conservative side?

The preponderance of Liberalism during the last forty or fifty years has led to a good deal of false assumption on the part of persons who ought to have known better, and who would have known better if they had thought more. During that period the Liberal Party was allowed through grave error, only partially repaired in time, to fly the flag of Electoral Reform. The Squirearchy, who were so patent a factor in the Tory Party, were not sufficiently alive to the economical changes which the nineteenth century has brought to fruition, nor to the fact that commerce and manufactures had run level with, or ahead of, agriculture as national interests; neither did they perceive that laws which were made for the service of a social system whose place in the State has been seriously modified, must be modified also. It was the great life-task of Lord Beaconsfield to set the Tory Party right on these points, to save it from the insignificance of a Faubourg St. Honoré in London, with antediluvian adherents sprinkled in hall and parsonage over the land. The Master of Hughenden showed how to adapt to the times the ancient principles, and in what way the Tory Party was again to come into touch with that populace, alienated by misconceptions on both sides, and soundly Conservative at core.

At the same time, it is not to be forgotten that the Tory Democracy, though Conservative, are Conservative as Democrats. It differs from the Radical Democracy in this, that it has an intense affection for the old institutions, it is not hostile to rank, it is not disposed to fret against our social system, or to regard the past as

altogether bad and the future as surely prolific of Utopian realisations. But the Tory Democracy will no more favour abuses or allow unfair laws to last for ever, or connive at extravagance, than the Radical. It takes a plain English view of things. In the main it will prefer to continue in the old lines; but on certain points, where working-men and the lower middle classes generally have pretty pronounced views on which there is no controversy, it will make its forces felt and dominant. The other sections of the Conservative Party will have to overcome all prejudices and preconceptions, put themselves frankly in accord with the aims of the Conservative working-man, and then they will be welcomed as the leading sections of the party. The working-men, even of the Conservative type, will not allow themselves to be exploited in the interests of classes, but they will willingly and cordially co-operate with their social superiors to dam back revolution, if their social superiors will cordially co-operate with them for the redress of those grievances for which they think they have legitimate complaint to make. Lord Randolph Churchill has shown his shrewd perception of the bent of the Conservative Democracy on one question, by the stand he has made on the subject of economy. The small householder, and most of all, the small householder's wife, realise what taxes mean as do no other class in the community. They feel the pinch as did not, as a rule, the electors of the older franchises. They will want to be sure that they get their *quid pro quo*, their money's worth for their money. They will demand that no penny of their hard-earned wages shall be wantonly taken when it might be dispensed with, and they wil stand no nonsense on the point neither. A man need be no worse a Conservative for that. If a toiling Tory of this sort were driven to associate politically with Radicals, I should say it was a case of matter in the wrong place, and that it was a misfortune due to folly and neglect. Lord Randolph Churchill has, in my opinion, rendered his party an immense service by the line he took about the departments, and did more to confirm the Tory Democracy in their allegiance than was ever done before. It is a proof of his immense shrewdness and insight that he dared to adopt so bold a course last December, and it will earn him a confidence that will add tenfold to his weight in the State.

Now the Radicals would not be wrong in ridiculing Tory Democracy, if the natural leaders of the party had failed in perception of the signs of the times, or if the term simply meant the accidental and momentary union of an aristocratic clique and a turbulent mob. Tory Democracy is eminently reasonable and thoroughly practical, and is based on the belief that Toryism is a principle as likely to be vital in a democracy as in an aristocracy, and that the democracy are as susceptible to the merits of the principle, and as much imbued with it, naturally, as any

other aggregate of Englishmen. If the same political programmes were adhered to as did good service when the franchise was narrower, it would be folly to expect any considerable fraction of working men to give their enthusiastic support, or indeed, any support at all. With a democratic basis for the electorate, the lines of the policy of the party must be democratic too. To get the benefit of the Toryism of the toiling masses, there must be a readiness to grasp and understand their wants. There must be universal give and take if the vast body of Tory opinion in the country is to present a united, unbroken phalanx to the foe. To liberate the Toryism existent widely in our democracy, and make it fully fruitful in result, Toryism must give full swing and scope to the democratic spirit in itself. It must compete to advantage with Radicalism in all wise and needed reform, while closing its ranks to merely mischievous innovation. If at times, then, the programmes of the two parties seem to move externally on the same lines, the spirit which animates them will be widely different. While the Tory party will work cordially in driving its democracy to the goal of its wishes, it will avail itself of the Toryism in it to buttress those palladia of our liberties, towards which our iconoclasts of politics turn ever and anon a wistfully destructive gaze. They will thus obtain the assistance necessary to stave off legislative revolution. History proves that the heart of our democracy is sound. It has not acted chaotically conscious of the powers, as the *Spectator* has it, that have always been latent in it. The head, however, is played with by the unscrupulous where the hand holds a vote. To keep that head in harmony with the sound English heart there must be no loop-hole left for the Radical to insinuate that the Tory policy is less unselfish than his own. It should be in the power of every Tory speaker to say we will legislate against anomalies, have as thorough a care of your interests, and go as far as any Radical on Democratic lines; but we stop at breaches of the Commandments, at removing ancient landmarks, and at playing ducks and drakes with the honour or integrity of the country. Now the working-man who likes economy and approves wise reform, but at the same time hates theft, likes what he has been accustomed to, and is not ashamed of being an Englishman, is a Tory Democrat. The man who doubts that there are tens, nay hundreds of thousands of men of this type in our working and lower middle-classes must know curiously little of them. They are men who would not work with the Tory Party if they thought it ignored or disregarded the desirability of certain alterations in the law, and certain economics in administration, which they hold to be necessary and essential; but given these, they are as ready to stand loyally by true Conservatism as the most buxom alderman or the bluest-blooded thane.

The motto of this Review is a query of Lord Beaconsfield's "What is the Tory Party, unless it represents national feeling?" In nothing is

the implied statement more true than in foreign politics. Here, again, it has a fine field for gaining the complete sympathy of the Democracy. The patriot working-man is by instinct a Tory. He does not understand the mawkish cosmopolitanism which is now a mask for pusillanimity, or vaunted with an affectation of superiority to insular prejudices. He may not see through the contemptible conceit of it, or detect its craven cowardice; but certain broad results he can appreciate. He knows that his fellows lie dead on South African hill-slopes, slain in unavenged British defeats. It may be some consolation for the death in war of relatives to know that they have died to some purpose in a victory which sheds lustre on the national arms. It is quite another thing to lose them on a day of disaster, fruitlessly perishing just before an ignominious peace is patched up. The Conservative working man is ready to respond to the call of duty where his country is concerned. He is uncontaminated by the heresies of the Peace Society. He has no sympathy with the clap-trap in which the peace-at-any-price folk indulge. He realises that the great boons which the existence of the Empire confers upon him are not to be had for nothing, and that the country must be prepared to keep watch and ward with vigilance and pertinacity if they are to be retained. To deny that a very large proportion of our working-men are keenly sensitive to everything which affects the national honour and prestige is to betray gross ignorance of their modes of thought. All these working-men are, to a man, of the stuff out of which good recruits for the ranks of the Tory Democracy may be won. They, among their Radical fellows, are often shocked and wounded by the presence of an anti-English bias. They are predisposed from this experience to enroll themselves in a party which, above all things, rejoices in the name of "National." They are sensible enough to side mainly with those who believe it to be our duty to look shrewdly after British interests, and not to be for ever indulging in sentimental philanderings with African Boers, and semi-civilized Tartars, idiotically speculating as to the possibility of their being better and wiser than ourselves. The parricidal mood which Gladstonians have caught from the remarkable founder of their sect is strange to the Tory Democracy, which has yet to be bamboozled into believing that its grandfathers, of all other people in this world and the next, were any worse than those of other races. That is to say, amongst the Democracy will be found a large proportion of thorough-going Englishmen, who will be disposed to throw themselves entirely on the Tory side.

To sum up, as there is a Conservative element in all Democracies, we should expect to find it in the English Democracy, only to a larger extent in view of inherited qualities, and of the lessons our history teaches. That element has, to a considerable degree, already identified

itself with official constitutionalism. To make one solid amalgam of it with other portions of the party, it is, of course, good to have a popular leader of genius ; but it is desirable as well that there should be a clear understanding of the principle on which success is to be attained. There must be a giving and a taking. The older Toryism must sit loosely by what is not of the essence of Conservatism ; it must be willing not only to teach the Democracy, but to be taught by it ; desire not merely to lead, but to lead generously. There must be an alliance in which the new is chastened by the presence of the old, and the old is freshened by the presence of the young and the new. If this happens, people will cease to ask " What is Tory Democracy ? " They will see its victories, and understand that the people have recognized and found their true leaders, and that the leaders have discerned and know how to satisfy the political aspirations of the people. The result will be that the history of English life and society will maintain its continuity because the Conservative leaven was allowed to do completely its wholesome and preserving work, for Tory Democracy means that every Conservative factor in the Kingdom is to have its full influence. Thus Revolution will be discomfited, and the hopes of its champions be frustrated.

I am, Gentlemen,
Yours faithfully,
FRANK BANFIELD.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Editors of THE NATIONAL REVIEW, care of Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., 13 Waterloo Place, London. S.W.

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THE

NATIONAL REVIEW.

No. 54.—AUGUST, 1887.

THE POSITION OF THE LIBERAL UNIONISTS.

There is no question of more pressing interest or graver moment at the present juncture of public affairs, than the position of the Liberal Unionists; and nothing is to be gained by our allowing the warm admiration we feel for their ability, their disinterestedness, and their patriotism, to stand in the way of stating, with perfect candour, the serious risk which it seems to us they are running by maintaining, beyond what is absolutely necessary and inevitable, a distinct and isolated attitude as a Party in the State. Any misfortune that happened to them, any electoral reverse, or any diminution of their voting strength, would, in our opinion, be a dire misfortune to the Commonwealth. As, therefore, whether rightly or wrongly, we do sincerely believe that their present position is full of danger to themselves, and to the Cause they have at heart, we feel sure they will allow us to explain with the utmost frankness the reasons of our anxiety.

It may, perhaps, seem a strange moment to give expression to the fear lest the influence of the Liberal Unionists over the concerns of the nation should be impaired, seeing that they have so recently brought that influence to bear on current legislation with striking effect. But the authority the Liberal Unionists exert in Parliament, and while the Legislature is sitting, affords, unfortunately, no measure of the power they wield outside the Legislature, or which they exercise on public platforms and at the polling-booth. So long as Parliament is in Session, and while important Bills are passing through the Legislature, they are consulted by the Government now in office, are taken into its confidence, and to a certain extent share in its most intimate deliberations. We believe they would be the first to recognize that they have been treated by Lord Salisbury, his colleagues, and his followers, with studious consideration, that their advice is

uniformly valued, and that their wishes, often consulted, are never wholly ignored.

Could this state of things last for ever, or did it represent the only circumstances that can affect the fortunes of the Liberal Unionists, all would, perhaps, be well, and our solicitude as to their future would be superfluous. But there are two other conditions to which their position is exposed, either of which, and one of the two more especially, may materially affect it, and affect it most detrimentally. One is the possibility of their inadvertently labouring to exert more influence and authority over the decisions of the Government than it might feel justified in conceding. The other, and the far graver danger, is the certainty that the field where their influence has to be exercised will, at some time or other, not be the Legislature, but the constituencies; in other words, conflicts in Parliament will be exchanged for a General Election. Recent experience, moreover, has shown, that long before a General Election takes place, there may occur electoral struggles on a considerable scale, the importance of which no wise person will underrate.

If we thought that the Liberal Unionists had laboured to exert excessive or disproportionate influence over the councils of the Government, or that the Government had shown itself too complaisant to their views and suggestions, we should say so. Hitherto, however, nothing of the kind has happened; the alterations in the Crimes Act and in the Land Bill being alterations such as the one side might reasonably ask for, and the other might properly grant. But the Liberal Unionists will allow that they are not themselves a perfectly homogeneous Party; and their own divergencies of opinion might conceivably lead them, in their desire momentarily to heal or dissemble their own differences, into urging the Government to adopt a course it could not possibly pursue. On the other hand, the wish of the Government to do nothing that might cause it to forfeit the good-will of the Liberal Unionists, might in time lead it to make concessions that would be displeasing to a considerable number of its own followers. In either event, the co-operation of the Government and the Liberal Unionists would be imperilled; and their division would give the enemies of the Union that fresh opportunity for mischief for which they are lying in wait with hopeful patience. Were the Government once left in a minority on a question of prime consequence, the ground gained this time last year would be lost, and the struggle for the integrity of the Realm and the safety of the Empire would have to be fought out afresh in a pitched battle before the constituencies. Naturally, the victors in the last general engagement have no wish gratuitously to precipitate

another, however confident they may feel they would be victorious anew.

But is it quite certain they would be victorious, if the conditions remained such as they are at present; in other words, if the Liberal Unionists fought their portion of the battle under an absolutely distinct flag, and with an absolutely separate organization? We confess that, on this point, we entertain the gravest doubts. The number of seats the Liberal Unionists could carry as Liberal Unionists merely, are not many; and there are seats which Conservative candidates could carry only with the co-operation, and the hearty co-operation, of the Liberal Unionists. But would co-operation be hearty, on the morrow of a Dissolution caused by a divergence of view between the Government and the Liberal Unionists? Nay, can we feel certain that it would in every constituency be as hearty as it ought to be, even if the Dissolution had come in the natural course, and without any division of opinion between the Unionists of both camps; and might not two distinct electoral organizations, though nominally aiming at the same end, occasionally hamper and unintentionally thwart each other's action? Moreover, would the electors in all cases, or even in any case, thoroughly understand the nature of the bond between the Government and the Liberal Unionists? It should be borne in mind that the vast bulk of the electors are very primitive in their reasoning, and very simple in their judgments. They are incapable of appreciating fine distinctions, and understand only that a man should be on one side of the hedge or the other. They argue thus: "If you wish to support the Government, why do you not belong to it? If you approve the policy of the Conservative Party, what is your objection to identifying yourselves with the Government? But if you are a Liberal, why do you not vote for the Liberal candidate, and why do you not follow the recognized leader of the recognized Liberal Party?"

We are well aware there is a satisfactory reply to these questions, if the person who puts them be an educated politician with a reasonable amount of dialectical capacity. But the persons who ask these questions are not dialecticians; and no reply can be regarded as satisfactory that does not satisfy *them*. In all deliberations affecting practical politics, it is imperative that people should begin by looking plain facts straight in the face, and should recognize them as facts, if they really be such. Now we think no one can accurately deny that the great bulk of the Liberal Party in the country are at this moment following Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morley, and Mr. Parnell, and are not following the Marquis of Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain. We are very sorry for it; but, if it be the case, we must deal with it as we find it. In the eyes

of educated persons, the Liberal Party led by Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morley, and Mr. Parnell, has been deprived of its noblest and worthiest elements; but we fear the elements that remain are amply sufficient for electoral purposes. It is not necessary, for an electoral struggle, or in order to achieve an electoral victory, that a Party should be led wisely, consistently, or with dignity. It is enough if it be led with confidence, courage, and what the multitude accept as ability. Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues are evidently prepared to throw themselves into any electoral contest that may arise, with desperate and reckless vigour; and, lamentable as the fact may be, we fear that the Liberal electors in the constituencies will conclude that the Liberal Party can dispense even with Lord Hartington, Mr. Bright, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Selborne, Lord Northbrook, Sir Henry James, in a word, with its best brains and loftiest characters, if Mr. Gladstone shows that he is prepared to fight the battle, not only without them, but against them.

What would be the position of even the most eminent Liberal Unionists, at a General Election conducted under such conditions? We fear they would be between the hammer of the Gladstonians and the anvil of the Government. Indeed, their present position reminds us forcibly of what was once the position of the Left Centre in the French Legislature. The Left Centre contained the best political intellects and the most respected political characters in France. Where is the Left Centre now? It does not exist. Its members were the salt of the earth, but that did not save them. They refused to co-operate with the Conservatives —we ought to add that the French Conservatives likewise refused to co-operate with them—and they have vanished, pulverized in the shock of Reactionaries and Radicals.

We seriously dread lest an analogous fate should in the end overtake the Liberal Unionists if they continue to adhere to their present attitude of comparative isolation. We can well understand that a man who has once called himself a Liberal should be reluctant to part with that description of his opinions, and should be loth to confess that the Liberal Party, with its splendid traditions, no longer provides him with shelter. But surely Liberalism has in these later days been so travestied and disfigured, that those who once wore it as a robe of glory may be forgiven if they put it off as a soiled and tattered garment. Moreover, it seems to us morally certain that if the schism in the quondam Liberal Party is to be healed, it must be healed not by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley coming over to the views of Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain, but by Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain accepting the views of Mr.

Gladstone and Mr. Morley. The force of gravitation operates in politics as in physics ; and it is the larger body that attracts and absorbs the smaller one, not the smaller one the larger. The Leader of 180 followers does not give in to the leader of less than half that number, more especially when, if he did so, he would lose a greater number of allies—the Parnellites—than he would gain by the operation. Surely it is patent to everyone that Mr. Gladstone and his English, Scotch, and Welsh followers have burnt their boats, and are now on that side of the Rubicon that compels them to go on marching through rapine to dismemberment, through Home Rule to Separation.

Such being the case, and the only chance of the reunion of the old Liberal Party consisting in the surrender of the numerically weaker to the numerically stronger, the Liberal Unionists, it seems to us, would do well to lose no time in asking themselves which of the proverbial three courses open to them they will pursue. They can surrender to Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morley, or Mr. Parnell. They can remain as they are. Finally, they can draw closer to the existing Government.

We respect the Liberal Unionists far too much to entertain for a moment the assumption that, to use the phrase of one of the most distinguished of them, they will sneak back into the Gladstonian fold. They love their country, their honour, and their principles too well. The dangers incidental to remaining as they are have been frankly pointed out by us; and, if our fears are not unfounded, it is impossible for them to remain as they are for more than a limited period, since, by attempting to remain as they are in the presence of electors who do not understand their position, they will, like the late French Centre, simply disappear.

There remains the third course, to draw closer to the existing Government. That is the course we venture to urge on their consideration, equally in their own interest and in that of the State. The moment is propitious for their doing so; but who can say how long it will last? There is at the head of affairs a Statesman of uncommon magnanimity, endowed with great powers but singularly destitute of vulgar ambition, and who, to use an American phrase, is ready to "take a back seat," whenever the interests of the nation seem to demand that he should do so. Disinterestedness of this sort is so rare in politics, that it gives a man who exhibits it exceptional authority over his followers. They would be ashamed to be less patriotic than their leader, and they would doubtless consent, among other sacrifices, to relinquish at his bidding, in case of necessity, the Party designation by which they have hitherto been known, if a suitable substitute could, as no doubt it could, be suggested to them.

Meanwhile, it is with the greatest satisfaction that we publish, in the current number of the *National Review*, papers by two such distinguished Liberal Unionists as the Earl of Selborne and the Warden of All Souls. It will be obvious to all that, writing as each does in an independent capacity, both feel that something is at stake higher than the fortunes of a party. They are speaking in our pages as Liberals. They surrender none of their old convictions. They abate no jot nor tittle of their attachment to their old principles. But they perceive that where a great National issue is involved, those who agree as to the main end to be attained must consent to work together for the attainment of that end. We are glad to know that other Liberal Unionists of distinction and influence propose to contribute to this Review. Should it be their wish, we would willingly have it regarded as a Unionist rather than, as hitherto, an exclusively Conservative organ. The Conservative Party, under whatever title it may be known, has need of the Liberal Unionists. But we are sure they will not think we speak as Party men, when we add that they, too, have need of the present Government and its followers. Similar dangers beset both; and they are dangers that beset the Realm. These dangers, in our opinion, can be met and conquered only by a closer union of forces,—in plainer words, by common action and a common organization. How terrible it will be if, though the Liberal followers of Mr. Gladstone have not disdained to coalesce with the followers of Mr. Parnell, the integrity of the Realm be imperilled because the followers of Lord Hartington cannot bring themselves to coalesce with the followers of Lord Salisbury! A new and melancholy application would then have to be given to the old exhortation, *Divide et impera*. Mr. Gladstone would have destroyed the Empire by dividing its defenders.

THE EDITORS.

THE OPINION OF "THE CIVILIZED WORLD."

It was a bold saying of Milton: "Let not England forget her precedence of teaching nations how to live." I am not so presumptuous as to repeat it at this day, or even to look closely into the question, how far it can be historically justified. Into the inner region of manners, morals, and religion (as to which nations or men are not always capable of judging themselves, much less others), it would be beside my present mark to enter. Laws and jurisprudence might be nearer to my purpose; but even there a distinction has to be made between laws regulating private rights (as to which European nations have borrowed little or nothing from us, and may not unreasonably claim some superiority in point of science and symmetry, if not in other respects), and those which relate to public liberties and government. As to these, it is not too much to assert that British institutions, and the example of their effect in securing public and private freedom, have been very powerful over the rest of the world. Wherever Anglo-Saxon colonists have gone, they have carried with them the substance (formally modified) of the English Parliamentary system, and of those laws which secure the independence of our judicature, and the subordination of executive power to law. And, if we cast our eyes over the Continent of Europe, we trace, almost everywhere, the same influence, in the transition from the system of personal to that of responsible government. It may be thought, also, (though this is a debateable proposition,) that the success of that transition has generally been greatest where the adjustment of balances and checks against excesses of power in any direction has been nearest in principle to our own; and least, where the judicature has not been sufficiently independent; or, where the executive has been too much so; or, where the Parliamentary power has been too direct and absolute.

I am not going, here, to argue the Irish question. All I will say on that subject, at present, is, that those who (like myself) are for maintaining the authority of the judicature, and the supremacy of law, in Ireland as well as elsewhere—not by making things

criminal which are in their own nature innocent, but by arming the judicature and the executive with sufficient power to enforce respect and obedience to the previously existing laws—and who think it very dangerous and dishonourable to surrender the government of Ireland into the hands of a Separatist party, whose public actions have long been directed to the subversion of private rights, and of the whole power of law in that country, by means of criminal conspiracies,—we have not been departing from, we have been simply maintaining, (on the supposition that Ireland is to continue part of the British dominions,) those fundamental principles of government by which the liberties of the British people have been secured, and which have exercised so great an influence over the rest of the civilized world.

Voices, however, which some men seem to accept as oracular, have been lately inverting the Miltonic saying, and have appealed against the constitutional decisions of British Parliaments concerning British affairs (I use the word "British" as comprehending *all* the British Isles, Ireland as well as the rest), to what they tell us is the general opinion of the civilized world; to a sort of "Parliament of man," and "Federation of the world," which is really nothing else than a creature of their own imaginations. The greatness of men who are, or who have been, in anything great, gives to their hallucinations some practical importance, and makes it worth while to find out, if possible, what they mean. The necessity of giving credit to other people's eyes establishes, as a fact of nature, the "mirage" of the desert-sands, which might have appeared impossible to those who have never seen it; and when a great man seems to mistake for reality some moral or political mirage, it is an object of curiosity, if not more, to examine the process, and the elements out of which it may have grown. The natural mirage is, I believe, a refraction of images transmitted through the higher regions of the atmosphere from very distant objects, and arranged in some sort of kaleidoscopic fashion by the observer's eye. A political mirage may also be produced by the refraction from distant countries of moral impressions, the result of heated oratory and imaginative enthusiasm here, concerning things liable, at that distance, to be mistaken or misunderstood; and, being so produced, it is taken up, and is represented as having an independent value and reality of its own, by the same persons, of whose words and ideas it is but the distorted resemblance.

One of the voices, to which we are called upon to listen, tells us that every country is the best judge of its own affairs; and it even carries that idea to the extent of breaking up a great National Organization, hitherto under the controlling authority of one

Legislature and an Executive dependent on it, into its component parts, and of maintaining that the judgment and the will, not of the whole, but of each such component part, ought to determine the course of its domestic legislation and domestic government. As to Ireland, we are told this explicitly; as to Wales and Scotland, we seem also to be told that it is only for the electors of those parts of the United Kingdom to make up their minds, how far, and for what purposes, they wish the principle of separate nationality to be recognized and applied to themselves. Of what further developments the same principle may be capable, we are left to imagine, and it is not at all a pleasant exercise of the imagination to those who cherish the unity and greatness of their country; because the historical and other ideas, which have thus taken shape as to Wales, are certainly capable of other and further developments.

As soon, however, as a British Electorate and a British Parliament has failed to recognize the reasonableness and expediency of so breaking up the United Kingdom, another voice comes in : and, on this entirely domestic question, directly and vitally concerning (as no one can deny) the peace, prosperity, and greatness of the British Empire, we are told that the general opinion of the civilized world is on the other side ; and (I suppose) that to the superior wisdom of such an opinion, on such a subject, some deference is due from reasonable, intelligent, and patriotic subjects of the British Crown.

By this sort of appeal, Great Britain, in a matter immediately concerning herself, and her own public duty, honour, and interest, seems to be put into a secondary place, not to say excluded, even as a component part of "the civilized world." Strange ! not less strange when, by processes of computation with which we have been made too familiar, that disparagement is limited to *England*, as if England were a less "civilized" part of the United Kingdom than Ireland or Wales, and not a factor of equal value with Scotland in forming the opinion of the civilized world. The countrymen of Shakespeare and Milton ; of Bacon, Newton, and Locke ; of Somers, and the two Pitts ; of Burke, Canning, and Peel ; of Cobden and Bright ; of Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning ; of Davey, Faraday, Huxley, and Darwin, are to stand aside, and are to listen with reverence (on such a matter as this) to the judgment of the rest of the civilized world !

What is civilization ? It may, or it may not, be a good test of the value of an opinion, that it is entertained by the generality of the more civilized part of mankind. That may depend a good deal upon the matter to which the opinion in question relates, and upon the manner and degree in which it touches or concerns those

who are supposed to entertain it. But who are the most civilized part of mankind? Those, I suppose, of the highest intellectual cultivation, of the most advanced and practised intelligence. Why should their opinion be a good test outside Great Britain, and not a good test within it? Was the appeal from the "classes" to the "masses," in 1886, an appeal from a lower to a higher degree of civilization, or was it the reverse?

Here, too, we seem to be in the presence of two voices; one for the appraisement of domestic, and the other of foreign opinion. If meetings in favour of a certain policy in the Imperial affairs of Great Britain are held in a foreign country, it is found desirable to know the number of official and professional persons, mayors, magistrates, &c., who may be present or represented at each of them. If a deputation of admirers of the same policy crosses the seas with the tribute of their admiration to its author, the intellectual element, so far at all events as it can be gathered from literature upon the subject of the relations between Great Britain and Ireland, is rated at not less, certainly, than its full value. I am myself far from thinking, either that the most highly cultivated men are always *Superi*, or that everything else is *Acheron*: but the "classes" and the "masses" may not unreasonably be taken, from an intellectual point of view, as indicating, in one country as much as another, two opposite poles: to one of which the oracle seems to incline when foreign, and to the other when domestic, opinion is concerned.

But it is time to ask what are the *facts*, as to this assumed opinion of the civilized world? How are they known and established? What is their value? These questions, one would think, might have required answers, before any reasonable British politician could bring himself to build arguments upon such a foundation.

It is certainly not by the froth and foam of partizan newspapers or other like literature, in any country, or by popular demonstrations of flatterers and admirers, at home or abroad, that the prevalence of a genuine and intelligent sentiment, deserving to be described as the "opinion of the civilized world," can be established. If, at home, the noisiest persons, and those who put themselves most in evidence, are neither always the most civilized nor the most trustworthy exponents of a real and solid public opinion, still less can they be so (as to British affairs) abroad; where the best and wisest men must be aware that no foreigners can be quite so well qualified to judge of the domestic policy and affairs of other independent nations as the people of those nations themselves; that foreigners generally have but an imperfect knowledge of the facts in question, and the interests at stake; and

that there are some forms and modes of action and demonstration as to the internal affairs of other countries, so contrary to the most elementary conception of what is internationally proper, as to deprive any (so-called) opinion, of which they may be manifestations, of all title to respect. There is no more certain rule (and it is not less applicable to international than to private relations), than that very little respect is due to those whose conduct and proceedings show that they have not a due sense of the respect which they owe to others, or of the limits within which their interference in the affairs of others ought to be confined.

If it were possible to ascertain the true state of foreign opinion as to British questions, an important and very necessary inquiry would be, on which side (speaking generally) are the friends, and on which side the enemies, of Great Britain? It is a penalty which a great and wealthy nation, with a world-wide Empire, a long-established preponderance of maritime power, and a long immunity from misfortunes by which most other nations have been afflicted, must pay for its greatness, that its power and prosperity are regarded with jealousy by many persons in most foreign countries; and that political changes, which might cripple that power and diminish that prosperity, would not (by such persons) be regarded with any dissatisfaction. The decline and ultimate fall of the British Empire (if, unhappily, such an event could be brought about) would be contemplated by them with very great philosophy, not to say complacency. Assuming, for argument's sake, that in the concession of a separate Parliament and Executive to Ireland, there would be danger to the British Empire (an assumption which I myself thoroughly believe, and which I, therefore, cannot think it unreasonable to suppose foreigners may believe also), the tendency of such a policy to produce such danger would, in the eyes of those who bear no good will to Great Britain, be the very reverse of an objection to it. But what to loyal and patriotic subjects of the British Crown can be the value of the opinion of foreigners, to whom such a consequence of the policy which they favour would be either acceptable or indifferent? I ask myself, therefore, this question: On which side are the friends of Great Britain? On which side are those (whether they ought to be called her enemies or not) who would not be unwilling to see her depressed and humiliated in the scale of nations? Now, I do not doubt that there may be abroad (as there are at home) some advocates of a "Home Rule" policy for Ireland, who really bear towards Great Britain sincere good-will. But of those foreigners who bear her such good-will I firmly believe that a very great majority would be found on the contrary side. And, on the other hand, I doubt very much whether, of

those to whom the depression and humiliation of Great Britain in the scale of nations might be an object of desire, or not unacceptable, there would be found so much even as a single man who was not on the "Home Rule" side. "The universal accclaim" (wrote Mr. Goldwin Smith* in August last) "of all the enemies of England, both in Europe and in America, which greeted Mr. Gladstone's proposal, was a sufficient warning to a loyal Englishman." My own opinion on such a point may be of very little value; but I know it to be shared by some extremely impartial and competent judges, foreigners, having excellent opportunities for forming a correct judgment, bearing perfect good-will towards this country, and also perfectly free from any motive or inclination to take sides, as partizans, in this or any other question of British politics.

There is another factor in foreign opinion on this subject, operating more in some countries than in others, which it will be sufficient just to mention—the ecclesiastical. What proportion, in Ireland, in England, in the United States, or elsewhere, those Roman Catholics to whom the disturbance of political systems in Protestant countries may appear to offer opportunities for their Church, bear to others who do not share their views, I cannot tell. Such Roman Catholics there certainly are, and I do not doubt that their contribution to the "opinion of the civilized world" would be all on the side of "Home Rule" for Ireland.

There are some civilized countries, in which it seems to me to be quite impossible to conceive the existence (apart from hostile feelings towards Great Britain) of a real prevailing public opinion contrary in principle to their own deliberate policy, when their own honour and interests have been concerned, and to their highest and most recent national achievements. I refer, particularly, to Italy, and to the United States.

The unification of the Italian States, under one Central Government, has been the most splendid political achievement of this century. But I am at a loss to conceive anything which could have a greater tendency to disturb that work, than the establishment of such a principle of national policy, or such an idea of national justice, as that which sets up the claims of Ireland, or of Wales, as distinct nationalities, to legislate and govern for themselves in all Irish and all Welsh matters. What would be the consequence of the application of such a principle to Sicily, or to Sardinia, to Naples, to Florence, to Milan, Venice, Genoa, or Turin? It may be, and I can well understand it, that these different States, all formerly more independent of Rome and of each

* *Macmillan's Magazine*, August 1886

other than Ireland or Wales has ever been of England within historical times, are too sensible of the value of their present share in the national greatness of collective Italy, to be capable of being seduced towards Separatist movements by any foreign example. Yet most of them, probably, have had some sacrifices to make, some loss of dignity or of convenience or profit to endure. It would be contrary to the general experience of human nature (even if we did not know that the Republican principle has always had staunch partizans in the Italian peninsula), to suppose that there are not, in those component parts of the Kingdom of Italy, elements of political discontent. What a focus for agitation by the discontented, and for revolutionary partizanships, would be afforded by the practical affirmation of the "Home Rule" doctrine by Great Britain, for Ireland, and for Wales, with the (assumed) concurrence of the general opinion of the civilized world!

As to the United States, what was their practical judgment, and what their course of action, when the question of their own dismemberment arose? There was a time, when the seceding States might easily have persuaded themselves, on grounds more plausible than any now applicable to the Irish question, that the general opinion of the civilized world was on their side. They had a very strong, and by no means undemonstrative, body of partizans in England, of various colours; of those who sympathized always with all insurrections, and believed in the rights of all states, and all communities of men, to be governed, and to have their political relations determined, according to their own choice and will; of those who thought that it would be better and safer for the world to have the great North-American Power divided into two distinct Federations; of those who had no liking for the Republican form of government; of those who cherished old grudges, or expected new advantages from the rivalry of independent Powers on that Continent. Mr. Gladstone (whether sympathizing personally with the seceding States, or not) gave them a practical right to believe in his sympathy, by extolling Mr. Jefferson Davis as the maker of a nation. Other eminent English statesmen used language more or less similar; some would have carried their sympathy farther than words. France (though always friendly to the United States) would have gone the full length of recognition, if she could have obtained British concurrence; and I am not sure that such a policy might not have prevailed here, but for the strong attachment to the Northern cause of such good and true Englishmen as Mr. Bright, and the mass of our manufacturing population. There were not, indeed, (that I can remember,) any votes of municipal or other public bodies in England, as to a matter so foreign to their proper functions and duties; but things were

done (as everybody knows) which our laws could not then prevent, and for which we afterwards had to pay. What was the effect of those manifestations of foreign opinion upon the United States? I fear, to excite resentments, perhaps not even yet entirely and everywhere forgotten. Certainly not to abate the tenacity of the Northern patriots and statesmen in following, at all risks and at whatever cost, the course of honour and true wisdom and patriotism, in defence of their own National interests; nor could they prevent that noble perseverance from being rewarded, in the end, with complete success. It is not of such a nation, with such and so recent a history, that the true sentiments can be represented by those among their citizens, whether Irish or seekers after Irish votes, who promote ill-blood between Great Britain and Ireland, who appear to regard no means as nefarious when used in the service of Irish sedition, and who supply Irish sedition with the sinews of war. Whether those are the contributions which we have lately heard described as sent over the seas for the purpose of enabling Ireland to "assert her constitutional rights in a constitutional manner," I do not know. If they are not, I do not know to what the words were meant to refer. If they are, I can only recall to mind a speech made at Leeds on the 7th October 1881, and judge for myself of the value of any estimate of the opinion of the civilized world proceeding from the same man, who, having in 1881 made that speech, could in 1887 describe in such terms the objects of those contributions.

"There are no manifestations of American opinion," wrote Mr. Goldwin Smith * on the 20th of April last, "so far as I can see, in favour of the Irish policy of Mr. Gladstone and his friends, to which it would not be folly and dishonour to defer. The political press of the United States, it is true, is Irish and Anti-British in the extreme. But where the passions of the Roman Catholic Irish are concerned, the political press of the United States is no more free than the press of Russia. . . . The politicians are even more slaves to the Roman Catholic Irishry than the press. The resolutions which they have been passing in different State Legislatures in support of Mr. Gladstone are the mere expressions of their fear of a political power which the Americans, if they wish to preserve their civilization unimpaired, will some day have to combat on their own account." In the unanimity with which such resolutions had been passed, notwithstanding the obvious impropriety of such interference by foreign legislative assemblies with the affairs of another country, and the moral certainty that many of the members really disapproved of it, Mr. Goldwin Smith saw a plain note of

* "American View of the Irish Question," in the *Liberal Unionist*, of May 25th, 1887.

their real character. The protests of those Americans against measures to strengthen the law by giving increased powers to the Executive Government were confined to the case of Ireland; though "all the other Governments of Europe resort to exceptional measures, more stringent than the Crimes Act, when they are necessary to repress local disorder." "Americans have, themselves," he added, "no objection to the use of strong measures of repression. On the occasion of the Draft Riots in this city (New York), they shot down about a thousand Irish on the spot. In an editorial, headed 'Short Shrift for Anarchists,' I find, side by side with rabid invective against coercion in Ireland, the intimation that 'a drum-head court-martial is good enough for the enemies of the United States and the Constitution.'" And he bore testimony, from his own knowledge, and from personal intercourse with representatives of the professional men, and of the mass of native Americans who did not care for the Irish vote, to the frequency among them of sentiments extremely different from those expressed in the periodical literature, and the public demonstrations, to which he had so referred. As to the multitude, there was, of course, great ignorance of facts, increased by continual misrepresentation of them. "If there is not only ignorance, but some misjudgment of England and her statesmen, Americans [he said] may well be pardoned; since England is every day being foully traduced by those who ought to be the most jealous guardians of her honour. Nothing can be more galling or more humiliating to an Englishman sojourning in a country which swarms with the enemies of Great Britain, than to see the outpourings of their malice against her hailed as the utterances of high morality, by one who styles himself a British statesman."

Of this sort of American opinion, the value is the same now as it was in 1880–1885, when the Ministry, of which Mr. Gladstone was the head, were making incessant remonstrances against the licence allowed to the advocates of outrage, assassination, and dismemberment of the British Empire, in the American-Irish press. The answers to these remonstrances were always to the same effect, that the people and the Government of the United States had no sympathy with those persons or their ideas; and that they were of too little real importance to require or justify notice. The persons in America who bid for the support of these sympathizers with the worst forms of Irish disaffection, have no more claim to be heard now as spokesmen of the true sentiments of the civilized people of the United States, than when Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues were the objects of their unsparing invective.

The respect which I feel for the Dominion of Canada obliges me

to take notice (though I do so with regret) of the extraordinary resolution against a measure then pending before the British Parliament as to exclusively Irish affairs, which was passed in their Commons House by a considerable majority on the 26th of April last, though I am happy to add that forty-seven members, including the Prime Minister of Canada, voted against it. Such a vote, instead of giving moral weight to the opinion of those who concurred in it, ought to have the opposite effect. It certainly opens a new view of some serious difficulties which, in the course of time, may arise out of the multiplication of legislatures, capable of so widely over-stepping their proper province. What influences may have operated to produce that vote, I do not care at present to inquire. But, since it has been welcomed by the British statesman whose present views it endorsed, I think it not superfluous to advert to the same statesman's reception of a former proceeding of the same Colonial Legislature in the same general direction, which, in the preamble to this Petition itself, is thus referred to:—

> The Parliament of Canada, in the year 1882, adopted a humble address to Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, expressing the hope that a just measure of Home Rule would be granted to the people of Ireland.

What was the answer of Mr. Gladstone's Government, in 1882, to that address? I will state it in the words used by the Prime Minister of Canada, in the debate of the 26th April last:—

> It was a solemn answer by Her Majesty's Government to the respectful and loyal Address, the contents of which I have just spoken of; and we were told that, while any representations which were made concerning the interests of Canada would be listened to with great interest and respect, so far as regarded the subject of our Address in 1882, it was the exclusive province of Her Majesty's Government to deal with, and Her Majesty would only listen to Her Imperial advisers. . . . It was not the mere statement of Lord Kimberley; because, if you look to the English Hansard, you will find that, in answer to a question, Mr. Gladstone used language literally so near approaching the language of that despatch, that it was quite clear that he dictated the despatch, and was personally responsible for it. He had then a different line of policy; and therefore he snubbed Canada for pursuing a course, which to-day he will perhaps thank us for, and be very grateful for?

I cannot conclude this paper without contrasting the deference which we are now asked to pay to the (asserted) opinion of the civilized world, on a subject concerning exclusively the internal constitution and government of the United Kingdom, with the total absence of any deference whatever to what does really appear to be the general opinion of other civilized nations upon another subject, very interesting to ourselves, and in which all those nations have some practical concern: I mean Free Trade. It is now more than forty years since we abolished Protection, and accepted without reserve the doctrine and practice of Free Trade; hoping, certainly, that we were then inaugurating a new era, in which other nations might follow our example, for the

general benefit of mankind. Our hopes have been disappointed; the civilized world, outside Great Britain (including the United States and most of our own self-governed Colonies), has continued in its old course; and seems to be confirmed in it by experience; while we have followed our own course too, and have no idea (as far as I can judge) of changing it. I am content that Great Britain should judge independently, and for herself, in all her own internal affairs, Free Trade included; but if I were asked whether I thought the opinion of other nations worthy of more attention as to the proper constitutional relations between Great Britain and Ireland, and the proper way of performing the duties of government in Ireland, than as to Protection and Free Trade, I should certainly not hesitate to answer that question in the negative.

SELBORNE.

THE COUNTRY CLERGY.

"ARE the clergy popular?" is a simple question that cannot be met with a simple answer, negative or affirmative. *Laudantur ab his, culpantur ab illis.* Few, however, of the clergy who are candid and capable observers can fail to feel that they are exposed to currents of dislike, which, though hitherto hidden and secret, are daily rising to the surface more and more. Efforts to disparage, or rather to slander the clergy, and especially the country clergy, have been for many years unceasing, and are fully known only to those who love to spread the slanders, and those who love to swallow them. It is time that an effort was made to defeat, or at all events to drag into the light of day, these calumnies, which are mischievous chiefly because they are secret and insidious.

The writer of this article feels that he is under a disadvantage in being himself a country clergyman; none the less he hopes that by breaking a lance in defence of his order, he may induce laymen whose words will carry more weight than his own to raise their voice in defence of an order of men which has been attacked in a manner as un-English as it is unjust.

Let me begin by admitting that there is a sort of popularity which the clergy neither desire nor deserve, if they are true servants of their Master. The Founder of the Christian religion has warned all his followers of the danger they are in when all men speak well of them; unless we are false prophets, we must often be at enmity with the world; and we are, therefore, taught to "marvel not if the world hate us"; but the good opinion of *the good* is a source of strength which the best of men cannot disregard, if they are to do good work; and I admit that we are in danger of losing some of this strength at a time when we most need it. I admit that, at present, we are under a cloud; and that the rain-drops, which now and then fall on our heads, are not as the morning dew, but are hot and angry, and warn us of a storm that may soon burst upon us in all its fury.

All I would assert is that if we are thus held in low esteem by some whose good opinion we need, the fault is not entirely ours, but lies also at the door of those who have left no stone unturned to weaken our influence and damage our character. I maintain that the country clergyman does not deserve *all* the bitter hatred which is secretly stirred up against him; that he is often an inoffensive sort of person, sometimes is even a good and useful

member of society, and seldom, if ever, is the "monster unto many," that he is represented to be by his anonymous assailants.

I. I wish to show that the country clergyman's position is one which, however blameless he may be, must expose him to some unpopularity.

The day of clerical magistrates is almost at an end; but there can be no doubt that some of the dislike of the parson felt by the labourer owes its origin to his dislike of the magistrate. Many of a magistrate's duties are unpleasant to perform, and make him unpopular with a certain class. At a political meeting, held during the recent elections, the rising of an excellent magistrate (a layman) was greeted with many groans; these were started by an elector who prefaced his interruption with the naive remark, "*He gave me a month.*" *Hinc illi gemitus!* It may be said that the class which thus comes into collision with the magistrates is small and of no weight; but, though a small, it is a noisy class, and one which makes itself heard at election time, and seldom on the side of Church or of State. Moreover, those who know the country well must have discovered that even the honest and hard-working labourer feels a certain sort of sympathy with those who suffer from the law of the land, and a certain sort of antipathy to those whose duty it is to enforce it. The advance of education, and the panacea of Household Suffrage will soon remove this prejudice, but at present it is not extinct.

Before I pass on I would observe that very few parsons covet the honour of writing "J.P." after their names. I believe that those who decline that honour are far more in number than those who accept it; and I also maintain that clerical magistrates have had scant justice done to them. It is untrue to say that they are cruelly severe in their decisions; their voice has been more often raised on behalf of mercy than of stern justice; they have often incurred the dislike of their fellow magistrates and fellow guardians by defending the cause of the poor; and though instances may be brought forward of clerical magistrates whose conduct has been foolish and wrong-headed, is there any class of men that has never incurred such accusations? Even the wisest of statesmen have been accused of folly, and the grandest of men, even of old men, is not always perfect in all his ways.

But there are other duties which the parson ought not to avoid, and which, however gently and judiciously he may perform them, expose him to the dislike of not a few of his poorer fellow-parishioners. I believe that the shepherd deals gently with the errings and strayings of his flock; I believe that he makes allowance for the weaknesses of human nature, and for the sinful affections of those who are of like passions with himself; yet the kindest of

spiritual pastors can hardly take the same view of certain sins that is taken by a writer in the *Contemporary Review*,* some little time ago, whose attack on "the church and the village," if it produced any effect at all, must, by its grotesque unfairness, have opened the eyes of all who think to the injustice which such persons mete out to the parson of the village. Nor can the said parson take the view of the sin of drunkenness which Mr. Crowhurst, the writer of the aforesaid article, imputes to the clergy.† He may sometimes notice faults that it would be wiser not to notice; he may pass unnoticed faults which a higher moral courage would lead him to reprove—*humanum est errare*—still, as a rule, he is not heedless of the apostolic injunction to "reprove, rebuke," as well as to "exhort with all long-suffering of doctrine," and thus he is sometimes regarded by some of his parishioners as a proctor is regarded by the undergraduate, or a schoolmaster by a peccant pupil. I believe that in times past he has even done policeman's work in his parish (without policeman's pay); but as Mr. Crowhurst assigns much of the moral improvement of our villages to our police force, I need not defend this occasional appearance of the parson in times past as a guardian of the peace.

The dislike thus incurred the parson ought not, and does not, wish to avoid, if he is the right man in the right place; the stray sheep soon find that the shepherd smites them friendly, and from no love of smiting; that if he sometimes reproves,

He longs to comfort where he must condemn;

but a good deal of the parson's unpopularity arises in this way. Only those who have a practical knowledge of village life can appreciate the extreme delicacy of the relations of parson and people in this respect. The parson is thus often regarded with an unfriendly eye, not only by those who have erred, but also by their respectable friends and relations, who resent "the parson's interference," which he himself can only look upon as one of the plainest, as it certainly is one of the most unpleasant, of his duties.

* See *Contemporary Review*, November 1885, p. 684. "The comfort that religion affords to the sufferer upon the hard bed is beyond conjecture. . . The aged woman in her younger days may have been the mother of several love-children; the man the father of several; but as the way of life declines into the valley of the shadow of death the sin appears to pass from the memory, and certainly opposes no obstacle to communion with the Maker. The piety, I say, is often touching and profound."

If the writer of this strange passage will condescend to learn from an archbishop, I advise him to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" what Trench (*Study of Words*) has written on the immorality of such words as "love-children."

† *Ibid.* p. 682. "Of the last class it will be sufficient to say that all those who, on the week days, are seen in the public-house, and not unfrequently reeling home, are found on Sunday—if they are found in any place of worship at all—sitting at the feet of the orthodox teacher. This is not surprising. They hear, if not smoother things there, things at any rate more smoothly spoken; and the religious atmosphere is not sufficiently charged with spiritual electricity to agitate the conscience painfully."

Again, the pecuniary relations of people and parson must often stir up some ill-feeling. Even when the tithe is paid, as it ought to be, by the landowner, the tenant has a notion in his head that it comes out of his own pocket. Can we wonder at this when we hear "educated" persons complain of the clergy being "paid out of *the taxes*"? And can we wonder that the farm-labourer believes those who agitate him, when they tell him that he "pays for the parson," and that if the tithe were taken from the Church, there would be several shillings a week more for him and his family? But is there any just cause for ill-feeling against the parson in this matter? His right to his tithe stands on much the same ground as that of a doctor to his fee, or of a tradesman to payment of his bill,* yet it exposes him to much misrepresentation and dislike. A reform in this matter of tithe would, I believe, be welcomed by none more than by the clergy, whose tithe varies so greatly from year to year as to make the amount of their income painfully uncertain.

Again, the parson has been exposed to the envy, and is now, (thanks to the "Liberation" Society and the "Agricultural Labourers' Union"!) exposed to the *covetousness* of his poorer brethren, owing to their exaggerated ideas of his wealth—ideas which have been carefully fed and fostered by the enemies of the Church. He is accused of being "the best-paid man and the idlest in the parish."

As regards work there are doubtless times in some small parishes when the clergyman may seem to join the ranks of the unemployed; but from worry, anxiety, and responsibility he is never quite free. And as regards his "pay," in a large majority of cases, if he had on leaving the University become a barrister, solicitor, merchant or manufacturer, he would be receiving far more in the way of worldly goods than at present falls to his lot. The rectory may be "the best house in the parish," but if those who cry out against the wealth of the clergy would take the trouble to examine facts, they would find that in most cases the clergyman and his family can barely live on the income derived from the Church; he must either have private means, or add to his income by literary or other work, or else, as is the case now with many, find it hard to make "the two ends meet."

The very house and grounds which, to the jaundiced eye of the Liberationist are proof positive of the parson's wealth, are often (*experto credite*) a serious drawback, owing to the expenses which they entail upon him. Here, too, there is room for a reform which

* I should have added "and of a landlord to receive his rent," but our recent Irish experiences have taught us that there is only one robber worse than the landlord who asks for his rent, viz. the tenant who has the dishonesty to pay it.

would be welcomed by many an under-paid, over-taxed, over-rated, over-housed incumbent; it is *not* the reform which the Liberationist desires, for it would relieve the parson of much of the odium into which his supposed wealth brings him, but it would be a reform not in name only, but in *reality*. And here I would, at the risk of appearing presumptuous, express my belief that while most of the clergy would gladly see *real* reforms in the Church carried out, the wild schemes of reform falsely so called, which are now the fashion, find favour with few; rather than see the Church secularized that it may be brought "into conformity with the spirit of the age," which is one thing to-day, another to-morrow, and certainly shows no *increasing* regard for religion—rather than see this, we would cry "Rob and spare not. Disestablish and disendow us to the last farthing. Take our purse, if you will, Mr. Highwayman, but spare our *life*!" But this is a digression.

An incumbent is often placed in an invidious position as an *ex officio* trustee of parochial charities. I have heard of a charity left for the purpose of distributing in church on certain Sundays the sum of 1s. to each of the parishioners who have attended service. Is the incumbent to administer such a charity which he knows must do more harm than good? By doing so he incurs the dislike of the honest Nonconformists, and loses the respect of many honest Churchmen. Is he to apply for a diversion of the charity to some more useful or laudable object? Those who have hitherto pocketed their Sunday shilling will miss their usual Monday refreshment, and raise the cry "He 's robbing the poor." There remains yet a third course. He may resign his trusteeship. But it may be that he is the trustee who knows the poor best; and, if he resigns, he would be accused, and with some justice, of shirking a duty to which he has been called by virtue of his office, and leaving it in the hands of others less qualified to perform it than he is.*

I have tried to show that we, the country clergy, are unavoidably exposed by our office to some envy and hatred; that to be unpopular is one of the perquisites of our position.

It may be asked, "Wherein do you differ from others who hold

* That this sort of difficulty is felt by town as well as country clergy is shown by a striking letter, addressed to the *Guardian* (10th March 1886) by the Vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel. Writing in reference to the Mansion House Fund for the relief of the unemployed, Mr. Barnet appeals to his brother clergy: "That they refuse to be almoners of this charity. Already signs are evident of jealousy. The workmen suspect their (the clergy's) motives, and the poor not helped by the gift blame the givers. Every year it becomes clearer that if we (the clergy) would have the people value the unseen and eternal we must set less store on the help which money must give. We must show that our message is better worth having than silver and gold."

responsible posts? Are not the statesman, the judge, the general, the editor all exposed to the same hostile criticism that you clergy deprecate in your own case?" To this I would reply that we do not deprecate, we accept as part of our position all criticism, unfriendly and unfair though it may be, that is open and above board. But I would point out that our case, where we complain of it, differs from those above-mentioned. Individual statesmen, judges, generals, and editors are often attacked; but they are not attacked wholesale as a class. Specific charges brought against an individual person are easily met, and rebutted, if unfounded; it is not so easy to defend a class, however unjust and untrue may be the charges brought against it; and these charges do the individual clergyman much harm, and weaken his power to do good. It is true that most of them are vague and unsubstantial, but they are all the more injurious; for to fight a shadow is proverbially no easy task.

II. I now proceed to show that for many years past the clergy have not only been criticized in a hostile spirit as individual men, but that they have been attacked slanderously and in secret, as a class. The object of these attacks has not been the reform of the Church, the improvement of the clergy, the obtaining of recompense for any wrong-doing, nor any such thing; but the removal from off the face of the earth of a body of men who, even if they hold their peace, must by their position be a standing protest against the lawlessness of much of our present legislation, and "the spirit of the age," which, at present, seems to be the spirit of covetousness—a besetting sin which, if unchecked, must soon be the curse and ruin of the country.

Let me point out one special hardship of our position: we are not attacked openly by those who know us, and whom we know; such assailants we might meet face to face, and if guilty we might make amends; if not guilty, prove our innocence. Those who bear false witness against the parson are not they of his own parish. Paid agitators, anonymous pamphleteers, scurrilous leaflets, secretly sold or gratuitously circulated, pot-house gossip—these are the traducers whom he cannot meet face to face, and who for many years have been poisoning the minds of the poor against him. For much of this calumny the Agricultural Labourers' Union has to answer. I have no wish to attack Mr. Arch personally; with many of my brother clergy, I have admired his courage, zeal, and undoubted ability. I give him full credit for pure and honest motives, though he may have fallen into inaccuracies of statement which, if they had been made by a clergyman, in or out of the pulpit, would have made the country ring with outcries against the lying and dishonesty of the clergy. But while I wish Mr. Arch

well where he does good work, I maintain that the Agricultural Labourers' Union has for many years vilified the country clergy by the speeches of its agitators and by its publications.

The method of attack is crafty: the agitator addresses a meeting of labourers; cheered by the claqueurs who often accompany him, he soon begins to hold up the parson as a mark for the scorn and hatred of his hearers. He is, however, in most cases careful to abstain from an attack on the parson of the parish in which he is speaking; he tells his hearers that he has not a word to say against *their* parson, whom he believes to be a good and kind man; he wishes there were more like him, for, he regrets to say, good parsons are rare birds. Elsewhere, the parsons rob and crush the poor man; charge outrageous rents for allotments; are the enemies of education; dumb dogs that worry the flock; wolves in sheep's clothing, &c. &c. Then follow wondrous accounts of the different enormities he has known different parsons commit; no names, no dates, no localities are given, except in the vaguest manner. Loud groans and cries of "shame" follow, and the labourer has received his first lesson in the Liberationist School; and soon, though he knows his vicar is the first man he would send for in sickness, or turn to in time of trouble, he joins with a light heart in the cheerful cry of "Down with the Church!" I have not gone out of my way to unearth these assailants of the clergy, but that this is no imaginary description, the following history will show:

> Accipe nunc Danaum insidias, et crimine ab uno
> Disce omnes.

At an open air meeting held in the village of Pulloxhill, Beds, Mr. W. Hayward, agent of the Agricultural Labourers' Union, stated, among other things calculated to prejudice the labourers against the Church and parson, that the vicar of his native parish received £1,400 a year, and did nothing for it. The Rev. A. C. Ranger, vicar of Pulloxhill, wrote to Mr. Hayward for the name of the said parish, and received the following reply:—

REVEREND SIR,

In reply to yours of the 13th, I beg to say that although I sometimes refer to the fact in my speeches of the parson having £1,400 a year, I never name the place, and I hope you will excuse me not doing so now. I may just say that I frequently refer to facts in my public utterances in connection with some of the poorest of people as well as some of the well-to-do; and yet in neither case could I be induced to give names either of person or place, when I think it best not to do so. I regret I do not see my way to oblige.

I am yours respectfully,

Kingsley Park, Northampton, W. HAYWARD.
August 17th, 1885.

The vicar of the parish referred to having seen this letter, wrote to Mr. Ranger, and stated that the net value of his living did not exceed £600 a year, from which a considerable sum had to be deducted for subscriptions to parochial charities; the vicar had a short

time ago bought premises at a cost of £320 to provide a Coffee Club and Workmen's Club Room for his parishioners. There are two churches in the parish (Blockley), and on the previous Sunday the vicar had opened the Girls' Sunday-school at 9.30, attended the Boys' Sunday-school at 9.50, performed divine service and preached at 11 A.M., catechized and baptized infants at 3 P.M., performed divine service and preached at 6 P.M. He had also provided for evening service and sermon at the district church. As the *Northampton Daily Chronicle* added, in its report of some of these facts, "comment is needless." Those who care to see the further and complete unmasking of this agitator will find a second letter from him, addressed 7th October 1885, to the *Northampton Daily Chronicle*, and a crushing reply from Mr. Ranger in the same journal, October 15th. In his second letter Mr. Hayward professes not to know the meaning of the word "*net*" income; he asserts that his statements did not refer to the present vicar (though in his address he used the *present* tense), but to the years 1840–1856. Mr. Ranger, in his reply shows that Mr. Hayward's statements would be as untrue if applied to the Vicar of Blockley in 1840–1856 as they are untrue of the present vicar. The full correspondence was, I believe, published at the time in the aforesaid journal, and also in the *Guardian*, *Church Bells*, and the *Beds Standard*.

But the agitators' work is less insidious than that of the pamphlets and leaflets sown broadcast through the land. One quotation will suffice. I would spare the reader, if I could, the disgust of reading it. It comes from *The Farm Labourers' Catechism* (price 1d.) prepared by the chairman of the North Essex district of the National Agricultural Labourers' Union :—

VII. COMMANDMENT.

If a landowner, farmer, or parson assail the chastity of thy wife or daughters, and seduce them from the paths of virtue, thou shalt not call this adultery, but be thankful for their condescension in thus honouring thee.

I will not sicken the reader by quoting the parody of the Lord's Prayer, or any more of the blasphemies of this vile production; but if it be urged that such abominable trash can only poison the minds of those who produce it, I reply that no trash is too abominable to be swallowed by those who have a craving for such unnatural diet. Scott,* discussing the charges of detestable cruelty brought against the French nobility at the end of the last century tells us that "it was gravely stated that a seigneur of a certain province possessed a feudal right to put two of his vassals to death upon his return from hunting, and to rip their bellies open, and plunge his feet into their entrails to warm them."

* *Life of Napoleon*, vol. i. p. 117.

I am not aware that any such "fiction of unutterable horror" has yet been brought as a charge against the English clergy at the close of the nineteenth century; but it is not outside the region of possibility that, were such a charge gravely made, it would be as gravely accepted, or at best dismissed with the qualifying comment "Well, if they don't, they would, if Muster Arch 'ud let 'em."

But I must mention briefly, many points remaining, on which I could enlarge. The clergy are falsely represented as taking no interest in the education of the labourers, because they prefer Voluntary to Board School, a preference in which they do not stand alone. A clergyman told me that he was once in the same railway carriage with some artizans, and asked them why they disliked the clergy. The reason they gave was that the clergy were opposed to the education of the poor; but they opened their eyes, and admitted that they must have been misled, when he told them that the schools in his parish had been built, and for many years carried on, at his own sole expense; and that his was not a solitary case in country parishes before the Education Act of 1870. The country clergy have been held up as enemies of the allotment system, whereas they have been its chief supporters, and, in many parishes, its originators.*

Many of us have reason to doubt the blessings likely to be conferred on the labourer by giving him land which, if properly cultivated, will deprive him of his regular wages, or at least diminish them; but, both in theory and in practice, the clergy have advocated the claims of the labourer to as much land as he can lawfully obtain and profitably cultivate. Our attempts to help the poor in their distress are held up to scorn as acts of insulting condescension, or payments of conscience money, &c.

Nowhere has the strange theory of "ransom" been more poisonously taught than in rural districts. To all this, and even more, we might resign ourselves, if we could foresee any good result from it. But what good *can* come from evil-speaking, lying, and slandering? That we have our faults as a class and as men, we are ready to admit; but—

> Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping.

Were all classes thus used, doubtless many a cassock and even a few chasubles would have to be stripped off, that the clerical back might receive due chastisement. But would the clergy stand alone? Are they the only class which contains "criminous" members? If stern Justice, scourge in hand, were to use us all after our

* In my own Parish (Houghton Conquest) the allotment system was originated by the *Rector*, the late Rev. Thomas Archer, and afterwards extended by a *clerical* landowner, the late Rev. Lord John Thynne. It has recently been improved by the Duke of Bedford, who has apportioned a piece of garden-land to each of his cottages.

deserts, would there not be a stripping off not only of some cassocks, but also of some ermine robes, court dresses, nay even of some smock-frocks and home-spun coats? Should we not see judges, generals, doctors, butchers, and bakers, nay, even now and then a heaven-born statesman, or a regenerator of society, bare-backed and trembling before the judicial lash? Why victimize, above all others, one class, and that, on the whole, not a *very* criminous class? The clergy do not complain of their faults and failings being freely criticised; what they do complain of is secret calumny.

Lies "gross as a mountain," but uttered in secret and printed anonymously, and, therefore, not "open and palpable," nor easy to refute, have for several years past been poisoning the minds of one class, the farm labourers, against another class, the country clergy. Can any good come of this? The setting of class against class is mischievous enough when it is practised openly; but the secret slandering of a class whose influence is still great, and has hitherto been exerted, on the whole, for good, must in the end bring serious evil on all classes.

Serious times are coming. What is the full meaning of the phrase "the coming democracy"? is a question which no living man can answer with certainty. If it means that the peer, the squire, the farmer, the parson are to be pulled down, that a single class, self-called "the Democracy," may rise on their ruin, the former classes may fall, but they will not fall alone; and those who have pulled down and destroyed them may "share the fate of the Israelitish champion, who, brought into the house of Dagon to make sport for the festive assembly, ended by pulling it down upon the heads of the guests, *and upon his own.*"* *Di, talem avertite casum!*

But if "the coming democracy" means that honesty and truth, piety and virtue, patriotism and industry are to be honoured and encouraged, wherever they may be found; that class is to be brought into closer contact with class, not by the pulling down of any one class, but by the gradual elevation of those who have not hitherto had their full share of the good things, moral, social, and material, of this life, then no more willing and few more able allies of such a movement will be found than the much-abused clergy.†

* Scott, *Life of Napoleon*, vol. i. p. 56.

† Many of the clergy will endorse the words of the Vicar of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, written by him in a letter which I have already quoted:—

"The rich have not yet realised their brotherhood with the poor. They treat them as beings with lower wants and lower aims; they give them relief, and forget they need knowledge, pleasure, the means of life. It is for us to give a practical turn to our preaching that all in Christ are equal."

As visitors of the cottage they have "heard the deep sighing of the poor"; they have witnessed the calm fortitude with which many bear poverty, pain, and sickness; they know more of the poor and their virtues than falls within the ken of the professional agitator. They can sympathise with their failings, even when it is their duty to disapprove of them.

If they stand aloof from the wild schemes of those who threaten to plunder the rich, promise to enrich the poor, and will end, if they have their way, by ruining all classes, the clergy are only doing what they deem right. If we are in error, convince us of it by fair and open arguments; but to slander us behind our backs, to endeavour by every sort of abuse and misrepresentation to alienate us from the cause of the poor, and the poor from the Church, is dishonest and un-English, and will in the end do good to no one.

E. W. Bowling.

WAGNER'S LETTERS TO FRAU ELIZA WILLE.

THE memory of the gifted and unfortunate Ludwig II. of Bavaria, his life of mysterious seclusion, with its bright dawn and tragic end, its deeds born of generous impulse, its eccentricities only attributable to aberration, the anachronism of his very existence amid nineteenth-century contemporaries who had lost faith in the divine right of kings, are fast passing out of the domain of history into that of legend. Therefore the vision of him evoked in Wagner's letters to Frau Wille, which have lately appeared in the *Deutsche Rundschau*, instead of dispelling the charm of this Prince's almost fabulous aspect, serves but to heighten the glamour that surrounded one whom Wagner had a right to call his "guardian angel," his "good genius" (*der holde Schirmherr seines Lebens*). In the year 1864 Wagner had taken refuge at Mariafeld from the complication of worries and troubles that for the time being paralysed his energy and lamed his genius. Thither the young king's envoy sought him and the painful episode ended, says the authoress of these memoirs, "as sorrow ends in fairyland, by marvellous good fortune, shed like golden rays by the hand of a king on the o'er-clouded brow of the master of sweet sounds. . . ." And she adds, "The artistic enthusiasm that led the royal youth to send his envoy to Mariafeld in search of the master was not only a stroke of luck for Wagner, but a gain for the whole world, which venerates and loves the poet-musician in his works."

Of Mariafeld itself, the friendship of whose inmates was a staff in Wagner's need, its châtelaine tells us that it stands on a slight eminence which commands the lake of Zurich, "a wide terrace embosomed in gently undulating meadows and vineyards. The modest house surrounded by its garden has an old-world dignity of its own that betrays its patrician origin. Two ancient walnuts, and a tall, proud plane tree, rear their heads in the open space before the flight of steps in front of the house. The clear fresh water of a running stream, at that time overhung by two willows, still counts among the blessings of Mariafeld. From house and garden you can see the lake and the beautifully-cultivated lands of its opposite shore, where one orchard nestles against another. The magnificent chain of the Glarner Alps stretches from the

south into the far distance. When for the first time I saw the snowy heights shining rosy in the setting sun, and the solemn voices of the Sunday bells rang across the lake, while my boys played under my eyes in the garden below, I felt myself drawn by a sweet spell to my new home."

Such was Mariafeld in 1850, when after the Schleswig-Holstein struggle, Herr and Frau Wille, with their children and household gods, exchanged the turmoil of their native Hamburgh for peace and rest. François Wille, journalist, politician and patriot, had served the losing side with arm and pen, with heart and soul, but after the battle of Idstedt and the ensuing diplomatic defeat, that yielded up the duchy to Denmark, he chose to wait the turn of events in voluntary exile. Zurich, with its university and its influx of German culture, its smiling prosperity and its colony of distinguished Germans was a suitable and attractive spot whereon to pitch his tent until the turn of the tide should once more bring the hope of a united Germany and better times. Mariafeld was situated within a mile of the old city, and the Willes were no sooner established there than their pretty country-house became the favourite resort of the most genial and intellectual society of the place. Old college friends gathered round their hospitable hearth: Ludwig, the physiologist; Mommsen, the historian (the two latter had chairs in the Zurich University); the poet George Hervegh; Professor Ettmüller, learned in Scandinavian, Teuton, and Anglo-Saxon lore, and many others. "There is no form of social gathering," says Frau Wille, "pleasanter than a little after-dinner circle of cultivated men, when '*Wort und Rede fliesen frei*' over a good glass of wine." No one who has read the memoirs of this delightful hostess and staunch friend, and through them learnt to know her and her surroundings, will be disposed to differ with this assertion. Wagner was, at that time, immersed in the study of the *Edda*, and other Scandinavian literature. This pursuit brought him into constant contact with white-haired Professor Ettmüller, who, besides being the friend of Uhland, of Bentzel-Sterna, of Follen and of Hervegh, was the highest authority of his time on the Saga and myths of northern pre-historic times. Through Ettmüller, Frau Wille heard of Wagner's sojourn in Zurich, and remembering that she had once met him in Dresden, at the house of a Major Serre, before her marriage, wrote to renew the acquaintance begun nine years ago, and to invite him to Mariafeld.

"Wagner's image had been long imprinted on my memory," says Frau Wille; "the refined mobile figure, the head with its powerful brow, the piercing eye, and the deep lines round the small, firmly-closed mouth. A painter who sat next to me called

my attention to the straight, prominent chin, which might have been carved in stone, and lent a remarkable character to the face. Wagner's wife had an agreeable appearance; she was lively and chatty, and seemed to be particularly at home in society. He was very animated, self-contained, but amiable and natural."

Wagner's first visit to Mariafeld was on a Sunday in May 1852. He was accompanied by George Hervegh, whose *Poems of a Contemporary* had made so strong an impression on his countrymen, and, on subsequent occasions, by his (Wagner's) wife, with whom he frequently spent whole days under the Willes' roof. The ladies would sit drinking coffee, waiting for their lords to join them, under the walnut trees in the garden, while Frau Minna Wagner recounted how she and her husband had saved their lives by flight, just as the Russian soldiery entered Dresden. "Her husband had done no wrong," said Frau Minna; "he had only watched from the tower for the troops from the villages, that were to have come to the relief of the town. He had not stood upon the barricades, as had been reported; he had not seized any arms. . . ." They had endured much together, but the horror of the remembrance of the last days in Dresden was harder to endure than their early struggles. Now she could breathe freely again, and was a thrifty and efficient helpmeet to him in their pleasant dwelling in Zurich. Wagner's admiring friends were happy to welcome his wife along with him.

Frau Wille was an accomplished pianiste, but her husband and George Hervegh were not musical. "What matter?" said Richard Wagner; they had "life, their society helped him to see clear in his own thoughts." Ludwig talked physiology, Wille discussed Carlyle and Stuart Mill; literature, art, and philosophy were the common domain of all. The gentlemen generally passed their mornings in Herr Wille's own room. When his wife was present she busied herself with her needlework, listening to every word, but seldom taking part in the conversation. "The custom of the time," she says, quaintly, "to which I am indebted for education and culture, forbade a woman to discuss things that she only knew superficially, without having gone to the bottom of them. I had read immensely in my earliest youth; a restless, fervid longing had led me into the world of wonders where the thoughts of great men reign and have their being, but neither my father nor other men I esteemed would have been agreeably impressed had I aired my knowledge for their benefit; besides, I knew so well how poor it was. A learned woman, a blue-stocking! 'tis a terror to the heart of man. I had learnt this lesson in English and in German.*

* Eliza Wille, born Sloman, was the daughter of a wealthy Hamburg ship-owner of English extraction.

So, because I liked to please, and especially to please those I loved, I preferred to hold my peace, and to write my own thoughts on whatever moved or interested me. . . ."

Hervegh had brought the works of Schopenhauer to Mariafeld. Wagner and Wille were very much impressed by them. Wagner devoured and absorbed their contents with amazing speed. "He and Hervegh marvelled at the solving of the riddle of life. Renouncement and *Askese*, that was the goal for humanity; and yet *Weltentsagung*, saintly virtue, must have been an empty word for men "who needed the world for their existence and the development of their energies, while they were neither inclined to despise nor to renounce the pleasures of life," observes Frau Wille, dryly. They unearthed forgotten treasures of ancient Hindoo wisdom and extolled the purity of Buddhism, discussed art and poetry in the true epicurean spirit, and rejoiced in the doctrine of the moral irresponsibility of man for his actions. But she who sat at their feet was no convert to what appeared to her as perverted morality and weak logic. The "divine right of passion" paled before her sense of the sacredness of family ties and their attendant duties, of manly honour and woman's faith and truth, of steadfastness and nobility of purpose. She was offended at Wagner's saying, about this time, that the love of Mary Magdalene for the "Prophet of Nazareth" was a magnificent subject for the stage. To quote her own words—"I looked at him in amazement and left the room." Yet she owns that Parsifal, the last pearl in his casket, the drama of the knightly priest and the woman delivered from the powers of evil, was the outcome of the thought that came to him in 1852.

When summer came, the *habitués* of Mariafeld dispersed, but in the autumn, Wagner returned thither to rest after hard work. He would often leave the philosopher's circle to join Frau Wille and a sister who was staying with her. Of the work he had in hand he never spoke, but often of the delights of temporary idleness, and his good temper always betrayed his satisfaction in the progress of his work. He would often take his seat at the piano and play *Lohengrin* and *Tannhaüser* to them from memory, while he explained the action of the drama and hummed the words of the *libretto*. "It was an extraordinary means of giving us an insight into Wagner's thought and theory; by it we realised what we could neither see with our eyes nor hear with the voices of a powerful orchestra." Then there were pleasant mountain and boating excursions and cheery lingerings over the supper table. While the host told tales of his adventurous past, much poetry was quoted and politics were discussed. Sometimes these politics raised such a storm, that two out of the trio would decree the annihilation of Germany in their wrath. "Art and culture, manners and morals

were bad at bottom and wholly irredeemable. The people were entitled to burn down the castles and palaces that sheltered their tyrants. Wille would observe that they had had their way in Brunswick, and the taxpayers had rebuilt the castle again at their own very heavy expense." One day Wagner said to the ladies: "'The two others are root-digging again, there's no saying when they will have done,' he laughed, as he opened the piano. Before he began to play, he explained the character of the Ninth Symphony (Beethoven's) and indicated the necessity of the chorus and of the Hymn to Pleasure to complete the great tone-structure. He played at first with full chords; suddenly his hand was arrested, and he said: 'Now listen. The Muses enter, leading a band of youths to the sound of martial music:—

Froh wie seine Sonnenfliegen,
Durch des Himmels prächt'gen Plan
Wandelt, Brüder eure Bahn
Fredig wie ein Held zum siegen.'

He said the verses in an undertone to himself, and then struck the notes. Since then I have often listened to the Ninth Symphony with full orchestra, but that *Allegro vivace alla Marcia*, I never *heard* but once. No conductor and no orchestra ever gave me *sensation* of the Muse's approach as did Wagner's touch upon the keys; *pianissimo*, as if treading on clouds, but ever moving nearer and nearer in perfect rhythmic motion. . . ." Then came the mighty chorus which he played with all his power, but broke off suddenly, saying: "I can't play the piano. Besides you don't applaud. Let's make an end of it."

At Christmas-time Wagner read them the poem of the *Nibelungen Trilogie* that he had just completed. He read aloud for three evenings late into the night. On the third evening Frau Wille's youngest boy was lying ill of fever, and called for her. Wagner was displeased because she left the room while he was reading. Next morning he observed that "the illness was not a mortal disease; it was bad criticism on an author to go away while he was reading, and he nick-named me 'Frika.' The name stuck to me; I did not protest against it. A few days later we left for Hamburg; my husband went on to Paris. We did not see our home and our friends again until spring came upon the land."

In the year 1853 Wagner and his wife lived in the *Zeltwego* in Zurich. Frau Minna was an agreeable hostess. Liszt, who had just produced *Lohengrin* at Weimar, came to visit his friend there, and tell him of its success, for Wagner had never seen *Lohengrin* on the stage. Herr Wille, who was present, asked Liszt if he could not use his influence in Weimar to compass the possibility of Wagner's return to Germany. But Liszt replied that he knew

of no position and of no stage that were adapted to Wagner's necessities. He needed a stage, singers, orchestra, in short, everything after his own mind. "That would cost over a million," said Herr Wille. Then suddenly Liszt, breaking into French, according to his wont when under the influence of great excitement, cried, "*Il l'aura! Le million se trouvera.*" Soon after that the Wagners gave a supper party. Towards the end of the feast, Wagner disappeared for a moment, and returned in the uniform of a Saxon Court *Kapellmeister*. His movements were rather constrained, he came in rubbing his hands, and smiling with good-natured irony. "*Ja, ja*, Minna," he said to his wife, "it was all very pretty, and I found favour in thy sight, *then*? Poor wife, what a pity that the uniform is too tight for me now!" Yet it was the uniform that Karl Maria von Weber had worn contentedly enough, thought Frau Eliza; but "Wagner had indeed outgrown it, his mighty spirit gave him no peace." As the winter wore on, other revolutionary spirits joined the circle, and these worthy people would sometimes wax so bloodthirsty, and especially so noisy, that Wagner fled from them and sought the quiet of Frau Eliza's room. It is evident that Wagner the political refugee was a person of minor importance in the eyes of Wagner the Meistersinger. Passionately as Wagner felt his political grievances, they were always subordinate to his private ones. Although his subsequent influence on the condition of Europe through his hold on Ludwig II., was much greater than even he knew it to be, it is probable that, had not Paris laughed his *Tannhäuser* and his *Lohengrin* to scorn, Prussia might not have been able to count on the Bavarian Contingent; and the Franco-German War would have been indefinitely prolonged, and, perhaps, have ended differently. But these times were yet to come, and, meanwhile, the air was full of the rumours of German party struggles, insults, duels, and fiery newspaper articles.

To escape the *ennui* of it all, the three inseparables, Hervegh, Wille, and Wagner, started on a pedestrian tour, which was soon converted into a carriage journey. When they reached the Italian lakes, Wagner, who could not tear himself away, allowed his friends to return without him, and sent for his wife and his dog "Peps." The summer saw them back in Zurich. An enthusiastic admirer, a German merchant, and a few others had enabled Wagner to attract foreign artists to Zurich, so that selections from his works could be performed in the theatre of the town. The enthusiasm knew no bounds. He was appointed judge at the forthcoming musical contest (*Sängerfest*) of the Canton Wallis. "But Wagner disapproved of the unison of four men's voices. A chorus wanting in women's voices was his aversion. . . . So

although he had accepted the flattering invitation at the last hour, the eagerly-expected umpire sent an excuse."

In the winter Wagner directed the concerts in the *Museumsaal*, and proved himself the unrivalled conductor we wot of, although the means at his disposal were mediocre. Frau Wille remembers his directing the overture of Weber's *Freischutz* in such a manner that she "joyed because the beautiful flourished upon earth."

In the autumn of the year 1854, Liszt, accompanied by his old friend, Princess Wittgenstein, and her daughter, paid a second visit to Wagner. Liszt invited a brilliant company to the Hotel Bauer, to hear as much of the *Nibelungen* as the Master had set to music. The enthusiasm was unbounded. Liszt stretched out his two hands in warm congratulation to his friend. Liszt and the Wittgensteins, with Wagner, spent many a pleasant hour at Mariafeld.

Wagner's exile in Zurich was certainly devoid of hardship. It was brightened by intercourse with tried and congenial friends, by the admiration and esteem of all who came in contact with him, ("Everyone," says Frau Wille, "was honoured who could show courtesy to Wagner,") and by intellectual pleasures of no mean calibre.

In 1855 George Hervegh was joined by his beautiful young wife, and established himself with her and their children in a delightful villa, standing on a green hill, in what is now a suburb of Zurich. Wagner and Frau Minna installed themselves in a neighbouring villa. Thenceforward he spent less time at Mariafeld, and the Willes were oftener in Zurich. Hervegh's tasteful and luxurious house appears to have become by common consent the centre of attraction, and there the three families and their ever-widening circle, increased by the Italian element Frau Hervegh had introduced, continued to weave the web of golden hours.

Of the ten years of his prime spent by Wagner in Zurich, he wrote that, "shielded by friendship as quickly won as it was trusty, he had acquired the right to contest the title of 'Protectors of the Arts,' assumed by the conquerors of the revolution." In the peaceful stillness of those years his conception of the Art of the Future acquired a definite shape; he saw that he needed the union of every art for the production of the "purely human element" in his works. The *Nibelungen*, the *Meistersinger*, and *Tristan und Isolde* prove that at that time his power was at its zenith. But the *Ring der Nibelungen* was not destined to be completed on the green hill near Zurich. Wagner left for Venice where he finished *Tristan und Isolde*; Frau Wagner, who was in ill health and needed rest, for Dresden. During several years his friends in Zurich saw him but once. He wrote much in Lucerne; London,

Paris, and St. Petersburg were other stages of his wanderings; but Wagner's life away from Zurich, except the glimpses of it obtained in his letters, has, to quote the closing words of this memoir, "no place within the frame of these records." Frau Wille's gleanings from her own notes are confined to personal experiences; she does not profess to follow the steps by which he eventually attained the great end he had in view: "The fame of his achievements and the victorious power of his genius have no place in this chronicle, which is merely intended to elucidate his letters and certain traits of character."

In 1864 Wagner wrote to ask the Willes for the shelter of their roof, so that he might finish the *Meistersinger* in peace and comfort. His desire for the retirement necessary for the completion of his work had prompted him to refuse an engagement in St. Petersburg. The money he would have earned in that capital not being forthcoming, he could no longer afford to keep up his little establishment at Penzing, near Vienna. "Those who, being near to him, could appreciate his position, found it possible to understand, excuse, and extricate him" from some of its difficulties.

"As former invitations to pass some time with you had never been formally withdrawn, on to them I hang this, for me, most important, decisive, last attempt to save my work. I leave it to Frau W. to decide whether my workroom shall be in the main block, or in the little lodge I once inhabited. Some necessary furniture still remains to me. As for the rest, I only ask for food and service. In no other way will I give any trouble. . . ." This plan was, however, for the time being, not feasible; so Wagner wrote Herr Wille that he would be his guest for a short time "for friendship's sake," until he could decide on ways and means, and almost immediately followed his letter to Mariafield. Herr Wille was in Constantinople, whither his wife had not accompanied him, because her sons—the elder a graduate of Hohenheim, the younger a law student at the Zurich high school—were at home for their holidays, and were expecting to enjoy them right heartily. But the arrival of the honoured guests necessitated a change in their plans. Wagner's comforts were provided for according to the wishes expressed in his letter, he had entire freedom to devote himself to his work, and separate servants were told off to his especial service. Visitors from Zurich were denied admission; no one was permitted to break in upon Wagner's solitude; even his meals were served in his own apartment. He wrote and received many letters, he avoided Zurich, although he walked a great deal alone; yet he could not settle to his work. "I can see him even now," says Frau Eliza, "pacing our garden terrace, in his long brown velvet coat and black skull cap, like a patrician who had stept out

of the frame of one of Albert Durer's pictures." The rest he needed after the troubles that had overwhelmed him, he found at Mariafeld, but nothing could free him from the torments of his own mind. "In the phase of anguish through which he was passing, a son would seek consolation of his mother, had he the good fortune to possess her; the strongest man sometimes needs the support of an affection that can bear with discontent, unjust wrath, and ill-temper, as with passing clouds." Frau Eliza tried to comfort him in the reflection that "no remarkable man existed who had not in the contest with adverse persons fought his way through troubles (sometimes of the meanest kind) and eventually attained his crown." So that sometimes when he was reminded of the "greatness" that was his portion, in weal or woe, he took heart of grace, and consented to look upon his troubles as mere passing clouds. He could not work, so he poured into his hostess's ear not only the burden of his present troubles, but many details of his existence past and present. He told her of his childhood and youth, of his early marriage and poverty, of how he had spoilt his wife by always yielding to her, "the poor woman who was bound to a monster of genius . . . . they might have been so happy together, had she understood that it was impossible for a being like himself to exist if his wings were bound! What did she know of the divine right of passion which he had proclaimed in the death of the banished Walkyrie. The sacrifice of her death amid the flames, is the dawn of the *Götterdämmerung*."

"Poor woman!" thought Frau Wille; "yet Wagner had loved her when they were both young. He must be thinking of her lonely life in Dresden. The duty to provide for her maintenance must be a weightier anxiety than all his other financial difficulties." She was silent; but he divined her thoughts, for he knew that she earnestly desired to help him, but only in accordance with her feeling for what was "right and good." He drew a letter from his pocket, telling her that it contained the wherewithal to provide for the necessities that were uppermost in the minds of both. "In Paris they are graciously pleased to allow *un tantième* to the composer whose works are performed in the open air!" He would tell her of the comfort and taste of his little establishment at Penzing, of his two servants, man and wife, and his splendid faithful dog, of his liking for Vienna, "the only musical town in Germany," and of a hundred things that were interesting, because he told them so well. Surely no one was warmer-hearted or more amiable than their illustrious guest, thought Frau Wille and her sons! What if expressions of anger or disappointed hope, due to his troubled life and stormy fantasy

escaped him? "Why, the wind must drive the fog asunder, and then the sun shines once more." If, however, the sun shone occasionally, the black clouds appear never to have been far distant. One day it was a cold letter from the Court of St. Petersburg that nipped his hopes in that direction; another would bring news of troubles nearer home. No sooner did he attempt to settle to his work than the post would overwhelm him with worries of every kind; perplexities that paralyzed his every faculty, and disappointments which his overstrung nerves converted into the bitterest humiliation. Of himself he said: "I am differently organized to other people; my nerves are excitable; beauty, splendour, and light I must have! The world owes me what I need! I could not exist on the miserable pay of an organist like your Master Bach! Is mine an unheard of pretension, because I think I have a right to the little bit of luxury that pleases me? I, who have given delight to thousands—to the whole world."

The winter wore on, and Wagner's mood changed again. He devoted his mornings to the *Nibelungen*, and when, in the evening, he joined the family circle, he was as amiable and fascinating as in the good old days. He played to them, and Frau Eliza felt as if she were witnessing "the triumph of the power of art over material obstacles"; or he spoke hopefully and confidently of himself, and it seemed to her as if from afar "she could discern the sound of the fanfares of victory." "I know what you are driving at," he once said to her, "when you tell me that you like the homely parlour I have placed my Hans Sachs in. I believe I have besides shown him under another aspect; he stands in the meadow, in the full light of day, on the day of St. John, while town and people cry 'All hail!' because he *is* the *Meistersinger*! The world shall marvel when it hears the notes and chords I strike in honour of the Meistersinger!"

Schopenhauer was still his favourite philosopher. "No one," said Wagner, "has forced his way further into the spirit of this sage than I. Do you remember the message Wille once brought me from Frankfort from him? '*Thank your friend Wagner in my name for sending me his Nibelungen, but he must lay music on the shelf; he has more genius for poetry! I, Schopenhauer, am faithful to Rossini and Mozart!*' Do you think I bore the philosopher any grudge? Gottfried Semper would never hear of Schopenhauer's philosophy; he held that it paralyzed the progress of art. My works prove the contrary! Semper could not endure anything small or mean. He chose to prove his greatness as an architect in grand and noble forms. That is the intention that underlies my work: on that subject we are of one mind." Suddenly he added: "Believe me, my friend, the low miserable world

which people like us have to encounter, is an enemy to all greatness."

The spring brought Herr Wille back to his home, and, once more, everything went merrily at Mariafeld. Wagner began to revisit his old friends in Zurich, and Mariafeld prepared to reopen its hospitable doors, when, suddenly, just as they all had returned from an evening walk, a packet of letters was placed in Wagner's hand. There and then he announced his immediate departure. Next morning he informed them of his intention to visit Stuttgart, Karlsruhe, and Hanover, to see if his works could be performed in either of those towns. But first he would need to re-establish his health by a course of healing waters. His arrangements were completed, he would leave some of his things behind, as he hoped to return in the summer, bringing with him Bulöw and his wife to the neighbouring villa. "Then they should hear music that would be a pleasure to the *liebe Frau*." Herr Wille was too surprised to say "yes," or "no," and it is easy to discern between the lines of this record that his wife, notwithstanding her affection for their guest, and her adoration of his genius, was not insensible to the claim of poor desolate Vashti, at Dresden, on her sympathy. "*Freundinn*," said Wagner to Frau Wille, before his departure, "you know not the magnitude of my sufferings, nor the depth of misery that lies before me." "No depth of misery lies before you!" she replied. "Something is going to happen, I know not what, but it will be something good, different to what you think. Have patience, it will lead to happiness." Next day a few lines reached her from Basle: "He would return; she was to keep her friendship for him." To this Frau Eliza's straightforwardness prompted her to reply that she did not approve of his plans, that "other duties were in store for him and for them." Two days later Herr von Pfistermeister, the King of Bavaria's secretary, appeared at Mariafeld with news that was a startling fulfilment of Frau Wille's prophecy. The Willes could rejoice in the certainty of their friend's good fortune when they gave Herr von Pfistermeister good speed on his way to Stuttgart, whence meanwhile Wagner was writing as follows:—

"Dear good Friends,

"I answer you in few words because I have told you so much. Your wish not to see me back in Mariafeld is in harmony with my own feelings on the subject. Let the stormy night of fever, that even the sweetest sunshine from without could not lighten, come to an end. . . . My immediate future is still uncertain; a doctor I consulted here advises Cannstadt. I like the Eckert family, and considerations of some moment ought to bring me

in frequent contact with Baron Gall, manager of the Court Theatre here. We know that the Christian virtue of hope generally leads me to ruin when I put my trust therein. The performance of an opera, a 'function' I had not attended for ever so long, until yesterday, put me sadly out of sorts. Remember me to your sister. Forgive me, dear ladies, the intolerable anxieties I have caused you. . . . Never will the warmth of my gratitude cool: never! With all my heart

"Your

"Richard Wagner."

Later he writes:

"Dearest Friend,

"I should be the most ungrateful of mankind did I not at once inform you of my immeasurable happiness! You know that the young King of Bavaria has sent for me. Yesterday I was taken to him. Unfortunately he is so beautiful and intellectual, so glorious and full of soul, that I fear me his life in this common world will be but a fleeting god-like dream . . . . I am to stay with him for ever, to work, rest and produce my works; he will give me all I need; I am to finish the *Nibelungen* and he will have it performed as I wish. I am to be my own master, lord of myself, not *Kapellmeister*, nothing but myself and his friend. All my troubles are to be taken from me, I am to have all I need—so I but stay with him . . . ."

* * * * *

". . . I only write to keep the thought that I could be ungrateful from coming to you. I passed through the dreadful labour pains of my happiness in your house, and you helped to bring it to light. . . . Even now I can hardly realise how I bore it all, and was enabled without any really definite hope to take my leave of you in so resigned and patient a frame of mind, had I not felt in my innermost consciousness as if my unheard-of sufferings had won for me a right (*Arecht*) of higher meaning, which even if never to be fulfilled in this world, nevertheless had raised me so much the higher above the world, and made of me, in the depths of misery, inwardly a blest and sacred being . . . Like lightning it flashed across me that the curtain must rise on wondrous happiness. *You felt it too* . . . my friend, if the curtain were to be raised in life, or only in death, what matter: that it would be raised I knew. And so it came to pass that when my marvellous good fortune befell me, I was not afraid: I was already sure of it, but that it came so suddenly, just at that time and on that day, at that hour, filled me with wonder. . . ." [Since Wagner had seen the King, all had gone well with him; troubles that had appeared to be inextricable had vanished like smoke; he

had settled his affairs at Penzing, and had brought away his servants and his faithful dog to the home prepared for him "by god-like love." There he was to enjoy the marvellous happiness Providence owed, and had in store for him. That it would be lasting he could not doubt. Was not "its descent divine?"] "In the year of the first performance of *Tannhäuser* (the work with which I began to tread my new and thorny path), in the month (August) in which I felt myself attuned to so prodigious a productive power that I commenced *Lohengrin* and the *Meistersinger* at the same time, a mother bore a guardian angel for me. At the time that I finished my *Tristan* at Lucerne, and having toiled inexpressibly for the possibility of establishing myself on German soil (Baden), and at last turned in despair towards Paris, there to wear myself out in undertakings that were repulsive to my nature—at that time a youth of fifteen was present for the first time at a performance of my *Lohengrin* . . . In the beginning of March of this year (I know the day on which the miscarriage of every attempt to free myself from ruin became patent to me), I looked it helplessly and despairingly in the face. Then—quite unexpectedly—the King of Bavaria dies, and my pitying guardian angel, despite Fate, ascends a throne. Four weeks later, his first care was to seek me. While, with you to suffer with me, I was draining the cup of bitterness to the very dregs, his envoy sought me on my empty hearth at Penzing; he was to carry to the devoted King a pen or pencil of mine. How and when he found me, you know. Dear, doubt is no longer possible! Here, at last, is an affection that brings neither pain nor torments in its train. What are my feelings when I behold the glorious youth? On my birthday he gave me the beautiful oil painting, that he sat for, on purpose for me. This wondrous picture teaches me how to prove to others that genius is mine. See, gaze upon it; here, with your own eyes, may you behold; my 'genius' stands before you."

The King, Wagner had reason to believe, governed with a high hand, because he jealously guarded the personal freedom and the "power to devote himself with entire independence to his love for the master, to the voluntary study of whose works and writings, since the age of fifteen, he owed the greater part of his education" (*sic*). "If I chose, they tell me that the whole Court would be at my feet . . . but how easy it is for me to tranquillize them all. . . . All that *we* secretly despise goes its own way; *we* do not trouble about it. By degrees they will all love me; already the immediate *entourage* of the young king rejoices to find me what I am, because everyone sees that my immense influence on the prince's character can only tend to help, never to injure

anyone. . . . This is my happiness, *Freundinn*. . . . Doubt it not. . . ."

A few days later he writes:—

"If anything in my life has put me inconsolably out of sorts, it is an attribute of the 'world' against which such as we are quite defenceless. That is the belief of the Philistine soul in its own practical wisdom . . . . in the merely animal instinct of what is needful and useful for the present moment; details which the more profound mind often purposely overlooks, so as not to be disturbed in its wider vision . . . . and therefore appears to the practical worldly intelligence, senseless and absolutely unintelligible. We have to endure that the world, which *we* understand so well, should misunderstand and even pity us . . . . but when a woman's nature so far forgets the instincts of love as to judge, pity, and warn the object of her love, from the standpoint of Philistine morality, that is unendurable." [This curious passage suggests that the lady who was afterwards destined to bear Wagner's name, may have ventured on a warning note that jarred painfully on the master's glorified vanity. His sublime egoism never doubted for a moment that the "god-like prince" was born to serve him and the attainment of his ends, or that his subjects would hesitate to endorse views that were sacred to both. He continues:] "It has been among my punishments, that having spoilt *my own wife* by yielding too completely in these matters, she lost the power of behaving towards me with common justice. The consequences have been patent to all. Where are you, dear friend? Write me again! I am lonely here; I miss home companionship. Perhaps I shall send for Cornelius. Can I quite renounce the womanly element? With a deep sigh I say, No; alas, that I have almost wished to! A glance at his dear image helps me again. Loved, glorious youth! Now must he be unto me my all, world, wife and child! . . . .

"Ever yours,

"R. Wagner."

On the 30th of the following June Wagner wrote that he was "very tired." Reaction had set in and with it pain "as of a wound after the excitement due to fever has abated." He could but recall what would have been the horror of his situation had not the "unexpected come to pass" . . . . "My loneliness is terrible, only on the highest mountain top can I maintain my footing with this young king. The neglect of my household, the necessity of busying myself with things for which I am unfitted, lames my vital power. I have had to get settled, organize my household, and worry over knives, forks, crocks and house-linen, &c. I the worshipper of women! That is why they so graciously leave

the performance of their duties to me." Even the arrival of Frau v. Bülow and her two children had failed to rouse him. He pined for the sympathetic presence of his tried old friend; once more to unburden his sorrows to Frau Eliza; but Frau Wille neither went to him nor wrote as often as he wished. To cite her own words: "I did not accept Wagner's invitation to attend the performance of *Tristan und Isolde*; I had not visited him at Starnberg, and even now words failed me wherein to clothe the burden of my thoughts." How could she tell him "that he was not the man from whom the young king might learn that art and poetry are not the highest aim of royal thoughts; that the responsibilities of the prince on whose conscience his people's rights are imprinted . . . . are heavy and serious ones." . . . . Meanwhile, if Wagner was unhappy it was not the king's fault. "Of the gloriousness of our relations, you can have no conception . . . . come to me and you will fully realise them. . . . ."

On the 9th of September 1864, he writes from Starnberg:—

". . . Now, here is a young king who really loves me passionately; you cannot picture to yourself anything like it! I remember dreaming in my early youth that Shakespeare was alive and that I actually saw him in the flesh and spoke with him. That memorable impression merged into the yearning to see Beethoven (who was also dead). Something of this kind must be experienced by this lovable being when I am with him. He tells me that even now he cannot realise that he has me at his side! No one can read his letters to me without wonder and delight. Liszt says of them that they prove his "receptivity to be quite on a par with my productivity. It is a miracle!" adds Wagner, in the calm conviction that neither Liszt nor anyone else could pay his king a higher compliment.

At this time Wagner, who was anxious about his friend's protracted silence, sent her a letter of the king's to read, for in returning the precious missive she would be obliged to write to him. Of the contents of this letter Frau Wille makes no mention; but were a glance at its contents vouchsafed to us, they would probably only yield evidence of the "receptivity" that had almost caused Wagner "to fall on his knees and worship the heavenly royal youth." Those were early times, in which Wagner's influence on Ludwig II. was, politically speaking, negative. The importance of newly-acquired cares of State paled before the glamour of the ideal world the poet-musician had opened to him. The hour of his rude awakening had not yet struck.

The Bülows had passed the summer with Wagner. "Poor Bülow," he writes, "arrived here early in July in very bad health; with overstrained and shattered nerves. Theirs is a tragic *ménage*

. . . His youthful, extraordinarily-gifted wife is Liszt's wondrous counterpart, . . . only on an intellectually higher plane." But Wagner thought he had lighted upon a scheme of "salvation for them all." He had obtained the post of Pianist to the King for Bülow and hoped that they, Wagner and the Bülows, would all soon set up house together, and live a life of "joint striving for the highest in art." He added that he had already acquired the reputation of an all-powerful favourite, in a jesting strain that proves he had not at that time paused to gauge the extent of his influence. "Only lately the heirs of a poisoneress" had appealed to him. Then, a fortnight before his death, Ferdinand Lassalle had (through Bülow) craved his intervention with the King in the Dönniges affair. Lassalle did not impress him favourably. "A love affair out of pure vanity and false pathos. In him I beheld the type of the considerable men of our future, a type I must designate the Germano-Jewish."

He had not yet found a town house. The King wished to build one for him, but that would take two years; besides, they were both anxious to save as much money as possible for the production of the *Nibelungen*. Wagner announced the performance of the *Fliegender Holländer* for November, and of his "Fragments" (with Schnorr). "In the spring *Tristan*, in the summer of 1867 *Nibelungen*."

Writing in February 1865, from the apartment he had taken in the same house with the Bülows in the Briener-Strasse, Wagner confessed himself overwhelmed with trouble. In self-defence he had been constrained to write a paper in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of 20th February 1865—"Richard Wagner und die öffentliche Meinung." The only inaccuracy it contained, Wagner affirmed (in referring to, but not quoting it) was the "assertion of the circumscribed limit" of his influence on the King. "For my peace's sake," he adds, "I yearn that it were so." Once more his "longing for the last rest was inexpressible." But was he justified in renouncing the right he owed to the "wondrously deeply, fatalistic attachment of the King"? Those who opposed him openly were "mere puppets, and slander was already playing her last desperate game." . . . "But the motives?" Wagner "shuddered" when he reflected that if (for the sake of the peace he needed and his art demanded), he sought the retirement he longed for, he would be leaving *him* to the mercies of those around him. "Why is this cup mine?" he cried; why, when he needed rest and undisturbed leisure to devote himself to his work, should he find himself immeshed in responsibilities "that placed the fate of a divinely-gifted human being in his hands?" . . . "My heart can no longer bear this giddiness."

Wagner's public denial of any interference in State matters appears to have temporarily procured for him the "peace" he craved. Like many a spoilt child, he could be very good as long as he had all he wanted. So it came to pass that in April of that year the great man had, "for a wonder, an hour to spare." He must write two or three lines to his "dearest friend, . . ." "although Cosima had promised to write her in his name." Frau Wille was summoned with affectionate imperiousness to attend the three principal performances of *Tristan*, which were fixed for the 15th, 18th and 22nd May. They were to be marvellous, quite unrivalled in the annals of music. The "splendour" of the two Schnorrs, the "divinity" of the young King; the marvel that human life could contain so much beauty, profundity and sublimity; this was his triumphant theme. Still there was the reverse of the medal the "fearful meanness and lowness that hedged them in" . . . but "God grant that the King prosper and succeed! Then would the German nation own the type it needs as an example; a very different one to that of Frederic II."

Frau Wille, however, stayed at Mariafeld. On the 26th September 1865, Wagner wrote to reproach his old friend that it had been possible for her to ignore him during that memorable summer. As to *Tristan*, for the first time in his life, expectation had fallen short of reality, he had nothing left to wish for, for himself, or for art's sake. The magnificence of the arrangements had been worthy of the masterpiece; the Schnorrs had proved themselves "an amazing heaven-sent pair of artists"; the "guardian angel" had behaved right royally; the dress rehearsal, witnessed only by the King and the composer, had seemed like the "fulfilling of the unattainable."

Was it a dream? The master almost doubted the evidence of his senses. Indeed, he might well do so, for at the last act of the fourth performance, it occurred to this eccentric genius that there had been sacrilege in admitting the public to this delight. "This," it flashed across him, "is the last performance of *Tristan*; it must never be given again. . . . Now, it has come to pass, my glorious singer (Schnorr) left us rejoicing, full of bliss, pride and contentment. Eight days later I rushed to Dresden to attend his funeral. . . . Since then sadness dwells with me once more. Lonely was I on the heights; here also am I alone."

Art is long, and life short. Poor Schnorr was dead of rheumatic gout, aggravated by the fatigue and exposure incidental to the rehearsing and performance of *Tristan*; but there was his King to live for—*Nibelungen* to be finished. *Parzifal* was begun. "If everything were not dreamlike, it would be mortal pain."

* * * *

"Geneva. Campagne des Artichats,

"26th December 1865.

[The memoir contains no comment on this change of address; indeed, it speaks for itself.] ". . . Of my Munich experiences, I can but tell you little; you must clear away the mist of lies for yourself, if you would fain see clearly. I take everything seriously, and, with me, *cleverness* is out of the question. The young King must be given a little time to learn to rule and be master. The suffering he now endures will be good for him. His too great love for me blinds him to what surrounds him, and to other circumstances; thus was he easily deceived. He knows no one, and—— must now learn to know people. But I am hopeful, as I am sure of his love for all time, so do I trust in the development of his magnificent qualities. . . ."

In the spring of the following year Wagner returned to Munich to discuss with the King and the architect Semper the project of building a theatre in the neighbourhood of Munich, for the performance of his musical dramas. Semper had already sketched a plan, in the grand pure style he affected, according to Wagner's instructions. In the height of the summer, Herr Wille went to meet Wagner and Semper at Lucerne. He then tried to persuade Wagner to use his influence with the King, so that he might remain neutral in the forthcoming struggle, and even offer his mediation between Austria and Prussia. Wagner, who at that time was full of wrath against Bismarck and Prussia, declared that in political matters *he had no influence over the King*, which means, being translated, that he did not then choose to exert it on behalf of a government and nation which were unsympathetic to him. They heard little of him at Mariafeld until two years later, when Frau von Bülow wrote in Wagner's name to invite Herr and Frau Wille to the performance of the *Meistersinger*, in June 1868. Frau Eliza, who was to pass through Munich on her way home from her sister's estate in Silesia, was glad of an opportunity of once more greeting her old friend, and of witnessing the performance of a work that had almost grown under her very eyes. The performance went off brilliantly. Bülow, although a semi-invalid, conducted the orchestra after Wagner's own heart. The King commanded the latter's presence in the royal box. After the first act there was an enthusiastic call for the poet-musician, but Wagner, who could not find his way to the stage, did not appear. At the close of the performance the applause became so strong, that the King, by whose side Wagner was sitting, ordered him to bow his acknowledgments from the royal box. This new departure appears to have shocked Frau Wille's conservative common sense, and she left Munich almost immediately, full of apprehen-

sions for its possible consequences. Whether her fears were justified or not, Wagner never confessed to her by letter or word of mouth. His own discontent must have grown with the enmity he encountered, for he soon found it advisable to take up his abode at Lucerne. There Frau v. Bülow "*die trostreiche edle Freundinn*," the noble friend of his sorrows, and her children joined him; and his sister, and it was whispered, an august visitor, were the only other friends who broke in upon his solitude. Thus, in retirement from the world, Wagner found the happiness, and with it the peace, that had hitherto been missing in his existence; excellent conditions for the long-deferred completion of *Siegfried*.

In 1870 Wagner announced his second marriage. "Life had at last acquired a meaning for him." The woman he had loved for so many years had braved every obstacle to devote herself to him; their first visit as married people would be to Mariafeld, "at the fall of the leaf." In the following September the Willes were their guests at Tribschen. The air rang with the news of the victory of Sedan, and their hearts beat high in the triumph of German arms. Frau Eliza rejoiced with her patriotic husband; but as the train bore them onwards towards Lucerne, the thought uppermost in her mind was delight in the contrast of her friend's present happiness, and the misery he had borne under her own roof six years ago. Tribschen, Wagner's present home, gladdened by the presence of his charming wife and her lovely children, stood on one of the most beautiful sites of the Lake of the Four Cantons. In the happy hours the two families spent there, and at Mariafeld together, Frau Eliza could not but feel that "old friendship was born again," under ideal auspices. Of Frau Cosima Wagner, she speaks with affectionate admiration. "Her intellect and imagination, her poetic soul, combined to make her the destined companion of Wagner's life, worthy to follow him on any height to which his genius might attain. She could lose herself in his music, in reverent enthusiasm: the world in which he lived was hers also! Wagner's genius never tired of offering up to her the tender homage of his art. In her own home, she was a perfect wife and mother, the teacher and governess of her children. Her cultured mind and the perfect tact of a woman of the world made her a delightful companion."

Wagner put the finishing touch to his *Nibelungen* in 1872. Meanwhile the German princes and people had crowned their victorious emperor. Wagner, who had forgotten his dislike to Prussia in his love for Germany, felt that he owed to the nation the fruit of the inspiration of its gods, the chants of its heroic saga, and the teachings of its ancient myths. He welcomed the idea of

holding high revels at Beyreuth under the rule of the King of Bavaria, in the heart of the great Fatherland. From all corners of Germany German millions should flock to an "Olympian feast . . . such as modern humanity could enjoy; music and poetry with the co-operation of all the arts." And so once more he bent his steps towards Bavaria, there to lead the hymn of praise that resounded in every German heart in that supreme moment of national triumph. From Bayreuth should the strain peal out: "Seid umschlungen, millionem!" so that those who heard it should hear the "Triumph of the German soul," * and *Nibelungen*, the glorification of the genius of Germany, was ready for the light of day.

With the departure of Wagner and his wife for Bayreuth (the theatre of his final triumph and the scene of his apotheosis) ends this interesting record of the friendship between a noble woman and one of the most extraordinary men of the age. To Frau Wille's memoir we owe an insight into the conditions under which Wagner's finest work grew and was perfected. It helps us to realise the relations that existed between the poet-musician and the art-loving king, Wagner's prodigious influence over Louis of Bavaria, and, through him, not only on the art of the present and of the future, but on the weal and woe of his contemporaries, the peace of Europe and the destinies of nations.

* Richard Wagner, in an address to the "Richard Wagner Society," May 22, 1872.

FRANCIS PAUL.

THE RING AND THE CASKET.

(A Story that is sometimes true.)

I.

To a friend of mine a friend of his
(A friend unwedded, wealthy, dead,
Three admirable qualities)
Bequeath'd a gift "which might," he said,
"Serve for a slight memorial token."
These words were, when the will was read,
With an impressive accent spoken.
The flatter'd legatee blush'd red
Soon as they caught his grateful ear,
Gazed on the ground with drooping head,
And wiped away a silent tear.

II.

Most often such remembrances
Serve only (by the pains we take
In keeping, tho' no use it is,
The gift for the dead giver's sake)
To make an unforgotten name
Remember'd mainly in connection
With the discomfort of a claim
On inconvenient recollection.
Yet if some want that craved relief
Finds in the gift a conscious profit,
The gain diminishes the grief
Which should have mourn'd the giver of it,
And then the sad result is worse
For Human Nature's reputation.
But no such consequence perverse
Dishonour'd this well-timed donation.
A trifle merely, with a touch
Of sentiment, its thankful owner
Valued enough and not too much
For its own sake, to bless the donor,
The legacy just chanced to be
Thrice welcome to the legatee.

III.

What was it? 'Twas an antique ring;
No masterpiece of Rome or Greece,
Yet curious: an old-fashion'd thing
With whose design perchance caprice
Had more to do than taste. Thick set
With double rows of diamonds small
Ranged round an Orient amulet,
The golden hoop's thin glittering wall
Cradled an old cornelian stone
Engraved with Arab verses, writ
For pious Sheiks in ages gone
By Moses or by Mahomet
In praise of Friendship. I 've been told
That there are still some Eastern races
Who thus deem Friendship sacred. Old,
And not without old-fashion'd graces,
This little hoop of jewell'd gold
Well justified my friend's delight
In its possession. All aglow
With satisfaction, he was quite
Eager indeed . . . to wear it? No.
What then? "I long have own'd," thought he,
"A quaint old ring-case rococo;
Which might have been (nay, more, *may* be)
The very case, for aught I know,
That held, when Lauzun's luck befell
To marry the Grande Mademoiselle,
The token of the nuptial vow
That sent the Beau, a millionaire,
To the Bastile. That case till now
(A treasure, connoisseurs declare)
Has rested empty. Just the thing
To fill it is this welcome ring."

IV.

So in the case the ring he put.
But on the ring, howe'er he tried,
He could not get the case to shut.
"How 's this? Oh, I perceive," he cried,
"Those stupid diamonds are the cause!
And, but for them, the ring would slide
Into its indicated place

As smoothly as a lady draws
Her glove on, making no grimace.
What an absurd idea it is
Of jewellers everywhere to stick
Little sharp-corner'd stones like this
By way of ornament! But quick!
Their value 's fortunately trifling,
And nobody the stones will miss."
With penknife, then, and tweezers, rifling
The radiant rebel, he drew out
Its diamonds, which, tho' little ones,
And inconspicuous no doubt,
Were proud of being precious stones,
And prized their place, as nobles quite
The smallest of their kind take pride
In their hereditary right
Of serving at the monarch's side.

v.

These gems about their business sent,
(Like consternated Chamberlains
By some Reforming Government
Unceremoniously got rid of)
A worse impediment remains.
That case (again he tries the lid of)
Refuses to requite his pains,
And shuts not, 'spite of all his squeezing.
The ring itself now bids defiance
To every pressure—still needs easing,
Coaxing, or forcing to compliance
And yet the cause seems, after all,
(Tho' that but makes it twice as teasing)
The merest trifle. Tho' so small,
The slender circlet 's just too wide
To enter, save as an aggressor,
The place no longer occupied
By its illustrious predecessor.

vi.

And, as unwise altho' sincere
Well-wishers teaze some weaker friend
Who will not see, as they do, clear
Which way his own best interests tend,
He clipp'd the ring, and nipp'd the ring,

And strain'd, and twisted, and tormented it,
Till he had wholly stripp'd the thing
(Whose nature more and more resented it)
Of all its spheric symmetry;
Which still, tho' bruised and wrenched, refused
With his intention to comply.
In vain he forced it and abused,
Till . . . crack! In twain the hinges fly.
The precious case, to whose renown
He sacrificed its poor contents,
Breaks in his hand. The carpet, strown
With splinters, to his gaze presents
A double ruin—case and ring,
While he his indignation vents
Exclaiming "Devil take the thing!"

VII.

Thou, in whose heart the vacant place
Once fill'd by some departed friend
Is offer'd to the new-found face
Of one whose being will not bend
To adopt the impress of a past
That was another's—spare the mould
Wherein Creative Power hath cast
A nature form'd not to enfold
The virtues that revolt its own.
Doth some asperity so vex thee?
What if it be a precious stone?
Some inconvenient curve perplex thee?
Perchance 'tis Beauty's guardian zone.
Forbear to chide its inclination.
Love, forced, is fertile in denials.
Vain effort breeds its own vexation,
And hearts are broken in such trials.

LYTTON.

ARE WE WORTHY OF OUR EMPIRE?

ARE we worthy of our Empire? is a question which all Englishmen, Scotchmen, and loyal Irishmen should ask themselves, and endeavour to reply to, whether they belong to the classes or the masses; for if the British Empire breaks up, or sinks into insignificance amongst the happy family of nations, the effect will be felt by all, from the highest to the lowest, from the millionaire to the unemployed workman, from my lord duke to the pauper in his rags.

It is not usual for sailors to take up their pens for the purpose of addressing themselves to subjects outside the technical details of their profession; but it has been generally admitted that a looker-on may occasionally get a clearer view of the game than the players; and it has also, I believe, been decided, upon high authority, that sailors and soldiers are still citizens, that the fact of taking service under the Crown does not deprive them of their right to citizenship; they still have a stake in the Empire, and its material prosperity, and its honour are matters which concern them as deeply as they do any class (or mass, for the matter of that) in the country.

It is not permitted to us whilst on actual service to mix ourselves up in the controversies of party politics, and the prohibition is undoubtedly a wise one, for we are supposed to be (and, I hope, are) as ready to do our duty to our Queen and country, whether Conservatives or Liberals are in power; and, although the prohibition does not at present apply to me, I shall yet endeavour, as far as possible, to steer clear of party politics, as I think we have enough and to spare of these every day and every week in our newspapers, and believing, as I do, that this rabid and unscrupulous party warfare, instigated by lust for power and place, and often blind to vital national interests, is becoming a good reason why my question should be answered in the negative.

It is only fair to assume that all Englishmen, Scotchmen, and even Irishmen who are not avowed rebels, wish in their hearts for the moral and material prosperity of the British Empire, and we may also assume that our Colonial brethren indulge in the same wish. We all profess to be working towards the same goal, and

differ only in our opinions as to which is the right road to lead us there; but our differences on this important point appear to be getting more and more marked every day, and certainly the roads seem to be exceedingly diverse; one (at least at first sight) appearing to lead so exactly in the opposite direction, as to justify one party in accusing the other of not wishing to arrive at the goal at all. The ways of politics are wonderful, and sometimes almost incomprehensible, and, to a looker-on at the game, it seems a little bit marvellous that it will lead to the moral and material prosperity of the British Empire to go about the country telling the poorest and most ignorant class in the community—those who, either from misfortune or idleness and unthrift, have not inherited or succeeded in amassing enough to live upon comfortably—that they are down-trodden, oppressed, and robbed; that they are little better than slaves and bondsmen, and that if they are not cowards they will rise and assert their right to the property of their neighbours. It is a little difficult to believe that this kind of teaching will add to the prosperity of any civilized country; but yet the men who teach these doctrines are tolerated by sensible Englishmen; they are allowed their freedom of speech, which they tell us they have an inalienable right to as Englishmen, whatever that expression may mean, and wherever they got that right from; and they pose before the world as the perfectly disinterested liberators of an oppressed class. Doubtless we ought to believe them, and lookers-on at the game would do so without hesitation if they had discovered these oppressions before the oppressed class had votes, and before they, the disinterested liberators, wanted those votes.

"But," it will be said, "is not this party politics? Well, I plead guilty, and I can only come to the conclusion that it is impossible to discuss even the most fundamental questions of morality, to say nothing of common sense, without encroaching on the domain of party politics, and offending some cherished principle of one party or the other. Like the leprosy of Gehazi, party politics seem destined to cling to all in this land for ever. But yet surely the most advanced politician who ever addressed his fellow-countrymen in Trafalgar Square or elsewhere, on the subject of "freedom of speech, freedom of action, freedom for all men to do what seemed right in their own eyes," must have meant freedom within certain limits; he could scarcely have meant absolute freedom; otherwise, if his neighbour standing next to him had thought proper, in the exercise of his freedom, to smite the orator on the nose with the handle of his umbrella, he could not logically have claimed protection by the law, or sought to curtail his neighbour's freedom of action, so that it really appears as if the whole thing was a hollow farce, and the word

freedom a mere catch-word to secure votes; and that nobody who uses it really means it. It is said also, by way of extenuating the claim for freedom of speech when used immoderately, that "hard words break no bones," and this, of course, may be literally true; but it is, nevertheless, true that words are an important factor in the actions of men; they are the seeds which may grow up into very bone-breaking deeds; they are the steam which works the machine of action. For instance, the words of an orator determine the policy of a nation, sometimes leading it to shame and dishonour. The words of the commander cause the soldier to march and fight, sometimes leading him to victory, sometimes to defeat; and it is neither wise nor logical to act on the assumption that hard words break no bones.

Even in St. James's time indiscreet talking was condemned, and by him we were warned against it. Truly the tongue is an unruly member, and eighteen centuries of the accumulated wisdom of our ancestors do not appear to have assisted us much in taming it.

It is probable that vanity, personal vanity, and the love of applause is responsible for nine-tenths of the meaningless oratory which now seems to satisfy the British public, better than common sense and reason. We were told the other day by a great orator that the British Empire was almost strong enough to war against Heaven! Now I wonder what the meaning of that expression is (or rather *was*, for it was used some months ago now, and words change their meaning very rapidly in some minds), or had it ever any meaning at all? If not, why is it used and called oratory? And if it has any meaning, what advantage is there in putting it into men's minds to war against Heaven? Surely warring against Hell would be a more profitable employment for a Christian country; and there is plenty of that to do in this country just at present, without going out of our way to imitate Satan's unsuccessful enterprise. But this is only a specimen of the sort of misleading mystifying logic which is considered good enough to put before the British public for political purposes.

No doubt freedom of speech is a very good watchword to use in a free country, and a very fine principle upon which to appeal to free voters for their votes; but a little reflection ought to convince all reasonable men that absolute freedom of speech is inconsistent with any government at all. Theoretically, freedom of speech has for some time past been permitted in this country, and a certain regard for good sense and decency have kept it (at least amongst men of character and influence) within those limits of propriety without which it must become a danger to all law and order; but if party feeling, party interests, and personal vanity and love of

power, begin to outweigh in the minds of our public men their love of country and their sense of national honour, then the time has arrived for Englishmen to make up their minds to curtail absolute freedom of speech, and make treasonable and rebellious words as much an indictable offence as treasonable and rebellious acts; otherwise they will prove themselves unworthy of their empire, and, by the inevitable laws of nature, and, so sure as sin follows evil counsel, so surely will they lose it. Already our much-vaunted institution of Parliamentary Government is becoming the laughing-stock of the world, and we seem to be about to perish, not from the attacks of our foes, but from spontaneous combustion.

In the name of freedom, freedom must be curtailed, otherwise our choice lies between anarchy and despotic government; for it must be evident to all thoughtful men that we cannot go on long as we are going now.

In short, we must purge ourselves of rebels or be strangled by them. It is nonsense to mince matters and to call things by their wrong names; a man who deliberately wants to break up the empire, and talks treason against his Queen and country is a rebel and a traitor, and nothing else. It has been somewhat tritely remarked that force is no argument; but it has always appeared to me to be the best of all arguments, the final arbiter of all arguments, and the only unanswerable one; it is certainly the foundation of all law; but the question is, who is to use it? The majority, and consequently the governors of the country? or a noisy and rebellious faction?

The game of British politics has come very low indeed when the losing side tries to upset the chessboard as soon as they see checkmate to be inevitable; there is a meanness about the proceeding which would scarcely pass muster amongst professional sharpers.

A little more action, a little more vigour must be shown by the great body of Englishmen who have a stake in the country, or the present crisis may prove to be the last in our history as a self-governing nation.

It scarcely seems to be realised what a critical condition government, not *the* Government, but *all* government is in just now in this country (it is no argument to say that France is worse), and the great body of mind-your-own-business Englishmen may awake too late to the fact that it *was* their business after all, and that while they were minding their shops, and leaving politics to professional politicians, the very foundations of the Constitution which they trusted in have been undermined, the building tottering and ready to fall, and that it has become necessary to pull it down and reconstruct it on different principles, with such a convulsion as they little anticipated. If these men, the great educated middle

class, who usually hold aloof from politics on the plea that they are too busy, and who expect (somewhat naturally) to be well governed as long as they pay their taxes, and who leave great constitutional questions to be settled by the blatant demagogue and the howling mob; if these men do not wake up to a sense of the situation, and put the weight of their legitimate influence into the scales, taking an active, earnest part in politics at the present crisis, they will prove themselves to be unworthy of this great empire which their fathers have handed down to them; an empire won by mighty deeds and not by frothy words; an empire whose *prestige* and credit have enabled many of its inhabitants to become rich, and all the thrifty and industrious to enjoy the fruits of their labours in peace, under the guidance of her hitherto unabused free institutions; and it will indeed be a sad sight for the Anglo-Saxon race in all parts of the world if the present generation of Britishers prove themselves unworthy of their freedom.

But if the above is a fair description of our arrangements for the internal management of this great Empire, it may be asked if we show more wisdom in the steps we take for its external protection against possible enemies; for it is just possible that during some phase of European politics and complications, some foreign nation or nations might become jealous of our enormous ocean trade and flourishing colonies, and the riches which they produce; and as international morality is of almost as shady a nature as political morality, it is not altogether improbable that they might pick a quarrel with us upon some plausible pretext; for it is well known that when the will and the power are there, it is not difficult to find a pretext for war. Let us imagine, then, just for argument's sake, that some ambitious and plausible hypocrite in some neighbouring republic were to seize upon the cry of Irish atrocities, as an electioneering war-cry, to carry the country with him, and to go to war with England for the purpose of relieving an oppressed nationality. Such an event is not altogether improbable, and, moreover, we could not complain if it did occur, as we have done something of the sort ourselves; and although we were not so rash as to go to war, we did that which must strike all those who have retained some sparks of national honour, as being as bad as war: we abandoned a faithful ally, and allowed her enemy to crush her, upon the above hollow and hypocritical pretext. But it is mere waste of time looking for pretexts; and it is scarcely rational to suppose that other nations are not jealous of England's enormous commerce, and that they are not anxious to dispute it with her. There are, of course, two ways of doing this, one by peaceable and fair competition (I have no intention of entering into the question of fair trade), and the other by war; and

the latter appears to me to be so much the quickest means, and the shortest road, that I feel sure it will be taken sooner or later—in fact, as soon as opportunity offers—unless we take rapid and vigorous steps to render its success improbable. It is so much easier to destroy a trade than to build one up, that the first step for any nation coveting a larger share of the world's trade, is so obviously to commence by destroying (if able) England's, that it is difficult to say why it has not yet been attempted. Probably there are two reasons why we have hitherto been left in peace; one being international jealousies and squabbles amongst our neighbours, and the other the great prestige of the British navy, acquired under the old *régime* of sailing-ships, when seamanship counted for everything.

It is not easy to say how long the former reason will act in our favour; in fact, it is a question for a diplomatist, and not for a "simple seaman," as our great modern general calls us; but upon the latter point I claim to speak with some authority, and, notwithstanding that I was brought up in the good old-fashioned school of salt-water seamanship, I have no hesitation in saying that seamanship, as the term is generally understood, is no longer a factor in the question of naval supremacy. The power of manœuvring a steam-ship with skill, rapidity, and precision, will no doubt be a very important factor in the decision of a future naval battle, and it is, of course, possible that our officers may display the same superiority in this art that they displayed in old-fashioned seamanship, though I see no logical reason for assuming that they will do so; as our continental neighbours practise it quite as assiduously as we do. But before we speculate upon this superiority, it would be well to inquire into the reason why in our last great naval war our officers and seamen proved themselves to be better sailors than their enemies; for no one denies that they were so. The reason was a very simple one, and it was this:—Our ships were almost constantly at sea, whilst our enemy's ships spent the greater part of their time in harbour. But to go a little deeper into the question, and to get at the root of it—*Why* were our ships almost constantly at sea and our enemy's in harbour? A very simple reason also, but one frequently lost sight of—we were *numerically* so vastly superior to them that *we kept them blockaded in their ports*; and thus our men became the finest seamen in the world, whilst our enemies, from their enforced idleness in port, were virtually little better than landsmen, and as in those days more than half the battle depended upon seamanship, we were able to beat them whenever we met them upon anything like equal terms; though it must be admitted that, on many occasions, they made a very gallant fight, considering the disadvantages

they laboured under. It is a complete fallacy to suppose that Englishmen are born seamen any more than they are born tinkers or tailors; under the above circumstances they became first-rate seamen, as the result of constant practice. I have thought it right to dwell upon this point with some emphasis, as a great many men who argue on the subject, and who ought to know better, take the effect for the cause, which is illogical and misleading, to say the least of it.

I repeat, then, most emphatically, that if our supposed superiority in seamanship over any of our continental neighbours is calculated on as a factor in a future naval war, and if it is used as an argument for keeping the British navy little, if any, stronger than that of one of our possible enemies, it is a rotten stick to trust to, and a hollow and fallacious argument, entirely unjustified by the facts of the case.

Before it is decided off-hand, for political and party reasons, what the strength of the British navy ought to be, there are two points which ought to be considered from a national point of view. First, what will be expected of the navy in case of war against a maritime power? Secondly, what is the naval strength of our possible enemies?

Now, I have no intention of entering into a long dissertation on the one point, or of giving a string of statistics upon the other; both of these have been done repeatedly by abler pens than mine, and it ought to be sufficient to say that no naval strategist of the present day considers our navy, even with all reserves called out, to be nearly strong enough to protect the vital interests of the nation. Nay, more, it is such a very simple question that it does not require a naval strategist to master it; any landsman who will take the trouble to inform himself, as he may do easily, of the facts of the case, is certain to come to the same conclusion, for it is as easily demonstrated as the simplest proposition in Euclid.

It appears, then, that in spite of recent scares, and sensation articles concerning the "truth about the navy," Englishmen are still so firmly wedded to what they are pleased to call economy, that they refuse to pay an adequate insurance for their national property; for the navy is neither more nor less than the insurance paid for all that makes us a nation; and it is no exaggeration to say that if we were to suffer a serious naval defeat we should lose all our ocean commerce, and in all probability India and the whole of our trans-oceanic possessions, so that we should certainly cease to exist as an empire, even if we were not wiped off the map of Europe altogether as an independent state. For it must be remembered that we cannot nearly feed ourselves, so that we could

not wait and repel invasion with our gallant volunteers whilst with our unrivalled resources we were building a new fleet; we should be starved into submission before they were launched, and be obliged to submit to annexation or any other terms of peace which were dictated to us. A pleasant prospect, indeed, and it seems almost impossible to believe that the great rank and file of Englishmen who have a real stake in the country can be aware of the enormous issues which are at stake so long as it is even an open question whether the British navy is strong enough or not; for there is no comparison possible between the consequences to Great Britain and the consequences to *any other nation* of a serious naval defeat.

To Great Britain it would mean absolute national destruction, whilst to any other nation it would be of little vital consequence.

It is such a desperate case of gambling for your life against another man's inconvenience, and the stakes are so unequal, that one can hardly imagine a reckless professional gambler entering on such a game, let alone sober matter-of-fact Englishmen, who pride themselves upon their common sense and sound business principles.

No sensible man of business gambles thus with his private property. No wise shopkeeper leaves his shop uninsured, or inadequately insured: but there is this difference between failure to insure a private business and failure to insure a nation; the law of the land protects the business, but there is no such thing as international law to protect a nation; no such law, at any rate, that a sane man would trust to. If a rich shopkeeper fails to insure, there is no more chance (perhaps less) of his shop being burnt down than if he had insured it; but if a rich nation fails to insure adequately by keeping up a sufficient army or navy, as the case may be, the risk of disaster is enormously increased, as that nation becomes a standing temptation for jealous rivals to attack and plunder, and there is no law to hinder them; for it is mere fiction to suppose that anything but fear or self-interest prevents one nation from attacking another. We hear, of course, of such things as international agreements for the protection of some of the smaller states; agreements which are kept in force through the mutual jealousies of the great Powers, and which will be torn up and the states partitioned as soon as circumstances permit. But there is not even a guarantee of this flimsy nature for the protection of the British Empire, and there is far more likely to be a league for its plunder, as it is well worth plundering. Great Britain must be ready to protect herself or perish; this is a mere truism, and an oft-repeated one; it is also oft repeated that the navy is our first and principle line of defence, and that it ought

to be at least equal to that of any two combined navies of Europe. This is what statesmen of both political parties *say*. But is it what they *do*? No, certainly not; they do nothing of the kind: they know that the navy is scarcely, if any, stronger than one of the European navies, and yet they do not ask for money to bring it up to the strength which they declare to be necessary. They do not ask for more money, for the very good reason that they know they will not get it; and so they go on trying to make bricks without straw; or else they try the Irishman's plan of lengthening his trousers by cutting a piece off the waistband and sewing it on to the bottom.

But who is responsible for this mode of doing business? The Government? The late Government? The Board of Admiralty? Certainly not. No Government could exist in the present state of public opinion unless it pledged itself to economy; and the Board of Admiralty only do as they are told, and try to make bricks without straw, or resort to the Irishman's plan.

It is evident, I think, that our masters the electors are responsible; they wish for economy at any price, and they have got it; but the price remains to be seen when we suddenly find ourselves involved in war, in spite of our most strenuous efforts to avoid it. It is quite possible that the electors would not act as they do in this matter if they were aware of the true state of the case; but ignorance can never be held as an excuse for false policy; and all Englishmen have the means of informing themselves upon the subject, if they will only consider it their business and take the trouble to do so. If they do not do so, and do not act with promptitude and vigour upon the knowledge so acquired, they will prove themselves to be unworthy of the honour and responsibility of the vast empire which has been handed down to them, and unmindful, also, of their own material interests—a consideration which may perhaps have greater weight with some (so-called) practical men than the honour of the country.

As an instance of the extraordinarily perverted views which are held upon the subject of national insurance, not only by the ordinary rank and file of our countrymen, but also by men who essay to guide and form public opinion, and as typical of a wide range of misconception upon this subject, I may mention the case of a noble lord of some prominence, who, in a letter in one of the leading newspapers a short time ago on the subject of emigration, pointed out that for a million sterling a certain number of poor families could be emigrated and comfortably settled in one of the colonies, and concluded by saying that that was just about the sum of money which it took to build an ironclad. I am speaking from memory, and cannot be certain of the exact words or figures, but

the whole gist and meaning of the comparison (if it had any) was to the effect that the money if spent in emigration would be of great benefit to the State, whereas when spent in ironclads it was thrown away and profitless.

If the same noble lord were to go about the country preaching to shopkeepers and other men of business that the money which they sink yearly in their insurances is thrown away and profitless, and that they ought to take it to swell their profits or increase their business, the doctrine would be recognized as unsound and foolish; but when applied to the nation it appears to be popular, and undoubtedly commands votes.

Many leading politicians on both sides (I will not call them statesmen) are not without blame in this matter, for when they go courting the electorate, like coy lovers they suppress the truth; they fear to tell their fickle mistress unpleasant facts: she loves flattery and smooth words, she loves economy, so they promise that; she knows little about efficiency, so they leave that alone, or only glance at it, with a suggestion that it will be all right in their hands; and then, after singing a bar or two of "Rule Britannia" so as to thoroughly reassure her, they pass on to local option or the Irish question. They know that the promise of economy will gain them a seat, and as to the efficiency, why "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," and very likely it will not come in *their* time; besides, did not they hedge by singing "Rule Britannia"?

This may be political acumen, but I doubt if it is statesmanship or worthy of a great empire.

What shall be said, too, of the argument made use of by a leading politician not long ago, that *because* two of our recently built men-of-war were failures, or at any rate did not come up to expectation, that *therefore* the Navy Estimate ought to be cut down?

Anyone who had the most rudimentary knowledge of naval architecture would know that in its present transition and (so to speak) speculative stage, it is absolutely inevitable that there should be some failures; all nations have had them, and some of them far more complete failures than any of ours.

If some kind prophet will tell naval architects exactly what improvements are going to take place in engines, guns, shells, torpedoes, submarine boats, &c. during the next few years, they will build no more failures; but without that knowledge some failures are inevitable; and it is a curious argument to bring forward, that *because* we have two ships less than the number considered necessary for our protection, it *is therefore* wise policy to reduce the shipbuilding vote.

Had the London and North-Western Railway Company disco-

vered that two of its new locomotives, built on some novel principle, turned out to be failures, they would, I imagine, have ordered two others to replace them, and not still further have reduced their stock. At any rate, that would be a common-sense view of the matter; but any argument seems to be thought good enough in politics to put before the British public.

When some future Macaulay, or his friend the New Zealander, shall in due course come to write the history of England at the close of the nineteenth century, he will not fail to ask the pertinent question, whether the present generation of Englishmen were worthy of the great empire they inherited. He will not fail to point out how they entrusted the management of its affairs to a set of men who had become so dead to all sense of national honour as to abandon a devoted and self-sacrificing public servant to an ignominious death in the heart of the African desert: men who could add insult to injury by suggesting that he, a gallant soldier, should *seek personal safety in flight!* and desert and betray those who had trusted him with their money, their confidence, their lives, and their honour! To Gordon's noble mind and chivalrous nature this last insult must have been a far bitterer pang than death. We shall be told, perhaps, that this is ancient history, and that it behoves us to forget it, and to turn our energies to the present and future. Not so ancient, alas! but that the same unstable and perverted genius which wrought this dire national dishonour is still amongst us, still plotting mischief, still potent for evil, still trusted by a large section of his countrymen who are content to be led captive by burning oratory and specious promises. But whether it be ancient or modern, it is unfortunately written down in letters of blood upon the pages of our national history, and constitutes a deep stain which the lapse of centuries will not erase.

The impartial historian, whether he be Englishman or New Zealander, will not fail to point a moral and indicate the distinction between true and false economy, by showing how the present generation of Englishmen continued to turn a deaf ear to their professional advisers, and failed to insure their vast national wealth by keeping up a navy sufficient to protect it against attack. Or of how they looked on calmly and complacently whilst their representatives made a political shuttlecock of the Navy Estimates, declaring all the time with charming inconsistency that it was a subject vital to the existence of the empire.

Whatever may be the result and consequences of the present aberration of intellect (temporary, let us hope) which is sweeping over England, the above are unpleasant episodes in our national life which no impartial historian will be able to gloss over or

excuse. Moreover, they are acts of folly and improvidence (to call them by no harder names) which, judging by the light of history, must inevitably bring their own punishment if continued in; for they indicate, not only a decline of national vigour and foresight, and the want of a sense of national responsibility, but a blunting of that delicate, vital, and essential principle of honour, which is as absolutely necessary in the life of a nation as it is in that of an individual.

To say that the destiny of the British Empire is in the hands of the British people is a mere truism; but it is well to understand what the term "the people" really means. In the minds of some men, and according to some newspapers, it seems to mean any collection of persons who think proper to assemble at Trafalgar Square, or in Hyde Park, and cheer the addresses of half a dozen tub-thumping orators; but in my humble judgment these individuals no more represent the British people than the dregs of a bottle of old port wine represent the good liquor which the bottle holds. They no more represent British public opinion than the laughing jackass represents the feelings and opinions of the other birds and animals of the Australian forest, notwithstanding that he makes the most noise. But unless the real British people—those who have some stake in the country—wish to be represented, and, what is more, ruled and governed, by the laughing jackasses and howling dervishes of the community, it behoves them, in this present crisis in their country's history, to step forth from their shops and their counting-houses and take active and vigorous steps to show that they and not the noisy mob are the British people.

The great educated middle classes of England, Scotland, and even Ireland, if they were not intimidated—the men who represent the sound common-sense of the country, but who hold aloof from politics, either because they are too busy, or because they have no taste for the dirty work, will have to find the time, and get over their natural repugnance, and throw themselves into the political arena, making their legitimate influence felt; and as their opinions are sure to be on the side of law and order, and the preservation of the Empire, they may have the satisfaction of saving their country from misgovernment and dissolution, and depriving some future Gibbon of a melancholy theme.

C. C. Penrose Fitzgerald.

ANCIENT AND MODERN PAINTED GLASS.

It is a very remarkable not to say an astonishing circumstance, that of all the decorative arts known to man, the essentially Christian art of glass-painting should have received the least attention from the public generally. English books devoted to the history or study of painting on glass are scarce and costly.* French histories and monographs are much more numerous, but the most important of these are works in folio or quarto volumes, suited for art libraries, and are rarely to be met with elsewhere. We should have expected Germans to write fully and profoundly on this art, which they were among the first to attempt to revive in modern times, but we find on the contrary, that, with one exception,† their contributions to the subject are meagre and of little value. Books relating to other arts are countless in number. Architecture, painting in oils and in water-colour, sculpture and basso-relievos, mosaics, illuminations, tapestry, jewellery, pottery in all its forms, everything, in short, relating to art, has been expounded and described and illustrated over and over again, in volumes of all sizes, and in every easily attainable shape that can be desired. Among the many useful handbooks treating of art at the South Kensington Museum, one on glass-painting is not to be found. There is one on "Glass," brimful of information regarding the condition and progress of the art of glass-making at different periods and in different countries, and the various uses to which it was applied, but the hand-book contains not one word on glass-painting in windows.

The ignorance that prevails on the subject is great, and the apathy and indifference to it are great also. Yet has glass-painting a highly interesting and instructive history, and all lovers of beautiful things, it might be supposed, would be irresistibly drawn to the study of pictures, often on a very large scale, wherein in places of public resort, notably in cathedrals and churches, may be seen gorgeous effects of colour such as no material but glass

* See Charles Winston's *Hints on Glass Painting*, and *Letters and Lectures*, 3 vols, 8vo.; Weales' *Quarterly Papers* and *Divers Works of Early Masters*, 2 vols. folio; Warrington's *History of Stained Glass*, 1 vol. folio; and Westlake's *History of Design in Painted Glass*, 4 vols. quarto.

† *Geschicte der Glasmalerai*, Gessert, 1 vol. 8vo,

can provide, and which imitate and even rival precious stones, set in gold and silver and framed in noble architecture; scenes in sacred and legendary history are represented in these pictures of great interest and importance to the archæologist and the artist, to the student of symbolism, of costume, of heraldry and finally to the Christian. The brilliant colours used in mediæval times were so artistically arranged as to produce a most harmonious whole; even when the drawing was rude, and sometimes grotesque from its very earnestness, it was always expressive, and the devotional feeling displayed has never been approached in modern days. These pictures are most truly works of art. They are not like illuminated manuscripts treasured up in libraries and carefully preserved from sun and air; in fadeless splendour they have braved the battle and the breeze, the sunshine and the storm. Cracked, mutilated, weather-beaten they may be, but they have come down to us, and they will remain so long as they exist, sparkling, luminous, glowing. And yet, with all these claims to admiration, what do we find, practically, in the impression produced by such works? A passing glance is bestowed upon them; often scarcely so much as that. A weeping marble cherub with a torch turned upside down, a broken column, a bust of some insignificant person with a long catalogue of impossible virtues, these and such-like objects attract far more attention from the masses, and even, to an extraordinary extent, from the more cultivated classes also.* If anyone doubts this assertion he has only to take up a post for a few hours, every day for a week, in some cathedral, York or Canterbury, or Lincoln, and watch the ways of the sight-seers; or, better still, act as a cicerone for a short time in these or any churches where valuable old glass is to be found, and listen to the remarks made, and note the objects that are generally admired. Even such beautiful cinque-cento work as in the Lady Chapel at Lichfield Cathedral, where the subjects are well defined and the whole effect is magnificent, is passed by with a vacant glance. So true is it, as the Jesuit Father at Bourges remarks, that—"Il faut comprendre pour arriver même à voir." This ignorance and neglect has more serious consequences than might be supposed. The fanatical zeal of the Puritans in Cromwell's time scarcely caused more destruction. There were few country churches after that period that did not still possess beautiful examples of this mediæval art; there are hundreds now where no traces of it remain. This destruction is

* The Dowager Queen Adelaide once paid a visit to an English cathedral which contained some splendid old glass; of this fact she had been made aware beforehand; but, unfortunately, the transepts of the church were adorned with gaudy specimens of early 19th-century work; this she mistook for the 16th-century glass of which she had heard, and she accordingly proceeded to admire it greatly. Her guide had to inform her that there was some "much finer" at the east end of the church.

not a thing of the past only, it is still going on. In the various histories of Kent and Canterbury, written during the eighteenth century, many records are found of subjects in painted glass which no longer exist. Of Ashford Church it was said, "Here are many goodly portraitures, as of Edward III., to the number of ten." These had entirely disappeared in 1794, when Mr. Parsons made a riding tour through Kent for the benefit of his health; he described the monuments and painted glass of upwards of a hundred churches. Scarcely anything now remains in the windows of those churches but fragments, and in most cases even these have vanished away. It is melancholy to read the descriptions given by the worthy old gentleman of the "admirable paintings" he found in numbers of these country churches; the figures "most beautiful indeed." In one window was "an exquisite representation of the Virgin and Child, there is a divine sweetness in the features of the Infant which is enchanting;" and a female figure in particular in one of the compartments "is so truly elegant, the form so just, and the face so beautiful, that I cannot but think no painting of the pencil can exceed it. What a pity," he cries, "that a window so truly beautiful should be lost to the public eye from its situation in this lonely spot! * and still more is it to be lamented that it should be so neglected as to be in danger of decaying from dust and damp." The interest Mr. Parsons took in the matter was so little shared by his contemporaries that he apologizes for it. "Perhaps some persons will think that I have said too much on the subject of painted glass; I hope not. I confess that I am delighted with this beautiful ornament in whatever place I meet with it, but more especially in our churches." And he adds: "May it never be the fate of my work to be such a proof of horrid profanation by becoming a repository of monuments defaced or demolished by sacrilegious plunder!" Much of the glass described by Charles Winston in the middle of this century has perished or has been cast away disregarded and despised, and within the last few years has been replaced by plain white glass. It is recorded of Mrs. Sutton, wife of the then Archbishop of Canterbury, that she caused to be removed, and disposed of for any trifle they would fetch, very many of the coats of arms which were in the different windows of Lambeth Palace, they being in her view "too primitive, tasteless, and ugly." These ancient relics consisted of the arms of Cardinal Pole and other prelates impaled with those of the see.†

Modern memorial windows have caused the disappearance of many precious remains; the local plumber and glazier is ordered

* Stelling Church, where now not a pane of all this glass is left.

† *The History of Stained Glass*, W. Warrington.

to "take that old stuff away" to prepare for the advent of a new window from London. He takes it away accordingly, and it is broken up for the sake of the lead, or it reposes, perhaps for years, on some dusty shelf in his back shop. If the London glazier removes the relics it is different; he knows their value, but they disappear none the less from the church, to be seen in some collector's gallery sooner or later.

Sometimes a glass-stainer's firm is directed to copy the old fragments so as to fill the window and make a better show. This is done, but the old is not returned, and the former owners make no complaint; they do not even know that a theft has been committed. "Restoration," even if not done by thieves, is one of the most fruitful sources of ruin. Restorers are very proud of their achievements in this line. In the last century the glass in the cathedral of Paris was all "re-made" by Pierre Levicil, who glorified the church and himself by placing a "JEHOVAH" in red letters on a gold ground, and framed in a circle of sky-blue, over the principal glass of the Sanctuary. He records that some ancient glass windows of the twelfth century existed in the choir of the cathedral, "dont j'ai demoli en 1714 les deux derniers, pour les remplir de vitres blanches." This was the work of a man who wrote a learned folio volume on his art, and whose aim and hope in writing it was to restore that art to public favour. "Si je ne puis y réussir," he says, "qu'il me soit au moins permis de répandre quelques fleurs ou de verser quelques larmes sur le tombeau qu'on lui destine, avant qu'on le ferme." A favourite device of restorers is to put together, "as fancy directs," all the small pieces scattered about in various parts of the church into one window, some upside down, and all with no reference whatever to the subjects, but so as "neatly to fill up the whole and render it an object pleasing in a great degree"; wherein indeed they succeed, for even in this shapeless and distorted state the old glass will be "pleasing" in a much greater degree than the new. But certainly remains so "mended and confused" do "not afford much speculation," as the Rev. Mr. Dart remarks regarding the very curiously painted windows, full of Scripture story, in Beckett's chapel at Canterbury Cathedral.

Painted glass, though highly valued in mediæval times, had no such protection from injury as is now supplied by wire guards, and hail-storms and violent winds destroyed much of it.* At the Reformation in England zealous ecclesiastics, like Dean Horn at Durham, "pulled down and broke in pieces most excellent coloured glass, most artificially set forth and curiously wrought, for he could never abide any ancient Monuments, Acts, or Deeds, that gave any

* The storm in October 1886 shattered much of the beautiful glass at Rheims.

light of or to godly Religion." "The whole story and miracles of that holy man St. Cuthbert" had been set in the windows of the Cloisters, in the last quarter of the fourteenth century by the founders and builders of them.* The hail-storms which wrecked so much ancient art, were as nothing to the tempests of Puritan bigotry which battered and shattered it during the Civil Wars in the seventeenth century. Long poles, and pikes, and stones, and fury were so freely used, more particularly in our large towns, that it is a wonder anything still remains to testify to the former magnificence and popularity of the art. Simon Gunton thus describes the proceedings of the Puritans in Peterborough Cathedral:—

Having done their work on the Floor below, they are now at leisure to look up at the Windows above, which would have entertained any persons else with great delight and satisfaction, but only such Zealots as these, whose eyes were so dazzled that they thought they saw Popery in every Picture and piece of painted Glass. Now the Windows of this Church were very fair, and had much curiosity of workmanship in them, being adorned and beautified with several Historical passages out of Scripture and Ecclesiastical story; such were those in the body of the Church, in the Isles, in the new Building and elsewhere. But the Cloister windows were most famed of all, for their great Art and pleasing variety . . . all which were notwithstanding most shamefully broken and destroyed. . . . Nothing of all this could oblige the Reforming Rabble, but they deface and break them all in pieces, and left nothing undemolisht, where either any Picture or Painted Glass did appear, excepting only part of the great West window in the body of the Church, which still remains entire, being too high for them and out of reach. . . . Thus in a short time, a fair and goodly Structure was quite Stript of all its ornamental Beauty, and made a ruthful Spectacle, a very Chaos of Desolation and Confusion, nothing scarce remaining but only bare walls, broken Seats, and shattered Windows on every side.

Similar scenes were enacted at Canterbury, on a smaller scale, fortunately:—

This place (where Thomas à Becket was murdered) has formerly been hung with Aras, and was of old the most valued part of the Church; in it Edward I. married Margaret his Queen. . . . What is less Remarkable, but more Noble, was the great North window, some time of richly painted Glass, given by one of our Kings;† but in the Civil Wars it fell a Sacrifice to narrow Conception and furious Bigotry; for a certain Enthusiastick Preacher, call'd, for his singularity and Fury, Blue Jack, by the assistance of a Ladder and long Pole, shatter'd it to pieces, crying out all the while, with a demoniac Rage, like a canting Hypocrite, "Cursed be he that doth the Work of the Lord deceitfully"; and inciting others to assist him, which the standers-by did with Stones, in such a manner as to break his Head, and use him almost as bad as he had the Windows.

Richard Culmer, *alias* Blue Jack, was appointed one of the six preachers in the cathedral at the beginning of the Civil Wars. He described his own performance thus: "A minister was on the top of the city ladder, near 60 steps high, with a whole pike in his hand, rattling down proud Becket's glassic bones, when others present would not venture so high."‡ It is said that Gondemar, a

* *The Ancient Rites and Monuments of the Monastical and Cathedral Church of Durham*, J. Davies of Kidwelly, M.D., 1672.

† Edward IV.

‡ Gostling's *Walk in and about the City of Canterbury*, 1777.

Spanish ambassador, had taken so much pleasure in this window, that he offered £10,000 for it, or its weight in gold, in vain.

Belgium fared no better than England during the political and religious wars which desolated the country. Antwerp formerly possessed splendid examples of this art. Bruges also was richly endowed, and now retains but a very small part of her magnificent glass. Much Vandalism took place in the last century. In the Cathedral of St. Sauveur, at Bruges, the authorities removed the glass with which their church had been decorated, and in its room they placed an inscription, recording the deed, with the date 1739 in large coloured letters, and a blue globe surmounted by a cross of fire. Such instances of the utter lack of appreciation of beautiful works of art, alike in past times and in our own, are only too common and too numerous.

France is still a treasure-house of painted glass, in spite of the ravages committed by ignorance and fanaticism. Protestant zealots in the south of France destroyed glass and churches alike. Many churches were secularized at the Revolution, and the priceless glass in them sold to English purchasers for any small sums that were offered. Monsieur Le Chevalier Alex. Lenoir, speaking of some fine windows illustrating the life of St. Bruno, says, "Je crois qu'ils sont passés dans le gouffre qu'on appelle Angleterre, où passent aujourd'hui tous nos objets d'art." We possess in the South Kensington Museum several of the windows formerly belonging to the Ste. Chapelle, Paris,* where they were originally placed by St. Louis to adorn the chapel he built to receive "les precieux restes des instruments qui avaient servis à la Passion du Roi des Rois." In York Cathedral is a window from St. Nicholas' Church, Rouen, where three churches were suppressed at the Revolution. Some of the glass from these churches is now in the Museum at Rouen; the collection is chronologically arranged, and is most valuable and instructive.

The beautiful glass in Italy is very little valued there now. In the Church of Santo Spirito, in Florence, most of it is covered up with curtains at all times of the day. The peculiarity of Italian work is that down to the end of the sixteenth century, the glass, *i.e.* the material, used, was as brilliant as in the early mediæval times among the Northern nations. The pieces of glass were also much smaller in the sixteenth century than was customary in other countries during that period. The Italians combined gorgeous colour with great artistic skill in balancing and harmonizing it. In 1560, the date on the lovely cloister windows of the Certosa Val d'Eno, when the Northern nations, Flanders in particular, had completely ruined glass-painting by a profuse use of

* Date about 1250.

enamel colour, the essential and vital principles of the art were still maintained unimpaired in Italy.* Early German work exhibits a great angularity of treatment, but the colour is always forcible and good. The oldest examples are in the Cathedral of Augsburg,† said to be of the eleventh century. Swiss-painted glass is of small importance, it is chiefly to be seen in private collections.‡

There are fine windows in Spain, but little early work. Glass of the thirteenth century is said to have existed in the Cathedral of Toledo; in 1459 many windows were painted in that church. In Valencia Cathedral glass was painted between the years 1500 and 1541. In Seville Cathedral are ninety windows painted by Arnao de Flandes and his brother, from designs by Michael Angelo, Raphael, Albert Dürer, and others, between the years 1504 and 1558. In the list of Spanish painters we find the names Holanda, Luis, Christobel, Aleman, Carlos de Bruges, and Pedro Frances, besides that of Arnao de Flandes. The window labelled "Spanish" in the South Kensington Museum, has strongly-marked Flemish characteristics.

Painted glass appears to great disadvantage in museums. Large figures and subjects intended to be seen from a considerable distance are brought close to the eye, so that the effect they were calculated to produce is entirely lost. In the South Kensington Museum are some large figures from Winchester Cathedral§ and Winchester College Chapel, which latter the authorities at the beginning of this century allowed to be taken away by Messrs. Betton and Evans, of Shrewsbury; they are interesting examples of the time of Richard II. The Vicar of St. Mary's, Shrewsbury, the Rev. W. S. Rowland, bought them for his church, but, after some years, replaced them by finer work, chiefly from St. Jacques Liege, and on his death they were sold by his executors to the Museum.‖

In Le Vieiel's *Art de la Peinture sur Verre*, he remarks of

* The beautiful cinque-cento work at Arezzo was by a French Dominican monk, Guillaume de Marseilles.

† See *Glasmalereien des Mittelalters und der Renaissance*, H. Kolb, Plate 1.

‡ A very curious and interesting window of Bale manufacture, lately in the possession of J. Bateman, Esq., has been given by him to the Church at Biddulph. It represents St. John with his partridges at his feet; in his hands are a paten and a chalice, which he appears to be offering to Luther's wife. Luther himself occupies a prominent position in the foreground. Our Lord stands in the centre of the picture, surrounded by Saints and Reformers, among whom are St. Catharine of Alexandria, Melancthon, and Zwingle, who is raising a cup to his lips. The glass is beautifully drawn and coloured, and appears, from the style of the work, to have been executed about the time of Luther's death, viz. 1546.

§ Removed in 1852 from the choir.

‖ St. Mary's Church, Shrewsbury, is itself a museum of ancient glass-painting, from 1353, the date of the splendid English "Jesse" in the East window, to the sixteenth century.

England in a prophetic way: "Qui sait si cet art plus long temps negligé dans cette Isle que partout ailleurs, n'y reparaîtra pas avec plus d'éclat?" In the opinion of our own glass-painters this "re-appearance" has taken place in England, if not with a noon-tide splendour, at least with the brilliant gleams of dawn.

It is well known that the true art of glass-painting practically perished about the latter half of the sixteenth century; it was supposed to be "lost," but it really died of inflation, like the frog in the fable, in the vain attempt to copy its great and popular rival, oil-painting. This collapse continued for nearly three hundred years, but "there are hopes for the Moderns" now*; we are awakening from that palsied moribund condition. This revival of the true principles of the art in England is mainly due to Mr. C. Winston's untiring efforts, ability, and knowledge of his subject. When he lived and wrote there was hardly any English school worthy of the name; he was fully aware of the radical defects of the Munich school, and would be the last to prefer it to the work now produced by our best men in England; and yet, in 1857, he advised Mr. Wilson and the authorities at Glasgow to fill the nave of their fourteenth-century cathedral with Munich glass. The painful result we now see there. "I think, on the whole," he said, "that it is better to have art without transparency, than transparency without art. . . . stick to Munich, therefore, and be content that Glasgow shall be regarded as the cradle of that (superior to German) school which it is Mr. Petit's, as well as your and my wish to see flourishing in this country."

Mr. Winston warmly advocated the ancient "Mosaic system," and pointed out how far superior it was to the later Enamel methods;† he also tried to persuade glass-manufacturers, both at Munich and in England, to pay more attention to the make of the glass itself. At a great expenditure of time and labour he caused the old twelfth and thirteenth century glass to be chemically analysed, and experiments to be made under his own eye at Messrs. Powell's works in Whitefriars, to produce, if possible, the same material and the same colours as those used by the old masters at that period. He succeeded at last, and he convinced

* Remark reported to have been made by Professor Ruskin, on seeing a window in Lichfield Cathedral representing St. Michael and St. Chad, by Messrs. Burlison and Grylls.

† The "Mosaic" system consists in piecing glass, coloured throughout its substance (called "pot-metal") together, by means of lead; all outlines of figures and ornaments are made by leading. The "Enamel" method is white glass coloured by enamel paints *only*. "Stained" glass is white glass penetrated to some little depth by colour, particularly by yellow, or silver stain; this stain was discovered about the beginning of the fourteenth century, and no other was known until recent times. "Painted" glass is white or coloured glass painted by enamel colour, which is fluxed and fixed by burning. In old times brown enamel only was used for painting.

some men, in England at least, of the necessity of using similar means if they would attain similar effects as those of mediæval times. The result of his labours may be seen in the glass of the Temple Church, the execution of which he superintended. Visitors are informed that the medallions are "old."

We had within the last few months, in St Bride's Church, Fleet Street, an example in full force of the enamel method of painting, viz. the attempt to treat glass as if it were canvas, in a copy, at the east end, of Rubens' "Descent from the Cross."*

In the west window of New College, Oxford, we have a truly notable instance of the feebleness of the method, from Sir Joshua Reynolds' design. The old glass was removed to put the "washy virtues" in its place. There are many other examples of this false style. The Church of St. Maria Hilf, near Munich, is full of very large enamel-painted windows, executed at the Royal Establishment at Munich, by command of King Louis I., and under the direction of Professor Hess. These have been thought worthy of a careful representation upon paper, in colour, by Franz Eggart. The one looks quite as much like glass as the other. In the Cathedral of Ratisbon are some very gaudy and painful specimens of the same school, alongside of some old glass, and the contrast is remarkable. An unusually enlightened Sacristan shaded his eyes when he looked at the Munich work and said: "Es thut die Augen weh;" and he was quite right. Of all the Bavarian glass imported into England at that time, viz. about twenty years ago, that in St. Paul's Cathedral, given by some of the City Guilds, is the least objectionable. One of the latest acts of Mr. Winston's life was to make a journey to Brussels to meet Herr Ainmüller, the director of the Munich establishment, in order to confer with him on the proposed windows of St. Paul's, with the advantage of being able to refer to those of the Cathedral of St. Gudule, of the Cinque-cento period. The enamel on these windows at St. Paul's is pealing off, however; the faces are already worn and faded, and will soon be featureless. As the glass is chiefly seen from a considerable distance, this is not very noticeable; and although an ugly orange-red is used in the dresses of the figures, in the subject of the Crucifixion the whole effect is fairly good, and the white angels above are beautiful. The recent examples of Munich glass in this country are distinguished by a feeling for art and a very much more sparing use of enamels than formerly; the coloured glass is English-made, and is deep and powerful; but, as a rule, there is a lamentable want of harmony in the treatment and a violent contrast of high lights and shadows seems to be aimed at, such as is nowhere to be found in the old work of any period.

* This has been recently replaced by an example of Messrs. Powell's work.

The English glass in the South Transept of Westminster Abbey ought to be removed as soon as possible; it is the product of a time when the art was at a very low ebb, and it is a terrible eye-sore. Many of the modern windows in the Abbey are excellent in themselves, but, especially when coated with London smuts, they shut out too much light. The dread of raw and crude effects of colour causes too much smear and shading with opaque colour to be used, so that the natural translucent character of the material is greatly obscured. That it is quite possible to have a high degree of art combined with vivid and intense gem-like colour may be seen in the church of St. Maria Novella, in Florence; it is a proof that brilliancy and beauty of the material is no bar to artistic excellence. Is it too much to hope that our magnificent Abbey may yet be adorned by such work as this?

Mr. Winston was very anxious that the new or "original school" in England, to which he looked forward, should avoid copying mediæval work, where, he maintained, "perfection" was not to be found. Hitherto, those of our artists who have trodden in paths of their own inventions have succeeded, indeed, in producing beautiful and original glass pictures, but the more distinctively nineteenth-century these are in their character, so much the less do they harmonize with mediæval structures. Glass-painting and architecture obtained their triumphs in the Middle Ages together. The hand-maid of architecture followed her mistress faithfully, and became stricken with paralysis at the same time, or shortly after, the death of her patron and companion. Vain have been the attempts to galvanize architecture into life again. This is an age of copying. All that the nineteenth century has done for these arts is to make portraits of them after death. The only truly original idea that seems to have occurred to architects in these "new dark ages" is to take all the best features of the ancient styles, and make an Olla Podrida of them in one building; thus completely imitating the picturesque effect of mediæval work, which generally consisted of several styles grown together as it were, or grafted one on the other in succeeding periods. This curious and very modern notion is unintentionally exemplified by the glass in Westminster Abbey, where we have early glass sadly mutilated and jumbled up, together with many excellent imitations of old work by Messrs. Clayton and Bell, a window in the nave of purely nineteenth-century feeling, by Messrs. Heaton, Butler and Bayne; the aforesaid south transept windows by Messrs. Ward and Nixon; the great west window, with its huge date in white figures, 1735; and the north transept rose window, date 1722, with many others. According to the shilling "Guide" to Westminster Abbey, the church has been "enriched," during the

last twenty years, with twenty-two windows. If the choir were habitually to sing as many discordant notes as are chronically sustained by the chorus of windows in different keys, and were to be as totally out of harmony with its surroundings as some of these, the congregation would promptly rebel, and all London would be in an uproar; for an ear for music, and a love of harmonious sounds is much more general, and is more cultivated both in England and on the Continent than is an eye for colour, and the one is consequently more easily pained and offended by an inharmonious rendering of the subject than the other.

Until architecture arises from its grave, and leads the way, glass-painting must continue to adapt itself, as best it may, to our old Gothic buildings, to the modern copies and imitations of them, and of Italian Renaissance or of classical architecture, in which, at present, glass can alone be enshrined. There is a great demand for painted glass in these days, and no lack of supply. Thousands of windows have been put up all over the country during the last twenty years. First, and chiefly, they serve the purpose of a grave-stone or monument, and as such they are becoming more and more popular. There is, indeed, a difficulty in erecting any other kind of memorial, particularly in old churches and in towns, for there are generally too many marble creations already, which are apt to be in the way of the congregation, and to take up too much room.* We are not quite prepared, like our ancestors in the seventeenth century, to saw through beautiful arcading—as in Westminster Abbey—to raise an ugly marble urn or vase, fifteen feet high, through its ruins, and thus aspire to immortality.† A painted window is an obvious resource; it is in nobody's way, and and it is a kind of present to the church besides; although it is often, unfortunately, a more than doubtful advantage, both to the church and to the congregation.

In the early periods of glass-painting the art served two purposes, decoration first and edification afterwards, and not until later times did it become a memorial. The chief subjects were always the history of Our Lord, of the Virgin, and of the Apostles, or portraits of the saintly founders of the cathedral or abbey, or

* The inconvenience arising from large monuments in churches was thus expressed in 1511, at a visitation held by the Commissary of Archbishop Warham at Sittingbourne. The churchwardens of Minster in Sheppey "presented" that, "It is desyred that where of long tyme ago, in the said chapell, a knight and his wife (were) buried, and their pictures upon theym were sore worne and broken, that they may take away the pictures, and lay in the place a playn stone, with an epitaphy who is there buried, that the people may make setts and pewys, where they may more quietly serve God, and that it may less cowmber the rowme."—Register of Archbishop Warham, Lambeth Palace, *Archeologia Cantiana*.

† See the monument to Abraham Cowley in Poets' Corner.

martyrdom of the confessors of the Church; these were portrayed in the most striking and effective way before the eyes of the worshippers. These were the "Books of the Laity," and were calculated to inspire holy thoughts, and to distract the mind from the troubles and worries of daily life, bringing the people face to face with the sufferings endured by the Saviour for them and their redemption, and reminding them that His servants were bold also, and in defence of the Faith endured stripes above measure and deaths oft. In the catechism used in the diocese of Liege and Namur occurs the question, "A quoi pensez-vous en lisant vôtre chapelet?" and the answer, "A quelque chose que nôtre Seigneur ôu Nôtre Dame ont faite étant au monde, ou bien a quelque image que je vois devant moi . . . aux *verrieres* en mon livre ou en mes mains." It may easily be imagined that in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when "books" were unheard of for the people generally, these picture-books in the windows were of great value. The darker the church the more these pictures sparkled and glowed, and the more they helped the devotions of the faithful, for whom the outer world, with its cares and quarrels, and distresses, and wear and tear, was thus shut out, and the soul could gain strength and elevation from contact with the other and better world.

The magnificent decorations possessed by all cathedrals, and nearly all parish churches in a minor degree, down to the time of the Reformation, were, no doubt, chiefly due to the zeal of the clergy, but kings, and emperors, and nobles, and corporations, and guilds vied with one another also in contributing large sums for the adornment of the national buildings.

No glorification of the deeds of the donors appear in the glass of early times. About the middle of the thirteenth century we see the first appearance of portraits of donors of windows, both laymen and clerics. Gradually these came to usurp more and more space. Kings and princes, and the great ones of the earth were represented gorgeously robed and bearing their coats of arms, but still humbly kneeling with clasped hands before the Divine Infant and His mother, and generally supported, and as it were introduced, by their patron saints. As the true art and functions of painted glass declined, in the middle and latter half of the sixteenth century, so did the taste for self-glorification among its patrons increase, until at last no room was found for Scripture subjects at all.

In the windows at Govda, in Holland, given by Philip II. of Spain and Mary of England, those grandees appear, kneeling, it is true, at the table of the Lord, but with little evidence of humility. The inscription accompanying the figures is in a strain worthy of

the Celestial Empire of China: "The most illustrious Philip, son of the invincible Emperor Charles the Fifth, by the Grace of God King of Spain, England, France, and both the Sicilies, Archduke of Austria, Duke of Burgundy, Hainault, Holland, Zealand, &c. Father of the country, the most gentle and religious prince hath given this glass to embellish this Church. May his throne, like a sun filling the whole world, stand for ever." Many other eminent persons gave windows to St. Jan's Kirk at Govda; including Margaret of Austria, Duchess of Parma and Governor of the Low Countries; William of Orange; the chief cities of Holland, the colleges, lords, and ladies, &c.

It is a fortunate circumstance that kings and princes troubled themselves little about painted glass during the last three centuries in England, otherwise even more destruction might have been wrought to the old work, and graceless pictures of the Georges have taken its place latterly. Royal personages, whenever represented now, stand, crowned and sceptred, and facing the spectator. It is no longer the fashion for such great persons to give glass themselves for the adornment of our national buildings. Possibly the art is not yet sufficiently developed or worthy of the nation. Certainly royal patronage has not done much for the Bavarians, and until the general public take sufficient interest in the art-manufacture to study it, and cultivate a sound taste regarding it, nothing great can be expected from it.

In the great west window of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, is a purely secular record of the achievements of Sir Walter Raleigh; he is represented on a large scale, together with Prince Henry, Edmund Spenser, and Sir Humphrey Gilbert, with Queen Elizabeth in the centre. The window was presented by Americans, with the lines—

> The New World's sons, from England's breasts we drew
> Such milk as bids remember whence we came;
> Proud of our past from whence our present grew,
> This window we inscribe with Raleigh's name.

It is highly suitable for some great national building, but it is out of place in a church. Many other similar examples may be recollected. In St. Andrews, Undershaft, London, is a large window originally placed at the east end, but now fortunately banished to the west. It contains full-length pictures of James I., Charles I., Charles II., Queen Elizabeth, and Edward VI.; they have no historical interest or merit of any kind.* The window has

* We find a series of kings and bishops in the clerestory windows of the nave of Rheims Cathedral. "This is supposed to represent the list of Archbishops and of the Kings consecrated by them. It may have been the intention thus to continue the line of anointed Kings from the anointed Kings of Israel in the western rose into the Christian Church." (*A History of Design in Painted Glass*, N. H. T. Westlake, F.S.A.) The

been replaced at the east end by a beautiful example of Messrs. Heaton, Butler, and Bayne's work. In the north aisle of Westminster Abbey is a memorial window to R. Stephenson ; it is wholly occupied by scenes from the life and labours of that great engineer, the bridges he built, and the trains that steamed over them, &c. The window dedicated to the memory of Charles W. Siemens is similarly filled; angels, always picturesque adjuncts, are here represented holding a scroll with the inscription "*Laborare est orare.*" Had the designer of these and such-like windows gone back for precedents to the best periods of the art, they would have found means to combine subjects intended to do honour to men with others more calculated to do honour to God's house ; as at Le Mans Cathedral, or at Chartres, where we see windows presented by various trades. The lowest division only of each window is occupied with pictures of men engaged in their employment, as money changers with their weights and balances, or architects directing their workmen, who are represented very small, like children; they are probably at work on the cathedral. Other windows were given by the bakers of the city, with details of their work in a similar position, furriers and drapers, fishmongers, shoemakers, and butchers and wine-dressers all appear as donors of the respective windows. One curious light is given by a company of gamblers, and apparently paid for by dint of rattling dice. These subjects are all small, and the chief part of the window is dedicated to the illustration of Scripture story or tradition. The duties devolved upon angels vary greatly at different periods. In the early times they are represented with censers, or with harps, violins, or trumpets, flutes or little organs, or they hold scrolls with short sentences from the *Creed*, the *Te Deum*, and the *Gloria in Excelsis*, or they carry the instruments of the Passion. In the sixteenth century their chief office seems to be gracefully to display shields with the coats-of-arms of donors of the window or benefactors of the church, as in the Flemish glass at Lichfield Cathedral (1528 to 1539), or they hold the strings of a cardinal's hat, as in the cathedral of Auch in France (1513). We seldom now degrade the office of angels to such a pitch as this.

Ancient art is a guide both as a model and as a warning. We committed the great mistake, at the beginning of this century, of imitating the errors succeeding the Cinque-cento period: from this fault we fell into the opposite one of copying stiffness and bad drawing, with an idea that an ill-drawn figure must needs have a devotional character : the result was an ugly body without a soul.

Paris correspondent of the *Times* announced that the violent hail-storm of August 10th, 1886, had destroyed the great rose window of Rheims Cathedral, and nearly all the painted glass in the other churches of the town.

In these railway days a glass-painter has a great advantage over his predecessors in modern times; he can visit with ease and comfort, and in a few months instead of years, all the chief works that remain to us of old times in different countries; he can study and compare them, classify them into schools, and learn to love what is beautiful in all periods, and admire what is excellent in all countries. Our best artists now are those who have not only been taught to draw with facility, but who have made the most diligent study of old work, and who have made careful and faithful drawings and tracings and photographs of it, not to copy it in their own work, but to make the spirit of it their own, and to train themselves up heart and eye in the best school of the world—antiquity.

An artist in painted glass needs many qualifications. What is required above all things for a painting in a church is devotional feeling, such as we meet with but rarely, alas! except in early Christian art, together with simplicity and dignity in the treatment and composition. No man who is not a Christian in more than name can be expected worthily to represent the Founder of the Christian religion. It would be better not to require that such a subject as this should be lightly dealt with as a mere matter of commerce, and paid for at so much a foot. The Crucifixion has been so often treated by great masters, that a traditionary handling of it is usually adopted; but we occasionally see lurid sunsets, views of Jerusalem, black clouds, and other realistic effects, attempted. The Crucifixion is a subject constantly demanded from glass-painters. It has rarely been undertaken by modern artists in oil-colours. A glass-painter should be a colourist, one who loves brilliant colour and is able to arrange it harmoniously; no accuracy of drawing or skill in anatomy can atone for a lack of this power. It is a natural gift which may and must be cultivated, but the absence of it is absolutely fatal to a glass-painter. He should have a knowledge of history, of theology, and of decorative art, of archæology, of heraldry, and, for an intelligent study of old work, he should also understand legendary history and symbolical art. Greek art died slowly; and even the debased traditions and practice of it which the Gothic nations received from Constantinople affected the condition of art down to the twelfth century. The oldest painted glass of which there is any authentic record is at Le Mans Cathedral (date about 1099). The figures and faces, though verging on the grotesque, are more delicately drawn than in most fifteenth-century work. Greek influence is strongly marked in it. It is curious that the French, who excelled in glass-painting during the Middle Ages, and who spread the love and practice of it into other countries, have, in spite of their know-

ledge of its principles, of their researches into its history, and careful study of the magnificent works of their ancestors, been unable to rise above a mediocre imitation of them. They make no attempt to copy the material * formerly used, and, in common with the modern Germans and Italians, all power of harmoniously combining colour seems to have passed away from them.

A revival of the art took place in Berlin, Cologne, Flanders, Switzerland, and Italy about the same time as in France and England. In Antwerp Cathedral are some good modern windows in the north aisle, and some very bad specimens in the south aisle. A window of Belgian origin is in the Carmelite Church, Kensington; it is very elaborately finished and painted in enamel colour, and is so opaque that the material might be mistaken for porcelain. Mons. Capronnier laboured, but unsuccessfully, to advance the cause of art, and to improve the taste of his countrymen by his works.

American glass-painters pay much attention to the quality of the glass used. Besides the so-called "cathedral" and "antique" glass, glass is produced there "which is streaked and mottled with several colours, rendered opalescent by an admixture of bone-dust and arsenic, and, perhaps, deeply corrugated or very uneven in thickness." The Americans claim to "not only approach, but outdo the splendour of the old cathedral windows." They trust to "time" to harmonise those splendours.

In America much glass-painting is done, in private houses as well as in churches. Of Canadian work we had some examples in the "Colonies" Exhibition, which did not give a high idea of the condition of the manufacture in Canada. We must, however, bear in mind that our best glass-painters do not condescend to compete for prizes or renown in Exhibitions. One and all, good and bad, enjoy an unhealthy and much-to-be-regretted immunity from criticism. This is doubtless owing to the fact that they are tradesmen as well as artists, and the name of a firm delivers them alike from hostile attacks and from well-merited praise, such as individuals, whether painters, poets, sculptors, architects, or public men, expect and receive as a matter of course.

Why should not glass-painters always sign their names to their work, and date it? The objection to signing names arises from the fact that several persons are often concerned in the work, but, as in the case of an engraving, the name of the painter appears in one corner, and of the engraver in the other, so, when the designer and the painter of the glass are different persons, their names might similarly appear in the opposite corners of the

* Modern French glass is thin and even. Some of the thirteenth century glass at Chartres is nearly half an inch thick, and very uneven.

window, to the great benefit and enlightenment of the public. The leading well-known firms have a characteristic style and manner which usually stamps their work at the first glance for those persons who take an interest in the subject, but not for the world in general; and there are numbers of smaller men struggling into notice, who should record their names, in however obscure a corner, and there can be no objection to a date, under any circumstances. Clement of Chartres signed one of his beautiful windows at Rouen with his immortal name. Bernard van Luige signed and dated his windows in Lincoln's Inn College Chapel. In our own day Washington, Saunders, Clayton and Bell, Austeri, Gerenti, Didron, Oudinot, and other Modern French glass-painters have signed their work, but some of these occasionally only. Eminent artists, Titian, Raphael, Vivarini, Carpaccio, Albert Dürer, the two Bellinis, and many others, in former times, as well as in the present, have signed and dated their productions, though, unfortunately, not always. It is, practically, extremely difficult to discover what firm or artist is responsible for many modern glass-paintings. Sextons in country churches are almost always quite gnorant on the subject, although they know very well, and are eager to inform you, that such a window was put up as "a memorandum" to the Squire's sister or son, &c. &c. Vergers in Cathedrals are sometimes little better. "Well, if you are so particular, I may as well say I don't know," was the answer in one of our chief cathedrals. Nor can the clergy be invariably relied upon for the desired information.

The price of glass, at a time when it was sparingly used even in churches and palaces,* and when the nobility and gentry kept the wind and the wet out of their rooms with wooden shutters, seems to have been strangely small, even allowing amply for the difference of the value of money at the present day. In the Chapter accounts of York Cathedral in the fourteenth century, it is recorded that 1s.† per square foot for coloured, and 6d. for white glass was paid. In the sixteenth century the splendid glass at King's College Chapel, Cambridge, cost only 1s. 4d. per square foot. In the reign of Henry VIII. about eight times the sum mentioned will be an approximation to the present value of money. Wouter Crabeth received 10½ stivers or 52½ cents. from the Duchess of Parma for the window given by her at Govda, as is proved by the receipts for the money still existing in the archives of St. Jan's Kirk.‡

* So late as the thirteenth century the windows of Peterborough Cathedral were closed with reeds and straw, and the unglazed clerestory was long protected only by shutters in most places. *A Popular Dict. of Ecclesiastical Art*, Mackenzie Walcott, B.D. See Turner's *Domestic Architecture of the Middle Ages.*

† Equal to about 18s. present money.

‡ Weale's *Divers Works of Early Masters.*

Bernard van Linge is said to have had £1,500 for the windows he painted at Wadham College, Oxford, in 1622. The New College window cost £1,928 present value. In our own day the best work is by no means always the most costly. The price varies, for figure subjects, according to the amount of detail required, and ranges from 30s. to £3, or, with some firms, to £5 per square foot.* Bernard of Palissy abandoned the art of glass-painting and took to pottery and glazing porcelain. "Il vaut mieux," said he, "qu'un homme ou un petit nombre d'hommes fassent leur profit de quelque art en vivant honnêtement, que non pas un grand nombre d'hommes, les quels s'endommageront si fort les uns les autres, qu'ils n'auront pas moyens de vivre, sinon en profanant les Arts, et laissant les choses à demi-faites, comme l'on voit communément de tous les Arts auxquels le nombre des ouvriers est trop grand." The number of glass-painters is now very considerable, and many of them might be weeded out of the profession with advantage to themselves and to the public; but, so long as a vulgar and tasteless public exists, so long will tasteless and vulgar workmen supply the demand for their wares, "en profanant les Arts."

* In America to £10 per foot.

E. G. Howard.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MEDAL.

THE Jubilee and its rejoicings are over; the complimentary odes to our noble selves have been duly sung and applauded; the flames upon the altar of Progress are dying down and the worshippers are departing to their homes. Perhaps it may now be permissible to utter a few of what, while the rite was in actual celebration, would have been justly open to censure as "ill-omened words." We have stared long enough at the obverse face of our Jubilee Medal; let us take a glance at the device and legend on the other side. Before we finally decree canonization to the last half-century, the Devil's Advocate may certainly claim to be heard.

The vastness of the stride which has been taken by that form of progress which is usually called "material" during the last fifty years is, of course, undeniable. I desire, moreover, to admit at once that that fact means—or at any rate may, and certainly should mean—a great deal more than seems to be understood by some of those who find it cheap and easy to sneer at it. Sneers of that description have sometimes, no doubt, their provocation and their use. There is a sort of intelligence of the narrower and grosser type which does require to be reminded from time to time, and perhaps pretty frequently, that speed of locomotion and facility of communication, and the advantages of increased wealth and enhanced comfort which such speed and facility have brought with them, are not everything, that they represent at best but additions to the supply, and some improvement in the baking, of that bread by which alone man cannot live. No doubt it is well to point out now and then to the children of Philistia that express trains may only convey their passengers daily from a sordid, and idea-less life in one part of the country to the same life in another part; that the most perfect system of electric lighting may be employed for the illumination of the houses of morally and mentally inferior persons; and that neither such conveniences as those of being able to buy a newspaper for a penny, to send a post-card for a halfpenny, and to "put back dinner" by an hour for sixpence, nor even such more important gains of civilization as that our streets are cleaner, our air and water purer, our epidemics

less frequent and more merciful, our doctors more numerous and less deadly, are of themselves sufficient to justify us in giving ourselves airs over our forefathers. Such reminders, I say, may be necessary and profitable on some occasions and for some people, but it is only just to the more intelligent adorers of material progress to confess that their adoration is based on grounds less easily assailed. They would reply, and very truly, that if material progress is not the same thing as spiritual advancement it is an invaluable contributor to it; and that the appliances of our latest civilization not only add to the wealth, the comfort, the physical well-being of man, but enlarge, and immensely and progressively enlarge, his opportunities of mental and moral self-improvement. The railway and the telegraph do much more, such persons will argue, than promote the exchange of the earth's products and the labourer's creations; they facilitate the traffic between human minds. Science, the branch of human effort in which the achievements of the last fifty years have been at once the most conspicuous in magnitude and the least contestable in value, has not, they will say, applied itself merely to the development of what are called the arts of life, it has enormously facilitated the propagation and the circulation of ideas; and in bridging over the intervals of space which divide civilized communities from each other, it has broken, or is gradually breaking down the barriers which racial and political prejudices had erected between them, and has changed or will change them from competitors for exclusive advantage into co-operators in the common effort to advance the prosperity of the human race.

This does not, of course, pretend to be an exhaustive account of the various grounds on which the worthier votaries of material progress rejoice in its triumph; but it is, at any rate, sufficient—on the hypothesis that their assumptions are well-founded—to warrant their rejoicings. It may be readily admitted that if material progress did all these wonderful things it would, if only in virtue of its purely spiritual results, deserve all the enthusiasm which it awakens. Of course, however, it is not contended by any sober or even sane observer of the present condition of the world that all these marvels have as yet been realised, or are even within measurable distance thereof. The firmest believer in their ultimate realisation, not being also a crack-brained visionary, will confess that some of the blessings which he thus anticipates lie quite beyond the horizon of the rational vision, and depict themselves solely upon the retina of Faith. Broadly speaking this may be said of all the *cosmopolitan* variety, so to call it, of our "glorious gains" from material progress. A period of little more than thirty years, which has been marked by five European wars, in which

each of the Great Powers has been in turn engaged, and of which one was, materially speaking, the most tremendous conflict in all history, scarcely lends itself to the once fashionable theory that the electric wire is your surest bond of sympathy between nations, and that wars only arise out of that mutual international ignorance which the development of steam-communication was certain to dispel. Judging, indeed, by the appearances of to-day, it might rather be thought that the principal use of the telegraph was to enable jealous military giants to exchange irritating messages, and of the railway to assist the execution of sudden and provocative movements of troops in the direction of a neighbour's frontier. In short, the peacemaking operation of progress, as of Free Trade, is a blessing which, if it is ever to be realised at all, is manifestly reserved for a future age, and I propose, therefore, to dismiss it from consideration. Whatever individuals, or individual peoples, may have gained from the triumphs of science in its application to the "arts of life," their effect as between nations has rather been to stimulate the artillerist in the cultivation of the arts of death, and to embitter, or, at any rate, in no way to mitigate, those international hostilities which threaten, at no distant date, to plunge Europe once again into war.

What, then, has material progress done for individual peoples? and, in particular—since it is presumable that we know more about ourselves than we do about our neighbours—for our own people. What, I mean, has it done for us in the spiritual order? Or if that question be regarded as unduly limiting the survey; if it appear to imply that too much is expected from only one of the forms of national development, let us widen the field of inquiry, and ask with what amount, and kind, if any, of intellectual and moral advance, to whatever impulses due, has the astonishing material progress of the last half-century coincided? It being granted that a railway train moves faster than a stage-coach; that gas has more illuminating power than oil; that a penny newspaper can be purchased by more people than a threepenny one; that the post office supplies cheaper, and the telegraph speedier, means of communication than any which existed in 1837; and, lastly, (though, of course, there are many more "triumphs" than these,) that an immensely greater number of the population are able to read, write, and cipher, than was the case a generation ago: how far, and in what way are the Englishmen of the present day superior to the Englishmen of the period of Her Majesty's accession to the throne? To a good many people, some of them educated out of their wits, others worthy of all respect for a general good sense proportioned to their culture, the last of the foregoing admissions will appear a sufficient answer to the question which follows

it. Such persons would be satisfied to rest the claims of our day to honour on its achievements in the matter of national education alone. The foolish among them would be satisfied with this because they have bemused their minds into the belief that knowledge is identical with wisdom; the wiser sort, because they maintain the theory, not indefensible, if slightly tinged with superstition, that the path to wisdom lies, for so large a majority of minds, through the knowledge which is to be gained by books, that, in the long run, the most highly educated will be also the wisest people.

With this theory, as with that of the believers in the "cosmopolitan" influence of material progress, I am not concerned to join issue. Indeed, it is secured by its own intrinsic character against adverse criticism. If a philosopher assures us on his philosophic credit that a hundred or a hundred and fifty years after we are all of us dead and gone, a certain human institution will begin to yield certain results which it shows at present no signs whatever of producing, what are we to do? I always think that the best way to treat a prophetic excursus of this kind is to accord it the courteous reception which Heine gave to the transcendental revelations of Emanuel Swedenborg. The famous mystic was, he said, a "thoroughly honourable fellow," and when he pledged his word for the truth of the minute particulars which he gave of the various states of existence in other worlds, it was only common politeness to believe him. Accepting the prediction, then, that popular education, pursued without regard to any other consideration, whether of popular health, public expenditure, industrial advantage, or economic experience, will at some remote and indefinite period ensure the wisdom and happiness of the community which thus seeks after and desires it, let it be enough to consider what immediate changes for the better or worse appear to have passed upon the English people since the great work of popular education was seriously undertaken. We ought not, of course, to confine the survey merely to the seventeen years which have elapsed since the passing of Mr. Forster's Act. That event did, indeed, mark the commencement of an era of progressively accelerated, and latterly of headlong, progress in the work; but from long before that period—from the days, indeed, of the old-fashioned Mechanics' Institutes, and of Lord Brougham's famous declaration that the "schoolmaster was abroad"—the quickening of the educational spirit dates back; and it is hardly an exaggeration, therefore, to reckon the era of progress in this matter as co-extensive with the present reign.

What, then, has been the result, so far as a candid examina-

tion of ourselves, with a careful effort to refrain from extenuating and setting down in malice, may enable us to discern it? Are we better or worse, wiser or more foolish, stronger or weaker than the Englishmen of fifty years ago? Or if it be too intolerable a conclusion even for hypothetical entertainment, that we are actually worse and weaker and more foolish than our forefathers, then may we or may we not affirm the less despairing proposition than we are on the whole no better than they, and that what we have gained in one quality we have lost in others. If, in a word, we must at the outset reject the idea that things have gone backward, what is the course which they have actually taken? Is it linear or circular? Has there been real progress, or has the appearance of it been merely the "progress" of a lost explorer of the jungle who, after a day of wanderings and windings, finds himself in the evening at the spot from which he started in the morning? Or, since the life of a civilized people is essentially multiform, has there been progress in some directions and retrogression in others? Has improvement in private manners been balanced by deterioration in public virtues, and have social developments gone hand in hand with political decline?

These are the questions which, now that the clamour of the Jubilee is over, we shall do well to put to ourselves.

There is little or no dispute about the gratifying growth of one virtue among us during the period in question. We are always congratulating ourselves upon it; and, so far as the fact is concerned apart from its possible significance or suggestions, with good reason. No one doubts, I suppose, that the Englishman of to-day has become a gentler, a more humane, an altogether tamer creature than the Englishman of the past. He is less coarse in his tastes, less cruel in his amusements, less brutal in his appetites than "the beef-fed islander" was wont to be. He does not fight so often, or drink so deeply, or swear so eloquently as his forefathers. I say this in full possession of the case which the humanitarians, the teetotallers, and the Society for the Protection of Women and Children are prepared to make out against him. These worthy persons mistake the greater publicity of incidents for their more frequent occurrence. They think that there are more cases of drunkenness, more crimes of violence, more kicked and beaten wives in proportion to the population, simply because they read more about them. Why, even a casual copy of a newspaper, as badly served in the matter of reports of "accidents and offences" as were all newspapers of fifty years ago compared with those of the present day, would suffice to correct that error. Such a record of past manners will generally yield us a catalogue of brutalities, playful or serious, which relatively to

the population far exceeds anything we could produce from a contemporary news-sheet. Occasionally, of course, we come across some more or less picturesque reminder of these ancient ways. I do not forget that on Thanksgiving Day, when we were all earning the congratulations of our journalists on our admirable behaviour, two women "of the people" were for several hours engaged in a pugilistic encounter, in which one of them was killed. But these women—even, paradox as it may sound, the lady who came by her death in the contest—were "survivals." Setting aside its fatal issue as a pure accident, I dare say that for every one such battle fought on this last Jubilee, at least a dozen took place in honour of the fiftieth anniversary of the accession of George III. And, if we go back another half-century or so, we are reminded that Fielding not only regarded a fight between women as capital fun, but expected, and, so far as we know, was quite justified in expecting, it to amuse the most refined among his readers. No one being bound to criminate himself, I decline to say whether the Homeric battle between Molly Seagrim and her persecutors amuses me or not. But it is probably safe to affirm that for every hundred readers whom it amused a couple of generations ago, it does not now amuse a score.* Even the humours of clown and pantaloon are, at an earlier age of our children, ceasing, it is said, to divert them. Fewer among them laugh year by year when the policeman's head is knocked off; the success of the red-hot poker scenes are annually declining more and more into a mere *succès d'estime*. Adults who have gone through the experience of "treating" children, especially children of the educated classes, to "Punch and Judy," must occasionally have discovered, somewhat to their confusion, that they themselves were the most amused spectators of that venerable comedy of manners.

It might be said, perhaps, that such changes of taste prove little more than that the civilized world is becoming more and more solemn, and that it is rather from this cause than from any repugnance to their brutality that ancient diversions have ceased, either in life or literature, to entertain. But anyone who, being of years sufficient to admit of the experiment, interrogates his own present feelings on the subject of many of his boyish pastimes, will discover that he has been "humanized" unconsciously to himself. A veteran angler and vehement anti-humanitarian of my ac-

* It is interesting to reflect that we have got round again to a brutality no longer humorous by the route of French naturalism. There is a battle royal between washer-women armed with their washing-bats in *L'Assommoir*: but there is not a smile in it. M. Zola, indeed, would be highly scandalized if one laughed at it. It is not a joke but a "document."

quaintance, amused me vastly the other day by the *naïf* confession that he found, after having discontinued the practice for many years, that he could no longer bring himself to use the worm, or even the "gentle," more remote still from human sympathies, as a bait, and that he intended to confine himself, for the rest of his days, to trouting with the artificial fly. Perhaps by the time my friend's son has grown up, the trout himself will be putting in a claim to consideration. Even rat-hunting, that sport than which the younger Rawdon Crawley thought he had never known anything more noble, would probably have seemed to him a less elevating recreation by the time when he succeeded to his uncle's baronetcy. But I hardly think it is necessary to labour the point that, whatever their degree of nobility, our destructive pastimes, from the fox-hunt downwards, are hastening rapidly towards extinction. This, no doubt, is only one sign of the growing tenderness and gentleness of civilized man, and, if it stood alone, might be referred to other causes than pure sympathy with the sufferings of sentient beings. But it is only one of many with which we are all familiar, and which I need not cite in support of so generally-accepted a proposition as that the modern man, and the modern Englishman in especial—which, perhaps, means only in especial contrast with his former characteristics—is almost year by year becoming more and more exquisitely humane.

Let that, then, be reckoned to the good, though as between ourselves and races who are behind us in this quality of civilization, it is certainly the reverse of an advantage in the international struggle for existence. Let it, however, be reckoned to the good; and let us then turn to the opposite side of the account. If the Englishman of to-day is milder and more humane than the Englishman of fifty years ago; if he can more often read and write and count than his ancestor of that day; nay, if he is even in a vastly greater number of instances, solicitous about his "best hundred books," is he, on the other hand, as brave, as enduring, as trustworthy, as tenacious, and has the increase of his knowledge added proportionately, or at all, to his stock of saving common-sense, and his insight into the truth of things?

On the points of bravery and endurance I would rather not offer any confident opinion. On qualities of such vast importance to human dignity and national well-being the risk of defaming one's countrymen by hasty and premature judgments is too serious to be lightly incurred. There is one remark, however, which may fairly be made. No man in his senses would dispute the courage of the average English soldier, sailor, fireman, police constable, and so forth; but it has to be remembered that courage has always survived as a professional virtue long after its decline as a

national characteristic has set in. Piloty's great picture, with its magnificent Roman legionary, preceding the rose-crowned Nero and his effeminate train, puts the whole philosophy of this matter upon a few square feet of canvas. And while individual Englishmen of undoubted bravery can certainly be found in sufficient plenty, the behaviour of large mixed masses of the English people—even of the "superior" portion of them—in circumstances like those of fire and shipwreck is now-a-days but too often such as to excite some very uneasy suspicions in the mind. But on the points of fidelity and tenacity, of constancy even to the greatest ideals, and of steadiness in the discharge of even the simplest duties, the case is past arguing. The English electorate, which under the suffrage of the last twenty years is, for all practical purposes, the English people, has written down its own character in these respects in a legend not to be mistaken; and the latest of all its self-disclosures —the verdict of the electorate on the man responsible for our darkest stain of national dishonour—is the most terribly instructive of all. The highest compliment which one Anglo-Indian can pay to another is to describe him as a "good man to go tiger-hunting with," meaning that he possesses not only nerve and courage in abundance, but also an inflexible staunchness, a fidelity *à toute éprouve* to his comrade in the perilous sport. Are the English people "good men to go tiger-hunting with"? Let us put the question to the manes of General Gordon.

It would be following a bad example to say that it is the "masses" rather than the "classes" who ought to bear the disgrace of having acquitted the betrayer of the hero of Khartoum; though such a contention might perhaps be sustainable on an analysis of the election returns of 1885. Even supposing, however, that we were to prove a certain superiority of the more over the less cultivated orders of the community in the matter of jealousy for the national honour, I am afraid that the advantage of the former orders ends there. It is impossible, I think, to contend that the educated Englishman of the average type brings, now-a-days, anything like as sound a judgment, and as cool a head, to the study of political questions as his father before him was wont to bring. He is much more of a creature of impulse, much more at the mercy of illusions, much more of an adept in that art which has found its greatest master in this age, the art of persuading himself that the truth is whatever he very much wishes it to be. He seems to have altogether lost that clear, if narrow, vision which was, perhaps, the most striking characteristic of our middle class rulers from 1832 to 1867. His thoughts, in the act of being "widened by the progress of the suns," have lost in distinctness of outline what they have gained in width. The insularity of mind which

he now boasts himself to have got rid of was always a certain protection to him; and he has in too many cases parted with it only to replace it by a flabby cosmopolitanism which is, intellectually speaking, not much more admirable, and is politically much more unsafe. What we call insularity is, on its intellectual side, simply an excessive appreciation of international differences. The habit has its disadvantages in action, but if Progress is to substitute for it the tendency to catch at accidental international resemblances and imperfect international analogies as the guides of policy on domestic questions of vital moment to us as a nation, why Progress will unquestionably land us in the slough of national ruin. To remark the easy manner in which, now-a-days, a hasty observation from one country, a crude hint from another, a so-called "lesson of history" from a third, is put forward by the Superior Person as the all-sufficient justification for some vast and violent change in our polity or our policy, is enough to make the hair stand on end. One almost longs to have Squire Western back again as a political type, or to put the country once more into the hands of the sort of Englishman who would chuckle over the caricaturist's picture of George III. holding Napoleon in the palm of his hand. It seems to be the railway and telegraph, with their immense enlargement of the facilities of intercourse and communication, which are chiefly responsible for this. The magnitude of the new world, and the multiplicity and complexity of the new phenomena which science has opened to the civilized man, appear to have had an (I hope temporarily) intoxicating effect upon his mind. I have not now the space to develop this speculation adequately; but I throw out for the consideration of the candid reader the suggestion that Progress, as a set-off against the blessings which it has brought us, has "got into" the Superior Person's "head."

And this brings me in the natural order of things to the most formidable of all set-offs—the condition of our political system and the machinery by which it works. By successive extensions of the suffrage we have placed power ultimately in the hands of a vast popular electorate, upon whose opinions, or rather upon whose wishes, no human being can reckon from one year's end to another. Their last public act was to pronounce by a majority in favour of the maintenance of the Union. The majority, as compared with the total electorate, was not a very large one; and those who contend, as it is usual to do, that the "educated classes" are "almost unanimous" in their opposition to Gladstonian Home Rule, are, of course, using an argument which tends to reduce very largely the *popular* majority against that policy, if not to cause it to disappear altogether. An

"almost unanimous" poll of the educated classes would go far to account for the electoral majority much as it doubtless exceeds the seventy thousand and odd votes at which it has been computed, and would leave the cause of Unionism, as dependent on the most fluctuating body of electoral opinion, in a parlous state indeed. For the reasons above given, I am inclined to doubt this unanimity theory, and to suspect that the number of highly, perhaps too highly, educated persons who have argued themselves, or have not needed to be argued, into a belief in Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy has been much underrated. The electorate, however, is unstable enough in all conscience, without reckoning these amiable visionaries, and is quite sufficiently in need of being steadied by a steadily working representative system.

Now the English representative system is, and for generations has been, at the mercy of the English party system; and how do we stand as regards that? How do we stand as regards a system which many political thinkers have declared to be absolutely unsuited—wanting as it is in the checks and balances which design or accident have fitted to it in other democratic countries—to any democracy whatever? Has the English party system purged itself of any of its defects during the last fifty years, the last fifteen, the last five, the last two? Let us see.

In November 1885, Mr. Gladstone—a general election being then in progress—entreated the constituencies to give the Liberal Party a majority over both Conservatives and Home Rulers combined, alleging as the express ground of this appeal that if parties were so balanced as to give Mr. Parnell the casting vote, the Conservatives could not be trusted to refrain from bartering the national interest for Parnellite support. This deliverance Mr. Gladstone has attempted—as what inconvenient deliverance has he not?—to explain away; but there it still stands, its meaning too plain to be mistaken. The constituencies were deaf to the appeal. They returned 331 Liberals only, against 249 Conservatives and four so-called Independents, leaving Mr. Parnell in virtual possession of the casting vote. About the middle of December, Mr. Herbert Gladstone's *ballon d'essai* was launched simultaneously in a London and a provincial newspaper; and a few days after the elder Mr. Gladstone telegraphed all over the United Kingdom that the statement was "not an accurate representation of his views," but was, he presumed, "a speculation upon them." "It is not published," he added, "with my knowledge or authority; nor is any other beyond my own public declarations." It speaks volumes for the estimation in which this distinguished man is held, and for the tone which he has given to our public life, that no one, from his colleagues downward, paid the slightest attention to his disclaimer, and that the

most thorough-going of his partizans in the London press chuckled openly at the near prospect of a Separatist Home Rule scheme. In January 1886 Mr. Gladstone turned out the Government on Mr. Jesse Collings's resolution. In February he formed his Government on the basis of "inquiry and examination," no sensible man doubting that inquiry and examination would lead, by a foregone conclusion, to the introduction of a Home Rule Bill, and many, in consequence, considering that Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. (now Sir George) Trevelyan had made a mistake in entering a Cabinet from which Lord Hartington and others had prudently held aloof. At the end of March these two Ministers resigned, and on April 8 the Home Rule Bill was introduced. Its principle and details are too familiar to need recapitulating; it is enough to say generally that in all essential respects it involved the complete acceptance of Mr. Parnell's separatist policy for Ireland. Nor need I follow it to its fate except for the purpose of recalling the exact circumstances of that happy consummation. It was rejected on the night of June 7 by 343 votes against 313.

This result was brought about by the defection of ninety-three Liberals, to whom I desire to pay a humble tribute of the profoundest respect. They represent the one antiseptic element which survives in the English party system; it is their existence and emergence which makes it impossible to say that that system has yet reached the stage of irremediable putrescence. But what proportion does their number bear to the whole? Less than one-third. If ninety-three Liberals refused to follow Mr. Gladstone into the camp of Mr. Parnell, 238 were willing to join the march. If Lord Hartington and Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Northbrook and Lord Selborne, Sir Henry James and Mr. Trevelyan, were unprepared to swallow all their professions at their leader's bidding: Lord Granville and Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Childers and Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, Lord Spencer and Lord Rosebery, Mr. Herschell and Mr. Mundella, exceed them in numbers if they fall short of them in ability. And there is not one of these noblemen and gentlemen, with the barely possible exception of Lord Spencer, who can honestly say that if, at the dissolution of Parliament in the autumn of the previous year, he had been asked whether he was willing to grant a separate legislature of the Gladstonian type to Ireland, he would have replied in the affirmative. Nay, I doubt whether there is not more than one of them whose negative would have taken something like the emphatic form of the reply of Hazael to Elisha. In all Mr. Gladstone's Government there were but two ministers, Mr. John Morley and Sir Charles Russell, whose record did not contain a more or less emphatic repudiation of the Irish policy which they were now supporting.

One of them, Sir William Harcourt, had repudiated in language of such Rabelaisian vigour as to have fixed itself indelibly in the public memory. Another, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, described his own and Mr. Mundella's conversion by a metaphor which he borrowed from the vocabulary of sensational religionism, and which so aptly expressed the true character, at once irrational and interested, of the process, that "finding salvation" has become almost as proverbial as "stewing in Parnellite juice."

From whatever side we inspect this extremely ugly phenomenon, it has a most discouraging look. Let us strike off, say, twenty-eight of the 238 Separatist Liberals as office-seekers and office-gainers under Mr. Gladstone, so as to leave only those who had no visible motive of interest for their devotion. Let us further and with the same ground deduct another fifty—a high estimate—for those Liberals who were, or who considered themselves to be, "in the running" for office. That will leave 160 men who voted in June for a measure, against which the large majority of them had distinctly pledged themselves in the previous November, and for which not more than two or three of them at the outside had ever in speech or writing, publicly expressed approval. The idea occasionally suggested by some of them, that they had been secret Home Rulers for years, is too preposterous. They were clearly converts; but what is to be thought of their extraordinary conversion? Assume it to have been honest in every one of their 160 cases, though that on the face of the matter is highly improbable, and what then are we to say of its amazing levity? If these gentlemen ever really have persuaded themselves that blue is red, when Mr. Gladstone says it is, it must follow of necessity that they can never have carefully observed the difference of the two colours, still less have studied even the scientific theory of their distinction.

Let us suppose, however, that the rank and file of the Separatist Liberals owe their conversion to sentiment rather than reason, or, if to ideas at all, to ideas taken as an intoxicant, there still remain the occupants of the present front Opposition Bench, the colleagues in Mr. Gladstone's last administration, to be accounted for. It is their present and their recent record which constitute the darkest political phenomenon of the present time. For on the assumption that our Party system were not in a state of "galloping corruption," it is of course quite evident that a statesman who proposed to act like Mr. Gladstone, would have been unable to find accomplices and would have had to fall back upon honest dupes. But how in that case would the Cabinet of 1886 have been composed? It would have consisted, on that hypothesis, of, say, six young enthusiasts, with a yet unspoilt belief in human nature, and six Superior Persons who had fuddled their wits with

much repetition of the blessed words "nationality" and "autonomy." Then, at least, we should have had the satisfaction implied in the possibility of the theory that unprincipled Ambition had been assisted by nothing worse than disinterested Fatuity and unselfish Romance. But where is that possibility now? Who in his senses believes these men to be dupes and not accomplices? Look at that batch of old or middle-aged, well-seasoned, hard-bitten place-men and partizans who formed Mr. Gladstone's last Cabinet—and think of them, if you can, as the victims of a generous illusion! Imagine that battered political flirt, Sir William Harcourt, conceiving a tender passion for the "nationality idea"! that veteran office-holder, Mr. Childers, turning sentimentalist in his official old age! that particularly canny Scot, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, taking ship for a political Utopia with all the passionate enthusiasm of an explorer! Are these the sort of young men who see visions—the sort of old men who dream dreams? I trow not.

No. History will judge these politicians as it will judge their leader. Looking to the manifest, the unmistakable motives with which they have turned their backs on their most solemn professions in relation to a matter which they admit to be of vital interest to their country's future, History will say that the system which could breed politicians of this description in the highest ranks of public life was corrupt to the core. Nay, I know not but what she may add that, so far from the last fifty years having witnessed an improvement, they have taken us back a century; and that, except in greater delicacy of procedure, our Party system is worked to-day by much the same methods as it was in the times when a Parliamentary breakfast-guest of Sir Robert Walpole looked—and not in vain—for the hundred-pound note under his plate.

H. D. Traill.

THE AGRICULTURAL CRISIS IN NORTH ITALY.

In the last days of the Carnival of 1885, at Commessaggio, in the Mantovano, the peasant proletariat got up a masquerade which was to be seen by anyone passing through the public place of that village. Part of the peasants, dressed up in imitation of gentlefolks, sat at a table eating, drinking, and merrymaking. Then, of a sudden, a crowd of other peasants, barefoot and in rags, rushed on the scene, chased away the revellers with groans, and hisses, and cries of "Death!" and took their places at the banquet.

The grim meaning of this characteristic performance does not, I think, require any explanation. I pass on, therefore, to the events to which it served as *lever de rideau*. After Easter, over a considerable part of the Mantuan province, the ferment of the peasant population burst into action. On every door, on every wall was written, as if by magic, the mystic formula, "*La boje!*" The cry "*La boje!*" rose from the lips of throngs of men, gathering and taking counsel together. At San Martino dall' Argine the women hired to hoe the maize, who were on strike for a higher wage, attacked nine other women procured from a neighbouring village to be their substitutes, and drove them from the field to the triumphant shout, "*La boje! la boje!*" Such a wild disturbance as these women made can be better imagined than described. On they marched, with the most determined at their head, nor were they in the least quieted by the appearance of a troop of carabiniers, on which they lavished their choicest eloquence, till ultimately six of the ring-leaders were secured and taken to prison. That evening the prison was surrounded by a multitude, who raised the cry "*La boje!*" till far into the night.

La boje, which may one day become the watchword of a social revolution, means simply *la pentola bolle*, "the pot boils"; signifying that the work has been taken in hand and that it prospers.

The agitation ran its course through May; the month naturally chosen by the labourers for pressing their claims, because into it are crowded all the most vital agricultural operations. It covered a large extension, and caused very serious anxiety, but it has been proved that the actual acts of violence connected with it were few. The masters' vines were cut here and there, and there were one or two fires supposed to be incendiary. On the other hand, instances of remarkable good-feeling were not wanting, as when at Tabellano the men, who had struck work while employed in restoring a dyke, spontaneously returned to their posts on the proprietors

being threatened with imminent danger through the heavy rains and the consequent rising of the Po.

The arrests amounted to a hundred and sixty, and the presence of a large military force which was rapidly drafted into the province, overawed such of the malcontents as were disposed to stand out after the removal of their leaders. Thus the agitation subsided for the time; but, it needs no prophet to add, for the time only.

Some effect was certainly made on the minds of the peasants by the manifesto addressed to them in the name of the Association formed by the Mantuan proprietors. The whole of this document is of much interest, but I will only quote a few of its more important passages. After observing that the first thought of the Association had been to address a few simple words of affection and counsel to the cultivators of the soil, the proprietors went on to say:

> The tranquillity of our province has been disturbed, and agricultural industry, which was already in a deplorable state, is nearer than ever to complete ruin, which must cause all to suffer, and you most of all. You are aware that *the enormous weight of the taxes, and the depreciation of nearly all the products of the soil, have almost annulled whatever income is derived from the land.** You ought, therefore, to hold in more account the efforts made on your behalf by landlords and tenant-farmers. Your condition is not satisfactory in several parts of the province, but in others, both for constancy of work and amount of wage, it is tolerably good. Moreover, you reap a real advantage in the low price of all articles of consumption, which brings ruin to the possessors of land. Still it is just that your state should be improved, and our Association will turn its best endeavours to that end. Look around among the other Italian provinces, and you will see that the peasants are, almost everywhere, worse off than you are.

Of the men arrested in the spring of 1885, a hundred were dismissed untried; a few were condemned to short sentences for injuries to property, &c., and twenty-two, judged more responsible, were kept in prison, waiting their trial, for nearly a year, according to the lamentable system of delays which characterizes Italian justice.

Most of the accused were labourers, belonging to various rural societies, which are said to number many thousand members. One or two belonged to a higher class; notably the engineer Sartori, clearly a man of much talent and a born leader, who, though not returned, as was expected, in the elections of May 23, 1886, will probably be heard of again.

The trial began at Venice, on February 16, and lasted till March 27, when it ended in the acquittal of all the accused, against whom there was no evidence to show that they had attempted to push the agitation beyond legal bounds; indeed, there was some proof that it was partly due to them that, on the whole, it had been kept within those bounds. Public opinion ap-

* Italics in original.

proved the verdict, and pronounced the indictment to have been, from the first, a political and judicial blunder. The examination of the enormous number of witnesses connected with agriculture in the province of Mantua could not but result, however, in bringing to light deeply interesting matter relating to the always miserable, sometimes terrible, lot of the peasants, and to the increasingly precarious position of the proprietors. A peasant class which, at all events in many districts, is undergoing privations undreamt of by the English labourer; a proprietary class which stands with absolute ruin staring it in the face: this is the present situation of agricultural affairs in North Italy. The question of the hour is, how will the proprietors be able to meet the demands—even the most moderate, the most just demands—of those who till their land?

When I speak of North Italy, I mean more especially the provinces which were formerly under the dominion of Austria. With Piedmont I am not so well acquainted, but I believe I am right in saying that while the state of the peasants in the plains of Piedmont is as bad or worse than it is in any part of Lombardy, the landlords are somewhat better off. The Piedmontese proprietor largely cultivates rice, which, though it too has suffered an enormous fall in value, is nevertheless one of the least bad agricultural investments. The misfortune is, that even with the restrictions now enforced, its cultivation almost inevitably causes fever to prevail among the population living near the rice-fields. In Piedmont the vines have never failed to the same degree as in Lombardy; and, lastly, the taxation is lower.

The disparity in the rate of taxation in United Italy is a fact which must excite wonder in the very few foreigners who have more than a purely superficial acquaintance with Italian affairs, and who consequently are aware of this great injustice. In the South, land is but lightly taxed: it has been said on many sides that it is not taxed at all. In Tuscany, the taxation is moderate; even in Piedmont, as above stated, it is not extravagantly severe. But in the Lombardo-Veneto the taxes on landed property run up to 65 per cent. of the income derived from it, and in some cases to a still higher figure.

The chief explanation of this enormous disproportion is to be found in the fact that the assessment of land in this unfortunate district is grounded on the valuation left by the Austrians—a valuation which, though it never erred on the side of under-statement, was yet in all likelihood very accurate at the date at which it was drawn up, but which, with the present increase of all administrative expenses, and the decrease or total disappearance of profits, has, of course, become entirely incorrect.

The patience with which the landed gentry of Lombardy and Venetia have borne the load imposed on them has been truly admirable. It has to be remembered also that the burdens with which they have been weighted by the Government of free Italy, came on to the top of the untold sacrifices undergone by them in making Italy free. Apart from the sacrifice of blood spent on the battle-field, of the best years of life wasted in prison, the gentle class in Lombardy and Venetia paid for their patriotism, in the sense of pecuniary loss, at a higher price than any other Italians. After 1849 there was hardly a family bearing an ancient name that was not subjected to exorbitant fines, or to the confiscation or sequestration of its estates.

It is only now, when in many cases the proprietors are beginning to find themselves in actual want, that they have banded together in a "League of Defence," which has sent forth a demand for the equalization of the taxes, too just in its moderation to be wholly disregarded, even by a Chamber in which the Southern Deputies have usually the casting vote. It ought in justice to be added that some twenty-five of the representatives of the Southern provinces voted in favour of the measure which was passed *in principle* at the close of 1885, Signor Depretis, the Prime Minister, giving it his support. When and in what manner it will be carried into effect, and what practical advantage will result from it, remain to be seen.

The agricultural societies (*comizi agrarii*) of the greater part of the districts or townships of Lombardy have given their adhesion to the League of Defence, whose seat is at Milan. The documents conveying these adhesions would afford, were they collected, a very correct idea of the existing state of agriculture. I will only quote as a specimen the principal clauses of the statement framed by the Agricultural Society of Salò, on the Lake of Garda, for the accuracy of which I can personally vouch.

Considering the miserable economic condition of the possessors of land in this district, caused chiefly by the imposition of public burdens wholly out of proportion with the income on which they are charged:

Considering that this income amounts to *lire* 938,044 51, and that the governmental, provincial, and communal taxes now far exceed the sum of *lire* 625,665 48, paid in 1880, and that this is largely due to laws passed by Parliament which oblige the communes to embark in new expenses:

Considering the enormous mortgage which weighs on the aforesaid landed property, forming a debt of *lire* 18,245,594, of which *lire* 14,943,017 pay interest:

Considering that the diseases which for many years have affected two of the principal local sources of income, the lemons and vines, continue their ravages without abatement:

Considering that from all these causes landed property is so depreciated that the coffers of the public institutions of credit may be said to be closed against those possessing it:

Considering that not a few proprietors of woodlands have been obliged to abandon

their property into the hands of the State (which can neither sell nor let it), because the taxes always exceeded the net income:

Considering that this vast financial disorder affects also the class of simple cultivators of the soil, since the proprietors lack the means to keep them in employment, and that hence their wretchedness daily increases, bringing with it the *Pellagra* and a host of attendant evils:

We have resolved to join the League for procuring the equalization of the taxes, with the intent that not only shall the proposed measure receive the prompt attention of Parliament, but also that a substantial diminution of taxation in the most heavily burdened provinces shall be immediately granted.

With regard to the decrease of profits, it may be attributed to three chief causes*: one is the increase in the cost of land-cultivation. This I mention first not because it has as yet attained gigantic proportions, but because it must inevitably do so in a near future. The cost of labour has risen, and it will go on rising by leaps and bounds. It may be said, why do not the Lombard proprietors introduce machinery? Some few have tried the experiment, but the great majority are without the capital wherewith to import the machines. Moreover, in many cases the nature of the land would not lend itself to machine-cultivation. And lastly, the larger proprietor (who alone could afford the venture) is in this dilemma: he possesses (let us say) an estate covering four or five hundred acres; on this estate stands a village occupied by thirty families. There are no other rich people or employers of labour in the neighbourhood; all the able-bodied members of the thirty families, men, women, and children, are employed on the estate, and always have been. If the proprietor were to introduce machinery, and reduce by half the number of hands employed, the remaining half would starve. This is exactly the case on an estate in the province of Brescia, with the working of which I am acquainted. As the men are there, as they must be maintained, they are just as well occupied in using the sickle, as in looking on, astonished spectators, at the performance of that beautiful invention, the American sheaf-binding reaper.

The other two main causes of the failure of profits are: (1) the diseases which have struck the fruits of the earth as with a blight; (2) the fall in value of all products through the facilities of transport and the importation of foreign food and commodities.

It is now some thirty years since North Italy passed through the terrible crisis occasioned by the vine disease and the silkworm disease. The former, the *oïdium*, may be said to have destroyed the whole of the vines of Lombardy; vines which yielded such

* The abolition of the forced currency is cited as yet another fact damaging to the landowner, though it must be recognized as a gain to the national credit. When paper-money was depreciated, prices were raised to compensate for this depreciation, and as the proprietor did not want to spend what he received abroad, but laid it out in the payment of wages, &c., the depreciated paper had for him the same value as if it had not been depreciated.

delicately-flavoured wines that at that time no Lombard would drink the coarser vintages of Piedmont. Hundreds of families which had been living in easy circumstances found themselves reduced to the uttermost want, and were obliged to sell their property for a mere nothing. In several parts of Lombardy (*e.g.* on the Riviera di Salò, and again in the Franciacorta) more than a third of the landed property changed hands, the buyers being chiefly people who had made a little money in commerce.

The silkworm disease, together with that which contemporaneously affected (and which still affects) the mulberry trees, was not less disastrous in its results than the *oïdium*. Not long after these two crushing calamities came the disease of the lemon plants on the Lake of Garda, which transformed what had been a good source of income into a source simply of outlay, much expense being needed to keep up what are called the *giardini*, *i.e.* the lemon orchards which have to be covered in with glass and boards in the winter.

To some, albeit a limited extent, the failure of the vines and silkworms has now been remedied. A new stock of vines was planted, brought chiefly from Piedmont; and these, with the help of plenteous sprinklings of sulphur, during the growth and development of the plants, can be made occasionally to bear a pretty good crop of grapes. But the yield at best falls far short of that which formerly might be counted on, both in quantity and, above all, in quality. Lombard proprietors are asked by foreigners why they do not make wine which is suitable for export, and thus take advantage of the demand caused by the falling off of the French supply in consequence of the Phylloxera? The answer is that to make wine for foreign consumption none but the best selected grapes are adapted; and of these no single private proprietor can now reckon on having a sufficient supply two years running.* Therefore marketable wine cannot be made on private estates; it can only be made by a speculator who buys up good grapes wherever he can find them in any particular year. Such an one was the late Signor Rossetti, of Iseo, who became famous for his excellent wines made after the French fashion. But isolated examples of this kind can have but small influence on the position of the vine-growers in general.

With regard to the silkworm, the complete annihilation of the silk industry, which at one time seemed inevitable, was warded off by the discovery that the worms proceeding from eggs brought from the East were much less susceptible to the disease than those of native origin. The first to import Oriental eggs into Lombardy

* I should except the Valtellina, from which a fair amount of superior wine, made by the growers, is annually exported into Switzerland.

was Count Ignazio Lana, of Borgonato, whose name I am glad to mention because it is honourably connected with all the efforts that have been made to improve either Lombard agriculture or the condition of the Lombard peasant during the last half-century. Count Lana brought his eggs from Brusa; since then an enormous trade has been carried on in eggs brought from Japan. Report says that silkworms' eggs are cheap enough in that country; what is certain is that a high price is set on them by the importers, many of whom have made large fortunes. The cost of silkworm-rearing has proportionately increased. Moreover, the new stock has never attained the hardiness, the sureness of the old before the disease. Nevertheless, in some years, under favourable circumstances, a large number of cocoons are produced. But here intervenes the final and most fatal drawback: owing to the importation of Oriental silk, the Italian cocoons sell at a price barely covering the cost of their production.

I come now to the subject of cereals. Taking one year with another, the wheat, rye, maize, and rice now produced are, perhaps, as good in quality as they ever were, but the value of all, and, above all, of the first, has fallen to an extent which suggests the plain question: If the downward movement continues, how long will it be, I will not say profitable, but possible, to keep arable lands in cultivation?

The price of wheat has decreased by more than half from what it was in years when prices were high, and by more than a third from what it was in ordinary years before 1880. Reference to the farm books of an estate at Rovato shows that in 1870, wheat fetched *lire* 50 per *soma* (about 120 kilogs.); in 1885 the *soma* was sold at *lire* 25;* but this was, from special causes, an exceptionally high price, the average in that year ranging from *lire* 22·50 to *lire* 24.

It has to be remembered that, even in good seasons, the Italian cannot hope to make up for low prices by the extraordinary abundance of his harvest; the acre in Italy yielding only about a third of what it does in England.

One well-known agriculturist, Signor E. Soleri, stated before a public meeting that the cultivation of wheat now entails a loss of *lire* 28 per hectare (9s. per acre). The figures he adduced look convincing, but, as a matter of fact, I do not think that things have yet quite reached that point. That, however, such a statement should be made, and should pass unchallenged, is a significant proof of the gravity of the situation.

I should be disposed to say that wheat still just covers its cost. It would be rash to say that it did more. It is not to be won-

* Maize in the same years was sold respectively at *lire* 27 and 15 the *soma*.

dered if we hear that every year less and less is grown. The economic dangers of such a reduction need not be dwelt upon. Italy has been a wheat-producing country for more than two thousand years, and evil, indeed, would be the day when she ceased to be so.

This particular form of the agricultural crisis came to Italy later than it came to England. In 1880 the quantity of imported grain was still inconsiderable. Since then it has rapidly increased, the constant rise in the protective duties imposed by France, Germany, Spain, and Portugal giving a natural impetus to the importation of wheat into a country where its entry is taxed only *lire* 14 per ton (1,000 kilogs.).

Agriculturists, at their wits' end, are calling out for increased protection. Nevertheless, there exists a strong feeling (among Conservatives as much as among Liberals) against any measure which should raise the price of what ought to be—though it is not—the people's daily bread. But the bread question I must reserve for discussion.

I ought not to ignore the panacea proposed to Italian as to English agriculturists; namely dairy-farming. It is a fortunate fact that in the districts round Milan, and especially in the province of Lodi, dairy-farming has been carried on with good results. Milanese butter is celebrated even out of Italy. But experience leads me to think that for the ordinary country gentleman, who possesses no technical knowledge, and who has to trust in others, the dairy-farm is very unlikely to prove a paying concern. In the Basse, the country below Brescia, the hay is commonly sold, often at a disadvantage, to herdsmen, who bring their herds down to eat it in the stables during winter. Lately several proprietors have bought herds of their own, but the experiment, which is an expensive one, does not seem to have been attended with much success. I know the history of one such herd. In the first year nearly all the calves died, and the whole of the cheese made (5,000 lbs.) was defective. In the second year, the cows, which had cost, at an average, £20 a head, were sold off for £8 or £12. For successful dairy-farming, either the master must understand the business himself, and be prepared to devote his whole time to personal superintendence, or he must have efficient and trustworthy servants, and these are not easily found.

It is too often forgotten that even when all other conditions are favourable, not all land can be turned to dairy purposes. This is especially true in Italy, where the water-supply depends on irrigatory canals. It is suggested that Government should multiply the number of these canals, lowering, at the same time,

the price of the water : a proposal that would meet with general support, were it not that public works cost money, and that experience shows that, when money is wanted, it always has to come out of the pockets of agriculturists. Another thing is, that only a limited portion of the land produces grass which, in its fresh state, is wholesome for cattle to eat. In England a cow will do well turned out on any bit of pasture land ; here, on the contrary, much of the grass is so stimulating that it is unfit for consumption, except as hay. Again, the climate frequently makes it a necessity to send the herds to the mountains during the summer months. Not to speak of expense, this practice has the inconvenience that the cows inevitably suffer on the journey, and also that when they are in the hills they are often grossly neglected by the herdsmen.

The schools of agriculture which have been opened in various parts of Lombardy ought, in time, to increase the efficiency of the class of agents, stewards, and bailiffs which, in Italy, holds a position of extreme importance. That the men trained in such schools are occasionally too eager to try new methods ; that, having seen operations planned on a larger scale, they are apt to disregard the exigencies, and particularly the financial limitations of the working of moderate-sized farms, may be—as it is alleged to be—true. But the ultimate utility of these institutions cannot be called in question. Some of the schools are supported by public money ; others owe their existence to the generosity of private individuals, as the new *Scuola d' agricoltura*, at Orzivecchi, for the creation of which a gentleman named Pastori bequeathed the sum of £40,000. Count L. Bettoni has established a Horticultural School at Bogliaco, with a view to fostering the cultivation of fruit and vegetables. It may be doubted whether the Lake of Garda will ever be able to compete in early produce with the Genoese Riviera, or even with Acqui in Piedmont, whose hot springs have been utilized by Signor Cirio for artificial forcing ; but that vegetables and fruit of a very fine quality can be grown on these sunny shores has long been a proved fact.

Italy is an agricultural country, and agriculture is to her a matter of life and death. In spite of the alarming depression I have sketched in these pages, there are still Italians who, refusing to despair, repeat the proverb : *Le case cadono, i capitali faliscono, ma i campi campano.* To which I will only add : so may it be !

E. Martinengo Cesaresco.

Note.—Since this paper was in print, the duty on wheat has been raised from *lire* 14 to *lire* 30 per ton.

THE MYSTICAL SIDE OF WORDSWORTH.

THERE is a singularly suggestive expression in the seventh book of "The Prelude," where Wordsworth speaks of "the suburbs of the mind," which recalls the fine line in Keats's "Ode to Psyche":

In some untrodden region of my mind.

It is a phrase of Wordsworth's very own, however, and may well be accepted as associating with itself some of those vague expressions and generally shadowy thoughts which belong to a life that is at leisure sometimes, and which avoids its noisier thoroughfares in order to pass along the quieter surroundings of its crowds, where the houses in which its busy and multitudinous interests reside stand separate from each other, and the streets are, so to speak, quiet with the softness of the springing grass. Reason and habit may be said to be almost citadel and circumference of our town-like life; but few men are so absolutely governed by these as to deny the occasional presence of certain indefinable impulses, or the strange evanescent feeling of newness in old things, or the quick weird "sense of something we have lost," or the lights—too bright for our thoughts to live in—that quiver across the mind;—all of which belong to the mystic side of our common humanity, although they are not amenable to the commoner laws of life. Leaving, then, the metaphysical problem, which might too easily arise out of the consideration of "the suburbs of the mind"—which are at once place and person, tenant and tenement—it may be well to ask Wordsworth what he has seen there; perhaps, in so doing, to find much that in our own dim way and inarticulate method (or want of it) we also may have become cognizant of, and set aside as a day's wonder before passing onwards.

At first sight it might seem that the analyst, as such, is he to whom we should turn for the discovery of out-of-the-way experiences; for surely, we say, he fixes and examines what others who merely live their life take no notice of,—but it is not so. The registering medium must be as delicately mobile as the search must be keen or the investigation profound; and it is not too much to say that for every one who moves, as it were, under the lighter vibrations of his life, and retains the impressions of these (as a phonograph does for repetition) there will be found scores who can analyse, but the subject of whose analysis may be of little or no account, because of the inequalities due to faultiness in the

record. Wordsworth was certainly not himself at all akin to him of whom he sings in "A Poet's Epitaph," as

> One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling
> Nor form, nor feeling, great or small.

For it is not the least of his transcendent merits that he retained and valued what lesser men valued not, or forgot. His finely-attempered spirit was not hard, or "smooth-rubbed," but was sensitive to every impression, and altogether singular in retentiveness. But more than this:—no man who does not marvel at himself can be the custodian of

> those first affections,
> Those shadowy recollections,
> Which, be they what they may,
> Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
> Are yet a master light of all our seeing.

And thus it is that Wordsworth, in his profound simplicity, child-like in the best of all senses, with his pure reverence for man's nature, and his deep and calm meditative power, is precisely such a one as will be bountifully dealt with in spiritual possessions, and liberally rewarded for his care over these. The very redundancy, and undue appreciation of commonplace, which his unbiassed lovers regret as readily as his detractors exaggerate, are of advantage to us in such a study as this. By giving *more* than we ordinarily desire, he often avoids giving *less* than is necessary when anything of a special nature is sought. The careful chemist prefers the ore with some of its rough surroundings, that they may teach him. And rising from physics to anything as ethereal as poetry, it will even more readily be admitted that much lies in the setting. Wordsworth's words often bring with them what might almost be described as a palpable atmosphere in which they "live, move, and have their being,"—so much so, indeed, that where in another man's work a similar phrase to Wordsworth's is found, a very different idea may be conveyed or intended.

It is time, however, to allow the poet to speak for himself. The first example taken is that of a mystical association of a small outer fact or result with an inward fear or desire of the greatest moment. There is no need to quote the whole poem. It is No. VII. of those which he classed under the head "Founded on the Affections," and begins thus:

> Strange fits of passion have I known:
> And I will dare to tell,
> But in the Lover's ear alone,
> What once to me befel.
>
> When she I loved looked every day
> Fresh as a rose in June,
> I to her cottage bent my way,
> Beneath an evening moon.

He watched the moon as it gradually descended behind the house he approached.

> My horse moved on; hoof after hoof
> He raised, and never stopped:
> When down behind the cottage-roof,
> At once, the bright moon dropped.
>
> What fond and wayward thoughts will slide
> Into a Lover's head!
> "O mercy!" to myself I cried
> "If Lucy should be dead!"

Reason—too manifestly at work in the life we lead generally—would at once, of course, put an end to such a thought as we have in the last verse, by separating, with one sharp stroke, the fact from the inference, believing them to be altogether alien to each other; but fancy is strangely strong sometimes! Let us by no means overlook the quiet compliment to the Lover (as well as necessary warning for the Critic) which is found in the third line of the first verse! It had better be left to the psychologist to discover and interpret the genesis of such commanding impressions; it is enough, here, to say that men of very different natures (among them notably Göthe and Rousseau) have left on record similar indications of how little, in some moods, we are affected by reason, while we give way with a will before the stress of fancies phantastic in the extreme. There is a very curious fragment to be found among the "Poems of the Imagination":

> A slumber did my spirit seal;
> I had no human fears:
> She seemed a thing that could not feel
> The touch of earthly years.
>
> No motion has she now, no force;
> She neither hears nor sees;
> Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
> With rocks, and stones, and trees.

Surely this is the very height of self-abstraction; and yet we may be sure Wordsworth knew well enough that unconsciously, even thus, the spirit was gathering colour and warmth from its environments; laying up mystic memories, and begetting powers of movement for days to come. This leads to the admission that although these verses may represent the *extreme* of the mood, that yet, without doubt, in Wordsworth that wakefulness, which was richest in impulse and suggestiveness, was—paradox though it seem—rooted in what he has more than once called a *sleep*. And as we sometimes call a place a sleepy place, although it is filled with vegetable and animal life, and thus thronged with the infinite energies which are yet so independent of our presence, discernment or help—such as forest crossed by gleaming belts of sunshine, and drowsy with the very sleeplessness of its insect-life

—so Wordsworth spoke similarly of the moods that were for him fullest and most productive; even when they were emptiest of distinct intellectual effort. His being unrolled itself, and almost—one is tempted to say—automatically chronicled its own resources and developments. On the heights of life the footprints of the man become deeper; and in Wordsworth's case, at least, they are filled all the more brightly with flowers because of the hollows for the rains. His best phrases even bear traces of swiftness in them, as though they had been written to the dictation of some high informing Presence; and his noblest work has, written on its face (more legibly almost than we can well find elsewhere in literature), this confession,—which Oliver Wendell Holmes has found such exquisite words to express,—

> If word of mine another's gloom has brightened
> Through my dumb lips the heaven-sent message came;
> If hand of mine another's task has lightened,
> It felt the guidance that it dares not claim.

Wordsworth speaks of "the sleep that is among the lonely hills," and yet these very hills were the quickeners of his best powers,—for "in the mountains did he *feel* his faith" (*Excursion*, Book I.) —which is, after all, the highest thing in man! It is not too much, indeed, to say that the heights in his own poetry were reached by means of this Spiritual somnambulism. There is one passage descriptive of this living sleep, however, which outshines all others; not only because it deals at greater length with the subject, but is itself so manifestly the voice of a Spirit self-drawn within itself across its thoroughfares to the inner confines where there are the

> ebb and flow and ever-during power;
> And central peace subsisting at the heart
> Of endless agitation.

The passage alluded to, it need scarcely be said, is that altogether Wordsworthian one in *Tintern Abbey*, where, after acknowledging the presence of "sensations sweet, felt in the blood, and felt along the heart," the poet speaks of

> that blessed mood,
> In which the burthen of the mystery,
> In which the heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world
> Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood
> In which the affections gently lead us on,—
> Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
> And even the motion of our human blood
> Almost suspended, we are *laid asleep*
> *In body, and become a living soul.*

Farther on, in the same poem, we come to a passage more frequently quoted than any other to be found in Wordsworth,

where he describes that mystic sense of companionship which made what is termed solitude a hallowed rather than a lonely thing to him :—

> I have felt
> A presence that disturbs me with the joy
> Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
> A motion and a spirit, that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things.

To one accustomed to give heed to one's commoner life only, such an experience as is spoken of, for example, in the first of these two passages, might be classed with the meaningless ecstasies of a heathen who seeks truth by closing his eyes on the world in which The Truth manifested Himself. But it is not so :—for who has looked more earnestly or lovingly on the world than Wordsworth : or who has affirmed more strongly than he that

> To the solid ground
> Of nature trusts the mind that builds for aye ?

At the same time he unquestionably held that it should become the most grateful duty and easy surrender of the wise to yield themselves to those shyer instincts ; knowing that they often lead to mounts of vision from which reason may look down, although it could never have climbed unaided. Life, to Wordsworth, thus became multiplied. He lived two lives ; and no student of his works can forget the many expressions which give voice to his double experience. To use Shakespeare's phrase, there is "no speculation" in his eyes. None the less, but all the more, are they far and keen sighted. Quiet absorption was their work rather than speculation. "The harvest of a *quiet* eye" is to him the richest of all that may be gathered : it is by "an eye made *quiet* by the power of harmony" that he saw into what he called the "life of things." With clear philosophic depth he saw that it is the *single* eye that sees truly ; that the images appear mixed and disordered when the eye is not one with the nature of things whether spiritual or material, and that the union of both (the eye and the object seen) has a large share in the discovery of poetic truth. Therefore it is he works (only much of his *work* is *waiting* for the coming harmony) as he who tunes a trichord instrument until the wavy pulsations of sound cease, and the three strings give out a tone as of one. Yet this sleep, of which he speaks, is as intense in its absorbing power as in its forgetfulness of the lower side of self : and so strangely is the mood set to the same key with the object of its interest, that the latter becomes not a shifting shadow but an integral part of

the reigning spirit; "a Presence which is not to be put by." To describe his position apparent paradox must be employed. He moves about, in his own words, "alive to all things and forgetting all." If it is a waterfall to which he listens, he has to confess that it seems

> like the wild growth
> Or like some natural produce of the air,
> That could not cease to be.

When the spot is left the "sounding cataract" translates itself into a "passion" within him. Or if he speaks to the leech-gatherer, something of the same mystic sense of continuity comes to him, accompanied by a weird memory which eludes the grip of the understanding:—

> The old man still stood talking by my side;
> But now his voice to me was like a stream
> Scarce heard; nor word from word could I divide;
> And the whole body of the Man did seem
> Like one whom I had met with in a dream.

At root this is an instinctive love of harmony,—which, in its turn, as we see, becomes a plea for continuity. Hence we find that the relation of even the mouldering ruin to its surroundings appeals to his imagination through its pathetic affiliation with, rather than its separation from, the life of nature round about it. The stanza is a very lovely one, view it as we may:—

> Dying insensibly away
> From human thoughts and purposes,
> It seemed—wall, window, roof and tower,
> To bow to some transforming power,
> And blend with the surrounding trees. ("Peter Bell," Part III.)

It is true there is the parting from man and his usages; but Wordsworth finds even in this, as it were, a reason for making the ruined chapel one with Nature, as it never before had been. There is a great inclusiveness in the imagination of the man, to which all the lesser exclusions, so to speak, contribute. The limit, we imagine as placed between *out*side and *in*side fronts the illimitable—not on one side, but on both sides alike.

How absolutely self-secure in its own mysticism is the life that can say—in quiet disregard of the "bitter" voice which comes to most of us as it did to Tennyson in "The Two Voices"—

> Oh! there is life that breathes not; Powers there are
> That touch each other to the quick in modes
> Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive
> No soul to dream of.
>
> ("Address to Kilchurn Castle.")

Or again in "Presentiments"—

> All heaven-born Instincts shun the touch
> Of vulgar sense.

How vain would have been the attempt to have reasoned Wordsworth out of his trust and vision! One can see him gravely smiling down one of our modern know-alls (or know-nothings either for that matter!) while repeating in his measured way his own impressive lines,—

> Yet there are
> Blest times when mystery is laid bare,
> Truth shows a glorious face,
> While on that isthmus which commands
> The councils of both worlds she stands.

The Truth spoken of is not quite synonymous with what we call intellectual apprehension: it is, rather, an all-round sense of being in touch with Truth, and would thus be very imperfectly described as a result of an effort of reason; although, assuredly, reason would not lose its share in the satisfaction. We must never forget that it was of much greater value in Wordsworth's eyes to have the vital assurance of neighbourhood to the spirit of truth than to have the ability to spell out a single certainty. This rich home-feeling (as it may be called) towards truth will give any man joy for himself, if it does not, indeed, give him a message of peace for all men!

Let us not be too ready to sit in judgment on what we may imagine inadequacy of expression in matters such as these. There are such difficulties to be met in that country which lies between the soul and the pen that a thought—with its aureole of mystic glory about it—often goes forth proudly armour-clad, only to arrive at the end of the journey bankrupt of all but the merest wordiness. It is of the very nature of those dim intimations of wealthier neighbourhoods, that they are evanescent and shrink from marrying every-day speech. Where the experience *is* already, a word or two will touch it and make it thrill in answer. Where the experience is lacking, on the other hand, no description in words will suffice. Wordsworth himself was duly aware of the incompetence of language to express half of his mystic life. The verses on the mountain echo may be taken as an illustration of the little distance words can carry us.

> Hears not also mortal Life?
> Hear not we, unthinking creatures
> Slaves of folly, love, or strife—
> Voices of two different natures?
>
> Have not *we* too?—yes, we have
> Answers, and we know not whence;
> Echoes from beyond the grave,
> Recognized intelligence!
>
> Such rebounds our inward ear
> Catches sometimes from afar—
> Listen, ponder, hold them dear;
> For of God—of God they are!

How indefinite! we cry. Yet, is there much more to be said, after all? Do not all such "visitings" come to us, as it were, in one language while we speak in another; so that we feel like the poet's own exquisitely drawn Highland girl, who speaks with the simplicity and frankness that acknowledges no restraint but

> Such as springs
> From quick and eager visitings
> Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
> Of *her* few words of English speech.

Assuming, however, that it is worth while translating as we may mystic thought and feeling into plain English words, few will question the sublimity of utterance which Wordsworth has reached in his great "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," which Emerson regarded as the high-water mark of nineteenth-century poetry, and the late Lord Houghton—only a week or two before his death—described as the greatest poem in the language. It is impossible to do more than allude to the ode in this connection as containing the compressed substance of all the rich and varied references to the mystic side of life that are to be found in the voluminous works of the poet. Two reasons are sufficient to give for passing it by here; these are, that it requires an essay to itself, and that it has been so frequently, and, on the whole so satisfactorily, dealt with already. The opportunity might be taken, however, to state that the ode should be read in conjunction with "Evening Voluntary," No. IX., which Dr. George Macdonald, indeed, has urged in "England's Antiphon."

Perhaps there never lived a man who was more sensitively alive to Nature's various powers than Wordsworth, and, certainly, no one has ever been touched to finer issues by what we ordinarily call trifles. He was one who, in his own words had "among *least* things an under-sense of *greatest*." And truly, how deep a truth lies, oftentimes in the common-place, betwixt the leaves of a way-side flower, as it were, while we pass by on the other side.

> Thing and thought
> Mix strangely: trifles light, and partly vain,
> Can prop . . . . our nobler being.

It is very characteristic of Wordsworth that we should find such lines as the following in the last but one of his "Evening Voluntaries," where, in addressing the moon, he says he

> Sometimes felt a fitness in thy sway
> To call up thoughts that shun the glare of day,
> And make the serious happier than the gay.

And it is surely no wild leap of fancy to say that much of Wordsworth's mysticism was inbreathed in the quietness of twilight deepening into darkness, to be re-lit sometimes by the soft witchery

of moonlight—"day's mutable distinctions," as he called them, gone, and the mind awakening to the awing discovery in itself of the presence of powers and realities of which the visible things were but adumbrations. With such ingatherings of Nature's quietness come times of quickened existence, in which the very body we inhabit thrills with a strange expectancy of newness :—

> Oft on my way have I
> Stood still, though but a casual passenger,
> So much I felt the awfulness of life.

Or again,

> A strangeness in the mind,
> A feeling that I was not for that hour,
> Nor for that place.

There is one other more detailed account of these quiverings of the "electric chain," by which Byron tells us we are "darkly bound." It is to be found in the eighth book of *The Prelude* :—

> On the roof
> Of an itinerant vehicle I sate,
> With vulgar men about me, trivial forms
> Of houses, pavement, streets, of men and things,
> Mean shapes on every side ; but, at the instant
> When to myself it fairly might be said,
> The threshold now is overpast (how strange
> That aught external to the living mind
> Should have such mighty sway ! yet so it was),
> A weight of ages did at once descend
> Upon my heart ; no thought embodied, no
> Distinct remembrances, but weight and power,
> Power growing under weight : alas I feel
> That I am trifling : 'twas a moment's pause,—
> All that took place within me came and went
> As in a moment ; yet with Time it dwells,
> And grateful memory as a thing divine.

It is a common experience and regret that those quick feelings of newness, those overshadowings of a dual power or life, those strange impulses, and generally, those inarticulate mysteries, are vivid and real to us in childhood rather than in later years. In the ninth Evening Voluntary (already referred to) Wordsworth offers up thanks—as for no common gift—in that he was permitted to have his spirit revitalized with the keenness of vision, which, according to established law, the man had seen

> Die away
> And fade into the light of common day.

Around these

> Sweet childish days that were as long
> As twenty days are now,

are gathered memories somehow in deeper colours—albeit much greater simplicity of outline—than those of later date which, it may be, are of even heartrending intensity. The complaint in one

poem ("Resolution and Independence") of "dim sadness and blind thoughts," which the poet acknowledges he "knew not nor could name," is one lightly to be borne compared with the tender sense of loss—set to a low, haunting, minor key—expressed in, for example, Henry Vaughan's lovely lines,

> Happy those early days, when I
> Shined in my angel infancy!
> Before I understood the place
> Appointed for my second race.
> * * * * *
> *But felt through all this fleshly dress*
> *Bright shoots of everlastingness.*

If the sense of our loss be, in some sort, the measure of our fall, no wonder Wordsworth exclaims,

> Our childhood sits,
> Our simple childhood sits upon a throne
> That hath more power than all the elements;

no wonder there are sad records of the baffled soul's return from its fruitless quest; for if Wordsworth is consistent in his allusions to childhood, in placing it in its simple height and depth above all after-strivings, he is also consistent in this, that he believes it to be beyond *our* power to retrace our steps:—

> The days gone by
> Return upon me almost from the dawn
> Of life: the hiding-places of man's power
> Open: I would approach them, but they close.
> ("The Prelude," Book XII.)

In a more elaborate paper than this can pretend to be, it might be shown that there are mystic founts hidden away out of sight in Wordsworth, whose presence may be easily traced, as it were by the greenness of the grass above them. Only where feeling has leapt up into some form of self-revelation in language—inadequate as that may be—have passages been garnered and grouped. It would not be strange if in our day—one in which the physical and exact sciences are predominant—some should demand a specific justification of Wordsworth's mysticism. One might readily enough adopt as an easy close to all controversies on the subject the poet's own dictum,

> Each man's mind is to herself
> Witness and judge;

and let the matter rest there. It may at once be admitted, however, that it is reasonable enough to object to any form of teaching which might undermine the common activities of life, tend to generate in the mind habits of aimless dreaming, and encourage the inclination to dismiss reason as an incompetent guide. Nor is such mysticism as this far from our powers of search. That search, however, need not extend to Wordsworth; for if we ask

him plainly whether or not he advocates a yielding to Fancy instead of Science, or to Illusion for its own sweet sake, we have his reply in no unqualified terms :—

> Desire we past illusions to recall?
> To reinstate wild Fancy, would we hide
> Truths whose thick veil Science has drawn aside?
> No,—let this Age, high as she may, instal
> In her esteem the thirst that wrought man's fall,
> The universe is infinitely wide;
> And conquering Reason, if self-glorified,
> Can nowhere move uncrossed by some new wall
> Or gulf of mystery.

His mystical leanings are natural outgoings of his individuality, not mere tentative movements of artificial life, and they are, emphatically, all in the direction of loftier intuition and more earnest life. Ruskin has somewhere called Wordsworth "the poet of *Rightness*," and we assuredly wrong him and ourselves if we relegate his mysticism to the realm of mere conjecture and wavering indolence of reason. Let us not readily put aside his own belief in the *use* of what is so finely felt that words can scarcely claim kinship therewith at all, and which memory holds rather through the knowledge that *now* is not as *then*, than because of its distinct ability to transcribe the past :—

> Deem not profitless those fleeting moods
> Of shadowy exultation; not for this,
> That they are kindred to our purer mind
> And intellectual life; but that the soul,
> Remembering how she felt, but what she felt
> Remembering not, retains an obscure sense
> Of possible sublimity.

It is, of course, even now, a certainty, but it grows clearer year by year, that Wordsworth's poetry—in spite of the mass of his common-place work, if you will—is of quite perennial value. And it is to speak of no remote cause of this to say that his poetry is of that order which, if it does not anticipate science, nevertheless finds new and closer relationships to each coming truth, as though it had waited therefor. If we will admit it, indeed, this very charm of easy adjustment, and this strange deep perspective in outlook,—where is no *cul de sac*, but the rich endless unfolding of nature and being—are themselves testimonies to the largeness of a life whose voice—despite all our hewers of wood and drawers of water—must ever be

> Like sighings of illimitable forests,
> And waves of an unfathomable sea.

JOHN HOGBEN.

OBJECTIONS OF AN OXFORD LIBERAL TO HOME RULE.

THE address recently presented to Lord Hartington by a considerable body of resident graduates, "being Liberals in politics," of the two Universities, has called attention to the strength of Unionist feeling among the Liberals of Oxford and Cambridge. The opponents of Home Rule express satisfaction at finding their opinion shared by a body of Liberals who have had the benefit of the higher education; the followers of Mr. Gladstone point to the sinister effects of that education in obscuring the political vision and blunting the moral sense.

If I try to account for this phenomenon I must confine my suggestions and inference to my own University. Each University has its own habits of thought and modes of arriving at conclusions, and I may not do more than regard the fact that Cambridge took the lead in this matter as an illustration of the direct and practical character of the Cambridge mind. Nor would I speak as representing the Unionists of my own University. I can only suppose that certain causes which have undoubtedly operated in forming my own judgment may also have affected theirs.

There can be no doubt that to those who were not Home Rulers before the end of 1885 the adoption of Home Rule principles at the commencement of 1886 involved one of three things; an independent capacity for a very rapid and complete change of opinion; a desire to adopt that set of opinions which was most likely to keep the Liberal Party together, and bring it into power; or, lastly, a faith in Mr. Gladstone which would change the believer's opinions because Mr. Gladstone had changed his.

Now University Liberals knew well enough that the Irish constituencies under an extended franchise were certain to increase very largely the followers of Mr. Parnell, consequently they knew of no change in the temper and wishes of the Irish people which should change their own opinions as to the constitution of the United Kingdom. Nor, again, is a readiness, at all costs of personal conviction, to promote the welfare of party, a common feature of the University Liberal.

It remains, then, to ask why, at the commencement of last year, the Oxford Liberal did not do as so many of the Liberal Party did, and assume that Mr. Gladstone must be right. Doubtless many members of the party stood by Mr. Gladstone for the second of the reasons which I have suggested; not because they trusted the statesman, but because they trusted the old Parliamentary hand, and thought that he knew best what would gain and keep together a Liberal majority in and out of Parliament. But there is also a widespread conviction that Mr. Gladstone is the interpreter of the hidden things of politics, and that wisdom and justice, as well as expediency, are to be found on his side of any given question. The intense conviction with which Mr. Gladstone holds any belief that may for the moment be predominant in his mind communicates itself to his followers and admirers; they abandon all exercise of reasoning power and are content to live by faith.

I do not think that it is from narrowness or timidity that Oxford Liberals fail to catch conviction from Mr. Gladstone, and the failure may not be our own fault. We have not enjoyed the sympathy of Mr. Gladstone in matters which interested ourselves. It is small thanks to him that the degrees and endowments of Oxford have ceased to be denominational; nor do I know of any help or encouragement which he has given to the various movements of recent years for popularizing the teaching and widening the interests of the University. The comparison which he has drawn to the disadvantage of educated as against uneducated opinions on great questions of politics is not likely to commend itself to men who are striving, not unsuccessfully, through the system of University extension lectures, to bring the best fruits of their own education within reach of those who cannot leave their homes for learning's sake. Nor is the sharp distinction between the classes and the masses acceptable to Oxford men, who, by means of their settlements in Bethnal Green and Whitechapel, are doing their best to get a real and close knowledge of the lives and homes of the poor. The appeal to ignorance against the education which we are trying to make universal, and the assumption of class distinctions which we are ceasing to acknowledge, has gone far to create distrust in a policy which needs to be promoted by such appeals and assumptions.

It is not only that the particular circumstances and interests of Oxford make Oxford men resent the distinction between the classes and masses. The University Liberal is disposed to join issue, on general grounds, with Mr. Gladstone's theory that education and experience tend to blunt the instinct which leads an uninstructed multitude to right conclusions on political questions. No demagogue has ventured to put the theory in its compactest

form, and to say that ignorance, if you can only get enough of it, is a better guide than knowledge, but we reach the same result practically when we are told that on all great political issues the masses are always right, and the classes always wrong. Historically the theory is false, as Mr. Dicey has abundantly shown; but even if history were silent upon the subject, we should maintain that there is a right and a wrong in politics, that these are ascertainable not by an appeal to numbers, but by an appeal to reason and experience, and that opinion should be tested by its quality, not by its quantity.

These were some of the reasons which made us hesitate, in the spring of 1886, to accept without inquiry the doctrine of Home Rule as it was formulated by the new converts to it. If it is urged that Oxford suffers from an habitual and morbid dread of change, I would refer to our University legislation of the past ten years as indicating a somewhat restless love of experiment. If it is attempted to confound the opinion of the educated with the opinion of the rich, and to suggest that the views of the Universities are vitiated by wealth, I do not know how Cambridge fares in these bad times, but, speaking for Oxford, I may say that the resident graduates who signed the address to Lord Hartington were not representatives of a plutocracy.

I have said that it was in a critical frame of mind that we approached the question of Home Rule in 1886. Mr. Gladstone in his Midlothian campaign in 1885 had expressed a hope that the Liberal Party might be placed in so large a majority as to be delivered from the temptation of the Irish vote. His hope was not fulfilled, and he became a Home Ruler. We were naturally anxious to know as soon as possible what was to be the form of Home Rule, and whom was it to satisfy? What terms were we to make, and with whom?

It seems a strange thing, but, as to the first of these points, we do not even now know the character of the Home Rule which Mr. Gladstone is prepared to concede. That unhappy measure the Bill of last year, a museum of constitutional anomalies as it was first presented to the House of Commons, became under the influence of two months' discussion the mere embodiment of a principle. That principle was the establishment of a legislative body in Ireland for the management of Irish affairs; but though the Bill is dead, all questions as to the constitution and powers of this egislative body, and its relation to the Imperial Parliament—all questions, in short, as to the meaning which the followers of Mr. Gladstone attach to the term Home Rule—can only be answered by a reference to the terms of the Bill.

Mr. Dicey regards the Bill as an ingenious attempt to combine

the Federal system and the Colonial system of Home Rule. I confess that the ingenuity of the measure was to my mind chiefly apparent in the dexterity with which it was constructed to mean different things to different men.

There was, for instance, an Irish Parliament invested with what seemed to be, except upon certain topics, sovereign powers of legislation; but we were assured in a stage-whisper that these powers were not really sovereign at all, and that the legislation of the Irish Parliament might be overruled by legislation to a contrary effect in the British Parliament.

There was a constitution seemingly alterable only in certain elaborate methods to which the concurrence of the Irish Parliament was necessary; but here, again, we were confidentially assured that the British Parliament could in fact alter the constitution as it pleased, whether the Irish were willing or no.

There was a Court, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, entrusted with the decision of cases in which the validity of Acts of the Irish Legislature might be called in question; but this court had no means of enforcing its decisions save through the Irish Executive, responsible to the Irish Legislature, the authors of the law the validity of which was in dispute.

The inevitable bickerings which would arise from a conflict of legislative rights in the Irish and British Parliaments: the difficulty of reconciling the tribute which Ireland would have to pay with the air of independence which Ireland was henceforth to assume; the ultimate responsibility for the maintenance of order which the British Government could not renounce, though they were to renounce all means of maintaining order save by force and arms—these were practical objections which it was impossible to set aside as matters of detail.

But throughout all the discussions which have taken place before and during and since the General Election of last year, the Home Rulers have assumed a position which, to those who care to assume it, is not hard to defend. If they are asked what are their ideas on the subject of Home Rule, they refer to Mr. Gladstone's Bill. If criticism is directed at this or that provision of the Bill, they at once make answer that the point in question is a detail, that it is immaterial, that the one thing needful is the principle of an Irish legislative assembly for the management of Irish affairs. If the puzzled inquirer asks how this principle is to be applied, he is referred back to the Bill of last year.

And yet there is no single provision of that Bill as to which one can be sure that the advocate of Home Rule will stand by it or not. I should, perhaps, make an exception on behalf of the Land Bill, which, though it was to have figured as a separate Bill, was at the

outset regarded as so integral a part of the general scheme that, when Mr. Gladstone introduced it, he spoke as though he were resuming and concluding his speech on the scheme for the government of Ireland. There is no doubt that it is dead, and there is little doubt as to the cause of its death. Constitutional questions can easily be dealt with so as to mystify the masses, and constitutional difficulties may be smoothed over by talk of generous intentions and a union of hearts! But an undertaking to pledge British credit in order to buy out the Irish landlords is a plain thing; and when it became necessary to lighten the ship, this integral part of Mr. Gladstone's scheme was the first to go. I am not concerned to defend it; but if the measure was a matter of honour and policy, as he asserted it to be, in April 1885, then honour, if not policy, should have made him stand firm by it. If its collapse is so much a matter of rejoicing as he now appears to think, one wonders why he ever introduced it.

With this exception, the whole subject of Home Rule remains open, and although a year has elapsed since the General Election, and although entreaties, remonstrances, and threats have been hurled at the Unionists for denying to Ireland what Mr. Gladstone, the Welsh constituencies, and the civilized world think that Ireland ought to receive, yet, when we ask what that is, we are met by the same vague form of words: "An Irish legislative body for the management of Irish affairs."

No reasonable man would assent to such a proposition unless its meaning and application were explained to him. Specially he would desire to know what were to be the relations of this legislative assembly to the Imperial Parliament, and for the ascertainment of these relations he would see at once that the presence or the absence of the Irish Members in the Imperial Parliament was of the highest importance.

Its importance is plain if we bear in mind that an Irish legislative body must be either independent of the Imperial Parliament or subordinate to it; that as no English Home Ruler proposes Separation, or the revival of Grattan's Parliament, it is assumed that the Irish legislative body is to be, in some way or other, subordinate to the Imperial Parliament; and that the character and degree of that subordination may be largely affected by the fact that the Imperial Parliament does or does not contain representatives of Ireland among its members.

For the subordination of the Irish Parliament may be effected, as it would seem, in one of three ways. We might, without altering the constitution of our own Parliament, give to one or more Irish assemblies, a limited and delegated power of making laws on prescribed subjects. Or we might dispense with the Irish re-

presentation in the Imperial Parliament, and give to Ireland the legislative and administrative independence of Victoria, subject always to the right of the Imperial Parliament to make laws for Ireland, and to the obligation of the Irish Parliament not to make laws in contravention of Imperial statutes, on pain of such laws being treated as invalid if ever their validity came in issue. Or we might, so far as Ireland is concerned, federalize our Constitution; and this would necessarily involve the retention of Irish representatives in an Imperial Parliament, whose powers in relation to the Irish Parliament would be subject to precise definition in a written constitution.

Now if Irish Members are to be retained in the Imperial Parliament, the Irish legislative body must either be a great local board, or the representative assembly of a federated State. If the Irish Members are to be excluded, then Ireland must either enjoy absolute independence, or must accept a position like that of one of our Australian colonies. In this last case England must be prepared to give the same wide legislative and administrative powers, and Ireland must be prepared to accept the same absolute legislative subordination to the Imperial Parliament as is given and accepted by the colony of Victoria. This may or may not be reconcilable with such a contribution to Imperial purposes as no colony is called upon to make.

I do not wish to dwell on the merits or demerits of one or other of these forms of constitution, or on the immense difficulty which, apart from the relations of the two legislatures, overhangs the settlement of the Irish Executive. My object is to show that the retention or exclusion of the Irish Members from our Parliament lies at the root of the whole question, that their exclusion means practical freedom from Imperial control, although, as in the case of the Australian colonies, this may be combined with technical legal subordination to the Imperial Parliament, and that the matter can in no way be regarded as a detail to be set aside for subsequent discussion.

This question had not progressed far towards a settlement last summer. The Bill excluded the Irish members. But Mr. Gladstone announced in the debate on the second reading that he would regard the occasional presence of the Irish members for certain imperial or financial purposes as one of the many open questions which might be settled one way or another in Committee. It is difficult to regard such a suggestion seriously; and yet, after a year's discussion and reflection, we are no nearer to a knowledge of Mr. Gladstone's views on the matter. His Swansea speech, delivered on the 4th of June, was received by many as affording a basis for the reunion of the Liberal Party owing to the satisfactory

assurances therein given upon this point. I am at loss to discover the grounds of this satisfaction. The two principles are laid down that on the one hand Parliament is to be supreme, and that on the other "the management of strictly Irish affairs by strictly Irish authority" is to be real and effective, and to be accepted as real and effective by the Irish nation; and then we come to the question of the presence of the Irish Members, and as to this I think I am right in extracting the following propositions as constituting the most definite, if not the only definite, statements on this point. They are—

That the representation of Ireland in the Imperial Parliament is not essential:

That it is a British question, and not an Irish question:

That, "as Lord Spencer wisely observed," it is a choice of difficulties:

That, as Mr. Whitbread with great sense and sagacity suggested, the Irish members might go away for a time and then be brought back:

Or that, as Mr. Gladstone himself thinks possible, they might stop for a time and then go away:

That perhaps it would be better to come to no conclusion but to "let lapse of time enlarge experience":

That there is no immediate necessity for dealing with the question:

That the matter might come before Parliament from time to time for re-consideration as did in former times the East India Company and its charter:

Finally, that on this subject Mr. Gladstone "does not see his way."

Seeing that the representation of Ireland in the Imperial Parliament is regarded by great numbers as the condition of their acceptance of the principle of Home Rule, it is difficult to understand how Mr. Gladstone's Swansea speech can have brought them much comfort. Yet it appears to have done so, and one can only assume that those who wish at all costs to maintain the unity of the Liberal Party are thankful for small mercies.

But such comfort as was administered by the Swansea speech must have been taken away by the appearance of a different and far more definite Irish Constitution in a speech delivered by Mr. Gladstone on the 2nd of July at a dinner party given by Sir Joseph Pease.

Lord Hartington, speaking at Manchester, had dwelt on the importance of the presence of Irish members in our Parliament in order to give it a right to interfere in Irish affairs. Mr. Gladstone hastens to point out, what no one ever doubted, that many

of the colonies enjoy practical independence for legislative and administrative purposes together with complete legal subordination to the Imperial Parliament. The examples of Victoria and New South Wales were displayed in order to show that a control of Irish affairs is not inconsistent with the exclusion of the Irish members from our Parliament; and if one was ever safe in drawing inferences from the speech of so great a master of reservation and qualification, one might confidently assert that colonial independence and the exclusion of the Irish members was the latest phase of Home Rule.

It is fair to ask the reason of all this uncertainty. Why will not the Home Rulers tells us what they mean by Home Rule? The inquiry cannot be answered by reference to a Bill, every clause of which is the embodiment of an open question. Irish Home Rulers, if they would tell us what is in their minds, would have to tell us that they want the nearest approach to Separation that they can get from a Parliament of the United Kingdom. And the inference becomes daily stronger that the English Home Rulers will not formulate their views because they do not know what is the least that Mr. Parnell will accept, but are pretty sure that it is more than the most that Englishmen are at present inclined to give. Thus it is that the electors are incessantly urged as a matter of prudence and generosity to give the Irish the right to manage their own affairs; while the speakers say nothing, and the hearers know nothing, of practical and constitutional difficulties which no attempt is made to solve. And thus it may be feared that if the electorate is induced by sentimental generalities to accept a principle which according to its application may mean anything or nothing, the country may wake up to find that it has made an unconditional surrender to Mr. Gladstone, who in his turn has to satisfy Mr. Parnell, who again is under the necessity of keeping on terms with the American-Irish party.

And this brings me to the further question, which lies behind the character of the proposed Irish Constitution. It is this. With whom are we dealing? Are we dealing with the Parnellite party, or with the Irish electorate, or with the American Irish? Or, perhaps, it would be better to assume that we are dealing with the Parnellite party, and to ask whether they represent in this matter the resident Irish who elect them, or the American Irish who contribute to their maintenance.

The question is a very important one, for it is a dangerous thing to enter, in a sentimental mood, upon a business transaction with a man whose avowed object is to ruin you, so far as he can. If there is any meaning in the talk about "union of hearts," we must be

quite sure that those who hold this language are not in the same breath asking us to hand over Ireland to the government of men whose hatred of England is the ruling passion of their lives.

On this point Mr. Bright speaks plainly: "I am as true a friend to Ireland now as I have ever been," he says in a recent letter, "and it is for this reason that I object to sever the United Kingdom, and to surrender five millions of our population to the rule of a conspiracy, which is represented in the House of Commons by forty or fifty members, who sit there by virtue of contributions from America, from men whose avowed object it is to separate Ireland from England, and permanently to break up the union of the three kingdoms."

Mr. Gladstone was once as explicit, when in 1881 he expounded to an audience at Leeds the cardinal points of difference between O'Connell's Irish policy and that of Mr. Parnell; and told them that, "Whereas friendship with England was the motto of O'Connell, hostility to England is the motto and avowed principle of Mr. Parnell."

I do not know when Mr. Parnell has changed that motto or disavowed that principle. In October 1881, Mr. Gladstone thought it justifiable and right to describe him as the enemy of England, to charge him with preaching a gospel of sheer plunder, with countenancing "what is known as the assassination literature" of America, to set him before a Leeds audience as the embodiment of lawlessness in opposition to law. If the Union is to be regarded with detestation by reason of some things that happened 87 years ago, it seems strange that charges which it was proper to make against Mr. Parnell in 1881, are monstrous and unjustifiable if alluded to in 1887. At least, if we do not know what Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell mean by Home Rule, we do know that six years ago Mr. Gladstone regarded Mr. Parnell as the enemy of England, and that nothing has since happened to disentitle him to that description. Either Mr. Gladstone was very much mistaken then, or he is very much mistaken now.

I will not dwell on the many incidents of the last few months which have tended to confirm in their opposition the opponents of Mr. Gladstone's Bill of last year. The supersession of the law of the land by the grinding tyranny of the National League, and the degradation of the House of Commons by the manners and methods of the Parnellite party, are evils for which the English Home Rulers must take their full share of responsibility. Their attitude as regards these matters is not, so far, calculated to win the sympathy or respect of the Unionist Liberals. But our former comrades must make the best they can of their new allies, and of

their new environment. They may talk to the electors about generous motives, and conceal from them practical dangers and difficulties; they may confuse the agrarian question with the constitutional question; they may promise speedy domestic reforms as the reward for handing over Ireland to the Parnellite Party. By these processes they may win the day if they can.

Our opposition is based upon an intelligible ground, and is surely not attributable to academic captiousness or timidity. We are asked to enter upon a business transaction of the highest and most serious importance, and we decline to enter upon it until we know what is the nature of the transaction, and who are the parties to it. The transaction, so far as we can judge, is not merely ruinous, but ignoble; and the parties with whom we are invited to deal are the enemies of England.

My opinion may be vitiated by that education which, as Dr. Bryce pleasantly observes, is apt "to fill people with a vain conceit of their own knowledge." The action of the Unionists may be open to the charge made by Sir George Trevelyan, that it is aimed at the suppression of the Liberal Party. The one may disparage my judgment, and the other my motives; but the precious balms of Dr. Bryce shall not break my head, nor the reproaches of Sir George Trevelyan my heart.

As to my education, I wish it was better. As to the welfare of the Liberal Party, I think that its welfare, as understood by Sir George Trevelyan, must be a subordinate consideration to the welfare of the community. It is no part of the Liberal creed to change one's settled opinions at the bidding of a dictator, nor, for the furtherance of one's own political views, to allow an unlawful society to trample upon private rights. Being a Liberal, I may, doubtless, wish for some things which the Conservative Party, as it has been minded in the past, may not be willing to give me; but to talk of Registration Acts, and the abolition of faggot votes as a reason for conceding Home Rule is the merest trifling in the face of a grave public danger. For, rightly or wrongly, we believe that we are engaged in a struggle to maintain the integrity of the United Kingdom, and to free the Irishman from the lawless tyranny of the National League, and so we choose to side with those who will face the danger; not with those who run away from it, or go over to the enemy.

W. R. Anson.

POLITICS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

If the month just brought to a close were memorable for no other circumstance or event, the passing of the Criminal Law Amendment Bill for Ireland would have given it special importance and distinction. It may have taken the better part of six months and substantially almost the whole of a Parliamentary Session to get it passed; but passed it is, and it is now a recognized weapon in the hands of the Executive for the suppression of lawlessness in the sister island. Once more we have seen that, in the phraseology of Anthony Trollope in *The Last Chronicle of Barset*, "it's dogged that does it." The quality of doggedness cannot indeed be denied to the Opposition, who exhausted every device, and employed every expedient, to wear out the Government and its supporters and to prevent the Bill from getting through the House of Commons. But they were met by a yet superior resolution; and as the voice of Parliament and the opinion of the country were clearly on the side of the Government, it prevailed at length, though after lamentable delays, in carrying its point. The struggle, the final victory, and the lesson they convey, should not be forgotten. They show that patient pertinacity on the parts of the friends of order, will, in the long run, baffle the most malignant arts of Faction and Obstruction. No doubt, also, the Opposition have learnt a lesson, and will think once, twice, and thrice before exposing themselves to opprobrium and unpopularity by again resorting to tactics the Government is determined to thwart. Over and over again the opponents of the Measure declared that they would take good care it never became law, that they would obstruct its advance at every stage, and that they would in the end worry the Cabinet into abandoning it. These boastful prophecies have not been fulfilled; and we, for our part, do not think a Session can be considered as ill-spent in which the conviction has been brought home to the Minority by practical demonstration that the Majority intend to be master. At the same time, it will not do, simply because the Majority have at length prevailed, to forget the shameless courses by which the Minority in the House of Commons led by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell laboured to prevent this constitutional consummation. It is not the fault of those Leaders if Parliament be still a more or less efficient instrument for the

passing of laws and the vindication of authority. Having abetted disorder and chaos in Ireland, they have spared no pains to introduce those conditions into the Legislature. In a word, the very men who are mainly responsible for having lodged in the House of Commons practically supreme powers of legislature and government, have done their utmost to reduce that Body to impotence, or to allow it to exercise only just so much power and authority as the Minority choose. Had they succeeded, what is left of the British Constitution would have vanished; and Government would have passed to the hands of those who can make the longest and most vapid speeches, can do with the smallest amount of sleep, and care to conduct themselves with the smallest amount of decency.

The Government, we have said, has now in its hands an efficient weapon for the prevention or punishment of crime in Ireland, and has already made a beginning in the applying of it. It is not improbable that, aware of the increased power to forbid boycotting and kindred forms or criminal violence, Mr. Parnell and his Irish lieutenants will for a time labour to minimise the application of the criminal machinery they invented for the suppression of individual liberty in Ireland. The Government must be on its guard against these astute tactics. No one would wish to see the powers conferred by the Crimes Act exercised unnecessarily. But there must be no hesitation nor procrastination in putting them in force wherever and whenever they are wanted. If the National League chooses to efface itself, the Government can have no objection to this automatic working of the new machinery for stamping out crime. But if the National League still pretends to rule Ireland, the Government will have to suppress it *vi et armis*. If the great army of Boycotters still aspire to banish liberty from Ireland, the Government, armed with the Crimes Act, must grapple with them fearlessly and vigorously, and crush these detestable village tyrants. Parliament has given Lord Salisbury and his colleagues all the additional powers they asked for. Neither Parliament nor the country would forgive them if they allowed these powers to lie idle, when liberty and order were crying aloud for assistance.

The progress of the Irish Land Bill through the Legislature has been more rapid, yet more chequered, than the Crimes Act; and in order to steer it safely through the waters and past the shoals of Parliamentary criticism, the Government has been obliged to make certain sacrifices, the importance of which, though not insignificant, has, in our opinion, been much exaggerated. Moreover, the sacrifice has been made, not to its enemies, but to its allies. It ought to be thoroughly understood that what the Government of Lord Salisbury is aiming at, in regard to the relations of land-

lord and tenant in Ireland, is the abolition of the mischief of dual ownership introduced by the Irish legislation of Mr. Gladstone. The undertaking is a difficult one, and cannot be accomplished by a wave of the magician's wand. It will require time, demand much patience, and involve no little discussion. Meanwhile, however, the Irish tenants, whose appetite for legislative relief from difficulties with which tenants in other countries have to cope as best they may, has naturally increased with the artificial assistance that has already been so freely extended to them, are begging to be protected against the enmity of the seasons, and to have the burden of rent still further mitigated till such time as it shall have ceased altogether. At a meeting of the Conservative Party, held at the Carlton Club on the 19th of the month, the Prime Minister explained the course the Government proposed to take in the face of their new situation. Assured by his Liberal Unionist supporters in Parliament that the Liberal Unionist tenants of Ulster earnestly desired it, Lord Salisbury has consented to a sort of self-adjusting sliding scale of rents, based on the value of produce, under the supervision in each district of the Land Commissioners. But the operation is only to be in force for the interval that is to elapse before the abolition, by the Legislature, of dual ownership. The Prime Minister explained that he adopted even this qualified and cautious course with some hesitation, but that it was impossible not to listen, to that extent, to the requests of his Liberal Unionist friends. That is the sufficient and conclusive defence of the plan devised; and it applies equally to all the other alterations in the original draft of the Bill. No doubt it is irritating to Irish landlords to have again to make further surrender of their rights, and it is highly mortifying to the Separatists to find that the Government and the Liberal Unionists have no intention of quarrelling, if they can help it. But the safety of the State must be thought of; and if Conservative Unionists and Liberal Unionists were to fall out, men whom we cannot conscientiously call honest would come by what unquestionably is not their own.

In the course of the month, there have been several interesting bye-elections; and when the Spalding Division and the borough of Coventry had pronounced in favour of Separatist candidates, a flutter of exultation and hope went through the Gladstonian camp. But the verdict returned by the St. Borlase and Basingstoke Divisions, by Paddington, by Brixton, and by Hornsey, has somewhat chilled these too premature emotions; and the Opposition probably perceive that they are as far off as ever from shaking the position of the Government, or altering the attitude towards themselves of the English people. Still it is not to be denied that it

is, to a certain extent, a reproach to the working of our constitutional machinery that any English constituency should seem to waver in its attachment to the cause of Unionism. Unfortunately, elections, and isolated elections more especially, are frequently decided not with reference to one great question, but on a number of separate and subordinate issues. Moreover, now that the Electoral Body is so large, there are thousands of "capable citizens," each of whom, having no political opinions of any kind, after giving a vote at one election to a Unionist candidate, and then, finding himself personally no better off than before, may give his support at the next election to a candidate representing the other side. It must also be noted that the Parliamentary followers of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell threw themselves into these local contests with immense energy, and conducted each particular struggle as though the fate of their Party depended on it. Such tactics as these contribute an additional horror to modern political life. But what one side does the other side must do, if it does not intend to be overcome. Finally, we may observe, though briefly,—since we have descanted on the point elsewhere in a prominent manner—that it behoves Conservative and Unionist Liberals alike to consider seriously whether they will not fight the electoral battle heavily handicapped, if they maintain separate and distinct organizations for electoral purposes. The recent electoral contests will be, to use a phrase of Lord Randolph Churchill's, "a blessing in disguise," should they rouse the Unionist Party to a due sense of the danger that lurks in imperfect union.

The non-ratification of the Egyptian Convention by the Sultan, after the Porte had attached its signature to that instrument, and the final departure of Sir H. Drummond Wolff from Constantinople without having brought his able and persistent labours to a successful close, has naturally called forth no little criticism on all sides. It is, however, generally recognized that though the result is ostensibly a check to English diplomacy at Constantinople, it leaves this country *vis-à-vis* of Egypt in a perfectly satisfactory position. As we said last month, the Convention was not conceived in order to promote the interests or satisfy the necessities of England, but to content the Sultan and to pacify France. Neither end has been attained; but we have lost nothing in the attempt. There is no point made so plain in the Official Correspondence on the subject which has been laid before the two Houses, as that England will never consent to withdraw its troops from Egypt till it considers Egypt can dispense with their presence, or to withdraw them at any time save on the distinct understanding that, in case of necessity (of which we are ourselves to be the

judges), we are entitled to send the troops back again. We believe the Sultan is anxious to resume the broken thread of the negotiations; but it is hardly worth while to accede to the suggestion. Practically, the non-ratification of the Convention leaves England in an invulnerable position. We did our utmost to meet the wishes of Turkey on the one hand, and of France on the other. We have not succeeded. Our only duty, therefore, now, is to consult our own wishes, and to act in Egypt as seems most advantageous to Egypt and ourselves. In these circumstances, the ill-will shown us by France, and the diplomatic co-operation in ill-nature France received from Russia, is hardly worth commenting on. If the French people are content with having reduced the Convention to a nullity, so are we. We are masters of the position, morally as well as materially, in virtue of our past risks and sacrifices, and we intend to remain so.

The just impatience of the Bulgarians with the injurious enmity of Russia and the cautious indifference of the other Powers, has led them, as we predicted, when we last addressed our readers, it infallibly would, into taking a summary step for liberating themselves from their perplexities. The Sobranje, having been summoned, has offered the Crown of Bulgaria to Prince Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, a highly educated and wealthy young man, whose mother is a member of the House of Orleans, and is apparently anxious to see her son something more than an officer in the Hungarian Army. But the Prince does not appear to be equal to the opportunity of distinction that has been offered him. He will accept the Throne of Bulgaria, if Turkey, if Russia, and if the other Powers will let him! No doubt. What young Prince would not? That was not what the Bulgarians offered or expected from him. They expected him to incur some risk in order to found a dynasty. Prince Ferdinand will run no risk whatever. In fact, he is an admirable specimen of the type of diplomatic and circumspect kingship to which our exceedingly Constitutional times have reduced Royal Families whose members used to rely for their advancement on their strong rule and, in case of need, on their sword. The Bulgarians are disenchanted, not to say disgusted, by his attitude; and they will probably let him understand, before very long, that the offer he is so slow to accept is withdrawn, and they will look elsewhere for the solution of their difficulties.

The Afghan Frontier Question has at length been disposed of, by a compromise that is regarded as reasonable by both parties to this long-protracted controversy. The Ameer of Cabul retains the Khoja Saleh district, including the village of Kham-i-Ab, and Russia retains Penjdeh. Thus, one gives way on the Kushk, the

other gives way on the Oxus. The Russian Government has shown a more conciliatory spirit than was anticipated in this country; and Lord Salisbury may be congratulated on bringing to a peaceful and satisfactory conclusion a question that had been rendered still more complicated by the memorable language of vapid and insincere defiance uttered by Mr. Gladstone. It is difficult to ascertain the exact position and strength of Abdurrahman. But he seems, in spite of the continued revolt of the hill tribes, to be making head against his domestic enemies; and his authority ought to be increased by this satisfactory settlement of a question in which his dignity and interests were directly involved.

Fears were entertained in Paris, even by persons who cannot be classed with alarmists, lest the Fourteenth of July, a memorable day in French Annals, should not pass off without a popular demonstration, lapsing into disturbance, on the part of the admirers of General Boulanger. Some exhibition of feeling there was, both in the streets, and on the ground where the President of the Republic passed in review the garrison of the Capital. But judicious precautions against riot had been taken both by the military and the civil authorities, and order was not materially interrupted. A few days previously, the departure of the Ex-Minister of War for Clermont-Ferrand to take command of the Division assigned to him by his successor, General Ferron, furnished the more unruly of his worshippers with an opportunity of manifesting their peculiar devotion. But the incident had no serious consequences; and though a certain amount of controversy is still maintained in a section of the French press respecting his position in the world of politics, the general impression is that neither General Boulanger's own temperament nor the spirit of the movement is propitious to a *coup d'état*, or even to his further advance towards power and authority. Happily, the Parliamentary Session came to a close on the 24th of July; and one of the artificial causes of Party excitement is thus for a time removed. The Ministry of M. Rouvier has presented a firmer front to revolutionary passions that any other French Cabinet of recent date. Whether it will thereby secure to itself a longer existence, is a question for which we do not profess to have any answer. The external relations of France are not such as a wise patriot would desire to see established; its Government having contrived to irritate Italy while annoying the Pope, to alienate England, and to confirm Germany in its worst suspicions. The only set-off that can be pleaded is the apparent amity of Russia. But this is of a tentative rather than of a substantial kind. It is, however, substantial enough to make Prince Bismarck instruct his financial agents in the German press to depreciate Russian stock. It has

long been believed that Russia is meditating the issue of a new Loan; and the Iron Chancellor is evidently anxious that France, not Germany, should furnish the necessary gold. Neither the German nor the Prussian Parliament is sitting; the aged Emperor is at Gastein; and Prince Bismarck is watching in silence, but, we may be sure, with close attention, the policy of Russia and the armaments of France.

Our record of the month would be incomplete without a brief reference to the Naval Review held by the Queen in the Solent on the 23rd. The fact that the navies of the world, under their present novel conditions, have never yet been exposed to the test and shock of actual warfare, necessarily makes some people sceptical, and all persons to some extent uneasy, as to the value of our fighting ships both in the Channel and elsewhere. But it is some comfort to know that we possess specimens of every kind of vessel possessed by any other Power; and that no State could hold such a review of naval strength as was held by the Queen off Spithead, though not a single craft had been summoned home from the Mediterranean or elsewhere to swell the spectacle. Doctors proverbially differ; and naval experts are no exception to the rule. The nation can only trust the Executive; and it is not unreasonable to believe that, whatever may be its errors or its shortcomings, the Admiralty has the safety and honour of England at heart, and in substance adequately provides for them.

July 28th.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[N.B.- The appearance of a letter in the *National Review* in no way implies approval of the opinions expressed by the writer. This portion of the *Review* is reserved for remarks that Correspondents may desire to make upon papers which have been published in the *National Review*, or for letters upon such other subjects as the Editors may think deserving of discussion.]

Queen's Plates.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

Will you permit me to correct a false statement in my paper on Queen's Plates, which appeared in the June number of the *National Review*, and at the same time to apologize to Lord Rosslyn for an inexcusable mistake.

In that article, at p. 473, I stated that Tristan and Eusébe—Queen's Plate winners—were bred in France, whereas both these horses were bred by Lord Rosslyn at Easton Lodge, Dunmow, Essex.

Trusting you may be able to insert this letter in your July number believe me,

Yours faithfully,

Ribblesdale.

The Spalding and Paddington Elections.

To the Editors of "The National Review."

Gentlemen,

The Spalding and Paddington elections must give us pause. I was at Spalding shortly after Easter. Every village was being carefully worked by the Separatists, Irish members lecturing night after night, and so on. I heard of no corresponding activity in the villages amongst the Unionists. So it sadly seems to me to be everywhere. We work away at election time. Between whiles we allow the foundations to be sapped. Doubtless there were other causes for the defeat. I am not talking of those other causes, but of the one general cause throughout the country. *I believe we may do as we like, beat or be beaten; that the question who wins is the question who works hardest.* Enough of this, I have said it before. Yet it is *all*-important. On the common every-night ceaseless drudgery depends the preservation of the mightiest empire the world has seen.

This is the main thing. This is always more important than all other things put together. But there are other things. Chief among them the

home policy of the Unionist party, that is apart from the consideration of Ireland. It is every day becoming clearer what that policy must be. "*Sanitas sanitatum, omnia sanitas*," cried Lord Beaconsfield. "Economy," cries Lord Randolph Churchill. He who plays these cards—*wins*: that is the great thing without which you can do nothing. But there ought to be—there *shall* be—great blessing to the country from the endeavour, and I believe the earnest endeavour, to turn the attention of her people to that which is in reality for their advantage.

The people has been crammed and soaked with laws, with abstractions, with reforms of this and that; but underneath and all around a piteous cry rises and increases in volume, a cry which demands to know, which insists on knowing, what good all these laws have done *me*? Have they, with a few noble exceptions, given the children bread? Have they cleansed the air and water? Are ignorance, waste, and incapacity, still to be found in your public offices? These are the cries which are gradually gathering in volume. These are the cries which must, and shall be, attended to. It is the united party which now has a noble opportunity of hunting out the spendthrift and the fool from high places, of punishing with the utmost severity the —— (I daren't say what I think here) who give us stones for hay, and corkscrews for bayonets—above all, of rendering a little happier, and a little brighter, the dull lives of millions of our brothers and sisters.

Your faithful Servant,

July, 1887. Προαίρεσις.

The Church House.

To the Editors of the "National Review."

Gentlemen,

It must be confessed that the Church House Scheme is not popular.

"Church House" is a novel phrase, which does not carry its meaning on the face of it. When it is explained that it is a sort of Church head-quarters, people do not know what the Church wants head-quarters for, seeing that it has done without them all these years. And even when people have been made to see that a Church House, consisting of some meeting-rooms and offices, would be convenient for Church purposes, they do not see why it should be put forward as an appropriate Church Memorial of the Jubilee of the Reign of Queen Victoria.

The Scheme lies under the disadvantage of being in advance of public opinion, but I think it is not difficult to make it understood both that the Church needs a building containing meeting-rooms, committee-rooms, offices, a chapel and library if possible, and to show that such a building would form a very appropriate Church Memorial of the Jubilee of Her Majesty's reign. I am even bold enough to think that there is an aspect of the scheme which, when properly elucidated, would excite a certain amount of enthusiasm in the minds of Church people

on behalf of the scheme, and I beg to offer a contribution towards this elucidation.

In the fore-front of the reasons for which a Church House is wanted, the *Explanatory Paper* of its promoters places this, that it is wanted as a "meeting-place for the Convocations."

The general public knows little or nothing about the Convocations; or why they want a meeting-place now, seeing that they have done without it hitherto; and entirely fails to recognize the great idea which lies hidden under this desire to provide "a suitable" place for their meetings. I limit myself to this one point of the subject.

The Wesleyans have an Annual Conference, in which they discuss their interests and arrange their affairs, and it is difficult to see how they could get along without it. So have the Congregationalists, and the Baptists, and every other great religious society.

The Church possesses from primitive times a regular organization of such assemblies, which are technically called Synods. Every diocese has its diocesan synod. The dioceses of the Church of England are organized into two provinces of Canterbury and York, and each province has its provincial synod. On great emergencies special arrangements have been made for combining the two provincial synods into one national synod, representing the whole Church of England, the *Ecclesia Anglicana*. Under our constitution of Church and State the two provincial synods have for some centuries past taken the form of the two convocations of Canterbury and York. It is the duty of the Crown to summon these two bodies to assemble together with every Parliament. But as the duty to summon them is lodged with the Crown, so the power to prorogue them is vested in the Crown.

In the beginning of the reign of George I. the Lower House of Convocation gave some trouble and offence to the Government, and the Crown prorogued it. And from that time to the present reign Convocation was always duly summoned, and permitted to vote an address to the Crown, and then was silenced by a prorogation. This suspension of synodical action continued for 150 years. Is it to be wondered at that a gradual decay of religious energy, and a failure of the Church to extend its machinery in proportion to the wants of a growing population, are characteristic of the religious history of the period of the Georges?

In the reign of Her Majesty the Convocations were again allowed leisure to discuss the interests of the Church; at first, as an experiment, with doubt and hesitation. The experiment turned out to be a success: the idea of the revival of the synodical action of the Church spread, and Church assemblies were everywhere revived with modification suited to the changed condition of those times. Parliament being no longer in a condition to be regarded as the co-ordinate assembly of Lay Churchmen, the idea of introducing a lay element into the Church assemblies was started, and generally adopted. The result of this movement is that every diocese (except Hereford) has now its Church assembly in the shape of an Annual Diocesan Conference composed of the clergy and of representative laymen elected by the parishes. And these diocesan

conferences have lately been brought into mutual relations by the formation of a central council of diocesan conferences in which they are all represented.

The Convocation of Canterbury has quite lately been supplemented by a House of representative laymen, and is about to increase the number of its elected clergymen, and to modify the mode of election so as to obtain a more complete representation of clerical opinion and feeling; and it is not to be doubted that the Convocation of York will make similar arrangements.

Not less important is the fact that arrangements are in progress for an organization which, while leaving to the two provincial convocations their several rights, will organize them into a regular National Synod.

Future Church historians will certainly record this revival of synodical action as among the most striking events of the history of the great Church movement which has been one of the most remarkable features of the reign of Queen Victoria; and the organization of a regular National Synod (not yet fully carried out) marks the highest point to which the tide of the Church revival has reached in this Jubilee year. Those who are best acquainted with the practical work of the Church revival of the generation which is passing away are most strongly persuaded that the action of this new Church Parliament will have very important results in the future.

Now these revived and reformed assemblies of the Church of England need suitable accommodation for the meeting of their three Houses of Bishops, Clergy and Laymen, and for their committees; and just as we all feel that it was right that the Houses of Parliament should have an architectural grandeur suitable to the dignity of that illustrious assembly, and the vast interests with which it is concerned, so it will be felt that the Church House ought to have some architectural character suited to its important destination.

But there is more to be said. When Queen Victoria came to the throne there were seven bishops in the Colonies and independencies subject to the Crown. Many of these Colonies have grown into nations, their churches have received complete organization; and there are now seventy-five Colonial and Missionary Churches which look to Canterbury as their mother Church.

The amount of business between these Colonial Churches and the mother Church is continually increasing, and a Church House would form a centre practically convenient for, and symbolically significant of, this imperial ecclesiastical organization. The reader who has followed me thus far, will have already recognized that the Church House Scheme runs on all fours with the Imperial Institute Scheme. The one is intended to be a monument of the growth of England and her Colonies in the Queen's reign, and to symbolize the Imperial idea, while practically affording facilities for inter-imperial intercourse. The other is intended to be a monument of the growth of the Church at home and in the Colonies during the same wonderful half century, and to symbolize the unity of the Anglican Communion, while affording

practical accommodation which is much needed to supply the needs which have thus been created. And all is not yet said. The British Empire is a vast federation of nations, but the Anglican Communion extends even still more widely. Already at two great synods held at Lambeth, in 1867 and in 1878, the bishops of the United States have met the bishops of the British Empire in conference; questions of difficulty which were agitating the Churches were determined, and certain rules of ecclesiastical intercourse were tentatively laid down; and, in short, the foundations were laid of an organization of the whole Anglican Communion into what will be virtually a Patriarchate with the see of Canterbury for its centre.

The Colonies are growing rapidly into great nations, and the United States have still a vast extension of population before them, and the Anglican Communion must grow in importance together with the populations. It is not very hazardous to say that as the Greek Church was the most important portion of Christendom in the early centuries of its history; and as with the decay of the East under the devastating conquests of the barbarians, and the simultaneous growth of population and civilization in Europe, the Latin Church became the more important; so, before long, with the decadency of Papacy and growth of the English-speaking nations, the Anglican Communion will become the most important portion of Christendom; and the centre of gravity which moved by natural causes from Constantinople to Rome, will move again from Rome to Canterbury. It is a thousand pities that the third Pan-Anglican synod was not fixed for this year; the sight of a hundred bishops, from all parts of the Empire, and from the United States, taking part in the Jubilee celebration in St. Paul's, would have helped people to realise that Imperial growth of the Anglican Church during the last half century, which we desire to symbolize, and to provide for some of its growing needs, in a Church House.

I remain, Gentlemen,

Yours faithfully,

CLERICUS.

The Invasion of America.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE "NATIONAL REVIEW."

GENTLEMEN,

THE King of Uganda ordered the murder of Bishop Hannington as a measure of self-defence. He was afraid that, unless he put a speedy and effectual check upon immigration, the white men would soon eat up his country. Coming as settlers into his land, he feared they would repeat the story of the camel that thrust his nose into the cobbler's stall, and meekly asked that he might shelter at least his head from the cold wind; this being granted, he managed to get in his neck also, to be followed by one of his front legs, and then the other, till at last the cobbler protested that there was not room enough for

two. "Then you can leave," the camel replied, "for I mean to remain where I am."

This is the political difficulty with which the Government of the United States of America are being brought face to face. The early settlers from England acquired possession by purchase or settlement of but a small portion of that vast continent; the coast line only was known to them: New York State was looked upon as the Far West, whither the Indians retired. The severe hardships which the colonists encountered during the first winters were at length rewarded by a firm settlement in their adopted land, and it was not long before a steady stream of immigration set in from the Old World. A hundred years have passed since the colonists cut themselves off from the mother country; for a hundred years the stream has not only never ceased to flow, but has increased so vastly, that the foreign element is eating up the country; the foreign invader is denationalizing the native American citizen by mere force of numbers. Pharaoh's difficulty with the increasing number of the Israelites in his dominions is being repeated to-day in America. Nor is there any likelihood that this immigration will slacken; everything tends to increase it. Irish land troubles and famines have sent and still continue to send thousands to America, where, perhaps, the national earth-hunger may be satisfied. Money is constantly being sent by those who have found a new home across the ocean, to enable their relatives in Ireland to join them. Thousands more would go if they could raise the passage-money. The English labour market being overstocked, large numbers of artizans and labourers are seeking a wider field. The enforced military service of Germany drives a whole army of men to a country where the military force is reckoned by a very few thousands. The steerage passengers of a great American liner form a very motley crew—English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, Norwegian, and German; a veritable Babel. If they have a small sum for travelling expenses (and none are allowed to land if discovered to be paupers shipped off to relieve the rates of their own country), and are willing to go west, there is work for all at wages which sound like wealth compared with their scanty earnings at home.

This stream, coming from east to west, is met by another flowing in the opposite direction. China pours its countless population over its banks to find work and wealth in "the foreign devils'" country. Already Chinese immigration has become a serious political perplexity. Capital and labour naturally take opposite sides on the question. Capital seeks for the best labour at the lowest price. The Chinaman is industrious, patient, and sober, and, moreover, is not given to strikes; he is cheap, for, as he does not bring a wife and family, he can live and save on 60 cents a day, when the white man demands a dollar and has nothing over. After a few years' labour the Chinaman returns to his own land—for he has a horror of being buried anywhere but in Chinese soil—with a bag of savings, which make him pass for rich amongst the people of his village. His success fires others to flock to the land where so much wealth is to be obtained. This influx of cheap labour is fiercely

resented by the labouring classes of the States, who wage a bitter war, even to bloodshed, upon the foreigners who bring down prices and take the bread out of their mouths. The Governments of the two countries have already been obliged to overhaul and examine the terms of their treaties, but the difficulty increases instead of diminishing, and may yet lead to retaliation by China, who complains that her people are admitted to trade in the States and compelled to pay heavy taxes, but are not protected in the possession of their property or their lives. If Americans in China were treated as Chinese are in America, a sharp reprimand would be sent from Washington, backed up by a demonstration of the United States navy.

But another and more serious danger from within is gradually forcing itself upon the notice of thinking citizens. The native American is being ousted from the government of his own country by immigrants who have no more sympathy with the Republican than with any other form of government. "It 's our election day, Mike," said an Irish-American, as he met his newly-arrived countryman at the railway station. "And which way do you vote?" "Sure, and don't I always vote against the Government?"

Anarchy, where the best prizes fall to the lot of the most violent and unscrupulous, this is the golden future of thousands of voters in the States. Here Mr. Henry George has found congenial soil in which to plant the seed of his scheme for the nationalization of land. Here Herr Most, driven from Europe, finds a welcome. German Socialism and the Irish advocates of dynamite live and thrive amongst those who hate their own country, where things went badly with them, and have no love for their new country, with whose history they are totally unacquainted, and therefore have no pride in the Republican form of government, which was worked out by the self-sacrifice and bloodshed of those who were not *their* ancestors. Patriotism for them has no existence. International treaties are but waste-paper. Rousseau's teaching of the Rights of Man they eagerly receive, but turn a deaf ear to Mazzini's reminder of the Duties of Man. This revolutionary element is becoming a political power by the mere force of numbers. The balance of power, as important a factor in the peace of the United States as amongst the kingdoms of Europe, is being seriously disturbed, and threatens to pass from east to west.

Such has been the course of empire through all history; power hovers over the British Empire now, but signs are not wanting that in the future it may pass across the Atlantic. "America holds the future," says Matthew Arnold; and it may be added that that future is chiefly in the hands of the Western States. Not only does immigration create more votes for the management of local affairs, but will, in course of time, exercise power over the rest of the country. A territory ruled by a governor sent from Congress, *i.e.* appointed by the States in Union, becomes a State itself, with a voice in the government of other States as soon as it acquires a defined amount of population. Thus Mormonism, antagonistic to Republicanism, will speedily acquire a voice in the

government of the whole country when Utah becomes a State. The President of the Mormon Church is a despot, who can control thousands of votes against the Government that threatens to interfere with polygamy, for Mormonism gains its converts not from native Americans but from Europeans.

The Roman Catholic vote, directed, or at least largely influenced, by the Pope, reveals another source of danger, for it is practically the interference of a foreign power in the internal affairs of the nation; a power none the less influential for being moral and not physical.

It is to the west of the Mississippi that the tide of immigration flows, and in those western States, and territories which are to become States, population, *i.e.* votes, *i.e.* political power, is increasing out of all proportion to the eastern States. Here is the spare land continually inviting more settlers; here is the mineral wealth of the country, and here is a network of railways ready to carry their produce and manufactures to east or west.

The Republican form of government can be a blessing to a country only when the voters select intelligent men of good character for office. But such men are not likely to be chosen, unless the majority of the voters are themselves intelligent and of good character. We have seen that those who form the majority of the voters in the western States are not of this high class, and that the preponderance of their ever increasing numbers will affect Congress in the same way. In the minds of many refined, educated and moral Americans, the word *politician* is equivalent to *adventurer*; such men hold aloof from politics. Should the eastern States resent the increasing political power of the west, there would in all probability be heard threats of secession. To divide is to fall. On the other hand, should the foreign element of the west dominate American politics, what follows? Irish Americans will have it in their power to declare war against England.

I remain, Gentlemen,
Very faithfully yours,
SELWYN BLACKETT,
Vicar of Northwood, near Rickmansworth.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications to be addressed to the Editors of THE NATIONAL REVIEW, care of Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., 13 Waterloo Place, London. S.W.

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